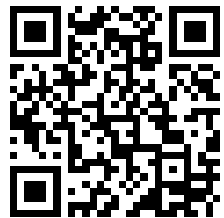
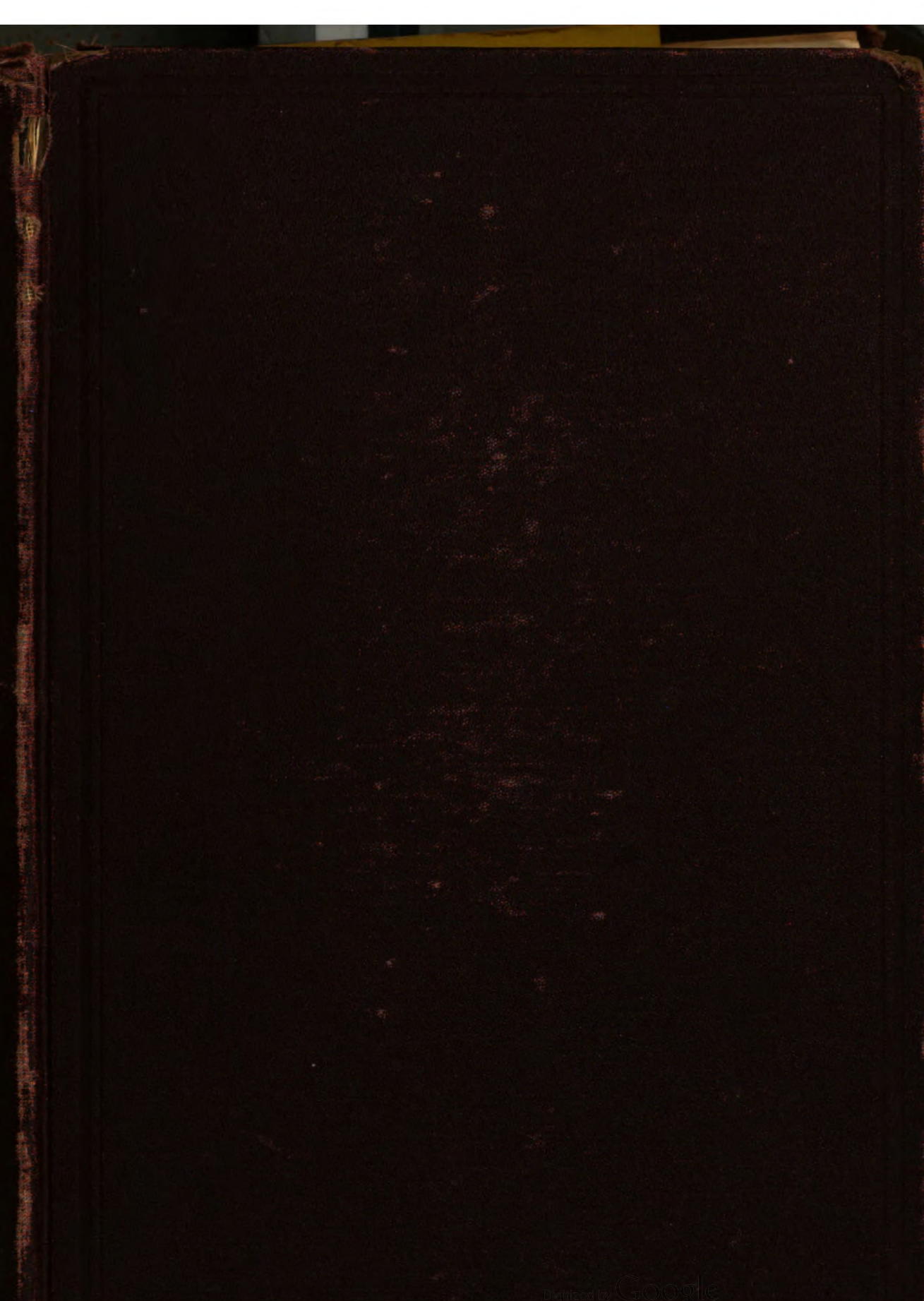

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>







LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

POPULAR JOURNAL

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND POLITICS.

VOL. LXIII.—JANUARY TO JUNE, 1899.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1899.

Copyright, 1898, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
American Fondness for Movements, The	<i>Edward Leigh Fell</i> 677
Black Feather's Throw	<i>Joseph A. Altscheler</i> 127
Book Reviewing with the Stiletto 712
Brainerd's Idol	<i>William T. Nichols</i> 396
Chemistry in the Kitchen	<i>Albert G. Evans</i> 817
Chinese Physicians in California	<i>William M. Tisdale</i> 411
Confessions of a Butcher	<i>William S. Walsh</i> 507
Convict's Return, The	<i>Will N. Harben</i> 549
Cuba	<i>Joseph A. Nunez</i> 382
Cyrano de Bergerac	<i>Lionel Strachey</i> 264
Democracy and Suffrage	<i>M. L. G.</i> 699
Diplomatic Forecast, A	<i>Austin Bierbower</i> 251
End of the Chapter, The	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> 532
Father McGrath	<i>Theodore Gallagher</i> 823
Fin de Siècle Individualism	<i>Gertrude Evans King</i> 143
Fires in Metalliferous Mines	<i>John E. Bennett</i> 831
For the French Lilies (A Novel)	<i>Isabel Nixon Whiteley</i> 145
Glasses and their Uses.	<i>John S. Stewart</i> 690
Great Debate of 1833	<i>Charles Cotenworth Pinckney</i> 107
Green Withes (A Novel)	<i>Jeannette H. Walworth</i> 723
His Honor	<i>Geraldine Bonner</i> 423
His Lack of Courage	<i>Adeline Knapp</i> 693
House of Pan, The (A Novel)	<i>Anna Robeson Brown</i> 435
How an Earthquake Looks and Feels	<i>Frederick H. Dewey</i> 527
Ignoble Nobleman, An	<i>Charles S. Morris</i> 534
Imperialism	<i>Owen Hall</i> 389
Jacqueminots	<i>Edgar Maurice Smith</i> 683
James Wilson and his Times	<i>D. O. Kellogg</i> 245
John Rutland's Christmas	<i>Henry A. Parker</i> 116
Kate	<i>George William</i> 705
King McDougal's Kitten	<i>Alice Miriam Roundy</i> 843
Lambeth Palace	<i>G. F. Burnley</i> 270
Legends of Lost Mines	<i>Mary E. Stickney</i> 542
"Liberty:" an International Study	<i>Felix L. Oswald</i> 122
Mendicity as a Fine Art	<i>Francis J. Ziegler</i> 416
Men who Impeached Andrew Johnson, The.	<i>Frank A. Burr</i> 512
Mystery of Mr. Cain, The (A Novel)	<i>Lafayette McLaws</i> 1
Night in Devil's Gully, A	<i>Owen Hall</i> 272
Opera-Glass, The	<i>Dora Read Goodale</i> 852
Our Naturalized Names	<i>William Ward Crane</i> 575
Over, Under, and Through Boston	<i>George J. Varney</i> 569
Perception of the Picturesque	<i>J. Hunter</i> 409
Philippe de Comines	<i>Emily Stone Whiteley</i> 670
"Poor Carlotta"	<i>Lucy C. Lillie</i> 81
Princess Nadine (A Novel)	<i>Christian Reid</i> 579
Question of Precedence	<i>Henry Holcomb Bennett</i> 520
Question of the Philippines Reviewed, The.	<i>John Foster Kirk</i> 682

		PAGE
Recollections of a London Lawyer	<i>G. Burnett Smith</i>	385
Recollections of Lincoln	<i>James M. Scorel</i>	277
Reporter's Recollections, A	<i>J. L. Spragle</i>	136
Samoan Feast of Pilau, The	<i>Owen Hall</i>	838
- Scientific Reader, A	<i>Rollo Ogden</i>	858
- Sport of Circumstances, The (A Novel)	<i>Clarinda Pendleton Lamar</i>	291
- Summer's Birds, The	<i>Charles C. Abbott</i>	801
Tale of the Doubtful Grandfather, The	<i>Wardon Allan Curtis</i>	256
The Other Mr. Smith	<i>Ellen Douglas Deland</i>	97
- Views Afoot	<i>Charles C. Abbott</i>	562
- Whittier, John Greenleaf	<i>R. H. Stoddart</i>	808
Why I did not become a Smuggler	<i>L. C. Bradford</i>	130
- Will Poetry Disappear?	<i>H. E. Warner</i>	282

POETRY:

A Masquerader	<i>F. B.</i>	506
A Roman Race	<i>Harrison S. Morris</i>	135
At Low Tide	<i>Arthur D. F. Randolph</i>	96
At the Drinking-Fountain	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i>	121
Beyond Appeal	<i>Harrison S. Morris</i>	271
Convinced	<i>Geraldine Meyrick</i>	516
Counterparts	<i>Martha T. Tyler</i>	574
Hillside Tree, The	<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	568
In the Night	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i>	384
Language of Love, The	<i>Clarence Urmey</i>	676
Lombardy Poplar, The	<i>Eliza Calvert Hall</i>	830
Marsyas	<i>Elizabeth C. Cardozo</i>	511
Morning in the Alps	<i>Wilbur Larremore</i>	682
Moths	<i>Julie M. Lippmann</i>	541
Parting Comrades	<i>May Riley Smith</i>	142
Purpose	<i>Clarence Urmey</i>	263
Resolutions	<i>Margaret Gilman George</i>	807
The Guest	<i>Viola Roseboro</i>	255
The Heir of Joy	<i>Dora Read Goodale</i>	269
The Human Heart	<i>Dora Read Goodale</i>	126
Twilight	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i>	669
Two Kings	<i>Edward Wilbur Mason</i>	711
Values	<i>Marion Manville Pope</i>	526

THE
MYSTERY OF MR. GAIN.

BY
LAFAYETTE MCLAWS,
AUTHOR OF "QUINTILIAN SHREEVE," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1898, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1899.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. CAIN.

I

IT was not raining, but everything was saturated. For five days it had rained continuously, and to-day the heavy clouds hung like a leaden sheet over the earth. Standing by the overgrown rose-bush in the corner of the front yard at Cherokee Hall, Ruth Wheatley looked over the fields of rank cotton surrounding the house.

"It can't open unless this rain holds up," she said, speaking softly to herself. "Uncle Simon said this morning it had begun to shed its fruit. And I believe what is open will sprout in the boll as it did the year papa died." She sighed and, turning away from the rose-bush, walked listlessly to the front gate.

She caught sight of a carriage turning towards the house through the grove. She started violently, and the slight tinge of pink which a moment before had colored her cheeks and lips slipped away, leaving her face as white as the rose which she held drooping in her hand. She turned quickly, hurried back to the west piazza, and tried the hall door. It was fastened within, and, going to the window of the dining-room which opened on the piazza, she pulled apart the shutters and peered in.

"Mammy, Mammy Jinney," she called, drumming on the pane to attract the attention of the old negro woman who stood at a side-table busily polishing silver, "please open the door for me."

At the sound Mammy Jinney looked up from the cake-basket to which she was giving the final polish and, seeing the face at the window, called out,—

"Yes, honey; mammy's comin'. Jest wait a minute, my lamb." She hurried out as fast as her age and superabundance of flesh would permit. As she waddled down the hall a lady and two gentlemen

were leaving the carriage at the front gate, where they were received by Mrs. Wheatley.

"I see what's de matter—why Miss Ruthie can't go 'round to de front doah," the old woman muttered, as she turned into the west hall. "Po' chile, po' chile; Mammy Jinney never 'spected to see you look like dat on yo' wedding-day."

She slipped her fat finger through the iron ring which hung suspended from the top of the door by a chain, pulled down the bolt, and pushed open the shutter.

"Thank you, mammy," the girl said, as she stepped into the hall. She made an attempt to smile, but such a poor little smile as it was, —only a movement of the pale lips which made her large, dark eyes look more pitifully hopeless. She was dressed in a plain pink muslin, which, rendered starchless by the damp air of the misty October day, clung tightly around her. Placing her hand on the girl's cold arm, the old woman was moved to tears.

"You're right cold, honey. What made you go out in all dat wet and damp? Why didn't you tell mammy you wanted dem roses?" she asked, looking at the bunch of roses, whose blanched petals and faint, sickly perfume made her think how like they were to the young face above them, so wan and hopeless in its deathly stillness.

"I only went out for a breath of fresh air. The damp will not hurt me; you know I never take cold."

The talk and laughter of the new arrivals could be heard as they came up the front steps. Ruth placed her hand on the banisters and began to ascend the stairs.

"Mammy, I wish you would ask mamma to send Maggie up to my room. I shall not come down again this afternoon."

"Yes, honey, I'll tell miss direcleerly; but you better lay down and take a little nap. You 'pear to be powerful tired and beat out."

As Ruth disappeared up the stairs Mammy Jinney stepped out on the piazza and, looking anxiously up at the sky, muttered,—

"There ain't been nary ray of sunshine to-day."

Everything was ready for the wedding. Both indoors and out the old place had been thoroughly cleaned and brightened. It looked just what it was, the country-house of a Southern planter whose wealth had long been a thing of the past. The large grove of oak and hickory surrounding the house was brilliant with the leaves of an early autumn. Here and there through the grove fire-stands had been built, and at the foot of each was neatly piled a lot of flat lightwood split and cut ready for use. No regular farm work had been done on the place during the week. All the "hands" had been busy preparing for the approaching wedding. Now they had come up to feed the horses and attend to the cattle, so that they could return to the quarter, put on their Sunday clothes, and be

back at the "big house" in time to take the horses and wait upon the expected guests.

Within the house everything was in readiness. Mammy Jinney had given the final polish to the last piece of silver, and now stood looking with smiling satisfaction at the laid supper table, sparkling with its array of old glass and silver, when Mrs. Wheatley entered, making her last round of inspection. Mammy Jinney followed her mistress through the other rooms. In the parlors she stopped to wipe a suspicion of dust from the carving under the mantel and to wheel a chair or two more exactly in place. Every room was critically examined; but when they came to the bridal chamber Mrs. Wheatley entered alone. Though Mammy Jinney had not been in that room, she knew every piece of furniture it contained. She had even gathered the flowers and filled the old agate vases which ornamented the mantel-piece, but when they came to this door, the memory of Ruth's white, still face, with the look almost akin to horror in her dark eyes, as she had last seen her that afternoon, made the old woman turn back, sick at heart. She could hear the sound of men's voices in the room across the hall, and knew that Colonel Baldwin and his "best man," Mr. Carter, must even now be dressing. As she passed the door of Ruth's room at the other end of the hall she stopped and listened. Margaret Bryan, Ruth's school-mate, was to act as bridesmaid, and Mammy Jinney had taken her to that room on her arrival, more than two hours before. Now there was no sound to be heard either of talking or moving about—as if the girls had begun to dress.

"I'll not remine you, honey," the old negro murmured, as she turned from the door and walked slowly down the back stairs.

A few moments later, when Mrs. Wheatley came to the room, she found both girls upon the bed. Maggie had fallen asleep; Ruth lay gazing at the ceiling with wide-open eyes, so still and rigid that her mother at first thought she too was sleeping.

"Ah, Ruth, you look like a veritable ice queen, and the veil completes the illusion," Margaret Bryan exclaimed, stepping back to get a better idea of the effect of the long bridal-veil which she had just fastened on Ruth's mass of short black curls with considerable difficulty. "Why, my dear, you are simply beautiful, more beautiful than any picture I have ever seen. But you look so entirely unlike yourself. I am afraid Colonel Baldwin will think he is marrying the wrong girl."

"I don't feel like myself to-night, Maggie. I have such peculiar thoughts; such strange ideas come into my head. Do you remember, when we saw Henry Irving play Faust, how Mephistopheles would make Marguerite think as he wished? I have felt all this evening just as if he were influencing me the same way, and when you were fastening this veil on I dreaded to look in the mirror

for fear of seeing his horrible face smirking at me over your shoulder. I don't think I am exactly responsible," she added, with a nervous little laugh. "If I should do anything wrong, Maggie, you must remember Marguerite, and not censure me any more than you can help."

"Why, my darling girl, you couldn't possibly do anything wrong, unless you tripped in your train and tumbled down the steps. But I'll take good care you don't do that, for I shall caution Colonel Baldwin against your stumbling propensity." Then she added, more seriously: "You are a lucky girl, Ruth. Half the college girls and every old maid in Athens has been trying to catch Colonel Baldwin for the last twenty years. To them his handsome house and fortune of half a million were the great attraction, but to me they were the least good thing about him. Ever since I was a child Colonel Baldwin has been my ideal of a noble, generous man. Now he has given another proof of his generosity by the way he has settled his property on you. I don't believe one man in a thousand would absolutely give half of his property to his wife the day he married her. Hush! that must be your mother." Turning towards the door, she called, "Come in," in answer to the knock.

The next instant the room was filled by half a dozen young ladies, Ruth's attendants, who fluttered around her with admiring congratulations. They had just finished buttoning the bride's gloves when Mrs. Wheatley entered with Colonel Baldwin. Ruth did not look up, not even when he took her hand from her mother's, held it warmly between his own, and leaned over her for a moment, whispering how happy it made him to see her. Then, as some one began to play the Wedding-March upon the piano down-stairs, he drew her hand through his arm and led her out.

Not once during the whole evening did she look at him. Standing passively by his side, she allowed him to keep her hand on his arm and to hold the handsome bunch of rare flowers he had taken so much pains to bring her. It was not until the close of the evening that she spoke to him directly. As they left the supper-room he led her towards the front piazza, but when they reached the door she drew back.

"Don't go out there." She shivered. "The wind is so cold."

He did not feel the cold, but as he looked at her, so slight in her sweeping white draperies, he noticed how fragile she appeared. For the rest of the evening he was, if possible, more gently attentive than before.

The last carriage had rolled away. The last guest had gone. The negroes, after carefully extinguishing the fire-stands in the yards and groves, had gone trooping, laughing and singing, back to the quarter. Mammy Jinney had blown out the last light in Cherokee Hall and lain down on her pallet in the dining-room more

than two hours before. The whole house was wrapped in soundless sleep; not even a cricket or locust interrupted the soft swish of the wind as it passed through the trees. It was clearing off, and the clouds, which had covered the sun like a pall all day, broke apart and in fantastic shapes were floating towards the west, drowning the frosty brilliancy of the moon as they glided rapidly across it.

There was a sudden movement in one of the upper rooms of the Hall, then a loud, crashing report. Cries of surprise and fright followed. Lights flashed all over the house. Doors were opened, and men and women gazed at each other in questioning awe.

"What did it sound like to you?" Stuart Wheatley asked Mr. Carter, coming forward from the lower end of the hall.

"Like a pistol-shot fired in the house. I was asleep," was the reply.

"I thought so too." Then he said to Mrs. Wheatley, who came and stood by him in the middle of the hall, "Mother, go back; you will catch your death o' cold."

"No, no; let me stay, Stuart. Could you locate the sound, Mr. Carter?"

"I think it was in this room," walking across the hall to the room over the front parlor. "Don't be frightened, Mrs. Wheatley; it may have been only the falling of some heavy piece of furniture. Must I knock and call Colonel Baldwin?"

She nodded assent.

"Colonel! Colonel Baldwin!" he called, rapping loudly on the door, "is anything the matter?"

There was no reply. He looked towards Mrs. Wheatley, then knocked and called again.

A dog at the side of the house barked twice and set up the most piteous, blood-curdling howls. The women shivered, and one of the frightened children at the other end of the hall began to sob hysterically.

"Must I open the door, mother?" Stuart asked, placing his hand on the door-knob.

"Yes; open the door and call your sister."

He opened the door and called: "Sister! sister! Ruthie! Ruthie!"

There was no response. The moon had gone under a cloud and the room was shrouded in a shadowy grayness. The window at the side of the room, near the head of the bed, was standing wide open. The long muslin curtain, unloosed and blown by the wind, streamed straight out across the room.

"There's something wrong," Mr. Carter said under his breath. "Get a light, Stuart, and try to keep your mother out."

Some one brought a light. Stuart took it and held it above his head as they stepped into the room. At the same instant the moon burst from under a cloud and, flooding the whole room, showed to

them Colonel Baldwin, half fallen from the bed. Beneath him the delicate gray of the carpet was dyed crimson by a stream of blood which oozed from a bullet-hole in his temple.

II.

In April, twenty-one years before this tragedy, Howell Wheatley looked into the dark eyes of his first-born, which the nurse had placed in his arms. Seating himself beside his young wife, he asked:

"What must we name our baby girl, darling? Suppose we name her for you and call her by her middle name?"

"No, not for me," Mrs. Wheatley replied, touching the baby's soft cheek. "I want her given the name which I have always wished my mother had given me. I want to name her for her great-great-grandmother, Ruth Emanuele. It is such a beautiful name, and I have always associated it with a noble, faithful woman—just the sort of woman I should like my baby to become."

So they called her Ruth, and, a bright, sunny maiden, she grew to be the idol of her father's heart. It was just after she had passed her fifth birthday that she was called upon to share her place with a blue-eyed baby brother. Then, one by one, other little ones came, until, when she was seventeen, only a few days before she was to leave home for her last year at boarding-school, she welcomed the sixth and last addition to her mother's little flock.

Ruth had grown up a handsome girl, tall, slender, and dark-eyed, with a mass of soft, silky black curls. Proud as her father was of her beauty and popularity, he valued more highly her trusty helpfulness. It was his boast that in neither word nor deed had this daughter ever disappointed him. She was a thoroughly womanly girl "with the intellect of a man," he often declared proudly.

When the time came for her to leave home, she begged to be allowed to go alone. She had gone back and forth to Athens at each holiday so often during the three years of her school life in the Meta Telfair College that she insisted it was perfectly useless for her father to trouble about going. Her mother was sick and needed him much more than she would. It was to be her last year at school, and she declared her intention of trying to graduate with the honors of her class. She had always been a close student, and stood well in her classes; but this year she studied harder than ever, and when the Christmas holidays came she wrote begging to be allowed to remain at school instead of making her usual visit at the homestead. She could study during the holidays if she remained at school, but if she came home she would have neither the time nor the inclination to open a book. She had always found, so she wrote, that on

her return to school after a holiday it was several days, often a week, before she could bring herself to the habit of studying well again. So she did not make her usual Christmas visit. All the winter and spring she applied herself closely to her books, steadily pushing ahead of her classmates until she became their acknowledged leader.

At a Friday evening reception near the first of May, Ruth learned of the defalcation of one of her father's friends. He was a man on whose bond she knew that her father's name stood for an amount which would well-nigh cover his whole property. On the next morning the first train carried her home.

But what a different home it was, the girl thought bitterly. Even as she went up the front steps she could see and feel the change. It was the first time she had ever come back unaccompanied by her father, and the first she had missed her mother's glad smile of welcome long before she reached the gate. Now the door was locked, and she shivered at the hollow sound of the bell pealing through the still house. Mammy Jinney, her old nurse, opened the door in evident astonishment at seeing her. But she only smiled and asked, "Is my father at home, mammy?" Then she walked straight up the stairs and into her mother's room.

Howell Wheatley had lost everything; even the handsome old house which he inherited from his father had to be given up. The only thing left them was a plantation belonging to Mrs. Wheatley. It was not a very valuable place, but there was a fine old mansion, which, though badly out of repair, Mrs. Wheatley decided to occupy for the summer. The doctors had told her that unless she could persuade her husband to leave town and take complete rest he would have brain fever.

But it was the last of June before he could arrange to go, and they had been in the new home but a week when he returned one morning from a walk over the cotton fields, complaining of headache. Ruth persuaded him to lie down while she bathed his forehead and temples. He fell asleep, and when he awoke had a burning fever. That night they called in the nearest doctor, who from the first could give them no hope. For three weeks Ruth sat by her father's bed, watching the struggle between the strong man and death. He did not want to die. In his delirium he would cry out against it, asking who would care for his fatherless little ones, begging only to live long enough to place his wife and babies above want. But he must drink the cup, be his lips never so unwilling.

The lines on the face of the dead did not become deeper and more fixed than those on the face of that one faithful watcher while she stooped to give him her last passionate kiss, then turned and led her weeping mother from the room. The girl did not cry. After the funeral, when Mammy Jinney took her in her arms, tearfully begging her to place her burdens on the Lord, Ruth turned eyes, filled with unutterable pathos, upon the old negro as she

answered: "Place my burdens on the Lord? Why did He take my father from me? I prayed to Him not to. He was all I had. The Lord placed the burden on my shoulders, and now I must bear it alone."

Towards the beginning of another school-year Ruth received a letter from the principal of the Meta Telfair College, offering her a position in the school as primary teacher. She showed the letter to her mother, explaining how much the salary would help them. But Mrs. Wheatley burst into a storm of weeping, accusing the girl of selfishness and of wishing to desert her little sisters and brothers. It was the only time Ruth ever spoke of leaving home; she folded the letter away and wrote to her old teacher, declining her kind offer.

There was no school in the neighborhood; but when the time came for children to begin school again, Ruth bethought herself of an unused store-room in one corner of the back yard, and fitted it up with such chairs and tables as could be spared from the house. Here she opened a little school for her sisters and brothers and five of their neighbors' children.

When the school-hours were over and the other children had gone home, Ruth would gather her little flock around her and, with bags and baskets, go into the fields and pick cotton until the stars came out and the supper-bell called them.

There was a long rainy period in the fall after Mr. Wheatley's death, so long that the open cotton sprouted in the boll and became almost valueless. At the end of the year, after the hands and overseer were paid off, there was little money left—too little to carry them through another year. Ruth knew that her father had always furnished the plantation, buying supplies for the hands and tenants whenever they were needed; but she soon perceived that that was a thing of the past, and began to practise all sorts of economies. When planting-time came, she decided that she and her eldest brother Stuart, a boy of about thirteen, must have cotton patches of their own. These they planted, hoed, and picked out, Stuart even doing the ploughing himself. In this way they worked on for three years, and if Mrs. Wheatley ever thought of the wish she had made when she gave Ruth her great-grandmother's name she must surely have been satisfied.

It was in the summer of their third year, just before the time for the Athens "commencement," that Ruth received a letter from an old school-friend begging her to make her a visit during commencement week. She had received these invitations regularly every year since leaving school, and nothing had ever been said at home about her going. But in this letter Margaret Bryan demanded to know of Ruth whether she had made up her mind to be an old maid, or did she expect some fairy prince to come riding by and find her in that out-of-the-way country-place where she had

hidden herself? It was this question which set Mrs. Wheatley to thinking, and made her decide that Ruth must accept the invitation. Ruth was old enough to marry, she was very pretty, and, now that Mrs. Wheatley began to think of it, she remembered that as a girl Ruth had always had plenty of sweethearts and young beaux.

So the letter accepting Margaret's invitation was written, and Ruth began busy preparations for her visit. It is true, the preparations were not extensive, for she could not afford many or costly dresses, but they were all sweet-looking and very becoming. Mrs. Wheatley was a woman with a great deal of natural taste, and had always taken great pleasure in dressing both herself and her children becomingly. While she had assisted Ruth in her sewing and dress-making, she took great pains to impress on her what an advantage it would be to the whole family for her to marry well. Stuart was a big boy now, sixteen years old, and some exertion ought to be made to give him an education. While as for Daisy, the only other girl of the family, her mother sighed heavily as she reminded Ruth that she had spent two years at "boarding-school" when she was Daisy's age. So it came to pass, when Ruth kissed her mother good-by, that there was an understanding, as distinct as though it had been written out and signed before a magistrate, that she should make the best of her little visit, and if a man of position and money offered himself, no matter what his age or appearance might be, she would not treat him coldly or show a preference for one nearer her own age simply because he was young or handsome.

Somewhere in the girl's memory there may have lurked a handsome boyish face to which her thoughts had wandered regretfully during the three busy years which separated her from the old gay life. But if so she gave no sign, for Ruth was a reserved girl about things which lay nearest her heart; and if, when it was decided that she should make this visit, the same boyish face rose before her with the memory of a moonlight night when she had walked on the school piazza with her hand closely clasped in his and listened to words the memory of which was sweet, that dream was followed by another which startled her in its vividness, a dream of the glare and heat of the boarding-school reception room in May, the dull, sickening odor of the honeysuckle blooming on the trellis outside, as she looked into that same face now flushed with jealous passion, and heard for the first time of her father's ruin. The thought of it all made her faint and sick, and the memory of the repentant letters which followed, filled with passionate love and remorse, did not take away the sting. If she thought of all this, she thrust it aside, just as she had done those same unanswered letters so long ago.

The second night after her arrival in Athens she attended the reception given to the senior class by the chancellor of the university. It was there she met for the first time Colonel Baldwin. On their return, she told Margaret of her surprise on first seeing him.

"You don't know how funny he looked to me, Maggie," she exclaimed, laughing merrily; "as I met you there in the hall, you were an ideal 'beauty and the beast.' He reminded me of the description of 'Ole Massa,'—'six feet one way and four feet t'other!' she hummed lightly.

"You may laugh if you please, Ruthie," Margaret replied somewhat hotly; "but with all Colonel Baldwin's ugliness he is a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. I don't believe there is a kinder, warmer-hearted man in the whole State; and I don't think you should laugh at him, for he was quite taken with you and asked permission to call on you to-morrow."

She turned away from the glass, in front of which she had been taking down her hair, and, facing her friend, said more gently:

"Ruthie, I know Colonel Baldwin is ugly and coarse-looking and not very young, for he must be near fifty, but he has a lot of money. If I were you and he courted me, I should accept him. You know he doesn't dance, and I saw him watching you the whole evening. I am sure he admired you greatly."

Ruth made no reply, but changed the subject, and a few moments later they turned out the light and went quietly to bed. Margaret dropped off to sleep thinking she had vexed her friend by speaking too plainly.

The next day Colonel Baldwin called, also the next, and so on through every day during Ruth's three weeks' visit. Not a day passed that he did not take her riding, driving, or to some place of amusement. The day before her return he asked her to marry him, and she, remembering her mother's commands, accepted him. The next day he accompanied her home to gain her mother's consent. He begged for an early marriage, and Mrs. Wheatley fixed the day during the first week in October. Indeed, Mrs. Wheatley made all the arrangements. She even saw that Ruth answered his letters promptly. Twice during their engagement, when he came down on a visit for a few days, Mrs. Wheatley did most of the entertaining, for Ruth seemed silent and preoccupied. Colonel Baldwin did not appear conscious of the girl's change of manner. Perhaps he was too much engrossed in his own happiness to notice her pale face and want of animation, or perhaps, like many another man, he believed that his love and devotion could take the place of youth and good looks. When he was away he wrote her long letters every day, and every day or two the mail brought her some present, valuable or pretty, which showed how continually she was in his thoughts.

As time wore on, bringing the wedding-day nearer, every one was too busy to notice the prospective bride's pale face and hollow eyes. When Mammy Jinney, Ruth's old nurse, came up from her home in Augusta to be present at "her baby's" marriage, she remarked on the girl's changed appearance. But Mrs. Wheatley

said that Ruthie was worn out by sewing so continuously during the hot weather. It was during his last visit that Colonel Baldwin told Mrs. Wheatley of his intention of settling half of his property on Ruth the day of their marriage; and in the most delicate manner possible he gave her to understand that Ruth was to educate her sister and brothers and be of every assistance to the family. Mrs. Wheatley was pleased beyond expression, and praised his noble generosity on all occasions. Even the children, who at first resented the idea of his taking their sister away, began to talk of the approaching marriage with childish delight. But Ruth looked forward to the day with a heavier heart even than had been hers when she had followed her father to the grave.

III.

The air was frostily crisp, and as the first rays of the October sun touched the dew-spangled cotton-fields of the Ramsey plantation, the owner, Timothy Ramsey, or old man Tip, as his neighbors called him, left the house, followed by a motley crowd of cotton-pickers carrying bags and baskets. They entered the fields, and, after sundry cuffs and kicks of the smaller cotton-pickers and many loud-mouthed, oath-thickened directions to the larger ones, old man Tip succeeded in getting them to begin the day's work, and went over to his accustomed perch on the top of an adjoining rail fence. There he took out his corn-cob pipe, prepared to make himself comfortable and to divide his time between watching the cotton-pickers and the public road.

He would have told you that he watched the cotton-pickers "to try to make them niggers and pore white trash work and earn their vittles;" and as for the road, "how is a man to keep up with politics if he don't talk and try to learn somethin' from the people in the passin' wagons? Them men, they been to Augusty. Blame my soul, I ain't never been thar sence Lincoln was 'lected and set them durn niggers free. I ain't had time to go nowhars sence then."

As he sat on the top of the fence with his heels thrust between the second and third rails beneath him, his knees almost on a level with his head, and leisurely puffing his long-stemmed pipe, he looked across the wide slope of field, white with its open cotton, and brightened here and there by a bunch of vivid scarlet cotton-leaves delayed by the late frost. A fringe of trees in the bottom below was brilliant with the autumn tints of the sweet-gum and tulip, and as it wound around and piled up on the hills beyond, it formed a frame for a picture brilliant enough to have attracted even the sordid soul of old man Tip, had not his eye caught a glimpse of a moving object about half a mile up the road. He watched it closely, and as it

came nearer he could see that it was a boy of about seventeen or eighteen. He was dressed in a rusty, ill-fitting suit of black jeans, with an old felt hat slouched over his face. He carried in one hand a new tin pail and a small bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief. When he came within a few feet of Tip the old man straightened himself on the fence and said:

"Mornin'."

"Morning."

"You come fur?"

"Yes; a right smart piece up the road."

"Goin' to Augusty?"

"Yes."

"Got kin there?"

"No; I'm going to hunt work." The boy's eyes wandered over to the busy cotton-pickers.

"What kind of work kin you do?" Then, as he looked over and caught an old hag of a white woman with snuff-streaked, yellow, wrinkled face staring at the stranger, he exclaimed, "Bet Conner, do I give forty cents a hundred and feed you and your gang for you to stand up and stare at the big road? Git back to your work, if you don't want me to come over there and run the last hair-and-hide of you out of my cotton patch." Then, turning back to the boy, "I s'pose you wouldn't stop this side of Augusty?"

"If it was worth my while I would."

"I s'pose you wouldn't pick cotton for a spell?"

"If there was any money in it I might."

"I s'pose forty cents a hundred with your vittles and a bed to sleep in, if you are a mind to stay overnight, ain't big pay?"

"No; it ain't big pay, but I'll take it."

"Then jest hop over and set to work." He called to one of Bet Conner's gang, a tall, gawky girl dressed in two garments, a wilted cracker bonnet and a faded, split calico frock: "Here, Liz; gimme one of them baskets and that air bag you got on. You can jest light out to the house and tell Shade to give you another bag." As he took the bag from the girl, flirting it in her face, he said to her, "Now, you git."

He pitched the bag and basket at the boy, climbed back to his perch on the fence, and once more began puffing at his pipe and staring up and down the road. But as time passed and no traveller came in sight, old man Tip's love of gossip got the better of him. When the boy reached the end of a row nearest the fence and stopped to empty his cotton-sack in the basket, Tip asked,—

"Didn't hear no news about the murder as you came down the road, did you?"

"No; what murder?"

"Why, the murder that gal up the road committed."

"No; I didn't hear anything about it. Who did she kill?"

"That rich man from up the country, Colonel Baldwin."

"Colonel Baldwin!" the boy exclaimed almost in a shriek, suddenly straightening up and half turning towards the old man. Then, as if recollecting himself, he stooped and, pulling his hat farther over his face, began busily picking cotton again.

"Yes; that's his name. Did you know him?"

"I've seen his name in the papers. He was in Congress once. Who killed him?" He stood with his back to old man Tip, deliberately thrashing a handful of cotton.

"Why, it was the gal he had jest married, the Widder Wheatley's daughter."

Then, removing his pipe from his mouth and settling himself more comfortably, "Well, you see, Cout Pegen, he stopped by here, middle of the day yistiddy, on his way to Augusty with a load of chickens and aigs. Cout ain't a Christian, and he's got the durndest way of leaving home Sattiday night and travellin' all day Sunday. He says he can save a day and git in town early Monday mornin' and git a better sale for his truck. He stopped by here dinner-time yistiddy, which was Sunday, and was tellin' me all 'bout it. Cout says Widder Wheatley sent Miss Ruthie up the country last summer for a spell, and when she came back Colonel Baldwin came with her, and in a little while it leaked out that Miss Ruthie was goin' to marry him. So this fall they had a mighty fixin' up for the weddin', and all the folks 'round was talkin' and sayin' how strange it was fer such a pretty young gal like Miss Ruthie to take a likin' to a settled man like Colonel Baldwin, 'specially when he was as fat and ugly as everybody who seen him said he was. Sal Sturley had been sewin' up at Cherokee Hall—that's what the Widder Wheatley calls her plantation. Well, Cout says, Sal came out to Flat Rock Church and was a-braggin' and tellin' about the handsome presents the colonel had given Miss Ruthie and the family. He even give Sal a fine gold breastpin. And Sal told the folks at Flat Rock that the Widder Wheatley told her that he was worth half a million dollars, and when he married Miss Ruthie he was goin' to make her papers to half of everything he had. They had a powerful blow-out when they was married. So many people came down with the colonel that some of them had to go up to Lincoln Court-House to the hotel to spend the night. The marryin' come off at night, about eight o'clock. Cout says they had a mighty fine supper, and after supper, when all the folks had left and everybody in the house had gone to bed about an hour or so, there was the tarnaldest raze in the colonel's room and a pistol was shot four times. And when Stuart, Widder Wheatley's oldest boy, and the widder and all the rest of the people in the house come a-runnin' out in their night-clo'es, they couldn't make anybody answer, so they had to break down the door. Colonel Baldwin was a-layin' in the middle of the room in a big puddle of blood with his head all shot to pieces."

Here old man Tip knocked the dead ashes out of his pipe and began slowly crushing between his hands some home-cured tobacco.

The boy, who had taken his seat on the ground among the cotton while listening to the old man's talk, got up on his knees and began nervously pulling at the cotton within his reach.

"And the girl—the girl he had married. What became of her?"

"Miss Ruthie? Well, after she had shot him and heard the people a-breakin' the door down, she jumped out the window in her night-clo'es and ran off. And she never took a thing but her weddin' hat. Cout says it was the hat she was goin' to wear next day a travellin'."

"But didn't anybody follow and try to catch her?"

"Yes; they tracked her down to the big river, and when Cout came across the ferry at sun-up Sunday mornin' he met some men goin' to help drag for her."

"Drag for her? Do they think she's drowned?" the boy asked, startled.

"They know she's drowned. She couldn't swim a lick, and they found the batteau turned bottom-side upward on a snag in the middle of the big river. You see they think she hurt herself when she jumped out that up-stairs window in her night-clo'es, because they could trace drops of blood all the way to the river. Cout says, when she got to the river before daylight she took old Lawson's canoe—he's the nigger what poles the flat-boat up to Ferguson ferry—and tried to paddle across the river, and got drowned. They found her weddin' hat caught on some bushes up on John Price's island. They've looked everywheres for her body, and now they are goin' to drag the river."

"What did they do with Colonel Baldwin's body?" the boy asked.

"The people what come down to his weddin' jest carried the body back up the country to his folks."

There was a pause; old man Tip lighted his pipe and began to smoke. Presently the boy asked:

"What becomes of the money? Who will get his money?"

"That's just the question I asked Cout, and he said that lawyer Sims said all the money would have gone to Miss Ruthie, but now's she's dead it will go to the Widder Wheatley and her children. His folks can't get a cent."

The boy went on with his cotton-picking, and picked down one row and back another. As he reached the end and stopped to empty his bag he asked,—

"What do people say made the girl do it?"

"Crazy; jest plum crazy because her ma made her marry that old man. Why, at the inquest the jury wouldn't even say she shot him. Jest said, 'Came to his death by a gun-shot woun' in the hands of unknown parties.' Fiddler Jim Roberson that lives up

there and tends some of the Wheatley land was the foreman. And he jest said he'd set on that jury tel' jedgment day before he'd bring in a verdick against Miss Ruthie. Cout says the men on the jury all knew her, and they jest set up and cried like babies. And she wuz pretty enough, that's sure."

"Did you ever see her?" the boy asked, starting nervously.

"Yes; I seen her twice. First time was when she was a school-girl, and she was ridin' horseback from Augusty up to Cherokee Hall with her father. The last time I seen her was at Pine Grove Church with her oldest brother, Stuart. The family was regular highfliers. She was mighty sweet and pleasant spoken, but she never went around with any of the young fellows in the neighborhood. Always went with Stuart or her mother. She had the blackest curls and the whitest skin, with cheeks as red as a ripe peach. And she was prettier than any picture I ever seen."

Although old man Tip watched the road closely all day, hailing every passer, he could find no one who was able to give him any information later than that he had already received of the terrible tragedy which was then the talk of the country. When they went to the house for dinner and the boy removed his hat to wash his face, old man Tip saw for the first time that his head was bandaged with a soiled white rag. Noticing blood on the cloth he exclaimed:

"Hello! what's the matter with your head? Been fightin'?"

"No; I jumped down one of those high embankments up the road, and I fell on a pile of rocks and cut my head."

"What you done for it? Got anything on it?"

"I washed it and put some tallow on it that I got from a woman up the road."

"Take off the rag and let me have a look at it," he commanded, but the boy refused.

"You won't take it off for me? Well, I reckon I'll jest see what you will do for my old lady. Shade!" he called to a half-grown girl who was crossing the yard with a pail of water on her head, "tell your Miss Lenie to step out on the back piazza for a minute."

A few moments later a stout, good-natured-looking woman came out on the piazza, wiping her hands with her apron. Old man Tip told her what the boy had said and asked her to see if the cut did not need something besides beef tallow. Without a question she made him take his seat on a bench placed along the side of the wall. Then she gently removed the soiled cloth from his head, displaying a jagged, uneven cut about two inches long over the left eyebrow. The cut was much inflamed and caked with tallow none too clean. It required a good bathing in warm soap and water before Mrs. Ramsey could get it clean enough to satisfy her. Then she sent Shade to fetch a certain bottle from the mantel in her room, with the contents of which she saturated a soft rag and bound it to his head with a clean handkerchief. While his wife was busy Tip was

seated opposite, nodding and winking knowingly at the boy, boasting of her skill in nursing and of her many other excellencies, in the same loud-mouthed way in which he bragged of his horses, his cows, his crop,—in short, of everything to which he laid the slightest claim.

That night, as they were walking side by side from the gin-house, after weighing and putting up the cotton, Tip yelled out,—

“What’s your name?”

The boy started and looked at him without replying.

“Are you deaf? I asked you your name, and you jumped like I gin you a lick with my blacksnake cow-whip.”

“You startled me, and I didn’t understand you,” the boy replied, apologetically. “My name is Cain.”

“First or last name?”

“Last name,” he answered.

“Well, I thought I never heard of but two people giving their child such an ungodly name as Cain, and them two was Adam and Eve. My old lady was asking me after dinner to-day what your name was. I told her you never told me and I never asked you.”

As they went up the back steps he pointed to a room opening on the piazza and said:

“There’s your sleeping-room, Mr. Cain. It’s my son’s room when he’s home. I reckon I got about the rottenest chillun of any man you ever seen. When the oldest one, a gal, was old enough to send off to school, my old lady got her fixed up to go; and the boy, he comes next, begun to wheem around the house and say he wanted to go too. So we fixed him up. Then the littlest gal, she’s the baby, set up a howl because they was all goin’ off and leave her. So we jest had to fix up the whole gang and send them off. This makes five years they been goin’. Last summer the oldest one graduated and she wasn’t goin’ back. But when time came for them other two to go back, that little gal set up a tune and said she wasn’t goin’ ’thout her sister went. Now I reckon we’ll jest have to keep the whole gang goin’ till the baby one gets through. Professor Wright says to my old lady, they’re all mighty smart and quick, but I says to my old lady, they’re about the rottenest chillun in the country.”

The cotton-picking went busily on. Thursday night Cain told old man Tip that he should leave the next morning and push on to Augusta, for he feared that if he waited any longer he would be unable to get a job. So the next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Ramsey examined his forehead for the last time and decided that it was doing finely. It was a lucky thing he was a boy, the good woman said; if he had been a girl such a scar would ruin his looks. As he was leaving she thrust a bundle of luncheon into his hand, saying it wasn’t much, but such as it was he might eat it when dinner-time came. She begged him if he ever came their way again

to stop to see them. Old man Tip followed him to the road in hopes of seeing and talking to some traveller before he went with his hands to the field. All the cotton in the fields on the road had been picked, and to-day, much to the old man's disgust, they had begun to clean out the field back of the house, beyond sight and sound of the public road.

"They ain't never found that pore gal's body yet," Tip said, as Cain halted for an instant on reaching the road. "Old Jeremiah Wells and Cow Welch was tellin' me yistiddy that they said if they didn't find it by to-morrow night they wouldn't drag no more. But I says if they find it now it will be on some of them islands down the river. It don't stand to reason it's goin' to stay under water this long, goin' on two weeks." Holding out his hand as the boy made a move to go, he added, "Well, good-by, if you will go. Don't you know nobody in Augusty?"

"No."

"Well, I hope you will get a good place and do well." After they had shaken hands and the boy had gone a little distance down the road, Tip called after him:

"When you git to Augusty and do well, don't you be a durn fool like all the boys round here what goes there. After they git a job and spruce up a little they won't speak to folks they been raised up with. Feel so fine in their store clo'es, though they ain't got enough money in their pocket to buy my old bay mare one square feed."

IV.

"Yes; we do want a man. We want a porter; but I don't think you are heavy enough for the job." The speaker was a young man, and spoke regretfully as he looked at the boy who had approached him. The boy was the one who had left the Ramsey plantation at sunrise on the previous day. He wore a new coat, however, and altogether presented a neater and more respectable appearance than he did then.

"I don't think you are strong enough to do our lifting." They were standing in front of a grocery store, and, pointing to a barrel of flour, the young man said,—

"Can you lift that barrel of flour?"

"No, sir; I don't think I can."

"I thought not. Yet our porter lifts heavier things than that all day long. You have been sick, too, haven't you?" glancing at the boy's face, which looked pale and haggard even through the sunburn.

"Yes, sir; I have been right sick. I hurt my head awhile back."

"You couldn't do our work—and I am sorry, too. I came to this town to hunt a job, and without knowing any one, so I know what it is. But I persevered, and when I got a job I stuck. You see to-day I am half owner of this store, while ten years ago, like you, I walked the streets hunting a place. I always like to help a young fellow whenever I can. But you mustn't give up. There are vacancies in town, and if you keep on trying—— Tom, Tom!" He stepped to the door and called to a young man who had just passed.

"Hello, Jack. Did you call me?" said Tom Phelps, a tall, handsome young man, as he turned and came back.

"Yes. Didn't you tell me you were on the lookout for a good boy?"

"Yes. I want an office boy. I sent the fellow we had to carry a note to Green Street yesterday in a hurry. He was gone three hours. And—would you believe it?—when I spoke to him about it he gave me some slack. I just kicked him out, and now I want another before my partner comes back. You see he is so confounded easy-going, he might feel called upon to try that same little devil again."

"Where has he gone?"

Mr. Phelps nodded back, as though indicating something up the street, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied:

"To see about that dragging business—though he didn't say he was going there. Told me he was going to take a little run up to Knoxville. Poor fellow! I suppose he found it impossible to keep away."

"How did he take it, Tom?"

"Horribly; horribly." Both men were silent for a moment, apparently thinking. Then Jack Young said, as though remembering:

"I called you back, Tom, to ask you about this young fellow here," indicating with a nod of his head the boy, who stood a little behind them. "He wants a job. You see, he is not heavy enough to do our porter's work, so I thought perhaps you might like to get him in your office."

"Yes? He is taller than the last fellow, but he doesn't look any older. How old are you,—fifteen or sixteen?" He looked at the boy attentively.

"Seventeen, sir."

"Suppose you take off your hat. I never like to employ any one without seeing his face," he explained to Mr. Young.

The boy removed his hat. His hair had been cut even closer than when he left Ramsey's, and the wound on his forehead, not thoroughly healed, was startlingly vivid and distinct.

"That's an ugly scar. How did you get it?" Mr. Phelps asked, suspiciously.

"I fell and hurt my head on some rocks," the boy replied, flushing.

"He told me before I called you in, Tom, that he had a fall and hurt his head," Mr. Young said, as though he wished to prove that the boy had not intended to conceal the disfiguring mark.

"What sort of work have you ever done?" Mr. Phelps asked, addressing the boy again.

"I have never done anything but go to school and work on a farm, sir."

"Ah, I see. Can you write? I mean, how far have you been in your books?"

"I have been through the high school."

"In this State?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, come to my office, and I will see what you can do." Then to Mr. Young, as they left the store together, "I'll see you later and let you know about him."

They walked a short distance up the street, then, turning into an open doorway, went up a flight of steps and through a long passage, on one side of which were numerous doors, each bearing the name of the occupant of the office. At the lower end of the passage Mr. Phelps opened a door and led the way into a large room. It was furnished with three desks, a large table in the centre, several chairs, and a number of law-books ranged around the walls on open shelves.

"This is my office. I suppose Mr. Young told you I was a lawyer," Mr. Phelps said, seating himself at a table and looking through a mass of papers. Selecting a letter, he handed it to the boy, saying, "Take this over there," indicating the smallest of the three desks, "and let me see how quickly you can copy it; here are some pens," pushing a rack filled with pens across the table towards him.

The boy selected a small stub, went to the desk, and wrote busily for a few minutes; going over to the other desk, he used the blotting pad, and then, bringing his letter and the copy, handed them to Mr. Phelps.

"Very well done," the young man said, examining the letter in some surprise; then, turning and looking at the boy, "We will pay you twelve dollars a month. We only paid those other fellows eight and ten dollars, but as you seem to be able to do better work, I will promise you twelve. Of course, you will have to attend to the office, clean it up, and make up a fire in the morning before we come. I get here at nine o'clock sharp. My partner comes twenty minutes or half an hour earlier. You will have an hour for dinner, and we will not require you to stay after half-past six or seven in the evening. You see our names on the door there, Ridge & Phelps. I'm the last one, Phelps,—Thomas S. Phelps. My partner, Mr. Ridge,

is away at present on business. He may return this afternoon, possibly not until next week."

Then, opening a drawer of the table, he took out a large envelope which he directed and sealed, after looking through it as though to make sure of the contents.

"You said you didn't know much about Augusta. Do you know where the Court-House is?"

"Yes, sir; I have seen it."

"Well, you can find the ordinary's office, I suppose. Take this package there and give it to the ordinary or one of his clerks. There will be no answer, so you need not wait."

The boy took the papers, picked up his hat, and left the office without a word.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Phelps had begun to think of closing up for the night, when the office door opened and Gordon Ridge walked in.

"Hello, old fellow, is that you?" Tom Phelps exclaimed in pleased surprise. "I am glad to see you back. I began to think you would not turn up until Monday."

"Yes; I thought I had best come back to-night." Putting his hat on the table, he went over to the fireplace, and stood with his arm resting on the mantel. "I wanted to look up two or three points on Willets's case before it came up on Monday. Besides, there was nothing more I could do up there." With a suppressed sigh, he turned his face away and stared moodily into the fire.

Mr. Phelps watched him for several minutes in silence as he stood staring at the fire, unconscious of everything around him. It had gradually grown dark out-of-doors, until every ray of daylight had disappeared, the electric lights coming on so gradually that Mr. Phelps had not been conscious of the change. As he turned from contemplating his partner's face he noticed the lights and remembered his new office boy. The boy was seated in front of his desk in the corner on a high stool, with his head buried in his hands, as though he were asleep.

"Hello, you boy there!" he called. "You may straighten up your desk and go. It is after six. And, by the by, you did not tell me your name."

The boy started up at the sound of Mr. Phelps's voice, slipped down from his stool, and began to put into his desk the papers he had been copying. At Mr. Phelps's last question he turned and said hesitatingly:

"You must excuse me, sir; I forgot that you did not know. My name is——"

"Great God!" Mr. Ridge cried, turning excitedly; taking a step towards the boy, he stared wildly at him. The boy's thin face became deathly pale, and the purplish red scar on his forehead shone more vividly distinct. Recovering himself, and without noticing

his partner's surprised, puzzled face, Mr. Ridge turned back to the fire, asking indifferently,—

“What did you say your name was?”

“Cain, sir.” The boy replied in a voice so choked that it sounded hoarsely sullen. He picked up his hat, glanced at Mr. Phelps, and almost fled from the room.

“That's a new boy I hired to-day, Gordon,” Mr. Phelps said, still regarding his partner with a puzzled expression. “The other fellow became so slow and impudent that I got rid of him. Jack Young recommended this fellow. He writes a beautiful hand and seems very quick. I think he will suit us.”

“I daresay he will,” Mr. Ridge replied, absently. “He has a terrible scar on his forehead.”

“He had a fall, he says.” Watching his partner's face, he asked hesitatingly, “How are things up the road? Have they discovered anything new?”

“No; nothing, Tom.” He drew up a chair, took his seat, and, gazing into the fire, went on in a hard, mechanical voice: “They have dragged from where the boat was found overturned to about half a mile below the mouth of Little River. Every one says it is useless to try any longer, as the body must have risen days ago. Now, the only thing to be done is to search the banks and low grounds. It is horrible, Tom. Think of Ruthie—Ruthie——” He buried his face in his hands, sat with his elbows resting on his knees, and sobbed aloud.

“Gordon,” Mr. Phelps said after a few moments, going over and laying his hand on his partner's shoulder, “you must go home. You are tired out and completely unnerved.” Then, with unsteady voice, as he wiped away the sympathetic moisture from his own eyes, “Try to control yourself, old fellow. I fear you will make yourself sick.”

After a time the young man's sobs became less convulsive, then ceased altogether. He wiped his eyes, got up, and stood by the mantel.

“Yes, I think I shall go, Tom. I suppose I am nervous, for to-night when that boy spoke to you I imagined it was her voice that answered.”

“Well, he has got a womanish sort of voice,” Mr. Phelps admitted, understanding for the first time Mr. Ridge's strange behavior. He laughed nervously and, glad to change the subject, said: “You frightened him thoroughly. Indeed, so much that I am afraid he will not turn up Monday morning. Come, it is rather late; we had better be going.”

Mr. Phelps put on a soft felt hat and drew the brim down over his eyes. A few moments later, as they stopped at the foot of the steps to light their cigars, he said,—

“Stuart promised to telegraph me in case anything should occur.”

V.

The bells were ringing, and crowds of people, both white and black, were moving towards the church. It was just cold enough for the ladies to feel the need of their new winter wraps, and just damp and cloudy enough to make them fear a wetting.

Cain, the office boy of "Ridge & Phelps, Attorneys-at-Law," walked leisurely up Broad Street and turned out Marbury towards South Boundary. He looked about him, and seemed as perfectly at home as though he had been brought up in Augusta, instead of having entered it for the first time less than forty-eight hours before. Three or four squares before reaching South Boundary he turned into a lane, hardly more than an alley, on each side of which was a row of small wooden houses, all occupied by negroes. There was a neat-looking young brown-skinned woman coming out of the second yard from the corner. As she approached Cain he looked at her keenly. As she was about to pass him, he hesitated and asked,—

"Can you tell me if there is an old woman named Jinney who lives around here?"

"Do you mean Aunt Jinney Wheatley, sir?" the woman inquired, respectfully.

"I don't know whether her name is Wheatley or Jones. I only know her name is Jinney and she does washing."

"This is the one, sir. Her name is Jinney Wheatley and she is the best washer in town. Yes, sir; I know where she lives. I'm her niece. She lives in the last house on this side of the alley." Stepping out in the middle of the street, she pointed to a little house at the other end of the row.

"Is she at home, do you know?"

"I reckon she is, sir. I haven't seen her go by to church, and there is smoke comin' out of the chimney. She went up the country a spell back to see our old white folks, but she come back las' Friday."

"Thank you for showing me the place," Cain said as he walked on towards the house.

There was a little negro boy eight or ten years old sitting in the door, teasing a terrier puppy. Cain stopped at the gate and spoke to him.

"Hello there. Is your mother at home?"

"I ain't got no mammy. She's done daid. But my gran'-mammy's here. Gran'mammy! Gran'mammy!" the boy yelled; "here's a white boy at the gate axin' fer yer."

Mammy Jinney made her appearance at the door and looked curiously at the stranger.

"Good-mornin', sir," she said, dropping him a courtesy; "did you want to see me?"

"Yes," he replied. He stood with his arms crossed on the top of the fence and his hat pushed back, giving the old woman a full view of his face. "I wanted to see you about doing some washing."

"Well, I never does any reg'lar washin'," the old woman replied doubtfully. "That is to say, I never does any reg'lar fam'ly washin'. I takes in fine clo'es and shirts for some people who knows me and is very perticler. What sort do you want done, sir? Is it shirts?"

"Yes, white shirts." Then he asked, "Can you give me a drink of fresh water?"

"Well, I ain't got none that is exactly fresh, sir. But this little nigger can mighty soon fetch you some. Here, John Henry." Stepping inside the door, she brought out a half-filled water-bucket and, emptying the contents into a chicken-trough standing near, handed it to the boy. "You go down to the pump and git a bucket of water for this gen'l'man, quick."

After the boy had gone a little distance down the street, Cain stepped inside of the gate and spoke to the old woman.

"My God A'mighty!" the old woman screamed, clutching the side of the door and staring at him wildly.

The little negro came running back in alarm.

"What de matter? Gran'mammy, what de matter?" he called.

Mammy Jinney recovered herself and stopped him just before he reached the gate.

"Whar's dat bucket o' water I done sarnt you to bring dis gen'l'man? Ain't nothin' the matter 'cept one o' dem rheumatic pains done struck me and mos' made me fall on de flo'. You make tracks and fetch dat fraish water to the gen'l'man, you little limb ob Satin, you!"

Then as the little negro turned and went back, she said, loud enough for him to hear:

"If you'll des' step in de house, sir, so I kin set down for a spell, I'll des talk to you 'bout youah washin'."

VI.

"Well, I must say, Phelps, you have about the strangest man for a partner I ever came across. Most men would have done everything in their power to keep their names from being mixed up in this Baldwin-Wheatley affair, while Ridge seems to be working just the other way." Mr. Randolph Perry flipped the ashes from the end of his cigar and continued to smoke, leaning back comfortably in his chair.

The three young men, Frank Alston, Randolph Perry, and Tom Phelps, were seated around the office fire of "Ridge & Phelps," with chairs tilted back and cigars in their mouths, discussing the various

subjects of the day. The conversation gradually drifted around to the much-talked-of murder, and Perry expressed himself as to Gordon Ridge's connection with the affair. Mr. Phelps turned a little uncomfortably in his chair. He knew Ridge better than any one else, he knew his whole connection with the affair, and he did not relish the idea of hearing him criticised in his own office.

"I don't know what you mean by Gordon's working the other way, Perry," he said a trifle tartly.

"Why, that's precisely what he's doing, Phelps—posing before the world as a faithful old lover. What made him go up there again? He must know people will talk about it."

"Stuart Wheatley telegraphed him when they found the body, and he went up there as a friend of the family. Had his father been alive he would have gone. Mr. Ridge and Mr. Wheatley were always the warmest friends, and I don't see why the world should gossip about Gordon's going up there."

"Rumor does not say Gordon is only a friend of the family, Tom," Frank Alston remarked quietly.

"What does it say? I know the Wheatleys and Ridges were always friends. Why, the first time I ever went to Mr. Wheatley's I went with Gordon. We were little fellows, and I remember Gordon ran over every place and acted pretty much as he did at home. You know all that, Frank."

"Yes, I know that's true, for we three and Will Ellis were together all the time, and I know even as little boys we always teased Gordon about Ruth. I looked upon them as sweethearts, and thought perhaps it would end in something more serious when they grew up. When I went off to Washington and Lee, and you and Gordon to the university, I didn't hear much about it until the summer after we were graduated. Then Mr. Wheatley had broken all to pieces and moved up the country, and I heard that Gordon and Miss Ruth had had a split and did not speak. Now I hear that they made it up and she threw him over last summer for Colonel Baldwin's money."

"That's a lie," Mr. Phelps said emphatically. "She never spoke to him after they left school. And I know Gordon hadn't seen her for more than two years. She never would have thrown him over for any man's money."

"I don't know about that, Phelps," Perry objected. "I have never seen a woman whom I would be willing to tempt with too much money. They all love it, and will marry for it every time they get a chance. But I don't understand the girl's killing Colonel Baldwin in the manner she did, unless she was crazy."

"Yes, I believe she was crazy, if she murdered him."

"If she murdered him!" Alston exclaimed.

"You don't mean to say, Phelps, that you, a lawyer, with all the evidence before you, doubt that she killed him? Why, man, it was

cold-blooded, premeditated murder. She must have had that pistol hidden for days. Her brother said he had missed it for more than a week," Perry said, looking at Phelps in astonishment.

"I'll tell you what it is, Perry," Phelps said earnestly, having thrown his cigar in the grate; "you never knew Ruth Wheatley. Knowing her as I did, I am inclined to say with that cranky old foreman of the jury at the inquest, 'I wouldn't believe Miss Ruthie committed murder;—no, not if I had seen her do it with my own eyes.'"

"Well, if she didn't do it, who did? What is your theory?" Perry asked.

"I have no theory. I have no reason whatever; it is simply intuition; and I say again, having known the girl from childhood to womanhood, that she was positively incapable of committing the deed." With this he brought his fist down vehemently on the arm of his chair. "Of course, Perry, you, a stranger, knowing nothing about Miss Ruth, with the evidence dead against her and not the slightest clue pointing any other way, think this belief of mine simply preposterous."

"Well, I must acknowledge, Phelps," Perry replied, "I never should think you would have allowed your heart to run so completely away with your head. But since you don't believe she killed Colonel Baldwin, why do you think she ran away? Or perhaps you think she did not run away? Maybe some one stole her?"

"Oh, no; I believe she ran away," Phelps answered. "You see, they tracked her to the river. That was positive proof."

"To me, Tom, that proof is not more positive than the proofs that she did the murder," Perry said, smiling satirically. "If I believed she did not do the killing, then I would as soon believe somebody ran off with her, and those were not her tracks found leading to the river. Suppose some one suggested that Ridge killed Colonel Baldwin and stole——"

"Come, don't start up anything like that," Alston exclaimed.

"Of course, I don't believe any such nonsense, Frank, but since Phelps preferred some wild romantic ideas to the evidence of facts, I thought I would try romance for a while. You know men have been known to kill their rivals and steal their sweethearts."

"In case such an accusation was brought against Gordon," Phelps replied, "I would prove an alibi for him. His mother was not at home at the time, so I considered it best to invite myself to spend the night with him; and I was with him from the afternoon before the wedding until we got the news of the murder."

"You surely didn't think you would be called upon to prove his whereabouts?" Perry asked, looking at Mr. Phelps in surprise.

"No, not that; but I thought it would be best that he should not be alone, though I really don't think Gordon is a man likely to commit suicide."

"But why should he have been so hard hit, Tom? You say there had never been anything serious between him and Miss Wheatley."

"No; I did not say there had never been; I said not during the last three years."

"Well; when was it, then? Were they ever engaged?" Alston asked.

"Yes; for one week, while they were both in Athens at school."

"What broke it up?" Perry asked.

"I hardly know. I would have to go through the whole thing to make you understand and see just how it was." Phelps got up, stirred the fire, and put on a fresh supply of coal.

"Suppose you do, Tom. Perhaps then we would better grasp Gordon's position and your idea about things. For, to be honest, old fellow, you don't appear particularly fortunate in making yourself understood this morning," Alston suggested.

They all lighted fresh cigars. With his back to the fire, Phelps stood facing the other two, smoked a few minutes, and then took his seat again.

"I don't believe Gordon would object, now that Miss Ruth is dead; and, as you say, you might better understand his motives. Still, I wouldn't like it to be talked about town and get to his ears, you understand."

"Certainly not," Perry assented, and Alston looked at Tom, nodded, and continued to smoke.

"You know, Frank, Gordon and I roomed together the whole time we were in college and at the law school. Every Friday night we went to the receptions at the Meta Telfair College, as did every fellow in college who knew a girl and could get an invitation. Gordon and I never were rivals, because he was always in love with Ruth and I was in love with all the girls except Ruth. To tell the truth, Gordon and I had always intended to be law partners, and I knew enough about him to feel sure that if I ever interfered between him and Ruth it would be an end of our partnership, for he would never have forgiven me.

"While he was coming from one of these receptions, the fellows guyed Gordon about his absent-mindedness. He seemed perfectly incapable of listening or of replying to what we said. I had some idea as to the cause, for I had seen him take leave of Miss Ruth at the foot of the stairs, and stand gazing after her until the negro butler reminded him that the bell had been rung and he must shut up the house for the night. When we reached our room I asked him about it, and soon found out that Miss Ruth had promised to marry him as soon as he was admitted to the bar.

"I have read of people being deliriously happy, but that fellow came as near it as anybody I wish to see. I remember lying in bed and watching him as he sat at the window looking towards the house

which held Ruth. I began to speculate as to what they said to each other, and finally I asked Gordon if he kissed her. 'Only once, Tom,' he replied; 'but then I held her hand most of the time, and once when everybody else left the piazza I put my arm around her and she leaned on me. I had no idea a girl had such soft cheeks. Her cheek is softer and smoother than velvet.' He could remember all this, but when I asked him what he had said to her, how he had asked her, he could not remember a word that either of them had said." Phelps turned towards Alston, adding half-smilingly, "Don't laugh, Frank. All this coming from any other fellow than Gordon would be mere bosh. But you know Gordon Ridge never acts foolishly."

"I was not thinking of Gordon. I was thinking what an amount of cheek you must have had, and what surprises me is that Gordon did not knock you down. But go on with your tale; I'll not interrupt you again."

"Knock me down? Why, my dear fellow, I don't believe anything I could have done that night would have made Gordon angry. He didn't sleep a wink,—didn't even come to bed. The next day he wrote to Ruth and smuggled the letter to her by bribing the chambermaid. The next Friday afternoon, while we were dressing for the reception, the mail was brought in and Gordon had a letter from his father, but he said nothing whatever about the contents.

"At the reception we were among the first crowd of students who came in; but I think it must have been an hour before Ruth made her appearance. Every minute that passed I could see that Gordon watched the parlor door more impatiently. I was seated across the room from him, talking to Miss Hattie Green, Ruth's room-mate, when Herr Rosenstein, their German teacher, came up and asked where Fraulein Wheatley was hiding herself. Miss Hattie told him that he had given Miss Wheatley such a difficult lesson that she had not been able to learn it during study hour, and she had said she would not come down to the parlors till she knew it. Now, this young German was Gordon's pet aversion, the only person of whom he seemed jealous;—not because Ruth showed any partiality for him, but simply, I think, because he had an opportunity of seeing and talking to her every day.

"I knew Gordon had heard Miss Hattie's reply, and when Rosenstein left, I could see in the expression of Gordon's face that his jealousy had been aroused and he was thoroughly angry.

"The room was warm, and in a little while I took Miss Hattie in the hall for a promenade; just then Miss Ruth came down the stairs. She was dressed in some thin white stuff that clung around her and fluttered as she moved. When she took my arm to go into the parlor with us, I looked down at her and remembered what Gordon had said about her cheeks. I thought he would forget his anger, and feel like taking her in his arms when he saw how languid and

tired she seemed. And so I believe he would, had not that confounded German joined us at the parlor door and tried to persuade Miss Ruth to go out on the piazza with him. She refused, complaining of not feeling well. While she was talking to Rosenstein, I could see that she was looking around for Gordon, and I think she could have cried on seeing him looking at her so angrily. When the German left, Gordon came up, and she went with him to a seat by one of the windows. Miss Hattie and I went back to our old seat just across the room. Do you remember, Perry, that lecture we heard in New York last summer on neglected opportunities? I have always looked upon that evening as my neglected opportunity."

"How so?" Perry asked, moving his cigar from between his lips and looking inquiringly at Phelps. "I should have thought that was Ridge's opportunity, not yours."

"So it was his, but it was mine as well," Phelps insisted. "Do you know, I had an almost unconquerable desire to go over and insist that Gordon should not be angry with Miss Ruth, and to prove to him that she was not well and did not care a fig for her German teacher. Of course, it would have been absurd, and would have made Gordon furious, and Miss Ruth might have felt hurt at my impudence; still, I believe they would have been angry with me and have gotten in a good-humor with each other. I have thought how differently things might have turned out had I acted on that impulse. I would not be telling you this story, while they—how different their lives might have been!" For a few moments he was silent and seemed dreamily to be thinking of the past. Then he continued: "Miss Hattie was talking, and I tried to listen to her while watching those two across the room. I was not aware of anything they said until I heard Gordon remark quite distinctly,—

"I may be jealous, but I am certainly not a pauper."

"What do you mean?" She was very quiet, and seemed to be trying to quiet him. But he was mad with jealous anger, and added,—

"I mean that J. H. French is a defaulter, and your father is a beggar."

"She may have gotten up very quickly, but it seemed to me half an hour before she got out of that chair. Then she seemed to stand for twice that time looking at him,—not angrily, but simply looking at him, with pale face and wide-open eyes.

"It may be as you tell me. My father may be a pauper; but so long as I live we will never be beggars, nor will I ever forgive you." She said this passionlessly; then she turned and left the room." Phelps knocked the ashes from his cigar, put it in his mouth, then took it out, looked at the dead end for a minute, and went on:

"We did everything to get her back. Miss Hattie went up and begged her to come down. Then Gordon wrote her a note and Miss

Hattie sent it up, but it was brought back unopened. I have seen Gordon shed tears twice—that night when we got home, and the other night when he came back after dragging for her body. God knows, I would have given my right hand at either time to have prevented him. I have heard of tears of blood, but if ever there were tears absolutely wrung from the human heart, drop by drop, it was then." He hesitated, passed his hand wearily over his eyes, and, turning to his office boy, who was seated by his desk in the corner, said:

"I wish you would pull down that window a little from the top, Cain. The room is so close it has given me a headache."

Cain pulled down the window and went back to his seat, while the young lawyer continued:

"The next morning we heard that Ruth had gone home on the early train. Gordon wrote her several letters, every one of which she returned unopened. Then he came down here and called to see her twice, but both times she refused to see him. When we came home at the close of school, Mr. Wheatley had moved up the country. Then we heard of Mr. Wheatley's illness, and Gordon went there in hopes of seeing Ruth; but again she refused to see him.

"Three or four months after her father's death she came to settle up some of his debts. Although Mr. Wheatley gave up everything he possessed and did not own a dollar's worth of property when he died, Ruth insisted on taking up his few unpaid debts and paying them little by little until every dollar was covered. I have often thought how true she was to her word,—that she might be a pauper, but would never be a beggar. It was while she was here that Gordon saw her standing on Green Street talking to a lot of her old school friends. He was determined to make her speak to him, but she, after looking him squarely in the face, turned away.

"After this he wrote to her occasionally, but the letters were returned. Then I thought I would try my hand as a peace-maker, so I wrote to Miss Ruth. She answered my letter very politely, thanking me for the interest I took in her affairs, but said it was on a subject in which she felt no interest and of which she cared to have no reminder, so she would re-enclose my letter. Gordon received the mail that morning and recognized her hand, and, of course, I had to show up the letters. If he ever wrote her after that I never knew it. I thought he was trying to forget her by his devotion to his business. Had things continued as they were, and had he continued to believe that she did not care for him, he would have gotten over it; now he never will. He feels that she still loved him, and it was that love which made it impossible for her to live as Colonel Baldwin's wife."

"Does Gordon think she killed him, Tom?"

"God only knows, Frank. He has never said a word, and I don't believe he ever will."

VII.

"Where is Cain, Gordon?" Mr. Phelps asked, coming into the office one morning about ten or eleven o'clock.

"I sent him to the bank with that check of Mr. Scott's," Ridge answered, looking up from the pages of a large law-book which lay open on the table before him; "and I believe he said something about going to the Court-House for those papers you spoke of last night. He will be in after a while. He is always prompt, isn't he? I never hear you threaten his life as you did those other fellows'."

"Oh, yes; he is always prompt—wonderfully prompt. I have been suspecting him for some time, and now I think I have found him out."

"Why, I hope the fellow hasn't been doing anything wrong, Tom. How long have you suspected him?" Mr. Ridge asked, looking at his partner in surprise.

He was accustomed to the continual warfare carried on between the partner and their numerous office-boys. He never interfered, and always accepted every new one as a matter of course. But this last boy had been so uncommonly prompt and neat about everything, and had remained with them so long, that Mr. Ridge had begun to look on him as a fixture. It rather startled him to hear Phelps assert that he had been suspecting him for some time.

"I have suspected him ever since I went to his desk one day searching for some papers I had misplaced. I was looking among his trash there," with a wave of his hand towards the boy's desk, "and I came across a bundle of lunch and a bottle——"

"What sort of a bottle?"

"Why, a brown flask—a regular whiskey flask. I couldn't tell what was in it, so I poured some in the dipper——"

"Well, really, Tom," Mr. Ridge said, regarding his partner with an amused look of reproof, "I knew you had considerable curiosity, but I never imagined you would go searching in your office-boy's desk and then drink the fellow's beer."

"It was not beer; it was milk,—about a pint of milk," Phelps explained.

"Well; I hope you told him when he came in that you had taken some of it."

"No, I didn't. I set to work to watch him. I wanted to find out what the fellow was after."

"What, because he drank milk?"

"No; I wanted to find out where he went every day when he pretended to go to dinner. Every day, when his dinner hour comes, he goes out just as though he were going to dinner, and always gets back exactly on time. After I found he brought his lunch I didn't believe he went to dinner, so I undertook to find out where he did go. I have been watching him."

"Yourself, or did you hire a detective?"

"Myself. The next day I followed him and watched him go down the street and enter the library."

Mr. Ridge threw back his head and burst out laughing.

"Well, that is a *dénouement*. What is the fellow up to, Tom,—stealing books?"

"Come now; you needn't laugh at me," said Phelps good-naturedly, glad to see that his partner could laugh, even though he laughed at him. "At first I was inclined to think it might be something of that sort; those other fellows we had were always such devils."

"Yes; I remember hearing you tell them all so."

"Well, they were, Gordon, every single one of them, until this chap came. I watched him every time he went to the library. So to-day I was up there and talked with the librarian. She remarked that I seldom paid her a visit. I told her I seldom had time. Then I said, 'But my office-boy spends enough time here to represent the firm, doesn't he?' I put it out as a feeler, you see. She asked his name, and, when I told her, said, 'Oh, yes; the boy with the beautiful dark eyes and that terrible scar on his forehead. Yes; he is up here every day and generally at night. He is one of our regular subscribers.' I asked what he read. She turned to her book, and what do you suppose he reads?"

"Dime novels; 'Three-Fingered Jack,' and the like."

"Not a bit of it: Rollin, Macaulay, Bancroft, and a whole list of histories. He must be a veritable bookworm to have read that list in three months. But the librarian believes he not only reads, but studies them. She asked me what he was studying for, but I could not guess. Can you?"

"I never thought anything about it, Tom. I always considered him a great improvement on those other pets of yours. But he is always so quiet, I never know when he is about, and half the time I forget him. The only objection I have to the fellow is that I can't make him look me in the eyes."

"That is strange. The one thing I like more than anything else about him is that he always looks me squarely in the eyes when I am talking to him; and, as the librarian says, he has the most beautiful brown eyes. I don't think he has ever gotten over the scare you gave him the first time he saw you." Then, remembering the circumstances connected with that night, Phelps felt inclined to kick himself. He made haste to add, "I was thinking perhaps he was preparing to study stenography or something of that kind. Everybody seems to be learning that in these days."

"Probably he is," Ridge replied, turning back to his book. Every vestige of mirth and brightness had left his face at his partner's reference. In a short time he replaced the book on the shelves and left the office.

When Cain returned he found Mr. Phelps alone and apparently engaged in writing. He placed the package of papers which he had brought upon the table at the lawyer's elbow, went over to his desk, took his seat, and, drawing a small paper-covered book from his pocket, began to read.

"Cain," Mr. Phelps called.

"Yes, sir," the boy replied, leaving his stool immediately.

The lawyer continued to write for a few minutes, then, looking up, asked suddenly:

"Why don't you study stenography or typewriting? You could make a much better living in that way."

The boy's pale face flushed slightly as he replied,—

"I don't care to study stenography and typewriting, Mr. Phelps."

"Well, of course, that is with you, but you are getting a little old for an office-boy." Noticing the boy's look of embarrassment, Phelps added hastily:

"I don't want you to think that either Mr. Ridge or myself has any fault to find with you, for we have not. In fact, we were speaking a few days ago of giving you a raise if you continued with us another month. I was up in the library this morning, and the librarian was telling me you had a ticket and usually spent your evenings there."

"Yes, sir; I bought the ticket on the day I began to work for you; and I go there every evening until nine o'clock and every day at dinner-time."

"So the librarian was telling me. I thought perhaps you wished to improve yourself to get a better position, and for that reason I suggested stenography. I wished to tell you that, if you cared to take lessons, Mr. Ridge and I would arrange to give you an hour every day for that purpose."

"I thank you very much, Mr. Phelps, but I don't care about stenography." He hesitated a moment, then added, "I want to study law."

"The dickens you do!" Phelps exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. Do you think I could do it?"

"I don't know, Cain." He looked at the boy speculatively. "How about your education? So far as I know, it is very good. You write an uncommonly fine hand and express yourself well, but how about Latin? Did you ever study Latin?"

"Yes, sir; I have read through Horace. That was the last book I studied."

"Ah! then you should be tolerably well up in it. The librarian tells me you read history most of the time," said Phelps, noticing the book the boy still held. "What is that you have now?"

Cain placed the book in his outstretched hand; he glanced at the title.

"Why, it is Dante's 'Inferno.'"

"Yes; I saw it in a pile of cheap books down town yesterday, so I bought it, thinking I could read it in spare moments when there was not much doing."

Phelps looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and asked,—

"You wish to study law with Mr. Ridge and myself, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; if you are willing to take me."

"So far as I am concerned, Cain, I can see no objection, and I will speak to Mr. Ridge about it."

Later in the day, after a somewhat long-winded client had taken leave, Phelps sent Cain out on an errand. As soon as the door closed behind him, Phelps turned to his partner and said,—

"I have found out what that boy is up to, Gordon."

"Nothing wrong, I hope."

"Oh, no,—nothing wrong. To-day I proposed that he study stenography and told him we would manage to give him time every day for his lessons. What do you suppose he said?"

"Well, really, Tom," Ridge replied, turning towards his partner, "I always have had rather a good opinion of the fellow's sense, and I think he is a fool unless he said 'Thank you.'"

"Well, he did not. He said he did not wish to study stenography; he wanted to study law."

"Law?" Ridge asked incredulously. "Was he in earnest, Tom?"

"Yes, in dead earnest. And I believe he will make a success of it if he does. He is no ordinary boy, Gordon; I am convinced of that. I tell you that fellow has brains and any amount of pluck. Look at the way he does his work. He has never been a minute behind since he began, and I believe we have the best-kept office in town. Every one who comes up here notices it."

"That is all very true, Tom," Ridge interjected; "but how about his education? Has he sufficient education for law? I would not like to encourage any boy in his position to undertake a profession and have him find it such hard uphill work that he would become disgusted and give it up."

"From what he told me I should think he had a pretty good education for a boy in his position. He has studied Latin,—got as far as Horace."

"Then you think we had better take him to read with us?" Ridge asked.

"I don't see how else he is going to manage. You see for yourself he has no money. And I believe he would be glad to keep the same position, studying at night and when we have nothing for him to do. But he has to live, and I really think, Gordon, we could afford to pay him something."

"Certainly, Tom; we must give him the same wages or even more than we are paying now. If he is as smart a fellow as you imagine, I don't suppose he will trouble us much. But do you know anything about him? Has he parents?"

"No, I think not. I have never asked him, but that is my impression. I think he comes from the upper part of the State and tramped most of the way down here. When old man Pate Goolsby was here the other day he spoke to Cain. After Goolsby left, Cain said he had met him in Columbia County, where he stopped for several days to pick cotton."

"Do you know anything of his associates? Do you ever see him with anybody?"

"No, never," Phelps replied, shaking his head. "I have seen the men who are back and forth from the office speak to him in passing. He always lifts his hat, nothing more."

"Then you think I had better speak to him to-day and come to a definite understanding?"

"Yes, I think so."

When the doors closed after the last client that evening it was somewhat later than usual, and Cain, leaving his stool, began to make ready to go. As he went for his hat, Mr. Ridge called,—

"Cain, I would like to speak with you a few minutes before you go."

The boy laid aside his hat, and went over to where Ridge sat before the fire smoking.

"Take your seat," the lawyer said, motioning to the chair opposite.

Phelps had often jokingly said the boy was afraid of his partner, and as Ridge looked at him, seated bolt upright in the opposite chair, with a half-startled, half-embarrassed expression on his face, he thought there was more truth than poetry in Tom's jest.

"Mr. Phelps tells me, Cain, that you wish to study law," Mr. Ridge said kindly.

"Yes, sir," the boy replied, looking up and meeting his eyes for an instant.

"He says you have studied Latin. Will you take that book on the table and translate a few lines? Just begin anywhere."

Cain took the book indicated, an old copy of Virgil, opened it at random, and translated the first paragraph which his eyes fell upon.

"That will do," the lawyer said. Then, as the boy replaced the book on the table, he asked,—

"Where do you live, Cain?"

"I rent a room from a Mrs. Brown, a widow down on Reynolds Street. I get my own meals."

"Have you a room-mate?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Phelps understood that you have no family; that is, that you are an orphan without sisters or brothers. Is that the case?"

"Yes, sir; my father died several years ago."

"And your mother?"

"I lost her just before I came down here." Great beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead, and he took out his handkerchief and mopped his face nervously.

"Mr. Phelps and I are rather young attorneys to take a student; yet, if you wish to remain with us, we will be glad to have you. You might work on with us at the same terms as heretofore, studying at night and any spare time you have. But you must consider us both as your teachers and friends, and treat us as such. Of course, all of our books will be at your service. Now, do those terms suit you?"

"I am very much obliged to you, sir. I am sure you are kinder and more generous to me than I have any right to expect," the boy replied earnestly.

"Oh, never mind that." Mr. Ridge moved his hand as though to push aside his thanks. "I am glad my terms suit you. Tomorrow we will begin work, and I only hope that when you are examined before the bar you will do us as much credit as you did your Latin teacher to-night. I am going to stay here a little while, and will see that things are properly closed; good-night." He extended his hand and gave a cordial grasp to his new student.

VIII.

It had been a bright, warm day, but the sun had gone down and the shadows under the old oaks were getting longer and deeper each moment. Overhead the stars were beginning to peep out and wink slyly at each other, as though conscious of the many naughty little tricks which were being committed in their sight. A light shone from every window of the Meta Telfair College, and the young ladies—that is, the juniors and seniors—were beginning to "dress." There was a reception to be given by one of the secret societies at the home of the president of the society. Everything was in readiness. All day long the members, including nearly all of the boarders in the school, had been busy, passing back and forth, and, with the assistance of a dozen or more university students, making the necessary arrangements. Now they were finished. The house was dressed, seats were scattered over the lawn, and Chinese lanterns were hung on the trees. Supper had been ordered and the best band in Athens engaged. Before the moon was very high above the tree-tops there would be a glimpse of fairy-land.

The girls in the Meta Telfair College had begun to dress when Pauline Reid entered her room and found that the gas had not been lighted. Peering through the dusk, she discovered her room-mate cuddled comfortably on the bed sound asleep. Groping around to light the gas, she called, "Daisy, Daisy Wheatley, aren't you ever going to get up from there?"

The young lady on the bed turned over, rubbed her eyes, and answered lazily,—

“Maybe.”

“Well, you had better be about it then, for every girl in the house is dressing.”

“Well, why don’t *you?*” with another yawn and stretch.

“Indeed, I have begun. All I have to do now is to arrange my hair and put on my dress.”

“In that case I had better be moving; though, to tell the truth, Pully, I have half a mind not to go. You have no idea how tired I feel. It was awfully hard, stretchy sort of work, hanging those lanterns in the trees.” Daisy struggled to her feet.

“It may have been hard on Arthur Fannin, but I shouldn’t think his exertions would tire you.”

“Ah, but I had to help him, Pully.”

“You seemed to help him wonderfully. You walked around, talking to him and handing a lantern up once in a while.” She laughed merrily as she stood before the mirror, brushing out her mass of glossy brown hair. “There is nothing strong enough to tie you with to keep you away to-night. As if I didn’t hear Arthur tell you that Fred Ridge was coming to meet you, and whenever his royal highness deigns to express such an intention there is not a girl in town who wouldn’t feel highly flattered, because he is the handsomest man in college. Now, there is Arthur Fannin, who worships the ground you walk on and is in every way Mr. Ridge’s equal; whom, simply because he is not so good-looking, you snub on every occasion.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed Daisy. “Pully, if you could have heard Arthur to-day! He is such a goose. We were seated on the lawn, hadn’t exchanged a word for at least five minutes, when Arthur said, ‘Miss Daisy, I pity you.’ Of course, I was surprised and somewhat offended, so I said, ‘Well, really, Mr. Fannin, I don’t care for your pity or anybody else’s.’ ‘I know you don’t, Miss Daisy. I have been sure of that from the very first,’ he said, in the humblest manner imaginable; ‘still, I pity you; I cannot help it.’

“Honestly, Pully, I hadn’t the slightest idea what was coming when I asked, ‘Why do you pity me, Mr. Fannin?’ He said, ‘Because pity is next akin to love.’ And do you know what I did, Pully? I simply could not help it. I shrieked with laughter. Even that did not make him angry; he couldn’t see he had made himself ridiculous. So how in the world is a girl to fall in love with a man like that?”

The band in the grove had been playing for some time, and most of the guests had assembled, when the arrival of the Meta Telfair College girls was whispered among the college boys gathered on the lawn and the piazza. The girls were taken up-stairs to the dressing-room and, after laying aside their wraps, came down to the parlors

in groups of six or eight, each group chaperoned by a teacher. As a bevy of seniors, led by the principal, entered the front parlor, Arthur Fannin came forward and shook hands with Daisy Wheatley. Then, turning towards a tall, handsome young fellow who had followed closely at his heels, he said, "Miss Daisy, allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Ridge." Mr. Ridge bowed low to Miss Wheatley, and begged to have the pleasure of a promenade on the piazza.

Following the example of many other couples, they drifted from the piazza to the lawn, and wandered slowly beneath the old oaks, the shadows of whose branches were brightened here and there by the dim-colored radiance of the swinging paper lanterns. The couple took their seats on one of the little benches scattered through the grove, without thought of uncovered heads or thinly clad shoulders. What did they know of rheumatism and influenza? These were only ugly, uncomfortable names, not to be thought of on such a night as this, when they had met to talk for the first time, after exchanging shy glances and shyer smiles for weeks as she passed him on her way in and out of church, or as he passed the Meta Telfair College in the evening. Miss Rodgers might scold and be as stiff as she pleased, but how could Daisy be expected to think of such a commonplace thing as a shawl while she listened to the wisdom of the handsomest man in college? He—well, he thought of little else than the lovely girl seated so near him. Glancing up shyly from time to time, she allowed him to get glimpses of her starry eyes, which made him more completely her captive.

"Aren't you glad this is your last year?" she asked, after a little sigh which ended a few moments' silence between them, moments which were the sweeter because of their innocent unconsciousness.

"Well, I should say I am glad. You see it is such a bore for a fellow to study a lot of things for which he knows he will have no use. If I were to be a professional man, it would be all right and good; but when a man is going into a bank it seems a great waste of time, you know," he assured her.

"I had an idea you would be a lawyer and be with your brother. You know he is a great friend of my eldest brother. I have often heard Stuart speak of him."

"Yes; mother did have an idea of making a lawyer of me, but I preferred the bank. About three years ago, when my brother's old partner married and moved to New Orleans, Gordon proposed that I should study law and go in with him, but I objected, so he took his old office-boy as a partner."

"His office-boy?" she repeated in surprise.

"Yes. Didn't you ever hear of him? His name is Cain. He came to them hunting work—a regular country bumpkin, in the shabbiest clothes you ever saw. They took him in as their office-boy, and in a month or two he began to study law at night and when he wasn't busy around the office. He was admitted to the bar just after

Mr. Phelps left, and Gordon took him as a partner. You ought to hear him speak," he said enthusiastically.

"Is he a fine speaker?" she asked.

"Best at the Augusta bar; and I believe," he added confidentially, "when he is a little older and has more experience he will be ahead of any man in the State. I heard him speak last May when I was down home for a week. It was a divorce case. The woman had gotten a divorce, and her husband was trying to take the children from her. Ridge and Cain were for the woman, and there were two lawyers on the other side. My brother and the opposing lawyers spoke first, and I thought they made fine speeches, but when Cain spoke he left the others completely in the shade. I can't tell you what he said, but the way he went for that jury and talked to them about their mothers, their wives, and their children! I don't believe there was a dry eye in the room. Of course, he won the case. Then, too, he is just as witty as he is persuasive. Last fall he was in Atlanta with a case before the Supreme Court, when a brother lawyer came up for the same purpose. This man, Judge Lanier, was his own lawyer, and in opening his case he said, 'Your Honor, I know that an old French maxim tells us that "He who pleads his own case has a fool for a client."' The decision was reserved, and Judge Lanier left for Augusta, asking Cain to telegraph the result. The decision went against the judge, and Cain telegraphed, 'French maxim affirmed.' Gordon says Judge Lanier stopped speaking to both of them for more than three months."

"He must be just splendid," she said warmly.

"He is splendid," he rejoined emphatically; then he added: "and just to think! five years ago he walked the streets of Augusta hunting for work."

"I am glad your brother took him. Is he handsome?" she asked innocently.

"Well, no," he replied, a little nettled by her question. Her interest in his conversation had been delightful flattery, but, like most men, he wished her to be interested in the speaker more than in the man of whom he was speaking. "He is a little fellow, about the height of Fannin, and very slender. He has a womanish sort of voice, and is very pale, except when he becomes excited in speaking. Then he has a bright color and might be real good-looking if it were not for a terrible scar over his left eye."

"That is such a pity. How do you suppose he got the scar?"

"I don't know. I asked Gordon about it once, and he said he had never heard. Cain is an awfully peculiar fellow. When he got to making money he bought a big brick house down on Green Street, and he lives there with an old negro woman who cooks, washes, and does everything for him. He never goes anywhere nor has anything to do with people—just spends all his time reading and studying. To give you an idea of what an odd fellow he is, after the

speech I was telling you about everybody congratulated him, and one at least was heard to say, 'Cain, we will run you for Congress.'

"'I would not run,' he answered.

"'But we shall not ask you anything about it. We shall just elect you.'

"'You might elect me, but I would never serve;' and he picked up his hat and left the court-room as cool as a cucumber."

"But don't you suppose he would really like to go if——" Daisy was interrupted by the apparition of a tall negro man in a long white apron, bowing low before them.

"Miss Daisy, Miss Pauline done sarnt me to tell you dat Miss Rodgers say hit's time fo' supper; and Miss Pauline say dat you belong to de committee, an' she thought you'd like to know. So she des sarnt me to tell you." And he bowed himself back among the shadows whence he had taken shape.

"I had no idea it was so late," Fred Ridge said, as they left their seat and walked slowly back to the house.

"I am sure they must be having supper unusually early?" Daisy remarked, thoroughly convinced of the fact.

"You will promenade with me again after supper, will you not?" Fred asked pleadingly.

"I don't know. Miss Rodgers does not like——"

"But surely," he interrupted warmly, "she cannot object to your doing as you please to-night. You will be graduated so soon, in only five days. Give me one promenade after supper," he pleaded more earnestly.

"Well, just one, then," she answered, smiling up at him.

If he pressed the tip of her long feather fan caressingly on the white hand resting so lightly on his sleeve, and bowed his head unnecessarily low to catch her reply, it was only for a moment. The next instant they came into the glare of light and, walking up the front steps, entered the house.

Later in the evening, a little while after supper, they were again among the trees. Daisy was seated in a hammock, while Fred, with his hand grasping the meshes, stood lightly leaning against the rope. During their conversation he called her "Miss Daisy," then, correcting himself quickly, apologized.

"I beg you to forgive me. You see I have heard Fannin and the other fellows who have known you longer speak of you so often as Miss Daisy that I forgot myself."

"Oh, I don't object. I really prefer to be called that," she assured him candidly.

"Do you?" joyfully. "Then I shall always call you Miss Daisy. You know it makes me think of the flower, and of that slope beyond the old Lucas house. There are so many of them there, and you have no idea how sweet they looked, peeping up at us through the fresh green grass as we lay there beneath the trees of an afternoon

talking. I always thought it such a beautiful name. You spell it just as you do the flower, do you not?"

"Yes, just the same," she answered; "but you know that is not my real name. They call me that to distinguish me from my mother. My true name is Margaret."

"That is a beautiful name, but I think Daisy suits you better. It is exceedingly sweet and lovely," he said, speaking quite truthfully. "Do you remember Marguerite in Faust?" he asked.

"No," she replied half sorrowfully. "You know I never lived in a city when I was large enough to go to the theatre; and I have seen only two or three plays since I have been up here at school."

"But you will come to Augusta next winter, now that you have been graduated, and permit me to take you out, will you not? We have some really fine plays there sometimes."

"Oh, mamma has promised to take a house and move to Augusta next fall. So we shall certainly be there during the winter and possibly longer."

They chatted on through the remainder of the evening, and when the time came for Miss Rodgers to carry her flock home they were as much surprised as they had been by the announcement of supper.

IX.

Five years had wrought a great change in the appearance of Cherokee Hall. The old house had been freshened up both inside and out. The stables and outhouses had been rebuilt and enlarged. The old negro quarters and the tenant-houses built about in places more distant from the Hall looked clean and well kept with their new coats of white and green paint. The orchard had been enlarged, and the extensive gardens surrounding the house were brilliant with bright flowers and well-trimmed hedges. Even the old grove of hickories and white oaks, which stretched from the public road to the front gate, seemed to draw new life from the smoothly clipped green sod at their feet. Cherokee Hall was famed as the model plantation in that part of the State, and Stuart Wheatley as an enterprising, energetic young planter, with plenty of money to back him.

Colonel Baldwin's money was well spent, not wasted. He had no relatives nearer than second-cousins, and all the property had gone without question to his wife's heirs. The Wheatleys were the wealthy people of the county; and perhaps, if Ruth could have come back and seen the comforts which surrounded her luxury-loving mother and the advantages secured for her younger brothers and sister, even she might have been satisfied with the sacrifice. Perhaps Mrs. Wheatley's thoughts sometimes drifted to a lonely, unmarked

grave in the Augusta cemetery, but never since she had ordered the purchase of a new lot, well removed from that in which her husband lay among his own people, and the placing there of the poor, mutilated human remains which Stuart had sought so untiringly, had she voluntarily referred to that grave. It may have been in obedience to her directions that it was so carefully looked after. The old gardener who attended to the grave along with many others never told who paid him for his trouble. Neither did he ever say anything of the fresh flowers which were placed there regularly at night-fall. Perhaps no one questioned the old man, for it was but natural to suppose Mrs. Wheatley would give these slight attentions to her daughter's grave, since she had not seen fit to give her a more lasting monument. She had been more particular about Colonel Baldwin, for in the Athens cemetery, on the brink of the Oconee and overlooking its ever-flowing waters, rose a tall white marble shaft, "Sacred to the Memory of the Honorable John Baldwin, M. C.," etc., etc., recounting his many virtues, and dwelling upon his generosity and goodness.

It was Stuart who was always reminding his mother of disagreeable things. The boy had not forgotten. There was one room in the house he would never enter; and at the side of the house was a spot which he always remembered as he saw it on that morning five years ago. It was just at the roots of a large wisteria vine, whose strong, fibrous arms, encircling the solid pillar of the piazza, climbed farther on, apparently feeling for the roof of the house. The spot now is covered by thick green sod; then a stream of water from a broken gutter had washed away the soil, and the place was rough with sharp flint rocks. It was here that they had found the first trace of a sickening red stain, a stain which had led them to the river.

Cherokee Hall was a beautiful country home, attractive to all the young people for miles around. It was particularly attractive this summer, for it contained a lovely young woman just free from the restraints of boarding-school. Daisy Wheatley was at home, and every one knew it. There had not been a week since her coming that the home had been destitute of company, and every day or two found them driving off to some picnic, barbecue, or fishing party. This morning, as Mrs. Wheatley's carriage drove up to the gate, it was followed by a handsome buggy driven by a pair of stylish, high-stepping black horses.

Fred Ridge had driven from Augusta the day before, and this very morning intended to take Daisy to a large Sunday-school barbecue and picnic at Double Branches Church.

Double Branches Church was an old one; indeed, it was the oldest in the county. In the days when the surrounding neighborhood had been known as the "Dark Corner" of Georgia, the same old church had been famous, looking much then as it did when Daisy and Fred entered it together. The interior was a long, low-ceiled

room, painted a vivid blue; down its centre extended a wall of unpainted wainscoting separating the seats of the men from those of the women, and so high as to reach to the chin of the tallest man when seated. To the uninitiated it would seem impossible that anything occurring on one side of that formidable panel would be noticed on the other; yet when Daisy and Fred followed Mrs. Wheatley into the church, where the Sunday-school children were being entertained by a speaker selected for the occasion, and Fred took his seat with the ladies, it seemed to him that every head in the church was turned, and that a mass of curious faces stared down upon him along the whole length of the dividing wall.

He felt very uncomfortable, and when he glanced down at Daisy by his side, who he had thought a moment before was looking as fresh and as cool as a dew-kissed pink, he saw that she was unusually flushed and warm. He was vexed, and could not imagine why Mrs. Wheatley had insisted on coming in. His resentment extended even to the old preacher who stood in the high, old-fashioned pulpit, singing out a long string of unintelligible jargon. Every moment it became more unbearable, and he felt thoroughly displeased with his hostess, who sat on the other side of Daisy, placidly fanning herself. She glanced up, caught him looking at her, and in a measure read his thoughts. Leaning over, she whispered in Daisy's ear. Daisy turned and said softly,—

“Mr. Ridge, mamma thinks it is so very warm in here you and I had best go out.”

As he helped her down the steps and raised his umbrella, he mopped his face with his handkerchief.

“But isn't it hot in there?” he asked.

“It is something horrible,” she whispered, for they stood quite near the church door.

“Could you make out what that old fellow was driving at?”

“Not very much,” she replied. “I only caught one thing he said, and that was, ‘He had turned to a bundle of fodder.’”

“A bundle of fodder?” he asked, looking at her in surprise; then he laughed aloud.

“Hush, Mr. Ridge; do hush,” she whispered entreatingly. “Don't let any one hear you laugh. Mamma would be vexed, and it would anger everybody. They are so sensitive. Come; we can go and sit in your buggy,” and she led the way to his buggy, which was standing some little distance away under the shade of the trees.

“Really, Miss Daisy, you must excuse my laughing,” Fred apologized as they walked to the buggy; “but the idea of that old fellow saying that he had turned to a bundle of fodder was too absurd.”

“I don't think that he said it in so many words,” explained Daisy; “but it was something to that effect. You know I told you, coming down here, that he was a very peculiar speaker, and you would have

to become a little accustomed to him before you could understand what he really was trying to say."

"Yes; he is peculiar, and I haven't become accustomed to his style yet," Fred laughed.

"You must not laugh, Mr. Ridge. They would think you were laughing at them, and you have no idea how sensitive they are," she urged earnestly.

"Well, their thoughts would be very correct in that particular," he assented. "They may be sensitive, Miss Daisy, but they certainly don't credit that trait to other people. I really believe every creature in that church turned around and stared at us when we went in."

"Oh, they don't mean anything. They always treat strangers like that. You see, you are a stranger, and we don't come down here very often. But we got off very well to-day, for those benches have solid backs." They had reached his buggy, and while he helped her in he asked in surprise:

"Solid backs? What has that to do with it?"

"Well, you see at some of the country churches the backs of the benches are made of slats. Last summer, while Pully Reid was visiting me, Mr. Fannin and Mr. Hughes came down for a week. The Sunday they were with us we went to church at Piney Grove, and I was truly sorry for Pully and Mr. Hughes. Two large girls on the seat just in front of them slipped their feet through the back of the bench and stared at them during the entire service. But there was one thing Mr. Hughes did that was wrong: he should not have taken his seat with Pully, and neither should you have sat by me to-day. Only I forgot to tell you before we went in." She smiled up at him sweetly.

"I am glad you did not tell me. I would not have cared to sit anywhere else, and then perhaps your mother would not have sent us out so soon. I much prefer being here," he said, settling himself comfortably back in the buggy.

"I knew you would be bored to death," she said regretfully. "That was the reason I wrote you so particularly what sort of an affair this would be, and tried to tell you about the people. I did not want you to be disappointed."

"I am neither bored nor disappointed," he assured her earnestly. "I don't care a fig for those people. I didn't come to meet them." Then, lowering his voice, he added: "You know I wrote you that I did not care to be present at the barbecue; I only wanted to see you."

"Ah, yes, every one tells me that," she replied, smiling; "but wait until dinner comes, and then I shall judge for myself. We always have elegant dinners. I say we, because Stuart always gives a beef to all barbecues within a radius of ten miles, and mamma sends a basket when any of the family attend."

They talked on, stopping every now and then to listen to what was going on in the church. The monotonous sing-song of the old man's voice was followed by the singing of two or three hymns. After the last song there was a few moments' silence. Suddenly the air was torn by a fierce yell, then a sound like the fall of some heavy body. After this fall came a confused, shuffling sound, as though some person in heavy boots was taking the first few steps in a negro breakdown. There was another silence and another yell, followed by a similar fall, which merged again into shuffles.

"Miss Daisy, what on earth is that?" Fred asked, startled by the unusual noise, and looking in surprise at Daisy, who sat by his side smiling at his evident astonishment.

"That," said she, still smiling—"that is Billy Gillebean."

"Who is Billy Gillebean, and what is he doing?"

"Delivering an address to the Sunday-school children. He is one of the rising young orators of Lincoln County." Then she added teasingly, "Have you anything up to that in Augusta?"

"No; I should say not. But how does he manage it? Listen! nothing but a succession of shrieks and shuffles. I don't hear any speaking."

"Oh, you are not near enough for that," she said, moving as though about to leave the buggy. "Suppose you go and see for yourself."

"No, indeed," Fred replied hastily; "I would not go back into that furnace to see all the curiosities you have in the county."

"Billy Gillebean is a genius, not a curiosity, Mr. Ridge," she persisted, with mock dignity; "but since you will not go to see for yourself, I shall have to tell you how Billy manages it. Perhaps you will be able to give your friend, Mr. Cain, a few points on eloquence."

"Perhaps I will," Fred said, smiling at her. "Pray go on."

"To begin with, he is introduced. He then steps to the edge of the pulpit, stoops his head, stretching his neck forward like a lizard and whispering a few sentences in hissing confidence; then he utters that yell of emphasis and bounds high in the air. When he touches the floor once more, he takes several fancy steps and begins again. Now, how do you like my description? Aren't you consumed with curiosity to see him?"

"No, I don't care to see him. But I should like to know how much longer he will continue, and if those people will actually sit there and listen to such a creature," he added somewhat petulantly.

"Stuart is in there. He will listen to every word, and be able to go through the whole performance to-night if you wish."

At the end of Billy Gillebean's oration the crowd left the church, and preparations for dinner began. There had been thirty animals barbecued and three huge pots of hash made. One pot was for the ladies and children; the other two were intended for the men. The difference consisted in the amount of pepper used in the seasoning.

Large baskets, trunks, and boxes were brought from the buggies and wagons, and snowy white cloths spread on the rough table, which was built in the shape of a hollow square under the trees. Quantities of fried chicken, cakes, pies, preserves, pickles, green corn on the cob, and bread of all kinds were placed on the table, and then the ladies and children were invited to dinner.

While dinner was in progress, Daisy said to a tall, handsome girl to whom she had introduced Fred Ridge:

"Annie, if you should see Billy Gillebean, do point him out to Mr. Ridge. He has a great desire to see Billy. In fact, I believe he is anxious to meet him."

"I don't think he is at the table, Daisy," Annie replied, glancing over the crowd. "Stuart told me this morning that Billy Gillebean and Dandy Reynolds were going to assist him with the carving." Then, turning to Fred, "You must not laugh at Billy, Mr. Ridge."

"Oh, I have not laughed at him," Fred assured her. "I was not near enough, but I should think, from what I did hear and from what Miss Daisy told me, that his method was rather peculiar."

"Decidedly peculiar," she said, laughing. "Billy is really a very nice, clever boy, though the people in Dark Corner think he is unusually smart and are ruining him with flattery."

"Don't you live in Dark Corner?"

"Oh, no; I live above Cherokee Hall, nearer the Court-House." Then she added hospitably, "Daisy, when you take Mr. Ridge to the Court-House, you must stop by and see me."

"Boots! Boots Paradise!" called a woman, rising a little farther up the table. "Why don't you bring that meat here? Can't you hear Daisy Wheatley a-hollerin' at you?"

A tall young man in shirt-sleeves, wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat and carrying a huge tray of barbecued meat, hastened from the other end of the table.

"Here it is, Miss Daisy," placing the tray on the table in front of Daisy. "Which will you have,—shoat, sheep, goat, or cow? I am sorry I did not hear you call me."

"I really do not care for anything, Mr. Paradise," Daisy said, looking very much flushed and vexed. "I have not called you; Mrs. Elum made a mistake."

"You bring that tray here, Boots," Mrs. Elum called, laughing. "Daisy never called you. I had to tell that lie to make you stir your stumps. I know an ugly old woman like me would starve to death while you was a-comin' here if I told you *I* wanted it." Then, leaning over, she dragged the tray towards her. "Gimme a piece of shoat; and I don't want none of your raisin', neither, Boots Paradise. I know if you ever raised a shoat it was pore as the last pickin' of peas."

Fred Ridge stood looking at the woman in disgusted surprise as she dragged and pulled the meat about in the tray whilst making

her selection, all the time keeping up a continuous flow of coarse, loud talk.

"Mr. Ridge," Annie said after a few moments, "Daisy has gone to her mother at the carriage. Hadn't we better follow her?" Then as they walked away together she explained, laughing, "That is one of the characters of the county, Mrs. Izzie Elum. Her father-in-law says she was laid by the buzzards and hatched in the canebrakes. What do you think of her?"

"I see no reason to contradict her father-in-law," Fred replied somewhat angrily. He had caught a glimpse of Daisy wiping her eyes as they walked towards the carriage.

When they reached the carriage he took Daisy under his umbrella, muttering something about rude, coarse women. Although the remark was far from being complimentary to her sex, Daisy smiled gratefully. During the remainder of the afternoon he was particularly tender in his devotion, and when they drove up to the front gate of Cherokee Hall at dusk, they both said they had had a most delightful day.

X.

It was in the early part of November, in the afternoon, and Mr. Francis Alston, attorney-at-law, sat in the front room of the law office of Ridge & Cain talking with the junior member of that firm. The door of the rear office opened and Mr. Randolph Perry entered. He glanced about the vacant room and into the next office and, seeing Mr. Cain and Mr. Alston, came forward.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Cain; where is Ridge?"

"Hello, Frank; you here?" said Alston.

"Mr. Ridge stepped out for a few moments. He has looked into those titles for you, so you had better have a seat and wait until he returns," Cain said, pushing a chair towards the newcomer.

"Yes, take a seat, Perry," Alston added. "Mr. Cain and I were discussing the same subject that you and I discussed in this very room five years ago with Tom Phelps—the Baldwin-Wheatley affair. Do you remember our talk then?"

"Yes, perfectly. Tom Phelps insisted that the girl did not commit the murder, simply because he believed her too good and pure. I never had any one conversation lessen my opinion of a person as much as that did my opinion of Tom Phelps. But what about the murder? Has anything turned up?" Mr. Perry was inclined to be dictatorial and to think every one who did not agree with him a fool. When he expressed an opinion, which he was not at all backward in doing, it was very much as though he said, "There, that's all there is about it. If you don't see it, it is no fault of mine; you are a fool."

"We have heard nothing new about the murder," Alston answered; "but you know the Wheatleys have come back and will occupy the old Setts house down on lower Green for the winter. I suppose Mrs. Wheatley will keep open house, as she was always fond of society."

"How much are they worth?" Perry asked.

"About half a million, I think. That is what Colonel Baldwin was said to have been worth, was it not?" turning towards Cain.

"I think they are rated at even more than that. I have heard that Stuart, the eldest son, has made some particularly fortunate investments," Cain replied.

"Then they may be worth cultivating. Is there another daughter?" Perry inquired.

"Yes, Miss Daisy. This will be her first winter out. She is a pretty little thing and is very popular, I hear. So, if you go in for her and some of the Baldwin money, you may look out for plenty of rivals."

"I have no such idea," Mr. Perry answered pompously. "When I marry, I shall find my wife outside of Augusta. For, to tell the truth, I don't consider there is a desirable woman as a wife in the town."

Cain continued to look at the speaker with the expression of polite indifference which his face always wore except when he became excited in public speaking. Alston bristled up at once and asked:

"What do you mean, Perry? Considering that you know of my engagement and approaching marriage to a young lady of this town, I think it nothing but right that you explain yourself."

"I mean, of course, financially, Alston. I am looking at it from my stand-point. That is the one thing that raised Phelps in my estimation. He married a wife with such a good lot of money."

"Money had nothing to do with Mr. Phelps's choice," Cain explained indifferently. "He became engaged to his wife before she inherited her uncle's money,—in fact, before the old gentleman was known to be so rich."

"I am glad to say the girl to whom I am engaged has neither money nor expectations," Alston said with some show of pride. "I will admit that when it comes to selecting my clients, Perry, I usually think of the size of their pocket-books. But it was the girl I wanted, not money. When we were speaking of Daisy Wheatley, I should have told you that Fred Ridge is reported to have the inside track, both with herself and with her mother."

"If that is true, there can be no ill-feeling between the two families for the way Tom Phelps credited the other girl with treating Gordon."

"No," Alston replied. "Gordon evidently does not bear them any malice, for he and Stuart are very good friends. Did you never meet him with Gordon, Cain?"

"No; I never happened to be in the office when he called to see Mr. Ridge. You know he has never had any regular business with the firm." He turned to Alston and suggested, "Perhaps Mr. Ridge will become one of his brother's rivals."

"No, no," said Alston positively; "such a thing could never be. You don't know your partner, or you would never make the suggestion. Tom Phelps knew him better than any one else; and Tom always prophesied when we were school-boys that Gordon would never think of marrying any woman except Ruth Wheatley. So far his prophecy has proved true, for I don't believe Gordon ever thinks of marrying, and I know it is he who keeps fresh flowers on her grave."

"On her grave?" Cain seemed startled, and for a moment lost the studied indifference of his usual manner.

"Yes. You know her mother would not allow her to be buried with her father and the other members of the family;—in fact, she had another section bought in the new part of the cemetery, and had Ruth buried there. It was said that Stuart fought against it to the very last, and Phelps told me he never gave in until Gordon advised him to. There has never been any mark put over the grave, but the square has always been remarkably well kept, and the grave supplied with fresh flowers. Of course, every one believed it was done according to Mrs. Wheatley's or Stuart's orders, and so did I until late one afternoon, when I was out walking with Miss Delane. We passed the square, and Alma spoke of the flowers being slightly faded. Ten or fifteen minutes later, as we passed the grave in going out, the old flowers had been taken off and fresh ones put in their place. Gordon walked down the drive to the gate just ahead of us. He turned away from the grave after we came in sight, as if he wished to avoid us."

"Did you speak to him?" asked Perry.

"No; how could I?" Alston replied. "It was dusk, and I wanted him to think I did not recognize him. You see it is not as though she had been engaged to Gordon, for she died another man's wife."

No one spoke for several moments. The jarring rumble from the streets outside fell unnoticed on their ears. Alston smiled dreamily at the memory of the tears his affianced had shed at this evidence of Gordon's devotion to the dead girl whom even her mother had cast aside and forgotten. Randolph Perry's thoughts drifted away to the stocks and bonds he would possibly buy or sell to-morrow. Cain—well, Cain never told his thoughts, and even a professional mind-reader could have made very little of his cold, passionless face. Perhaps to-day the first question may have given a clue. He was the first to break the silence.

"Does Miss Daisy Wheatley resemble her sister in personal appearance?" he asked Alston.

“As moonlight is to sunlight, as water is to wine,” Alston quoted. “Daisy is sweet and pretty; Ruth was brilliant and beautiful. All men love and pet Daisy’s style of womanhood; all men admired Ruth. There were very few, however, who had depth enough to understand and love her. It is not every man who is capable of great passion, but Gordon is one of these few.”

“Great passion?” Perry questioned contemptuously. “You are in love, Alston, and talk like every lovesick fellow I ever saw. Wait until you have been married two years—no, I will give you three, and you will talk very differently. I’ll tell you what I believe. Had Gordon married Miss Wheatley five years ago, and had she lived three years, that is, had she died two years ago, by this time he would either have married again, or would have no feeling about her death except relief, possibly joy, at being free again. There is no completer cure for any disease than marriage is for love-sickness. I believe it is positively infallible.”

Alston looked his disgust, and when Perry finished speaking said in a slightly sarcastic tone:

“I shouldn’t think marriage would be a love-cure with you, Randolph. Judging from the way you have always expressed yourself, I should have imagined that your love would last as long as she kept her money.” Then, changing his tone, “Did it never occur to you, Perry, that there are some dispositions, some natures, that you can never understand?”

“You and Phelps should have convinced me of that fact five years ago, Frank, when you tried so hard to prove to me the innocence of this same Ruth Wheatley.” Turning to Cain, “Now, Cain, to go back to our original subject: don’t you think the evidence against that girl was strong enough to have convicted her of murder?”

“I don’t see that circumstantial evidence could have been stronger. I believe that if she had been found alive she would have been convicted of murder.”

“But, Cain, how about that inquest?” Alston objected.

“A jury!” said Cain contemptuously; “it should be abolished. It is the most pernicious of all our institutions, and that is saying much. Just think what it is. A bit of cheap oratory on the part of a paid pleader, a few apt anecdotes to put the court in a good-humor, a well-timed burst of pathetic indignation, and the jury returns a verdict directly in the teeth of the most overwhelming evidence. No man’s or woman’s life is safe if it depends on the verdict of the twelve sympathetic imbeciles who go to make up the average jury.”

He paused. The two men regarded him with surprised interest. His indifference had disappeared, and he spoke with the vehement earnestness that he seldom exhibited except when addressing those same twelve men whom he had just characterized as “sympathetic imbeciles.”

"Don't you see, Mr. Alston?" he went on. "When that verdict was rendered those men believed the woman dead. They had all tracked her to the river, a task made easy by her own blood, and they believed that she lay at the bottom, drowned. Had they found her alive, would they have rendered that verdict? No, indeed; though she had gone to the gallows declaring her innocence, they would have hunted her to the grave."

"Yes; I suppose it is very much as you say, Cain," Alston replied. "Juries are very uncertain; but in this case I believe they stumbled on the correct thing. You remember, Randolph, Tom said he thought a person's character, as known to intimate friends, ought to carry great weight in a case of this kind. Looking at it in that light, I don't believe any one who ever knew or saw Ruth Wheatley could be made to believe her capable of such an act. Neither of you ever knew her?"

"No, I never saw her," Perry replied. Then, turning to Cain, "Did you ever hear Ridge refer to her?"

"No, never."

XI.

"Whar's Miss Maggie, gal?"

The trim, neatly dressed mulatto girl, who was busily polishing the large plate-glass mirror in Mrs. Wheatley's front parlor, started and turned towards the questioner.

"Ma'am?" the girl answered, gazing in surprise at the old negro woman who stood on the rug at the door with arms akimbo, returning her stare with a look of great contempt on her shining black face.

"I axed you, whar's Miss Maggie? Is you deaf?" The contemptuous expression, deepening, became supreme.

"Do you mean Mrs. Wheatley?" the mulatto asked, with a defiant toss of her head.

"Yes, Miss Wheatley," she repeated, mimicking her. "Whar's she?"

"She's up-stairs in her bedroom. I'll ax her if she can see you," starting towards the door.

"No, you won't, nuther. I reckon I kin fin' her. I'm her ole nuss, Jinney." She turned and waddled off up the hall, muttering, in a voice intended for the mulatto's ears, expressive of the greatest contempt: "Hi! No-nation nigger in de parlor tryin' to ack like white folks!"

She climbed laboriously up the thickly carpeted stairs, and halted, panting for breath, at the top. The door of the front room stood open, and Mrs. Wheatley's voice called to her:

"Is that you, Jinney? Are you looking for me?"

"Yes, miss, I'm comin'; Jinney's gettin' ole," the old woman panted, going towards the open door. A few moments before she had spoken to the mulatto maid in the broad, coarse accent of a corn-field negro; now, while addressing her mistress, her pronunciation changed as well as her tone. Old Jinney would have had her right hand taken off sooner than have addressed a "no-nation nigger" in the same style that she reserved for a white person.

"Good-morning, Jinney; how are you?" the lady asked, looking up from where she sat near the front window busy with her work-basket, as the old negro stood in the door courtesying respectfully.

"I ain't been so well, honey. I suffers wid shortness of bref," she answered. "How is your health, Miss Maggie, and all the chillun?"

"We are all quite well, thank you, Jinney. Come in and take a seat," motioning to a low chair before the fire.

The old woman took the seat indicated, wiped the perspiration from her forehead with the corner of her clean cotton apron, and sat gently fanning herself with a paper which she took from a table near her.

"I'm mighty glad to see you lookin' so well, Miss Maggie. You look as young and purty as a girl." There are no more adroit flatterers than the old-time negro slaves. Jinney saw from the expression of her mistress's face that she had expected her sooner, and was provoked at the tardiness of her visit.

"Well, I am not young, Jinney," Mrs. Wheatley replied; and, although she was perfectly conscious of Jinney's object, she felt a certain satisfaction at having her youthful looks referred to. "I have a whole houseful of grown-up children. But I should think, Jinney," she continued with an aggrieved expression, "you would have come to see me before this."

"Nobody never tole me you done moved back, miss, till John Henry come back from school day before yistiddy and tole me he seen you standin' in the front piazza. Next day, yistiddy, I was feelin' so po'ly I sent him to ax about how you all was. When he come back he say you said for me to come 'round, so I come this mornin', though I ain't fitten to be out," the old woman explained, her breathing becoming very difficult towards the last when speaking of her own ill-health. She had told the literal truth when she said no one had told her of the return of her mistress, but she did not see fit to add that she had heard of her mistress taking the house, and, furthermore, that she had seen her the very afternoon of her arrival in Augusta.

"Yes, John Henry said you were complaining a little. He also told me you were hired by the month to the young man who lives in our old house. Now I want you to give warning and come and take charge of things for me another month, just as you used to do, Jinney. I will pay you the same wages; you may have the room

in the yard, and keep John Henry with you. Of course, I expect you to warn Mr. Cain and try to engage him a good servant before leaving."

The old negro sat intently gazing at the floor, apparently tracing the intricate figures of the carpet.

"What is the matter, Jinney?" Mrs. Wheatley asked, a trifle pettishly, after waiting a few moments for the old woman to reply. "Don't the terms suit you? Do you want higher wages?"

"'Taint the wages, Miss Maggie," looking up from the carpet a moment. "You see, it's de house. I don't think I could work in another house. You can't teach old dogs new tricks, Miss Maggie."

"Yes, I intend to purchase the old house. Stuart advised me to consult Gordon Ridge about it, and I expect to call at his office some time during the week. I presume Mr. Cain only bought it as an investment and will sell it whenever he can get a good price. Do you know what he paid for it?"

Jinney shook her head doubtfully.

"No, miss; I never heard him say what he paid for de place, but I don't think he's goin' to sell it. There was some rich folks from up North wanted to buy it las' month. They said they wanted it on 'count of de big lot, but he wouldn't sell it. I heard him tell the gentleman dat come to see 'bout it dat he bought it for his home, an' nothin' was gwine to make him sell it unless he was starvin'."

"What on earth can he want with a house like that, Jinney? John Henry told me he only occupied three rooms."

"That's all, miss. He's got a libra'y, a bedroom, and a dinin'-room. The rest of the house is all shut up, but I goes through it every now and then and lifts the windows so it can air."

"And you do all the work, Jinney? John Henry told me that you not only did his cooking and housework, but his washing also. Still, you are not willing to come back to me," she added in an injured tone.

"You see, Miss Maggie, I done his washin' when he first come here; and ever since he bought ole marster's house I been a-livin' there and doin' for him. He's done got use to me and he won't want me to leave him, and he treats me and John Henry mighty well." The old woman was defending herself earnestly.

"Well, I must acknowledge that I never expected you, Jinney, to give up me and my children for a stranger." There was just the least sound of sarcasm in the lady's voice as she added, "Especially a person springing from the class from which this young Cain must have come. I always understood that you prided yourself on never hiring to people whom you consider poor-buckras."

The negro's eyes left the carpet, and something very like anger shone in their depths as she replied to this taunt:

"Dat chile ain't a po'-buckras, Miss Maggie. It's a trufe dat he never had no powerful sight of money when he come here, but

he ain't got a drap of buckra blood in his veins. Anybody what's got eyes and can see would never believe dat."

"I understood that he tramped to Augusta begging work five years ago, and that Gordon Ridge and Tom Phelps took him in their office and allowed him to study law as a charity."

"He never begged work, miss; he never begged nothin'. Mars Gordon's and Mars Tom's office-boy done left and dey took him to do de work. He never paid dem no money den, while he was stud'in' to be a lawyer, but since he's been a makin' money, befo' he bought old marster's house, he paid dem bofe. Dey didn't want to take it, but he made dem. Yes, Miss Maggie, he made 'em bofe take dat money."

"Then, Jinney," Mrs. Wheatley said (she was mortified at the old woman's desertion of herself and her children for a stranger, poor and unknown), "it is the young man to whom you feel so attached, and not the house, as you said at first."

The negro looked at her suspiciously through her half-closed eyelids; for a moment there was silence.

"Yes, Miss Maggie; I am 'tached to de pusson and de house bofe."

"Of course, I am very much disappointed to find you so different from what I expected. Through all my trouble, Jinney, I have always looked upon you as my friend." She was touching the old woman on her tenderest point, and that she felt it Mrs. Wheatley could see by the uncertain movement of her eyes and lips. There was but one other thrust which would be more keenly felt, and Mrs. Wheatley hesitated a moment before she made use of her power.

"Although you disappoint me very much, I am glad Ruth is not here." Mrs. Wheatley used her dainty handkerchief to wipe a suspicion of moisture from her eyes. "You know how sensitive she was. She was always so fond of you, and believed so thoroughly in your devotion. It would have pained her beyond expression to know that you deserted her for a stranger."

"I never deserted Miss Ruthie. Never was nobody born in this world could make me give up my chile." Tears welled up in the old woman's eyes as she spoke. Then she added more humbly, "You don't know what you sayin', miss. If you knew, you never would say I done deserted Miss Ruthie."

Mrs. Wheatley colored at this remark, as an insinuation of the care which had been bestowed on Ruth's grave, and which her family had always attributed to Mammy Jinney. She replied a little haughtily:

"I understand you perfectly, Jinney; and both the children and myself feel very grateful to you for the care you have taken of Ruth's grave. Now there will be no need to trouble yourself about attending to the square, as your health is so poor. In a few days I intend to have a monument erected over her."

"What you goin' to have a stone put over dat grave fo', miss?" Mammy Jinney asked anxiously, not noticing the first part of Mrs. Wheatley's remark. "You done let it go widout all dese years—you better let it be now. A tombstone can't help nobody."

"You are the last person I expected to hear object to having that little piece of respect paid to the memory of your young mistress." Mrs. Wheatley considered it an evidence of the old woman's jealousy. Did she fear she would be forbidden the care of the grave? "Stuart has been tormenting me about that monument for the last five years. He has always said you were the only person who cared for his sister sufficiently to see to her grave. Now you object. What possible reasons can you have, Jinney?"

"Miss, how you know dat was Miss Ruth you done buried in dat grave? You never had——" The old woman checked herself hurriedly, as though about to say something she had not intended. She looked at Mrs. Wheatley breathlessly, but at that lady's next question gave a sigh of relief.

"How do I know it was Ruth? Why, Jinney, are you in your second childhood? Do you suppose for one instant that either Stuart or I would have been satisfied with anything short of positive proof? But it strikes me as most peculiar that you should have such a suspicion and yet keep her grave dressed with fresh flowers."

"I think dat you better let sleepin' dogs lie, miss." The old woman regarded her narrowly, with still a trace of suspicion in her eyes. "You just moved back, and Miss Daisy is comin' out as a young lady. You wouldn't like to make folks start out to talkin' agin. Most people done forgot it, and some never heard nothin' 'bout it; but if you go and change dat grave, people gwine ter see and begin ter talk. You and Miss Daisy wouldn't want folks to be a whisperin' 'round when you turned your back dat way."

"I believe you are right, Jinney," Mrs. Wheatley said. "I will mention what you say to Stuart."

She turned to the window and looked thoughtfully out. Mammy Jinney regarded her in silence for several moments and finally blurted out:

"Miss Maggie, where you git dat nigger what I seen dustin' in de parlor when I come in?"

"Do you mean Rosa, Jinney?" Mrs. Wheatley asked a little doubtfully. "She came very well recommended and does her work well. You always had a great dislike for mulattoes, but I think Rosa will make a very good servant."

"I ain't a doubtin' she'll do her work, miss. But hit 'pears like a decent black nigger would do jes' as well. If you done heed what ole Jinney say, you'll make dat yaller gal leave, Miss Maggie."

"Why should I make her leave, Jinney? I might get a girl who would need to be watched. You will not come to overlook the house and I haven't the time, so I am obliged to keep Rosa."

"Of course you'll do jes' like you please, Miss Maggie, but you know 'fore de war it wa'n't considered quality to have any but black niggers in de house. I jes' naterly hates to see my white folks act buckra."

XII.

The morning after Mammy Jinney's visit to her old mistress the Wheatley carriage drove up town and stopped before the law office of Ridge & Cain. Mrs. Wheatley left the carriage and ascended the long flight of steps leading to the office. She entered the room nearest the head of the stairs and found it occupied by the stenographer, who, placing a chair for her, went into the front room and announced her arrival to Mr. Ridge.

Mrs. Wheatley had known all about Gordon Ridge's unlucky love for Ruth. And since hearing from Jinney of Mr. Cain's unwillingness to part with her old home, it was upon this "little affaire du cœur," as she had so flippantly styled it once or twice when she had had occasion to refer to it during Ruth's engagement to Colonel Baldwin, more than upon Gordon's friendship for Stuart, that Mrs. Wheatley depended for his influence. She anticipated some little show of feeling on his part at meeting her.

He was seated with his back towards the large sliding door which separated the two offices, and she could not see his face when the boy told him of her presence. A few moments later, when he entered the rear office and greeted her cordially, though without any unusual show of feeling, she was a little disappointed and inclined to resent his self-possessed friendliness.

After a few minutes' chat on unimportant topics, she broached the subject of her purchase and found that Gordon had the same opinion that Jinney had expressed. He did not think that his partner, Mr. Cain, would part with the property. He had refused several good offers, merely stating that he did not care to sell. Apparently he had bought the house as a home, not as an investment.

"You must have some influence with him, Gordon," Mrs. Wheatley insisted sweetly. "Surely you could persuade him to sell at a good profit for himself. I am anxious to get the old place back; it is the only house I ever saw which suited me exactly. I am perfectly willing to pay any reasonable amount for it."

"As to my influence, Mrs. Wheatley," the young lawyer said, smiling coldly, "I don't know that I have any with Mr. Cain,—certainly not sufficient to make him change after once having made up his mind on a subject of this kind. And as to persuasion, I should think you would be far more successful than I could ever be. I had always considered you ladies unsurpassed by any man

born until I heard my partner speak. He certainly is as great a master of the art of persuasion as any pretty woman I have ever met. I think your best plan would be to wait a few moments and speak to him yourself."

Their conversation drifted indifferently; the client in the next room left, and Mr. Ridge, calling in his partner, introduced him to Mrs. Wheatley.

It was as Mammy Jinney had said,—“He might be poor, but he was not buckra.” As the young lawyer stood just within the dividing door of the two offices, bowing to Mrs. Wheatley in acknowledgment of his partner’s introduction, she could find no indication of commonness either in appearance or in manner. On the contrary, he appeared to be a most uncommon man. Below the medium in height, for a man, his build was slender, almost fragile. With closely cut black hair and large hazel eyes shaded by sweeping lashes, he would have been strikingly good-looking but for two things—the exceeding pallor of his face and the deep, red-marked scar on his forehead just above his left eyebrow. To-day his pallor almost amounted to ghastliness. He took his seat in the shaded corner of the room at a little distance from Mrs. Wheatley and Mr. Ridge. There was something in the expression of his eyes as Mrs. Wheatley first began to explain to him her wishes that startled Mr. Ridge to the verge of an exclamation.

Gordon remembered that it was the second time he had experienced that same feeling. The first time, five years before, it was the sound of his voice. Now it was the expression of his great hazel eyes. Both times it had been in this same room, and both times Cain had sat in that dark corner. The first time Gordon had attributed his illusion to his morbid imagination and the subject which for days had occupied his mind. Now Mrs. Wheatley’s presence had brought back the same subject with the same feeling of desolate pain, and his imagination had begun to trick him again.

When his thoughts came back to the present and he again became conscious of the two people seated near him and of what was passing, Mrs. Wheatley was talking.

“I am sure, Mr. Cain, I can’t imagine what you find to do with such a large house. You must find it a great care and an annoying expense.”

“I make use of only three rooms on the first floor,” he replied. “I keep the other rooms closed.”

“Then surely a smaller house would suit you just as well. Come now, Mr. Cain, sell me my old home, buy yourself a smaller house, and invest the remainder of the price in more paying property,” she said persuasively.

Mr. Cain shook his head.

“I am sorry I cannot do as you suggest, since it would oblige you, but I fear I have become too much attached to the old house. I am

a bundle of habits, and if I made a change, perhaps I should not be able to study."

"What a fancy! You cannot be as much attached to it as we are. How long have you owned it?"

"Not quite two years," he answered.

"The idea of speaking of an attachment of two years' growth against mine of a lifetime! Why, Mr. Cain, all my children, and their father before them, were born in that house; so you see we really have a claim on it. You must tell me what you will take for it, and I am sure we shall not haggle about the price."

"I can only say again, madam, the house is not for sale. It suits me perfectly, and there is no need of my selling, since I do not want the money."

"Ah, that is the way with you young people, you have no idea of the value of money," shaking her finger at him playfully. "But wait until you fall in love and marry, then you never find money enough." Then, turning and addressing Mr. Ridge, "Perhaps, Gordon, he already has some intention of marrying, and that is the reason he so persistently refuses the thought of a smaller house."

The idea startled Mr. Ridge unpleasantly. He did not like the suggestion, though he could not have told why.

"I never have heard of such an intention," Mr. Ridge answered, looking at his partner suspiciously.

Mr. Cain raised his eyes, and answered earnestly, as though speaking more to him than to Mrs. Wheatley: "I have no such idea. It would be out of the question."

"Then you really must accept my offer," Mrs. Wheatley persisted. "In refusing to do so, you not only deprive me of my old house, but of my most faithful old servant."

"Your servant?" Mr. Cain asked with polite interest.

"Yes; my old nurse, Jinney. She positively refuses to leave the old place even to take charge of my house and overlook my servants."

"Then you have been trying to persuade her to leave me?" he asked, smiling. "That was not kind, for she is the most valuable adjunct of my household. I should dislike very much to lose her."

"I very much fear there is no danger of your losing her, for she positively refuses to leave you. I have always considered her devotedly attached to my children, but it seems that you have usurped our place in her affections as well as in our old home. My only hope is that when you go to Congress you will have greater need of money and will decide to take my offer." She had heard through Fred Ridge of his refusal to be looked upon as a candidate for Congress, and she added this last remark in order to judge for herself if he was as indifferent to political honors as he appeared. His answer was quiet enough without any show of feeling,—

"I shall never go to Congress."

"Ah; I will have to give you an old woman's warning against that word 'never.' Don't use it,—at least until you are older. Just wait until you are a married man, and see how soon your wife will convince you that it is your duty to obey your country's call and go to Congress. Don't you think I am right, Gordon? Don't you think he should go to Congress?"

"I should like very much to see him in Congress," Mr. Ridge answered. "And I hope when the proper time comes you will change your mind, Cain."

Cain merely inclined his head without making a reply to his partner's remark. As he bade Mrs. Wheatley good-by a few minutes later, she again asked laughingly if he were determined not to sell the house to her.

"Quite determined," he replied, bowing over the delicately gloved hand which she extended.

"Then," she said, smiling, "I shall have to forgive you and invite you to come with Gordon to call on me. Perhaps after a longer acquaintance I may discover a more vulnerable point of attack."

When she had gone Ridge turned to his partner and asked earnestly,—

"Is there really no truth in that idea of your matrimonial plans which Mrs. Wheatley suggested?"

"None whatever," Cain replied with equal earnestness. "Excepting my old servant, I have never had so much as ten minutes' talk with any one person outside this office. You know what goes on here."

"As to your being sent to Congress, I believe you have only to allow your name to be brought before the people. I was speaking about it to Simmes the other day, and he says you can carry the whole district by simply consenting to run."

"I shall not run. I am quite decided, and even if nominated I would not accept." He spoke with quiet decision and, turning, walked into the front office.

XIII.

As they were leaving their office for dinner, about two weeks after Mrs. Wheatley's call, Cain asked,—

"Are you going to Mrs. Wheatley's to-night?"

"No," Ridge replied; "are you?"

"Yes; I have about decided to go. I suppose I must go out and meet people one of these days, so I may as well do it now. I hoped you would decide to attend."

"No." Ridge looked at his partner suspiciously. "Have you met the daughter?"

"Not yet; but I have seen her several times. She is very pretty."

"So I have been told," he replied a little shortly; then added in a formal sort of way,—“Well, I hope you will enjoy yourself,” and, turning abruptly, walked down the street.

He was out of humor. What business had his partner to tell him seriously only two weeks ago that he had no idea of marrying? He felt quite certain the fellow had been seeing Daisy Wheatley and admiring her ever since the Wheatleys first came to town. Cain might have avoided his question without telling him a direct lie. He had thoughts of changing his mind and going to the Wheatleys' just to watch the fellow and see what he was about. But he dismissed the idea with a sigh, and questioned himself as to why he should feel such an interest in his partner's possible matrimonial intentions.

Daisy Wheatley's *début* party was a brilliant success. The young lady was acknowledged to be the prettiest and most fascinating *débutante* of the season. To-night she was radiantly lovely in receiving the attentions showered upon her by a crowd of admirers. Mrs. Wheatley was pleased to observe the beautiful girl, her elegant guests, and the refined luxuriousness of her surroundings. She had no thought of the price that had been paid for all these things which she valued so highly. She felt perfectly satisfied and happy until she caught a glimpse of Mr. Cain carelessly leaning against the door of the front parlor. She followed the direction of his eyes and discovered that he was watching Daisy, to whom, just at that moment, Fred Ridge was speaking with a most openly lover-like expression and attitude. Mrs. Wheatley had been pleased enough at first with Fred's attentions to Daisy. Indeed, she had done much to encourage him as long as she considered him the best "catch" in the field. But since meeting Mr. Cain she had changed her mind, and, instead of throwing Fred and Daisy continually together, as she had exerted herself to do heretofore, she now put every obstacle in their way. As long as she believed the young lawyer to be the uneducated, unrefined person whom the story of his coming to Augusta had led her to imagine, not the wildest reports of his success and promised distinction could have made her think of him as a desirable husband for her favorite child. To find him not only well educated, but giving every evidence of good breeding, both in manner and appearance, had wrought a great change in her plans. Mr. Cain was considered the finest speaker and the most promising young lawyer at the Augusta bar. He had made money, evidently, or how could he have purchased the old Wheatley home and continue to refuse to sell it even when offered a price that would give him a handsome profit? Only to-day the papers were filled with puffs and congratulations of the firm because they had been retained as counsel in a case the fees of which alone would pay

Fred's salary at the bank half a dozen years. As she moved through the room, laughing and chatting with her guests, she managed to keep the young lawyer always in view. When she drifted near the door she spoke to him and drew him into conversation.

"You have met my daughter, have you not, Mr. Cain?" she asked.

"Not yet; I was unfortunate in coming late, but I hope you will introduce me during the evening."

Later, just before supper, Daisy passed with Fred Ridge, going out on the front piazza. Mrs. Wheatley, placing her hand lightly on the girl's arm, detained her.

"Daisy, Mr. Cain wishes to meet you. My daughter, Miss Wheatley, Mr. Cain," she said sweetly, still retaining her hold upon Daisy's arm.

Then, as the supper-room was thrown open and supper announced, she said to the young lawyer, without so much as a glance at Fred, "Mr. Cain, you will see Daisy in to supper."

So Daisy must needs leave Fred and do her mother's bidding. She was not a very charming companion during supper, but if her escort noticed her change of manner he gave no evidence of the fact.

Neither did he see fit to notice the very savage look which Fred Ridge bestowed upon him once when he looked up and caught that young man glaring at him from across the table.

On leaving the supper-room and passing through the hall to the parlors Cain proposed a promenade on the piazza, but Daisy objected on the plea of feeling fatigued. Her excuse seemed to have passed unheard, for Cain walked straight ahead, apparently unconscious of Daisy's express wish to the contrary. The girl was outraged; she felt inclined to snatch her hand from his arm and return alone to the parlors. As they were on their second trip up and down the piazza Fred Ridge made his appearance in the doorway.

"Mr. Ridge, will you come to the end of the piazza for a few moments?" Cain asked as they sauntered slowly past the door.

Fred followed them, and as they reached the end of the piazza, Cain offered Daisy one of the two heavy chairs which sat there a little in the shadow, and, pushing the other towards Fred, astonished them by saying, "Please take this seat, Mr. Ridge, for I shall have to beg Miss Wheatley to excuse me for a few moments and leave her in your care." He bowed and walked away.

He was absent a much longer time than is usually understood when indicated by a few moments. Even Daisy and Fred were conscious of this when he returned, more than half an hour afterwards.

"Mr. Ridge," he said on coming back, "I am sorry to interrupt you, but Miss Wheatley's mother has been asking for her. In fact, she has sent one or two young fellows out searching for her daughter. As your mother placed you in my charge, Miss Wheatley, perhaps

you might better return to the parlor with me." He offered his arm and conducted Daisy back to her mother, chatting gayly.

Mrs. Wheatley easily forgave Daisy's "innocent forgetfulness" in being absent so long from her guests when she saw her escort. She scolded the young man playfully for allowing Daisy to be so imprudent as to sit on the piazza without a shawl. But every one saw that Mrs. Wheatley was not very much vexed at the occurrence, and they all came to know that the young *débutante* had not only gone in to supper with Mr. Cain, but had sat in the moonlight on the piazza with that young gentleman, until, in obedience to her mother's most positive commands, they had returned blushing to the parlors.

In some way the report of this little incident, somewhat colored and exaggerated, was passed around as one of the occurrences of the entertainment. And during the next two days it was more than once repeated to Gordon Ridge. It neither added to his peace of mind nor to his confidence in his partner's sincerity.

XIV.

A few days later, when Gordon learned that his partner intended taking Miss Wheatley to the theatre, he decided that he, too, would go, though he did not mention his intention to Cain. On the night of the play he went early and sat watching the people come in. Later he caught a glimpse of Fred standing, talking and laughing, among a group of young men near the entrance.

"I will watch that boy too," Gordon thought a little bitterly. "Perhaps he will show himself more of a man with this one than I did with Ruth."

As it grew late, he watched the entrance more closely, not noticing the people about him. A lady took the seat next to his and some one spoke to him. He looked up and found Frank Alston leaning forward to shake hands.

"I am glad to see you out, Gordon," Frank said cordially, giving his hand a hearty grasp. "We haven't seen you at the theatre for a month of Sundays." By his "we" he included the young lady who sat between them.

"No, neither have I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Alma for some time," Ridge replied.

"It is not because I have not been to the theatre, Mr. Ridge," the sweet-faced little woman at his side answered. "Indeed, I sometimes have to scold Mr. Alston for spending so much money for tickets." She looked up at Frank with a gentle, tender expression in her eyes which made the big fellow smile at the very thought of her attempting to scold any one.

"But you did not scold about coming to-night, Alma, for you were as anxious to come as I was. In fact, I believe if I hadn't brought you, you would have run off with some other fellow. I think it will be about the best thing we shall have this season; don't you, Gordon?"

"Well, yes; I expect it will be good," Mr. Ridge answered doubtfully; then adding, as though to make a clean breast of it, "to tell the truth, Frank, I don't know what we are going to have. I was walking by and saw the doors open, so, as I had nothing particular to do, I thought I would drop in for a few moments."

Frank thought it a little strange that Gordon should have been able to get so good a seat at the last moment, for when he went to buy their seats the day before he had been told that all such were already taken. Perhaps he would have blurted this out in his usual straightforward manner, had not Miss Delane called his attention to the door.

"There comes Daisy Wheatley. Who is with her, Frank?" Miss Delane leaned forward and levelled her opera-glasses at the couple who had just entered. As they emerged from under the gallery she added, "It is just as I thought; she is accompanied by Mr. Cain."

Some one else had expected his partner with Daisy Wheatley, Mr. Ridge thought, as he watched them leisurely follow the usher to their seats. Strange to say, he did not notice the girl; he was watching the man. When they reached the seats which the usher had turned down for them, Mr. Cain stepped in front of Daisy and took the farthest of the three seats. Daisy took the second, thus leaving the third seat, the one next to the aisle, vacant.

"That was odd," Miss Delane remarked to Frank.

"What was odd?"

"Why, Mr. Cain and Miss Wheatley. I wonder why Mr. Cain did not take the corner seat."

"Perhaps it had already been sold when he bought his," Alston replied, remembering his own experience with the seat Gordon Ridge was now occupying.

"Well, I should think he would have allowed Miss Wheatley to take the inside seat."

"Perhaps she did not care to sit next to that fat woman; or, more probably, Cain has been out with ladies so little that he does not know just the right thing to do in every instance. "Which do you think it is, Gordon?"

"I did not catch what you said, Frank," Ridge replied, turning from the not very pleasant contemplation of his partner's devotion to Miss Wheatley.

Frank very patiently went through his remark again. He was accustomed to Gordon Ridge's absent-mindedness when certain subjects were discussed, and supposed his present attack was caused by

the sight of Daisy Wheatley. He did not dream that Gordon was looking at and thinking entirely of Cain.

"I expect it is as you say," he replied to Frank's explanation. "I have never seen him in the society of ladies before. So far as I know, he made his first attempt the other night at Miss Wheatley's *début* party."

"Was that the first time? No one would ever have guessed it," Miss Delane said. "Now, if he had been a girl making her first entrance into society, he would have been considered successful, for he had himself very much talked about with the belle of the ball, Miss Wheatley."

"Talked about with Miss Daisy, Alma?" Alston asked in surprise. "What did they do to be talked about?"

"Why, he took her in to supper, and after supper, instead of returning to the parlors, they went out on the piazza and sat for nearly an hour. Mrs. Wheatley sent several gentlemen out to hunt for Daisy and tell her to come in."

"Who told you all that, Alma?"

"Every one was talking of it, Frank; and Mrs. Wheatley seemed quite worried until they came in. They were certainly out there, for I saw them come in," she added, seeing him smile incredulously.

"I don't deny that Miss Daisy was out on the piazza; but I say she was not with Cain. I am positive about it, for I had discovered those chairs early in the evening, and after supper, when I went out intending to enjoy my discovery, I found them occupied. Though one of the occupants was Miss Daisy, the other was not Cain."

"Not Mr. Cain?" in surprise.

"No, he was not."

"Who was he, Frank?" Gordon asked, with a decided show of interest.

Alston looked from Miss Delane's surprised face to Ridge, and said quietly, with a quizzical smile,—

"Fred."

"You are jesting," Miss Delane objected, thinking he was making fun of her gossip. "It couldn't have been Mr. Ridge, for every one was saying how jealous he must feel."

"Well, don't you waste your sympathy on Fred. He was not jealous then, and he is not jealous now, wherever he may be hiding himself to-night," said Alston, looking around the house. "He and Cain understand each other. You should have seen them walking down the street together this afternoon; then you would have no doubt about their being the best of friends."

"Were they together to-day?" Gordon asked.

"Yes; as smiling as two chums. Fred seems to be the only fellow Cain cares to talk with about anything besides the stiffest sort of business."

"Doesn't he talk to you, Mr. Ridge?" Miss Delane asked.

"Not much beyond business," Ridge replied. He felt greatly relieved by Frank's version of the little affair. "He is naturally very reserved, and talks very little to any one. He is the hardest student I ever met, and studies all the time outside of office hours——"

"There he is now, Gordon. I wonder where he has been hiding himself?" Alston interrupted. Glancing backward, Miss Delane and Ridge saw Fred following an usher towards the stage. Then, as the usher turned down the seat at Daisy's side, Alston asked triumphantly, "Didn't I tell you, Alma, that Fred and Cain understood each other? That is a plan concocted between the two. I would be willing to bet my hat against nothing that one of them bought all three of the tickets. Oh, they are a precious pair! Fred doesn't look as if he needed anybody's sympathy. Don't you believe it is as I say about the buying of those seats, Gordon?"

"It certainly appears so," Ridge replied, drawing a breath of satisfied relief, and for the first time looking attentively at Daisy. "She is very pretty, Frank."

"Yes, very," Frank replied.

"But she does not look like Ruth," he added dreamily.

"Not at all."

Frank afterwards said he had never been more surprised in his life than by this remark of Gordon's. Had Tom Phelps been in Frank Alston's place that evening, he might have made the startling discovery that Gordon Ridge was insanely jealous of his partner.

XV.

On the morning following his visit to the theatre Gordon Ridge was more polite and considerate of Cain than he had been for weeks past. Had the latter been a man of less reserve, perhaps he would have made some allusion to his partner's change of manner. But he took no more notice of his cordiality than he had done of his coolness, which he could easily account for as an effect of Mrs. Wheatley's jesting allusion to his marriage. If he thought of this last change at all, he probably attributed it to some word Fred had let fall in his favor. Still, if he noticed the change, his manner did not show it. He adhered as rigidly to his business as ever, preserving under all circumstances the same guardedly immovable face. Very rarely did Ridge see his partner's face lose that impenetrable expressionlessness. Upon those rare occasions the change had been so fleeting that he almost persuaded himself he had been mistaken.

Both partners were deep in their preparations for the session of court which would begin next month. They were engaged on several civil cases, but the one to which they particularly bent their

energies was a case which was attracting the attention of the whole country. In the lower part of Richmond County a woman had been murdered. It was some distance from Augusta, and her nephew, a boy about seventeen or eighteen, was being tried for the crime. Cain declared himself convinced of his client's innocence. Day and night he had thought and planned and worked, trying to find some clue which would justify his confidence, and although Ridge worked zealously with his partner in behalf of his client, he did not share Cain's conviction of the boy's innocence.

Now, the day after his evening spent at the theatre, when he no longer suspected his partner of trying to deceive him, Gordon began to notice with much concern how ill Cain was looking. His face was unusually pallid, and deep-blue circles around his eyes made them look twice their natural size, while the corners of his mouth drooped with a piteously tired expression. His whole appearance made Ridge uneasy.

Late that afternoon the hall door of Ridge's office opened and Stuart Wheatley walked in.

"Good-evening, Gordon. How are you? I was afraid I would not find you in."

"Is that you, Stuart?" Ridge got up and shook hands warmly with the newcomer. "I am glad to see you. Take a seat."

"It's getting pretty late. Isn't it about time for you to shut up for the night?"

"No, not usually; though I have just been persuading my partner to go home for a rest. He has been working very hard and does not appear well."

"Mr. Cain? He is the man I came to see." The visitor looked into the next room, where the figure of the young lawyer could be seen standing by the table. "You know I have never met him, Gordon, but mother has been very anxious for me to come to see him."

"About that house?" Ridge asked. "If that is it, Stuart, I really don't believe he will sell." He was annoyed, and wished Cain to go home and rest.

"You don't think so? I shall be sorry, for mother has made up her mind to have it, and you know she is not easily turned." Then he added, with increased color and slight embarrassment: "The truth is, Gordon, I want to get married, and mother has offered to turn over Cherokee Hall to me if she can buy a home in Augusta to suit her." Then he added, with a smile: "Of course, under the circumstances, I am anxious to have her suited."

"Yes, I understand," Ridge replied, "and congratulate you on your good fortune, old fellow. But I hardly think Cain will sell, after what he told your mother. Still, I suppose, if only to satisfy your mother, you might speak to him again. But can't you come around to-morrow? He is about worked down, and I have per-

sueded him to go home and rest. Couldn't you come around in the morning?"

"I must leave on the 11.35 train to-morrow, and I have so many things to attend to before going that I don't see how I can possibly come back." Then, as though thinking, "But I'll tell you how I can do: if he is going home now, I could walk with him, and we could talk it over on the way. What do you think of that?"

"Well, I suppose that will have to do, since you can't come back to-morrow." Then, rising and leading the way into the front office, "You had better come and let me introduce you. I see he has his hat."

XVI.

"I went to see Mr. Cain yesterday, mother," Stuart Wheatley said to that lady the morning after his visit to the office of Ridge & Cain. He left his seat at the breakfast table, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and, walking over to the front window, stood looking down the street.

Daisy had been out at a dance until late the night before, and had breakfasted in bed. The younger boys hurried through their meal and went off to school, leaving Stuart and Mrs. Wheatley at the breakfast table alone.

"Did you? What did he say?"

"Pretty much what he said to you, I imagine. He bought the place intending to make it his home, and could not think of selling it at any price. I agree with Gordon Ridge, mother; I really don't think the place can be bought. Gordon told me as much before I spoke to Cain about it, but as I had promised you to see him, I did so."

"I don't think Gordon Ridge has exerted his influence very much to oblige me. He must have some influence with Mr. Cain," Mrs. Wheatley complained pettishly.

"Of course he has influence, but I don't believe he has very much in such a matter as the selling of this house. I never saw Mr. Cain before, but I never met a man that impressed me so thoroughly that he meant exactly what he said. He is a very delicate, sickly looking little chap, but he has plenty of pluck and determination."

"Yes, and notwithstanding the boasted ability of the Ridges, I believe Mr. Cain is much the more brilliant man of the two. It certainly looks so when everybody speaks of him as being likely to be sent to the next Congress."

Mrs. Wheatley was interested in Cain, and was particularly pleased that Stuart had been favorably impressed by his ability. It made her think that perhaps, after all, she would not have the diffi-

culty she had anticipated in gaining his consent, if not his assistance, to certain little schemes which she had in view regarding Cain and Daisy.

"He certainly is the orator of the two," Stuart replied. "They say his power in that line is something remarkable. Fred Ridge admires him immensely, and I have heard him say that he did not believe a jury could be impanelled that Cain could not talk into his way of thinking. Yet I have heard that the abolition of trial by juries is one of his hobbies. I am anxious to hear him in that Homes murder trial. You know they are counsel for the boy, and, from what Gordon said, I should judge working on that case was the cause of Cain's fagged-out appearance last night. He firmly believes in the boy's innocence, and is making Herculean efforts to clear him. Every one expects him to make a wonderfully fine speech, and the whole county will turn out to hear him, I expect."

"How large a fee will he get? If the boy inherits all his aunt's property, he certainly will be able to pay them well."

"It will be a pretty big amount, you may be sure of that, though I never have heard any one say how much. I did hear that the fee in the Jenkins divorce case and the suit afterwards for the child amounted to several thousands. They make plenty of money; that's very evident."

"Yes; and Mr. Cain is said to be a thoroughly temperate young man, and spends very little money for anything excepting his books. He is a good 'catch' for some girl." She looked up at her son innocently.

"I don't think he is a marrying man; he seems too thoroughly absorbed in business. And everybody I have heard speak of him says he never notices a woman."

"Indeed; I did not know he had that reputation. He has been quite attentive to Daisy." Mrs. Wheatley dropped another lump of sugar in her coffee.

"He has?" Stuart asked in surprise.

"Yes; decidedly so," she replied, leisurely stirring her coffee and taking a dainty sip from the spoon. "He was devoted to her the night of her party, and since then has called frequently, and has taken her to the theatre and other places of amusement."

"And Daisy, how does she like him?" Stuart came over from his stand by the window and took his seat again at the table.

"Just as any one would expect of a silly girl. She prefers Fred Ridge's handsome face and laughs at Mr. Cain because he is so small."

"Yes; I thought she would feel that way." He took up one of the forks lying near him and began idly picking at the threads of the table-cloth. "Cain is small, and that scar on his forehead ruins his face. I can't blame Daisy for her taste. Any girl would feel that way. Fred is a remarkably handsome fellow, and he is

dreadfully in love with Daisy," he said, with a little, pleased sort of laugh.

"He is no more in love with her than Mr. Cain will be, Stuart," said the mother emphatically. "Daisy is an unusually charming girl, and ought not to be allowed to throw herself away for a silly school-girl fancy. What is love compared with a life of ease and luxury and social success? Think of the differences in the lives of the wife of a brilliant Congressman and of a poor bank clerk. Daisy may not thank me now, but she will later; and you must help me into persuading her to accept Mr. Cain."

Stuart listened indifferently until his mother spoke of Daisy's throwing herself away; then he looked up and for a moment regarded her keenly. At her contemptuous attack on love his face clouded perceptibly, and when she finished speaking he left his seat with a little jerk of impatience and went back to his former place at the window. Years before he had suspected his mother of dealing unfairly with Ruth, and his suspicion of her was again aroused. Once break down a child's confidence in its mother, and it can never be rebuilt. Stuart would never again thoroughly trust his mother.

"I shouldn't think you would ask me to do that, mother," he said, after a moment's silence. "There has been interference already once too often in our family, and I should think you would be afraid to come between Daisy and Fred. Fred may not be the brilliant man that Cain is, but he suits Daisy better, and she certainly would not be throwing herself away in marrying him. Neither do I think you could call him a poor clerk. He will get considerable property from his mother, and, what is better still, he is a good, steady business man. I think Daisy will be doing very well to marry him."

"You may think she will be doing well enough, Stuart,"—Mrs. Wheatley's cheeks were a little pinker than usual, and she spoke warmly,—“but I have a mother's duty to perform, and I consider that I owe it to my children to do the best thing in my power for them. You may not care to exert yourself for Daisy's happiness, but I do; and I shall certainly exert my influence to bring about a match between her and Mr. Cain.”

"Mother," Stuart said sternly, turning towards her, "Daisy must make her own choice. If I find that I have to interfere in a case like this, I shall most certainly do it. If there is no other way, I shall go to Mr. Cain and tell him just how matters stand. He would prove a very different man from what I think him if he did not stop his attentions to Daisy were he once convinced that they are disagreeable to her. While I have the highest respect for Mr. Cain and think him an unusually talented man, I cannot allow Daisy to be persecuted into marrying any one. Whatever happens, I shall see that she has her own way. She must make her own choice of a husband."

XVII.

"Do you know, this reminds me of Athens, the first night I met you. Do you remember?"

For the last few minutes Daisy had been walking slowly up and down the front piazza with Fred Ridge. It was warm and particularly sultry for so early in the season, and they had come out in search of fresh air and a possible breeze.

"Yes, I remember perfectly," she said. "It was the night of our reception, and the honeysuckles were in bloom, just as they are to-night."

They hesitated at the end of the piazza before making another round. There was no moon, and the street-lamp at the corner shone through the thick vines and tree-branches with a misty luminousness. At the other end of the piazza the light which streamed through the open parlor windows lay on the polished floor in dull orange bands, but where they stood they were in deep shadow and could barely trace the outlines of each other's faces. There was a witchery about the corner, Daisy thought. Before, as they approached it, she had been conscious of a perceptible quickening in her heart-throbs, and now, as they stood there silent, she could feel distinctly the rapid thud of Fred's heart as her hand lay on his arm, pressed closely to his side. She was afraid he would hear the beating of her heart: leaning forward on tiptoe, she caught at a spray of honeysuckle swaying above her head. The lace frill of her sleeve slipped down and swept lightly against his face. In an instant his arms were around her, his lips held hers.

How long that kiss lasted neither of them could have told. As their lips parted Fred's head sank lower and he kissed passionately the cool, soft flesh at the base of her throat. Then he remembered, loosed his arms from around her, and said with passionate regret:

"Ah, Daisy, I was mad. God knows I had not thought of doing it." Then, contradicting himself, "No, that is not true. I have offended you, but I will not lie to you. I have often thought of kissing you and dreamed of the time when I could hold you in my arms, but I had no intention of doing it then. I was mad; and now you will never forgive me." There was a momentary silence; then Fred went on pleadingly, "You must have seen how it is with me, Daisy. You must have known that I loved you from the first."

Daisy half turned her face towards him and said very softly:

"How was I to know? You never told me."

There was something in her voice that gave him courage. He caught one of her hands, and, holding it closely, asked very gently,—

"Would you have cared to have me tell you, dear?"

To this there was no reply, but her hand was not withdrawn. Fred went on, drawing her the slightest bit nearer to him,—

"I thought you were getting to love Cain."

With a quick movement she turned towards him, putting herself in his arms again, and saying in a voice of shocked reproach:

"Oh, Fred; how could you think that? Poor little Mr. Cain."

"Then you don't love him?" he asked, holding her in his arms with his lips against her cheek. Somehow her face turned gently around and their lips once more were pressed together. After a few moments she made answer:

"You know I don't love him. How could I?"

"But he is a very smart fellow, and every one thinks very highly of him."

"I don't care what every one thinks," resentfully. "I am sure he is not the only smart fellow in the State, and he is very homely and womanish looking."

"My own darling, my angel," Fred whispered, kissing her rapturously and feeling for the first time that exquisite pleasure which every man feels while hearing his sweetheart abuse his male friends.

By and by, after they had begun to promenade again, Fred asked, "You will not keep me waiting very long; you will marry me soon, will you not, dearest?"

"I don't know; you will have to ask mamma about it."

"But it is not your mother I want to marry; it is you."

"Oh, I know; but you see I could not do it without mamma's consent."

"But, my darling,"—here Fred stopped in his walk and put his arm around her for emphasis,—"I would marry *you* without anybody's consent, even if I knew it was against my mother's wishes."

"Yes; but you are a man, and I am not. That makes a difference, you see."

"Yes, a great difference," Fred admitted gravely. "But then you love me, do you not, sweetheart?" He leaned over her, holding her very closely to him.

She did not speak, but nestled her cheek softly against his own.

"Then you will promise to marry me, darling?"

"Yes. I promise to marry you," she whispered softly.

XVIII.

It was considerably past midnight when Fred Ridge opened the door between his bedroom and Gordon's. The gas had been turned off and the room was dimly lighted by the flickering reflection from the street which straggled through the window shutters.

"Are you asleep, Gordon?" Fred asked, stepping into the room.

"No, not yet," Gordon's voice replied from the bed in the far corner of the room. "Is anything the matter? Do you want anything?"

"No; nothing in particular. I left some of my duds on your bureau when I was dressing this evening, and I thought I would come in and get them."

"You had better light the gas, so you can see," Gordon replied. Then, as Fred went over to the bureau, struck a match, and lighted the gas, he asked, "Have you just come in?"

"Yes; that is, I stopped to speak to mother a few minutes."

"Was she up?"

"Oh, yes; I don't think anything could induce her to go to bed if either of us were out."

"Then you should be more careful about staying out so late. Where did you go to-night?"

"To the Wheatleys'." Then, turning and facing his brother, he spoke, rather quickly, as though to make a clean breast of it: "Gordon, Daisy has promised to marry me."

There was a dead silence. Gordon, half sitting up in bed, was motionless. If his face expressed any feeling, it was hidden from Fred by the dimness of the light.

"Well, won't you congratulate me?" Fred asked, a little testily, annoyed by his brother's unexpected silence. "Mother is delighted, and has promised to call on Daisy to-morrow." Still no reply from Gordon. Fred waxed wroth.

"I am sure I don't understand why you should object," he said indignantly.

"Object?" Gordon questioned dreamily. Then, arousing himself, "Why, I can't remember the day I have heard anything that pleased me so much. Come, let me congratulate you on your good luck." He grasped Fred's hand and continued earnestly: "You must not think I object, Fred. I was a little surprised just at first. You see, from what I have heard recently, I fancied Cain had cut you out."

"No; not a bit of it. Daisy never even liked him. You see it was Mrs. Wheatley who wished to make that match. Cain saw through her little manoeuvres and did everything to help me along. He was very much pleased when I told him it was all settled."

"You told him? Why, where did you see him?"

"I met him walking up and down the pavement in front of his house as I was coming home. You see, I felt as though he had a right to know about it."

"In front of his house? How did he look? Did he seem sick?"

"No; only a little paler than usual. I asked about your case for to-morrow, and he said he was ready to win it."

"Yes; he sent me that message this afternoon, when the boy went round to ask how he was. I was afraid the trial would have to be postponed. You know he has been sick now more than two weeks."

"Gordon, do you never see him when he is sick?" Fred asked.

"No; never. I went to his house the first two or three times he was sick, but Dr. Harris would never allow him to see any one except Mammy Jinney. Now I know it is useless for me to attempt to see him, so I send the boy when I want to hear from him."

"What excuse did old Harris give for not allowing you to see him?"

"Said he was too nervous and must be kept quiet."

"You know, I heard to-day that these attacks of his were crazy spells,—that he went raving crazy and had to be confined; for that reason he was never to be seen by any outsider."

"Yes, I have heard that, but I don't believe it."

"Did you ever suspect that he drank?"

"No; he never touches anything intoxicating. He does not even smoke."

"He is the strangest fellow I ever heard of. Do you know, to-night Mammy Jinney was seated on the steps watching every step he took. I never saw such devotion; she treats him exactly like a child." Fred walked across the room, seemingly thinking. As he turned and came back towards Gordon he said earnestly: "I should like to know his history. Sometimes I think that old negress knows all about him, but then, he does not seem to me the man to make a confidante of a negro woman. I would give a great deal to know his history."

"I don't imagine you would find it very different from that of many another poor fellow who has had to start at the bottom. He has been very poor, and he is very ambitious; that, I think, is about all there is to it. Only, he is unusually able, and has a remarkable talent for law. You say he looked about as well as usual when you saw him?"

"Yes, pretty much the same, only his hair is longer and hides that scar. It would be a great thing if he would keep it a little long, for that scar disfigures his whole face. To-night he reminded me of some one I have seen before, and I have been trying to think who it is."

About a quarter of an hour after Fred had said good-night and gone back to his own room he opened the door and called out:

"Gordon, do you know I told you that Cain reminded me of some one I had seen, but I could not think who it was. It's Hugh Wheatley. You know—the third boy, the one they say looks so much like——" He came to a dead stop. After a momentary silence he added awkwardly, "The one with black hair."

"Yes," Gordon replied, apparently not noticing Fred's hesitancy. "Hugh is the boy who looks so much like Ruth. I never noticed any resemblance between him and Cain."

It may have been Fred's thoughtless reference to Ruth, the mention of her name, which kept Gordon awake so long after Fred's light was out and the whole house filled with silence.

He forgot his case, which was to come off to-morrow, forgot the mystery surrounding Cain, forgot his brother's happiness in his engagement; he could think only of the girl whom he had held in his arms so long ago. Her presence was around him; she became a living reality. He seemed to feel her warm, pulsing body by his side, and made a quick, rushing movement forward, half stretching out his arms. At the cool touch of the fresh sheets a sickening consciousness of mistake overwhelmed him, his arms sank to his side, and he turned half over, groaning aloud,—

“Oh, God, must it be always so?”

XIX.

On the second day of the trial of Jesse Homes for the murder of his aunt the court-room was packed to suffocation.

It was known that Cain would close the case with a speech for the defence, and as the time approached for him to open his argument the crowd increased and grew more eager. The room was filled to its utmost; the doors and windows seemed masses of human faces, piled one above the other—all impatient to see and hear the man whose name in the last few years had become the synonyme for brilliant eloquence.

The evidence had gone strongly against the boy, and the crowd knew and felt it. Up to the last moment his friends hoped that some new and unexpected evidence in his favor would be brought out by his attorneys. But in this they were disappointed; for, despite the tireless efforts of Ridge and Cain, they had been unable to discover the slightest clue that would draw suspicion away from their client. Now only Mr. Cain's eloquence and power of persuasion stood between the boy and the gallows. Would even the impassioned oratory of Cain avail against such fearful odds? That remained to be seen. The people anxiously waited.

As the young lawyer rose to begin his speech there was a dead silence. To those who had never seen him his appearance was a shock so disappointing as to be almost unbelievable. Could this sickly, emaciated little man, with his hideously scarred, pallid face, be the speaker of whose marvellous eloquence they had heard so much, the man they had come so far to hear? Could this be the man spoken of so confidently as standing between Jesse Homes and death? But these thoughts were brushed away from their minds like cobwebs when Cain began to speak.

First, as he reviewed the case, his voice was as cold and passionless as the face he turned to the jury. There were no gestures; he was simply stating facts,—going over ground well known to them.

But the change was soon to come; the human automaton, with

its voice of frigid coldness, became a man. And the man was all passion, all fire. The blood, flaming up, dyed his pale cheeks crimson. His eyes flashed from under their long, dark lashes, and his hair, so long uncut, tossed about, fell over his forehead in shining black curls, and concealed the disfiguring scar. This was the Cain the crowd had come to hear, though even those who had known him longest had never seen him look and speak as he did to-day. The man had changed in every way, and become a brilliantly beautiful personification of fervid eloquence.

For four hours he held his listeners breathlessly attentive. He dwelt on the lad's devotion to his aunt, his more than mother; on his previous good character, the only deviation from which he had made on the morning of the murder, when he threatened to be revenged on the old lady before the day passed. He asked the jury how many times in their passionate boyhood they had made just such threats, even to their best beloved. How many times after their numerous boyish quarrels, if the object of their anger had fallen a victim of some unknown fiend, could they have been convicted of the crime from some threat they had made in their uncontrolled passion? What did such threats amount to? Should they be weighed in the balance against a man's life?

He was closing his speech with a most passionate appeal; he forgot everything save the boy for whose life he was so earnestly pleading.

"Looking back on your own boyish passions as known only to yourselves and to your God," he exclaimed, "I charge you on your souls——" Here he stopped. His voice broke sharply off at the last word. For a moment he stood with blanching cheeks and wide-open eyes, staring over the heads of his brother lawyers at his partner, who had risen from his seat, and with colorless face and amazed eyes was gazing at him fixedly. An instant they looked into the depths of each other's eyes and each knew the other's soul. With an inarticulate, piteous cry, Cain half extended his hand towards his partner, then, clutching at his collar, staggered forward and fell heavily to the floor.

A scene of wild confusion followed; men rushed forward in alarm and crowded around him. But it was Gordon Ridge who first reached his side and raised him tenderly in his arms, all the while murmuring the most endearing epithets—epithets unheard of as being used by one man to another.

But even as Gordon's arms closed around his unconscious burden, old Dr. Harris, Cain's trusted physician, pushed madly through the crowd to the side of the unconscious man.

"Are you mad? Hold your tongue," he whispered hoarsely, clutching Gordon's shoulder and shaking him violently. "Hold your tongue, I say. If you love her and value her life, for God's sake hold your tongue."

XX.

"Wait there, Alston."

"Hello, Perry, is that you?" Frank Alston said, turning in the direction of the call.

"Yes," answered the young man, quickening his steps as he crossed the street. "I wanted to ask about Cain. Is he dead?"

"No," Alston replied, shaking his head.

"Well, I am glad to hear it. You know I've been out of town for four days, and this morning as we passed the passenger train at Belair some one told the conductor that Cain had died during the night. The people at the depot didn't seem to know, and I was on my way to the club when I caught a glimpse of you. What are you doing out so early? It's not seven o'clock."

"I thought I might as well come up town before going home for breakfast. I spent the night down there."

"Where? At Cain's? Is there any change?"

"No; only for the worse. She had a fainting spell last night, and for a while even the doctors thought her dead. I suppose that is how the rumor started. They say she can't possibly last through the day."

"She? she? Alston, who are you talking about?" Perry exclaimed, looking at Alston in amazement. "I'm not talking about a woman; I asked about Cain."

"Well, I answered your questions," Alston replied, looking somewhat nettled. Then, as though understanding the mistake, his face brightened up. "I beg your pardon, Perry; I had forgotten that you couldn't know about Cain. But don't let us stand here,—the stores are beginning to open, and some one is certain to overhear. Come, I'll go to the club for breakfast with you." They turned and walked down the street to the club. As they entered, Perry said questioningly:

"I hope Miss Delane is not ill, Frank?" It was the only solution he could make of Frank Alston's persistent use of the feminine pronoun when speaking of a sick man.

"No," Alston replied, smiling, catching at once the drift of Perry's thoughts. "Alma is quite well, I thank you; at least she was when I saw her yesterday before dinner. As I said before, I spent last afternoon and night at——" hesitating. Then motioning down town, "Gordon sent for me to remain during the night; but it's early for breakfast," turning towards the balcony. "Suppose we go out here and have a cigar; then I can tell you all about it."

A few moments later, as the two sat on the balcony, smoking, Frank Alston removed the cigar from his lips and asked,—

"Perry, did you ever suspect that Cain was a woman?"

"A woman?" He half rose in his astonishment.

"Yes," replied Alston, still regarding attentively the lighted

end of his cigar,—“Ruth Wheatley.” Then he looked up, and the two men gazed earnestly into each other’s eyes.

Perry took his seat and drew a deep breath.

“Yes,” he said, leaning over to pick up the cigar he had dropped on the floor; “I never suspected such a thing; never dreamed of it. But I see it all now perfectly plain; and it seems marvellous that we shouldn’t have seen it from almost the first.”

“Yes, it does seem so now; but then we were all so certain of her death. Gordon thought he had helped to lay her in her coffin; I had gone to her funeral.”

“Don’t you think that Gordon knew? It would seem about the most natural way to account for his devotion. He took her as an office-boy, a few months later as a student, and then, when Tom Phelps went off, as his partner, when he could have had any lawyer at the bar. He must have known.”

“No; he did not,” Alston replied emphatically. “He never had the slightest suspicion until it flashed on him during the trial when Cain was speaking. I happened to be looking at him when he recognized her. I thought at first he was going to faint. I was about to go to him. Then, such an expression of absolute joy! Ruth saw it, stopped in her speech, and fainted. Gordon rushed to her and acted—well, I thought he had gone crazy, as did every one else, excepting Dr. Harris; he understood. When she came out of that faint she was delirious with brain fever; never had a lucid moment until yesterday at four o’clock; and now,” he added, looking off down the street, “she is dying, maybe dead.”

There was a long pause, and when Perry spoke his voice was suspiciously husky.

“She has made a noble fight, there is no mistake about that, but it’s best for her to die. It’s the only thing, for if she lives she will have to stand trial for the murder of her husband.”

“I took her confession last night. She didn’t murder him.”

“She didn’t murder him!” Perry exclaimed.

“No,” firmly; “I will read you what she says.” Taking out a folded paper from the inner pocket of his coat, he said: “This statement was made in the presence of Mr. Rodgers, the Presbyterian minister; Dr. Harris, Dr. Martin, Gordon, Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Ridge, and Mammy Jinney.

“I did not kill Colonel Baldwin. I did not even know of his death until told by Tip Ramsey, five days afterwards.

“For a week before my marriage I was planning my escape. I think my mind was affected, for I acted with all the cunning ascribed to the insane. I slipped away and hid in the room an old suit of Stuart’s work-clothes and his pistol. I would not leave before the marriage, because Colonel Baldwin had told my mother of his intention to settle on me half of his property the day we were married. I wished my mother and the children to be benefited by

that property if possible. I knew I could never live with Colonel Baldwin as his wife. Even the thought was too horrible for endurance. I often thought of suicide, but never of murder.

“You all know that the window opening on the shed of the side piazza was the only one by which I could have escaped. To reach this window I had to pass immediately by Colonel Baldwin. He was asleep, but when I raised the window there was some noise that awoke him. He spoke to me and grasped my clothing just as I was in the act of climbing out of the window. A scuffle ensued. I don't think he recognized me; he must have thought me a burglar, for he tried to choke me. It was then that the pistol, which I had placed in my coat pocket, fell out and went off, and I made my escape. In trying to climb down the wisteria vine my foot slipped, and I fell on a pile of rocks and cut my forehead. I think I fainted then, for the next thing I remember was the sound of loud talking in the Hall, and Spot, my old pointer, was standing over me howling.

“When I reached the ferry I took the ferryman's bateau and paddled across the river. It was then I discovered for the first time that I had brought by mistake the hat intended for me to wear travelling. That hat gave me the idea of making people think I had been drowned. When I reached the Carolina shore I overturned the boat and threw the hat in the river.

“For four days and nights I hid in the woods, slowly making my way towards Augusta. On the fifth day, when I was passing Tip Ramsey's plantation, he bantered me about picking cotton, and I took the job, glad of an opportunity to test my disguise. That morning after I had begun work he told me of Colonel Baldwin's death, and I knew for the first time the terrible effect of that pistol-shot and that I was being hunted as a murderer. After leaving Ramsey's I tramped on to Augusta, intending to get work of some kind to enable me to earn an honest living. Tom Phelps hired me the first day, as you all know. I have had no confidants except the old physician and nurse who brought me into the world. Even to them I had never told my innocence.”

Then, folding the paper again, Alston carefully replaced it in his pocket.

“A few minutes later they were married.”

“Married? Who were married?” Perry asked in surprise.

“Why, Gordon and Ruth. Gordon would have it so, and I think he was right. It gives him the undisputed right to remain with her, though he hasn't left her for one moment since she fainted in court; and even after her death it will be a satisfaction to him, and will really be a protection to her name. Though God knows it makes me sick to think of Gordon's losing her again.”

* * * * *

It was fully a month after the conversation between Mr. Alston and Mr. Perry on the piazza of the club-house that Gordon Ridge

took his wife out for the first drive after her illness. They were in his mother's carriage, drawn by her comfortable old horses, who never knew what it was to go faster than a leisurely trot, any more than their old driver knew what the word "hurry" meant to an up-to-date coachman. As they drove down the broad, shaded street leading to the country below the city they passed several friends, who greeted them cordially.

"Are you glad to get back in the world, darling?" Gordon asked, looking tenderly into his wife's happy face.

"Yes; and," she smiled up at him, "so glad to be able to wear my own proper clothes again. Do you know, it seems very strange that no one ever suspected me in my men's clothes."

"Well, you see, you were always such a miserably unhealthy-looking little chap that all differences were accounted for in that way. Mother was always reproaching me for allowing you to work so hard. You should have seen her face last night when I jestingly told her that you would begin practice again as soon as you were well enough. She was outraged and indignant. So I had to tell her the true state of affairs; and that, though Judge Howard had said, when he called to congratulate me, I had gained a lovely wife, no doubt, but the bar had lost its most brilliant speaker, you absolutely refused to think of returning to the law."

THE END.

"POOR CARLOTTA."

ON a certain bright morning in June, nearly fifty years ago, two little English girls were preparing with great glee for a visit of fascinating importance. The place was the city of Brussels, and the occasion the birthday of the little Princess Maria Charlotte, the only daughter of the King of Belgium. One of the English girls, when nearing middle age, recalled for her own children that eventful morning,—the cheerful clatter of talk which went on while she and her sister were being arrayed in their daintiest frocks, best of ribbons, and broad-brimmed hats. "You must be very good," some grown person said to her, "for the Princess Carlotta is the very best child you ever heard of." Another elder added, "She is not at all vain or affected, although she is so lovely;" and a third continued, "And so kind-hearted."

The English children, nieces of a friend of Queen Victoria, had seen this wonderful princess, who seemed endowed with as many gifts as the heroine of a fairy tale, only at a distance; the idea of spending a whole morning—and a birthday morning, too—with her royal highness suggested unlimited delights. Accompanied by their aunt and governess, they set forth to the palace, where they were ushered into a large, imposing-looking room with no suggestion of fairy-land about it, although the sunshine of the brilliant morning streamed in through many windows and flowers bloomed in profusion: the light tones and furnishings common to all continental royal dwellings gave an air of elegance even to the stiff arrangement of the objects in the room. Presently a door was thrown open, and there entered a lady holding by the hand a little girl whose gravity of demeanor was almost comical in one so young. In spite of this there was a certain captivating sweetness of manner which, fifteen years later, was destined to make Carlotta beloved even by those who compassed her husband's death.

The morning was not altogether so enjoyable as Lady Blank's little nieces had expected, for the king's daughter was allowed few of the amusements common to children of her age, and, in spite of the real simplicity of heart and mind which characterized both her parents, had been taught to be very ceremonious in manner and to observe strictly the etiquette due to herself and those around her; but her visitors remembered her childish prattle when, left by themselves for a few moments, they examined each other's finery, particularly the comparative stiffness of the long frills which in those days were worn as pantalettes around the ankles, and which in the princess's case happened to be so gorgeous as to excite feelings of admiration.

A few years only elapsed between this meeting and one which had about it all the pomp and splendor of a royal wedding. The Belgian princess had become one of the celebrities of Europe: the lessons of prudence and kind-heartedness, the careful course of study, and the daily influences of her childhood resulted in a womanhood which ought to have created its own destiny.

Carlotta, a princess of Belgium and widow of the Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, was born at the palace of Læken, about fifteen miles from Brussels, on the 7th of June, 1840. Her father, Leopold I., born December 16, 1790, was the son of Duke Francis of Saxe-Coburg, and was naturalized in England in 1816, shortly before his marriage with the Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of George IV. The story of that romantically happy marriage is well known. Bride and groom commanded the admiration as well as the respect of all nations, especially in such a court as that of George IV., and when after a year of wedded life the lovely Princess Charlotte died in childbirth, leaving no heir, the gloom over all England was such as to leave traces that even to-day are apparent. The widower turned his whole attention to the sister, who in her own widowhood needed his sympathy and care. This sister had married the Duke of Kent, one of George IV.'s younger brothers, who, dying, left a daughter eight months old, destined to become the queen of England. The crown of Greece was offered to Leopold, but was refused because, it has always been supposed, of his devotion to the interests of the Duchess of Kent. When, after a three days' revolution in France, which dethroned Charles X. and placed the crown on Louis Philippe, Belgium by popular tumult became separated from Holland, the Belgians elected Leopold as their king. The young prince accepted the honor, and, as it was deemed necessary to avoid the perils of a disputed succession, chose a bride from the house of Orleans. On the 9th of August, 1832, he married Louise Marie, daughter of Louis Philippe, a princess who during the eighteen years of her married life won from her husband's people the title of "The Holy Queen."

Two sons were born to Leopold, one of whom now reigns in his place, and a daughter known as Carlotta was the only girl, and notably her father's favorite. During a visit to Flanders of Queen Victoria and the prince consort in 1843 she attracted great attention by her beauty and winsome little ways. To Baron Stockmar the prince consort wrote: "We found uncle and aunt very well and greatly delighted at our visit. The children are blooming. Little Charlotte is quite the prettiest child you ever saw."

A picture now hanging in the private apartments of the palace at Brussels is a pathetic reminder of that prosperous and happy childhood. From the frame looks forth a charming little maid, with dark eyes shining beneath delicately pencilled brows; braids of hair richly auburn in tint are looped back of the tiny ears, while the dainty little mouth is curved archly in smiling good humor or content.

The education of his daughter occupied much of King Leopold's time and thought; but there is no doubt that he erred in obliging her to study too constantly and lead too constrained a life. While the daughters of her cousin, Queen Victoria, were romping about at Windsor, playing at gardening and farming and dairying, the Belgian princess was occupied by thoughtful employments almost too mature for her years and certainly too constant for childhood; but her physique was fine and the devotion of her parents entire. The first real grief of her life was her mother's death, in 1850, when, child as she was, Car-

lotta watched over the death-bed and received from the queen's dying lips words of counsel and admonition which, as she told a friend years later, could never fail to influence her daily life.

From that hour she lived much of her time alone, with only her ladies-in-waiting, seeing few people, and preparing very gradually for her *début* in court society. This took place on her sixteenth birthday, when she was introduced to the ball-room and led out to dance by her father. Her beauty startled those who beheld her. Accustomed to seeing very little of their princess, the Belgians knew but vaguely of her charms of person, and this apparition of a tall, majestic-looking girl, in white satin and silver lace, who carried herself as though every inch a queen, who danced like a sylph, conversed equally well in four languages, and seemed conversant with topics of all kinds, was enough to make Brussels ring with her praises. No wonder that her English cousin Victoria desired to welcome such a brilliant kinswoman at Windsor, especially since she was the only daughter of the beloved Uncle Leopold.

But before this eventful English visit the crisis of Carlotta's life had come. It is related of her, as of the late Empress of Austria, that the first knowledge of her future husband came to her ears in a romantic fashion. While reading aloud to the princess one morning a young lady-in-waiting ventured to ask her whether she had seen the Archduke Maximilian since his arrival in Brussels. Carlotta was interested at once, and demanded a full description of this young prince, who had been making the tour of Europe for purposes of study as well as amusement, and who was reported to be a veritable Prince Charming. In answer Carlotta's companion—they were only a pair of girls and girlishly human—produced a portrait of the archduke which was a very fair counterpart of the original. Extremely blond in coloring, with brilliant blue eyes and finely proportioned brow, the young Austrian would have been uncommonly handsome but for a certain weakness in the mouth and chin, which his beard partly concealed, and which was carried out to no mean extreme in his disposition, although it indicated defects which marred his complete success in life. We can fancy how easily the princess was captivated by such a portrait, and how delighted when it was announced that Maximilian meant to pay his respects at her father's court. He was the second son of Francis Charles, Archduke of Austria, and the Archduchess Frederica Sophia. His eldest brother is Francis Joseph I., present Austrian emperor, born July 30, 1830.

Maximilian had been educated in a rather idle court; but he was fond of study, especially of belles-lettres and languages, while his love of nature amounted almost to a passion, and induced him to begin an extended tour of travel before he was sixteen. It is said that while in Italy and Greece he resolved to turn away from all thought of the opportunities his rank might offer him and devote himself to art; but his mother, hearing of this, summoned him home and induced him to devote his time and interest to naval work, which seems for a few years to have completely captivated this royal Crichton. In 1855 he sailed with the commission of vice-admiral for the East, returning home a

year later by way of Paris, where he spent two weeks at the palace of St. Cloud, making the acquaintance of the Emperor of the French, who, whatever his shortcomings in regard to the tragedy of Mexico, always professed the highest admiration and warmest affection for the young man whom he had known and loved in the flush and enthusiasm of his youth. He journeyed to Belgium, intending to make a study of the agriculture of the country, but an object of far deeper and more romantic interest soon attracted him.

The visit which Carlotta anticipated with such a girlish flutter of delight was looked forward to with little less impatience by Maximilian, for he had not been long in Brussels before reports of Carlotta's bewitching loveliness reached him. We can fancy the two on their first encounter, the archduke fully justifying Carlotta's expectations as he entered the room, carrying his six feet of height with much grace and dignity, and ready to respond with enthusiasm to the greeting offered by the king's daughter, whose usual hauteur of manner vanished as she offered him her hand and lifted her face to his, blushing and smiling with pleasure. It was the speediest and most passionate of wooings. If ever two young people were actually and desperately in love, it was these scions of two of the proudest and oldest of royal houses in Europe. The archduke would hear of no delays: within a fortnight he sent the imperial ambassador, Count Arquinto, to demand a solemn audience with the king and ask the hand of his daughter in marriage. The answer was favorable, but almost immediately came an invitation from Windsor for Carlotta, which was as promptly accepted. The lovers parted on the assurance of meeting in England a few days later.

The princess had not completed her seventeenth year, but as a bride-elect she might be considered fully "in society," and her welcome at Windsor Castle was such as befitted a fully-fledged royal lady who carried the new dignity of an engagement. The little girl who had compared frills with her on that long ago June morning was fond of relating how every one in London and at Windsor was captivated by the Belgian princess, who not only appeared dazzlingly pretty among her English cousins, but had developed a vivacity of manner which became her well, and, moreover, was so romantically in love that she was ready to confide her sentiments freely to her old acquaintance as they sat together in the queen's boudoir and compared notes as to lovers and their wooing.

The prince consort had written to the archduke of the pleasure with which the queen and himself had heard of the betrothal. "May Heaven's blessing," he said, "be upon a connection thus happily begun, and in it may you both attain life's true happiness, which is to be found only in a home where the heart finds satisfaction for its wants." Speaking of this visit the prince wrote again: "Charlotte's whole being seems to me to have been warmed and unfolded by the love that is kindled in her heart. I have never seen so rapid a development in the space of one year. She appears to be happy, to be devoted to you with her whole soul, and eager to make herself worthy of her future position."

A few days later the archduke arrived. Those who know the arrangement of the private apartments at Windsor Castle will remember a long corridor and the drawing-room, which are devoted exclusively to the use of the royal family and their guests. These were the scenes of some of the most joyous hours in Carlotta's life, for there she welcomed Maximilian on this fascinating visit, and there spent delightful hours with the queen and her future husband. At Buckingham Palace, two days after his arrival, the archduke escorted the queen to the chapel when the Princess Beatrice was christened.

Victoria wrote; "At the luncheon I sat between him and Fritz. I cannot say how much we like the archduke. He is charming: so clever, natural, kind, and amiable, so English in his feelings and likings, and so anxious for the best understanding between Austria and England. With the exception of his mouth and chin, he is good-looking, but I think one does not in the least care for that, as he is so very kind, clever, and pleasant. I wish you joy, dearest uncle, at having got such a husband for dear Charlotte, as I am sure he is quite worthy of her and will make her happy. He may and will do a great deal for Italy. He speaks much and affectionately of his dear bride."

The wedding was celebrated in Brussels on the 27th of July, 1857. The prince consort having gone on to Belgium to attend the festivity, the queen wrote to her uncle, King Leopold:

"At this very moment the marriage is going on; the knot is being tied which binds your lovely and sweet child to a thoroughly worthy husband, and I am sure you will be much moved. May every blessing attend her! I wish I could be present; but my dearest half being there makes me feel as if I were there myself. I try to picture to myself how all will be. . . . We do all we can to *fêter* this day in our quiet way. We are all out of mourning; the younger children are to have a half-holiday; Alice is to dine for the first time in the evening with us; we shall drink the archduke and the archduchess's healths, and I have ordered wine for our servants and grog for our sailors to do the same.

"Vicky, who is painting in the alcove near me, wishes me to say everything to you and the dear young couple, and pray tell dear Charlotte all that we have been doing."

The archduke was made governor-general of Lombardy and Venice, and the palace of Miramar, near Trieste, on the shores of the Adriatic, was brilliantly prepared for the royal couple.

The castle, built of cream-colored stone, faces the west, its tower surmounted with a perforated parapet. On the front of the edifice is now inscribed in large gilt letters the day and hour when Maximilian accepted the crown of Mexico. On the first floor is the suite of rooms occupied by Carlotta. A small drawing-room opened into a grand saloon adjoining, which contained the princess's sleeping-apartment, her dressing-room, and the sleeping-room of her special maid. Just above this apartment was a huge room devoted to Carlotta's wardrobe, while on the same floor, but in the northern part of the building, was the grand saloon used on special occasions during the royal residence there. The

library and dining-room are below; Maximilian's private room adjoined the former, which contained a valuable collection of books and quite an extensive museum of natural curiosities. The gardens and the avenue, or carriage-road, are fragrant with the perfume of every possible variety of blossom, while the summer-houses seem to be made of roses only, so completely are they covered with them. The tropical plants scattered here and there over the grounds were for the most part planted under Carlotta's own direction, gardening being one of her favorite occupations. Everything that could add to the comfort of the governor and his bride was thought of in preparing Miramar for their reception, Art coming in upon the lavish footsteps of Nature, rendering the place almost too beautiful, as Carlotta said, for the abode of human beings.

The Venetians welcomed the royal pair with exuberant delight. On the first Easter Sunday of their Italian life they attended mass, walking in the grand procession, which had all the elements of mediæval splendor. The prince's halberdiers walked first, attired in rich Venetian costumes of crimson-and-white velvet, worn as a tribute to the ancient glory of Lombardy. Following them were the personal servants of the members of the prince's suite, all in the liveries of their masters, kaleidoscopic in color and brilliancy, while the superb court dresses of blue and silver, the colors of the princess, set off the national costumes of the prince's Dalmatian servants, whose robes were half barbaric, half Oriental, and dazzling in splendor. Following them were nearly two hundred pages, chasseurs, and footmen of the vice-regal household. Then came the mass of generals, field-marshal, and courtiers, richly uniformed and blazing with decorations. After them, in a space reserved that he might walk alone, came Maximilian, the only figure not gorgeously attired, although the dark blue uniform of the Austrian navy which he wore set off his tall commanding figure and fine blond locks. Following him came a train of superbly attired ladies escorting the archduchess, whose court dress of crimson velvet and white satin became her well. Writing of her at that time in a private letter, an English lady says: "Charlotte of Belgium has something indescribably captivating about her. She holds herself magnificently, and is one of the few princesses I have seen who look really born for the purple. Her hair is darkest brown with auburn tones, her eyes brilliantly hazel, the brows and lashes fine and black." Picture this scene in Venice, and contrast it with the procession in which, ten years later, Maximilian walked to the Hill of Bells to meet his tragic fate, far from every one of those who were with him on that happy Easter-day in Venice, alone,—it might almost seem to him forgotten,—certainly sacrificed to the schemes of those who had sent him out to grasp a shadowy crown and meet his death.

It was at Miramar that the delegation of nine distinguished Mexicans laid before the archduke and duchess their proposition for what they called the advancement of Mexico. A monarchical party has always existed in Mexico: General Scott, as well as Joseph Bonaparte and the son of Louis Philippe, had been offered the crown of that distracted country before the proposition was made to Maximilian. In

1861 England, France, and Spain entered into an alliance for the purpose of redressing their grievances and collecting their debts. The monarchists took heart of grace from this fact, and determined to interest the three powers in establishing a throne and giving to Mexico a royal government. General Miramon—later shot to death with the archduke—and Señor Almonte visited the courts of London, Paris, and Madrid, with the most anxious entreaties that their object should be forwarded to success. But England, with characteristic caution, settled her claims and withdrew. Spain regarded Mexico only as a hostile and rebellious province, but would have aided any Bourbon to the projected throne. Under the Napoleonic *régime* France could not sympathize with this; therefore Spain followed the example of England and withdrew, leaving France alone with certain strong reasons of her own for desiring to control Mexican affairs. Our civil war was in its full tide of progress. The failure of America to supply France with sufficient cotton had, in one department alone, thrown nearly one hundred and fifty thousand people out of employment and upon the hands of the government. It became appallingly evident to French political economists that a field of American industry which France could control must be established somewhere on our continent; and, were Mexico to establish a monarchy, a market of export and import would be open to the French. Accordingly, the small French army encamped already in Mexico was reinforced, and after a few battles against the parties opposed to the monarchy a provisional government was organized, and a general assembly, meeting on July 10, 1863, voted to establish an imperial government and to invite the Archduke Maximilian of Austria to accept the throne.

Those who have blamed the Austrian prince and his wife for accepting this offer must bear in mind that all their traditions were not only intensely European, but such as made the offer of a crown seem the natural result of progress or civilization. Carlotta had known of her father's refusing the crown of Greece and accepting that of Belgium. Beyond all this, as the prince wrote the day before his death, he was made to believe that the majority of Mexicans were eager for his presence among them as a ruler, that the country was in a distraught condition for want of proper rule, and that he was fulfilling the destiny of the people in assenting to views not only suggested to him by the representatives of Mexico, but insisted upon by his father-in-law, the King of Belgium, and by the Emperor of France.

At ten o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 10, 1864, the archduke received the deputation of Mexicans, with a distinguished company of Austrians, at the palace of Miramar. He received his guests standing in front of a table upon which were laid innumerable acts of adhesion to the new empire. On his left was Carlotta, superbly attired in rose-colored silk adorned with Brussels lace, her diadem, necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets blazing with precious stones, while near by were the ladies of honor, prominent among whom was that eccentric Princess Metternich, whose toilets were said to have made Worth famous. A profound silence reigned while Señor Estrada read the address, to which the archduke answered, accepting the crown of

Mexico. The moment he finished speaking a salvo of artillery announced the event from the bulwarks of the castle, answered by one from the ships in the port and the forts of the city. Down upon their knees went the Mexicans, crying with one voice, like courtiers in a Shakesperian performance, "God save His Majesty Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico!" And again, with redoubled vigor, "Long live Carlotta, Empress of Mexico!"

It was a day which marked one of the most picturesque pages in the history of our times. The departure from Trieste was no less highly colored. But meanwhile the empress, as she was speedily called, had employed herself in various acts of charity; had gone, attended by one lady only, and on foot, to visit some of the sick poor to whom she was in the habit of ministering; had written letters full of fond regrets at parting to her English cousins and to one or two dear friends in Great Britain. With a simplicity touching in the midst of her hour of triumph, and pathetic when we remember all that followed, she distributed little tokens of herself as souvenirs for those whom she was leaving.

On the 14th of April, 1864, all of Trieste seemed to have poured forth, alert to catch a last glimpse of the man who had proved himself their benefactor and who, with his beloved princess, was leaving them forever. The steamers weighed anchor just beyond the castle: amid the deafening shouts of farewell, the roaring of cannon, and the music of the garrison band, the emperor and empress descended the flight of white marble steps leading to the sea, and there paused for a moment to return the salutations of the vast concourse of people assembled to make their parting triumphant. A boat canopied in purple and gold was waiting to convey them to the steamer: as they entered it, the frigate raised its flags, the crews burst forth in loud huzzas, the boats dotting the waters raised their oars, and the artillery of the castle fired volley after volley, while the Austrian colors were hauled down on the emperor's ship, and the flag of Mexico was flung to the breeze.

And this was the splendor of his leave-taking. With all that Austria could do to make the omens prosperous, Maximilian and Carlotta started on that journey which for one was to end in death, for the other in a gloom worse than any mere severance of earthly bonds.

The Mexicans prepared to receive them with every splendor and display of their triumphant satisfaction. The royal progress from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico was such as might have done honor to a mediæval sovereign. In the midst of it all Carlotta showed her sympathy with the poorer classes, invariably singling out some obscure person in the crowds that lined the roadway for special attention, and often expressing her anxiety to benefit the suffering or oppressed. The story of those early days of the empire reads like a fairy tale. The ancient palace, once the abode of Montezuma and proudly occupied in 1521 by Cortez, was prepared for the residence of the emperor. Its history teems with suggestive romance; but on the first day of her life there Carlotta was told of the tradition that no man who occupies that palace as a ruler fails to meet an unnatural death or some cruel misfortune.*

* Two alone escaped this strange decree, Arista and Juarez.

On hearing this the empress smiled, and desired that some one should conduct her over the building at the first convenient hour. With two Mexican ladies, one of whom was appointed later to be in constant attendance upon her, she made the tour of the edifice, studying each room with critical interest. The palace occupies a complete square, and is impressive only from its size, having little or no architectural beauty. The southern part was occupied by the emperor and empress; the northern by soldiers and prisoners; the central by officers of state. The lower story was occupied by servants, and a portion of the second story for public offices. The grand reception-room, known as the Iturbide Saloon,* occupies a large portion of the southern half of the palace, and was the scene of many brilliant entertainments during Maximilian's reign; but the residence which Carlotta loved was the palace of Chapultepec, two miles and a half from Mexico, on a hill surrounded by works of defence, on the extreme edge of the rock.

The view from Carlotta's apartments there was enchanting. The whole valley of Mexico unfolds itself to the gaze. Not only every building in the city, but the spires of Guadalupe cathedral can be distinctly seen from the windows of Carlotta's boudoir. The barren hill upon which the viceroys built this castle is surrounded by a natural park. Trees which date their existence from the golden age of Mexico, when the kindly Quatzacoatl, god of pleasure, lived among the Toltecs, shade the ground. The basins where the beauties of Montezuma's court took their daily baths are still to be seen, though the fountains have ceased to fill them. In the shade of the venerable trees of this park it is said that Cortez was wont to wander at evening when oppressed with anxiety or care.

Carlotta found it necessary to make arrangements for her new household with the greatest care. Two ladies were appointed to reside in the palace, each of whom received four thousand dollars as annual salary. The younger, Josefa Varela, was a descendant of Montezuma, a beautiful girl of eighteen: between her and the empress arose a friendship which time has not effaced. Madame Pacheco was appointed also as a "lady of the palace," while numerous ladies of honor were attached to the empress's suite, residing in their own homes, and attending her on reception-days and whenever she desired their company in her daily visits of charity.

The routine of the empress's life was quickly established; it was not in her nature to be idle or unmethodical. She rose at half-past six, and at seven was in the saddle, accompanied by Señorita Varela and an officer. A canter of an hour was followed by breakfast and prayers, after which she invariably visited some public institution or went about among the poor, "forgetting her rank completely in the office she so cheerfully assumed," unmindful of the weather or the muddy roads,

* The Emperor Iturbide is buried in the cathedral in Mexico. He joined with Guerro to declare the independence of Mexico in 1821, and the next year was proclaimed emperor. Santa Anna led the people against him, and he was put to death in 1824. Many Philadelphians can recall his daughter, who made her home in this city until her death, in 1869,—a woman of most imposing personal appearance, noble character, and distinguished accomplishments.

which she frequently traversed on foot when it was impossible to drag a carriage through them, making light of the physical discomforts of such journeys. At two o'clock she and the emperor generally drove out to Chapultepec, where at half-past three they dined with a small invited company. After dinner there would be an hour of quiet sauntering with the emperor in the park, when he discussed with her the affairs of state which soon enough pressed upon him. Returning to the palace, the empress would spend some time reading the newspapers with care, marking with a pencil every article or paragraph which she considered it important for her husband to see. Señorita Varela, or "Pepita," as the empress fondly called her, sometimes read aloud to her: they played duets together, or amused themselves with painting or embroidery until supper-time at eight, after which, unless upon evenings when the empress gave her *soirées* or grand receptions, she usually retired to her own apartment for her evening devotions, rarely remaining up after ten.

Soirées were given regularly on Monday evenings, at which four quadrilles were danced: she disapproved of waltzing. On these occasions, as well as at the grand state receptions, her toilets were gorgeous in the extreme, although in ordinary life she dressed with almost severe simplicity. Many years later the writer was shown two of these *costumes de bal*, which had been presented by her to one of her ladies-in-waiting before she set forth on that sorrowful journey to Paris. One of these was of rich white satin embroidered in gold, the skirt a sumptuous train over which was worn a long mantle of purple velvet dependent from the shoulders, where, when Carlotta wore it, clasps of amethysts and diamonds held it in place. The other was rose-colored satin richly adorned with Brussels lace, the bodice pointed back and front and made with surplice plaits. In ordinary life the empress was to be found attired in some simple dress of silk or wool in winter-time, or cambric or muslin in summer.

Society in Mexico was a curious mixture. Many of the French officers cared only for enriching themselves or indulging in expensive gayeties, and the court circle, which it was impossible for Carlotta to control, seems to have continued the frivolity and the petty intrigues of Paris. Tacubaya is to Mexico what Charlottenburg is to Berlin; there the summer gayeties were of the most vivacious order. The place existed before the Chichimacas invaded the plateau of Anahuac. The Indians and their aloe-fields have disappeared, and foreigners now occupy with their villas and gardens this lovely site. Princess Salm-Salm in her "Memoirs" gives a rollicking account of certain picnic parties which the empress was constrained to ignore, since she could not influence society in her new home except in a general way and by her unflinching efforts to keep her own immediate circle free of any elements unworthy her own high standard.

Maximilian had been but a short time in Mexico before he began to realize that his tenure was but slight, yet the empress's journey through Yucatan was rendered as picturesque as the people could make it, and encouraged the emperor and herself to believe in the loyalty of their subjects. It is not within our present purpose to discuss the political

questions of that eventful decade. The story of the uprising of the Liberals, and of Maximilian's alleged order that prisoners taken should be shot without trial,* has been written by many able pens, and constitutes one of the most exciting chapters in modern history.

Our own government naturally opposed the existence of a monarchy on this continent. France could not afford a quarrel with the United States, and Louis Napoleon had no desire to allow his troops to remain in Mexico when their only object was to protect the prince whom he had placed on the throne. On the 6th of February, 1866, the French troops left the city. The officers in command earnestly entreated the emperor to accompany them, and Maximilian would gladly have done so but for a reason which proves the nobility of his character. All Mexican Imperialists who had been taken prisoners had been treated barbarously, often being put to death after hideous torture; and the emperor refused to leave the country unless Juarez, leader of the Liberals, would grant a general amnesty to all who had identified themselves with the imperial cause. This Juarez refused to do. Referring to it in his trial later, Maximilian said, "I had therefore no course left but to remain and to do all in my power to protect a large proportion of the Mexican people."

When Thiers and Jules Favre arraigned Louis Napoleon, what a weapon in their hands was the fate of the deserted and betrayed Maximilian! The only course now open to the unfortunate royal pair seemed to be the journey, for which Carlotta speedily prepared. It was given out that she was summoned home to see a dying relative, but all the world knew that her object was to implore assistance from Napoleon. The leave-taking with her husband was sorrowful enough. At three o'clock on the morning of July 8, 1866, they sat together for the last time in the empress's sleeping-room at Chapultepec, discussing the forlorn hope on which she was setting out, doubtless talking, as people do in such supreme moments, of many trifling things connected with their daily life together. Señorita Varela remembers Carlotta's saying to her before parting, "The emperor wanted me to tell them this and that when I go home," and adding with a mournful smile, as she glanced about the *salon*, "After all, we have had some happy hours here."

* Mr. Frederick Hall, the intimate friend and legal adviser of Maximilian, as well as several other authorities, might be cited to prove that Maximilian's course has been generally misrepresented. Many who have investigated the matter declare their opinion that the decree was issued at the instance of Marshal Bazaine, and that when news reached the emperor that several prisoners captured had in pursuance of this decree been shot down, Maximilian immediately despatched a courier to General Mendez to inform him that he totally disapproved of the act and that he must shoot no more. As Bazaine's course in Mexico was a systematic one of self-aggrandizement and ill-concealed treachery, it may be supposed that he was ready enough to cast all the blame of the "black decree" upon the emperor. As it is well known that no other act of inhumanity or selfishness was ever laid at the unfortunate emperor's door, it seems only fair to give him the benefit of the doubt in this instance. Soldiers and people, as well as his personal friends, declare Maximilian to have been tender-hearted and generous almost to a fault, and since his death many people have come forward who blamed him at the time for a course of action which they now acknowledge to have been entirely Bazaine's.

The emperor accompanied her as far as Rio Frio, there bidding her farewell forever. From Havana she wrote to him, and also to Sefiorita Varela. As this letter is among the last penned in her tranquil moments, it is worthy a place in any record of poor Carlotta's life :

"MY DEAR PEPITA,—Only a few words before the steamer leaves. I am quite well, and ever thinking of you all. I had only one day of sickness. The heat is intense, and the voyage a long one. It is only out of pure patriotism that one undertakes these things with feelings of pleasure. From this to St. Thomas will be the last sojourn over American seas. All the Spanish authorities have treated me with the utmost deference, although I did not land, as the emperor would not wish me to do so. The bay is very beautiful, and I should also say the town, where there exist fortunes of twenty-five millions and upwards. I have received visits from the principal personages. Many of the dignitaries had walking-sticks, which reminded me of Mexico, and pleased me. The bishop was very polite. There also seems to exist here a great reverence for the temporal authorities. I have also seen the president of the 'Royal Audience:' he reminds me of the ancient history of our country. He also sports a tortoise-shell walking-stick, which, from its exquisite loveliness, must be from Yucatan. Talking of this peninsula, I must tell you that I have seen Arthur Peon, who was overjoyed to see me. He seems satisfied with the state of things at home. The gratitude of the Yucatecos to me has given me great pleasure. One of the chamberlains from Campeche, Sefior Lavallo, is to come on board to-day, on his voyage to France. You can form no idea of the state of the road; from Cordova all the carriages of my gentlemen were upset. My coachman assured me that it was only through the help of the Virgin that I was not upset. I suppose he meant the Guadalupe one.

"Good-by, my dear Pepita; my heart remains in Mexico. Write to me, and believe in the affection of

"CARLOTTA."

On arriving in Paris, Carlotta had difficulty in procuring an interview with Napoleon. She took apartments in the Grand Hotel, where the Empress Eugénie immediately called on her; but their conversation was purely personal, the Empress of the French, as she declared later, being distressed by Carlotta's worn, anxious looks, although there was not the slightest indication then of insanity. The emperor was severely ill; but after a few days Carlotta was summoned to St. Cloud, where she had a long and painful interview with Louis, who, to her grief and dismay, declared it out of his power to assist Maximilian in Mexico. On returning to her hotel, Carlotta paced the floor of her *salon* for hours, deeply agitated, pondering what course to pursue. On August 13 she started with her suite, including four Mexican and two Italian servants, for Miramar, the fairy-like abode in which she had passed the blissful early years of her married life. For nearly a month she remained there, corresponding with Napoleon and her husband, receiving the visits of friends and distinguished guests, giving

a banquet in honor of a national holiday in Mexico, while the Mexican colors waved from the castle heights and the foreigners in her suite were treated with every respect.

It was at last decided that she should journey to Rome to solicit the pope's aid. On the 18th of September she left Miramar for the second time, travelling in post-carriages through the Tyrol and by special train to Ancona. At Botzen the party stopped for a few hours. While sitting in one of the rooms of the hotel, the empress suddenly turned to her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Estrada y Barrio, and said, in a low but excited tone, "I do not wish to go to Rome: I am afraid they will poison me. I wish to go back to Miramar." But as the remark was not followed by any others of an excitable nature, and she presently declared herself willing to continue the journey, nothing more was thought of it at the time. In all the towns through which she passed Carlotta was received by civic and military bodies amid cheering, firing of cannon, and musical demonstrations. She seemed much gratified by the honor done her. But from time to time she showed suspicions of those about her, and when they reached Rome she declared her belief that somebody would poison her.

She visited the Vatican, but said nothing at that time of her suspicions. She received the diplomatic corps and other visitors with no appearances of insanity, conversing brilliantly in various languages, and looking wonderfully well. But the news from Mexico was depressing in the extreme, and the tension on her mind was too great. The fourth day of her residence in Rome she insisted upon seeing the pope in private, and declared to him that she would not quit the Vatican, as the people about her were planning to make away with her life. The distress of all may be imagined. As the empress refused to return to her hotel, some of her suite were summoned, a sleeping-apartment was hastily provided, and a mournful vigil kept. Her mind grew more and more distraught as the night waned. Daylight found her completely unbalanced, her intellect "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." With difficulty Madame Barrio persuaded her to return to the hotel, where for a fortnight she refused to eat anything prepared by the hotel servants. She insisted upon riding out every day with Mrs. Barrio, taking with her a jar which she insisted upon filling at the public fountains. She purchased chestnuts in the streets, and permitted one of her servants in whom she had great confidence to buy fresh vegetables daily, which were cooked in her presence. On this she subsisted during the time of waiting for the arrival of her Belgian relatives, who had been summoned as soon as her insanity became unmistakable.

News of this most disastrous ending of the Mexican journey was sent to Windsor. The queen burst into tears as she read the harrowing details, and the Prince of Wales started at once to meet Carlotta, then on her way to Belgium, lovingly cared for by her brother the Duke of Flanders, her Mexican attendants, and Dr. Bulkens, a specialist from Gheel. Orders were given that at all the stations absolute silence should prevail. On reaching the palace of Tervueren, which had been prepared for her reception, the carriage was brought so close to the car that

her brother, King Leopold, and the Prince of Wales were able to lift her directly into it from the train. As easily and comfortably as possible the poor lady was conducted to her new home.

Meanwhile Maximilian was informed of this new woe. Dark days had followed Carlotta's departure: agitated by an accumulation of miseries, the prince night after night paced the floor of his apartment, murmuring now and then "Poor Carlotta!"

It was impossible for him to desert his officers and loyal soldiers, but a council of war was held, and it was decided to attempt a rapid march by night into the city of Mexico, where he hoped to find large reinforcements and ample supplies. One man at the council-table listened with keen eyes and stolidly compressed lips to the cautious plans laid by his comrades. The drama would not have been complete without one ready to betray his master: and it was an additional blow to Maximilian that the general whose staunchest friend he had proven through many emergencies, one Lopez, was the traitor. The bribe of the enemy was forty-eight thousand dollars. The service to be rendered was the delivery of Maximilian and the city of Queretaro into the enemy's hands. The emperor retired to sleep about two o'clock on the morning of May 14: at the same time Lopez crept out into the darkness through the outposts, and met the advance-guard of the enemy, who conducted him to Escobedo's tent. After a brief interview he returned, leading the guard through the dark and silent city to a station of the imperial troops, going back and forth several times in the same way, and supposed to be escorting comrades of his own, being unsuspected. Before day broke the city was delivered into the hands of the enemy. But Lopez's cautious scheme had not ended here. To create a panic, the bells of the city were rung with violence; the emperor was awakened, and speedily, with some of his friends, reached an elevation called the Hill of the Bells. Lopez here dashed forward, exclaiming: "All is lost! See, your Majesty, the enemy's horse is upon us." At the same moment their troops were seen approaching. Lopez tried to induce Maximilian to enter for concealment a certain house, where he well knew his capture would be speedily accomplished, but the emperor refused to leave his men, and fought bravely until he saw that a general slaughter must ensue unless he surrendered. As the white flags were raised a troop of cavalry rode up, and an officer asked, in violent language, where was the usurper. The young Austrian, pale as death, but never—so say those who witnessed it—looking more noble, stepped forward and answered, in clear, ringing tones:

"I am he. If you require any one's life, take mine; but do not harm my officers. I am willing to die; but intercede with General Escobedo for the life of my officers."

We must pass briefly over the events between this date and the melancholy 19th of June. The emperor was imprisoned in a wretched apartment, imperfectly ventilated and poorly furnished, where on a hard bed he lay for days, prostrated with severe illness. Generals Miramon and Mejia occupied neighboring rooms, and the three doomed captives conversed hour after hour over their impending fate. Miramon had a young wife and family to leave.

The trial of the prisoners was the rudest farce. Just after midnight on the 15th of June a messenger awoke Maximilian with the news that he was condemned to death. The execution of all three was appointed for Wednesday morning, the 19th. Singularly enough, on the night which was his last upon earth Maximilian received a visit from his enemy Escobedo. He received him with generous courtesy, giving him, by request, his photograph, and freely expressing his forgiveness for all injuries. The night was spent in prayer and in final letters to his friends at home. Word had been sent him that his wife was dead, and no contradiction reached him upon earth. Taking off his wedding-ring, he handed it to his physician, desiring that it should be given to his mother. The last act of his life in prison was the writing of a letter to Juarez, in which he said, "I shall lose my life with pleasure if its sacrifice can contribute to the peace and prosperity of my new country."

At half-past six in the morning three carriages started from the convent which had been occupied as a prison. In the first rode the emperor with his spiritual adviser, Father Soria; his physician was so unnerved that he could not accompany the procession. The emperor was dressed carefully, but in simple civilian costume. Before leaving his room he said, with a sad smile, to one of his companions, "I have placed six handkerchiefs closely folded against my breast, so that the blood from my heart may not be seen."

The cortége proceeded through crowds who freely shed tears, falling upon their knees: as the emperor's carriage passed, many held up crucifixes for him to gaze upon. Arrived at the Hill of Bells, Maximilian stepped from the carriage, took off his hat, and gave it, with his handkerchief, to his valet to be conveyed to his mother and brother. Miramon and Mejia were by his side. The emperor held out both his hands, first to one and then the other, looking at them for a moment in silence.

He said, gently, "We shall soon meet in heaven." To Miramon he added, "Brave men are respected by sovereigns. Permit me to give you the place of honor," and so saying, motioned him to the centre.

Three thousand soldiers were drawn up, enclosing three sides of a square. Six soldiers with loaded muskets were placed a few feet in front of each of the victims. The emperor placed his hand upon his heart and gave the word, "Fire." The volley was discharged. The two generals fell, killed instantly; but Maximilian staggered, exclaiming, "Oh, man! Oh, man!" Some thought that as he breathed his last he added, "Poor Carlotta!"

Meanwhile in her sad seclusion the young empress had been prepared for the news which one day had to be imparted to her. They told it as mercifully as possible. She has never known the nature of her husband's death, and talked of it as though some visitation of Providence had taken him from her. She took a sad interest in the bringing of his remains back to the land of his fathers, where for years they have reposed. Everything that could be done to alleviate her condition has been lovingly and patiently tried, but the tragedy of her life, the failure of the Mexican mission, haunts her perpetually, and one who

has from time to time seen her in her seclusion—one who knew her in her blooming, radiant girlhood, when, like the princess in the fairy tale, she was captivated by her Prince Charming's portrait—told the writer that she seemed to be interested only in talking of her husband, of the days at Miramar, or the first happy opening of their life in Mexico. She attempted to write the story of her own life, and those who have seen it say that its accuracy and coherency are remarkable; but the occasional gleams of sanity which from time to time led her physicians to hope for a cure are of the hopeless past. Her home is at the Château de Bechoute, not far from Brussels, where her occupations are those of a restless mind, her companions such as please her fancy for the time being, and her recreation seeing now and then some poor pensioners, whom, true to the impulses of her prosperous days, she loves to relieve and assist so far as she is able.

Posterity will read this story of two young lives wrecked to gratify the ambitions of a political schemer, wondering how in the seventh decade of the enlightened nineteenth century such a cruel game could have been played to its desperate end.

Lucy C. Lillie.

AT LOW TIDE.

IS purpose dead? Desire fallen asleep?
 And is there naught will make
 This sluggish pulse of mine,
 Which scarce doth creep,
 A faster pace to keep?
 For Life seems only half awake.
 That which was once a song divine,
 And set my heart a-throbbing to its note,
 Is now a discord in a minor key,
 And lost its melody.
 Ambition is an art which lies supine.
 For like a boat
 Battered and beaten by the storms gone by,—
 Tossed high upon the beach,
 Beyond the grasping reach
 Of tortuous wave and cruel tide,
 My shattered hopes and aspirations lie.
 Indifferent to whatever fate betide am I.
 Perchance on some auspicious day
 A careless rover on Life's restless sea
 Will anchor slip
 Anear my grounded ship,
 Recalk the seams, and set the sails ataut
 To catch the breeze, then anchor weigh,
 And turn her prow towards some friendly port.

Arthur D. F. Randolph.

THE OTHER MR. SMITH.

I.

IN the window of a house on Locust Street stood a girl. The house was one of those old-young specimens of architecture that adorn that thoroughfare; one that for years had been content with its red brick front trimmed with marble, its heavy wooden shutters, and its short, demure flight of white marble steps. But because its neighbor across the way had been refurbished, this one was not to be outdone. So its new steps were of stone and placed sidewise, and the number above the door was of figures of curious shape and set awry; the door itself was of gridiron style, and the big wooden shutters were banished. So much for the house. The girl in the window was young. She was tall and rather slender; her hair was golden—her detractors, if she had any, would have called it red—and very curly; her eyes were of the nondescript hue usually called hazel, and she was distinctly pretty. Her name was Barbara Leigh.

It was half-past nine in the morning, and time for the postman to appear.

"There he is at last!" exclaimed Barbara.

"Probably he will bring you nothing but an advertisement or two and a letter that you will not want to answer," remarked her sister Margaret from the depths of an easy-chair.

"They will at least be more interesting than the newspaper that you are so deep in," retorted Barbara, raising the window to receive the budget of mail matter. "One, two, three for you, Meg, that you don't deserve, two for 'The Misses,' one for mamma, and one for me from Jack. That is good. I do hope it is to say that he will be home soon. Let us see the invitations first. Nothing but tea-cards, —odious teas. Now for Jack."

Silence fell upon the room for an instant. Then from Barbara, "That provoking navy!"

"Why, Barbara!" exclaimed her mother.

"Yes, that more than provoking navy! Mamma, how could you be the daughter of a naval officer, marry a naval officer, and then allow your son to deliberately walk into the same snare?"

"Barbara, what do you mean? Has anything happened to Jack? Has some one been promoted over him? My dear, do explain yourself."

"No; something far worse than that. Jack will have to stay in Pittsburg!"

Barbara looked ready to cry, Mrs. Leigh and Margaret dropped their letters, and consternation reigned.

"Do read the letter," said Meg, which Barbara did forthwith.

"PITTSBURG, Nov. 18.

"MY DEAR BARBARA,—

"I am booked to stay here the rest of the winter. A shame, isn't it? The place is not so bad, but I want to see you all. Tell the

VOL. LXIII.—7

Mater I will try to get leave for Christmas, but it is doubtful. In the mean time I want some of my traps. Will you please pack my small Chinese trunk with some of them?—especially the Japanese lady with real hair. Put in any new books you may have.

“A bright idea has just struck me. Ned Smith is coming through, from Washington Thursday. You might meet him in the Broad Street Station that night and give him the key and check and he can bring the trunk on his ticket. I will write him to meet you at the Pullman car ticket-office. Be there at half-past nine; his train gets in about that time. Geoffrey can take you down. Give my love to all. I am awfully sorry that I can't see you for so long.

“Your affectionate brother,

“JACK.

“P.S. You can't fail to recognize Smith. He has light hair and a bottle nose.”

“Isn't it too provoking!” sighed Barbara. “I did hope Jack would be here for the dancing-class, Monday night, and—oh, dear, for everything! And when is this man to appear? Thursday night, and this is Wednesday. Geoff will have to take me down there instead of to the symphony concert. Meg, you can have my ticket. But who wants to go and meet a man named Smith? If it only were spelt with a ‘y,’ it would be better.”

“His name is the least of it,” said Meg. “How are you to know him?”

“Jack describes him.” She consulted the letter. “‘Light hair and a bottle nose.’ By the way, what is a ‘bottle nose’?”

No one seemed to know.

“I am sure I never saw one,” said her mother, with a distressed air. “Jack does pick up such strange expressions.”

“I have often heard of them,” said Meg. “I suppose it means shaped like a bottle.”

“Well, you are bright,” said Barbara derisively; “of course it means that; but the question is, what kind of a bottle?—a wine or a medicine, a Pond's Extract or a ginger-ale bottle? Oh, why did not Jack tell us the kind of bottle to expect?”

“And, then, in what way can a nose resemble a bottle?” continued Meg musingly. “Is it broad at the top, ending in a narrow neck, as if made to receive a cork, or *vice versa*?”

“We shall never know until we have seen that man.”

“But, my dear,” said their mother anxiously, “you cannot possibly recognize him, and it is not at all safe to intrust a trunk with all those valuable foreign things to a man with a queer nose whom no one will know. Jack is simply crazy.”

Notwithstanding their doubts, Barbara departed to follow her brother's instructions, carefully enveloping the Japanese figure “with real hair” and other choice bits in all the soft table-covers and silken scarves that she could find. Later in the day she went to Whack's and bought a big box of Jack's favorite dainties to gladden his heart,

for he was as fond of sweets as any girl, and she also put into the trunk a new photograph of herself.

When her brother Geoffrey came in that night, Barbara's first question was,—

"Geoff, what is a bottle nose?"

"A red one," promptly returned Geoffrey.

"Oh, Geoff, don't you know better than that? We must find out before to-morrow night." And she produced the letter.

Before half-past nine Thursday night Barbara had asked that question of at least a dozen persons. Their replies had been as varied as their own noses, and she was not much wiser.

"Time to start, Barbara," called Geoffrey.

"In one minute," she returned.

"No, not a second. You will lose your man."

Barbara frantically rammed a hat-pin into her head, caught her dress in the closet door, dropped her glove, and then remembered that she had not written a word to Jack, as she had fully intended to do.

"Geoff is always hours ahead of time," she thought, and, seizing a pencil, she began to scribble on a scrap of paper.

"Come, Barbara!" was again heard from the foot of the stairs. She thrust the note and the key of the trunk into an envelope, scrawled on the outside, "Jack; kindness of Mr. Smith," and fled.

They reached the station breathless, but in plenty of time, and took their stand near the Pullman office.

"I never was so conscious before that people are blessed with noses," said Barbara, after a few minutes during which the crowd surged past them and up the stairs. "That member is the only one that I am quite sure my fellow-beings possess. I see nothing else coming towards me but animated noses; their eyes, their arms, their legs, are nowhere. Geoff, I wish you had not spent quite so much of your life in studying tunnels and bridges. If you had only devoted a little of it to noses, you might have been of some use now."

"Too bad," returned Geoff, who was a civil engineer.

Many people stopped to buy seats or berths in the cars for New York, Washington, or Harrisburg, and now came one for Pittsburg, but he had a long gray beard. After a few minutes, another for the same place,—black hair. Another.

"His nose is certainly odd," whispered Geoffrey, "and he has light hair."

"My dear boy, where are your eyes? His nose is as straight as a Greek god's."

While they were discussing it the man hurried on up the stairs.

It was long after half-past nine, and the Western train left at nine-fifty. About three minutes before that time a young man arrived at the window. He had light hair, a brown moustache, and a nose that was certainly peculiar.

"There he is," whispered Barbara, clutching Geoffrey's arm in her excitement.

"Give me a berth in the sleeping-car for Pittsburg, and be quick

about it, please. I have not a moment to lose," said the man with the nose.

The clerk hastily pulled out a ticket, wrote a number on it, and gave it to him, and he hurried away from the window. Before Geoffrey realized what she was doing, Barbara ran after the man. She overtook him on the stairs.

"I beg your pardon," she began, breathlessly, "but are you Mr. Smith?"

"I am," replied he, turning and gazing down in astonishment at this very pretty girl in a large hat, who, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, was smiling at him from a lower step.

"Then please give this to Jack. Don't let me detain you." And, thrusting the note into his hand, she turned and disappeared in the crowd. At this moment an official at the top of the stairs shouted, "All aboard for Pittsburg, Harrisburg, and the West!"

"Mr. Smith" paused for an instant, glanced at the clock, and saw that he had but one minute and a half in which to make his train. With one bound he was up the stairs, out the heavy swinging doors, and through the gate just as it was being closed. The bell rang, and the train had already begun to move when Sidney Carroll Smith swung himself onto the rear platform of the last car.

Geoffrey Leigh, meantime, had hurried after Barbara, but was too late.

"You silly child," he said, when he reached her, "that was not the man."

"Oh, it was, Geoffrey! He had light hair, his nose was the very image of a bottle, and his name was Smith."

"There may be forty thousand Smiths in the station at this moment. The name counts for nothing. And as for his nose," added Geoffrey, in disgusted tones, "it was no more like a bottle than mine is."

"Oh, Geoff! It had a bump on the bridge and was really very odd. And if you are not to know a man by his name, what are you to go by, I should like to know? Besides all that, his umbrella had a carved Chinese handle, just like Jack's. Then he looked like a naval officer. I have not come of a race of them for nothing: I know one when I see him." And Barbara drew herself up with a superior air.

"He may be an admiral," said Geoffrey, "but I have my doubts. I don't believe Jack will ever see his trunk. You have given it to some sharper, Barbara. And then if it had been Jack's friend Smith, he would have been on the lookout for us, for Jack probably warned him what to expect. Did this man appear to understand you?"

"No-o, I can't say he did; but he was in such a hurry, and then I didn't give him much time. I simply said, 'Are you Mr. Smith?' and when he said 'Yes,' I gave him the package and ran back to you. I was awfully frightened the moment I left you, alone in that crowd, but I am glad I did run after him, for I know he is the man."

Barbara spoke with much assurance. Nothing would have induced her to own up to any doubt, but inwardly she began to wonder if she had done a wise thing.

Sidney Smith found his seat in the Pullman car, and threw down his luggage.

"If that girl had kept me one instant longer," he said to himself, "I should have lost my train. By the way, what was it she gave me? Very queer proceeding. She was awfully pretty, and she certainly was a lady. I don't understand it."

He turned poor Barbara's little package this way and that as he pondered. "'Jack; kindness of Mr. Smith.' I certainly am Mr. Smith, but who is Jack? I mean to open it. Nothing else to be done, of course." And he broke the envelope. Inside he found a curious key, a bit of brass marked "P. R. R., No. 243," and a note. Without any hesitation whatever he unfolded the latter and read:

"MY DEAREST JACK,—

"How could you have given us such a task as to find Mr. Smith at the Broad Street Station? If you only could have described more than his nose!

BARBARA."

"This beats a detective story all hollow. The only way to find an owner to this mysterious key and check is to find a man who is 'dearest Jack' to a Barbara. That is an odd name,—Barbara. You don't often hear it. An uncommonly pretty girl, too. I shall have to keep the trunk—for I suppose these things belong to a trunk of some kind—until I find the owner. It will be an awful bore. By the way, what is this she says about my nose? Though it is not my nose, but some other fellow's: 'If you only could have described more than his nose!'" And he stroked his own meditatively. It had once been straight, but an accident when a boy had broken it and left its mark upon the bridge. "Barbara must have been looking for a broken-nosed man, and found—me! Funny the other fellow's name was to be Smith too."

Just here the porter interrupted his meditations, so he dropped the key and check into his pocket with those for his own luggage, and before long was asleep.

When he reached Pittsburg the next morning he found a friend awaiting him with a telegram from his home in Maryland. His father was very ill, and he must go to him at once. He had just time to hand his checks to his friend, asking him to look after his baggage, and step onto a train that was about to start for the South. In a moment he had begun to retrace his way over the road by which he had just come.

Soon after he reached home his father died. Shortly afterwards he was ordered to China, for Barbara was right in her conjectures: this Smith was in the navy. He wrote to his friend in Pittsburg to send the trunks to Maryland, but when they arrived he had gone, so the old house was closed with Jack Leigh's trunk stored away in an upper room, and Sidney Smith had sailed for China.

Meantime there had been much agitation of mind among the Leighs. Two days after the episode at the Broad Street Station a letter had come from Jack:

"Too bad you missed Ned Smith the other night. He was detained in Washington, and came through on a later train. Please send the trunk by express."

Barbara turned pale with dismay. For one moment she thought of keeping the direful news from the others, but she knew that was impossible, so she presented a brave front, and, with a calmness born of despair, said, "I gave that check to the wrong man."

A pause, an awful pause, and then the storm burst upon her devoted head. "I told you so!" was echoed by one member of the family after another. Jack was telegraphed, advertisements were inserted in the Philadelphia, New York, and Pittsburg papers, worded in every conceivable manner. Barbara said at last that she felt as if every remark she made must be with a view to its appearance in print. But it was all of no avail. Sidney Smith, down on the Eastern Shore, was too much occupied to glance at even the headings of the papers, and was quite unconscious that he was being regarded in Philadelphia as a thief and an adventurer.

Time went on, and the matter was dropped. Jack's rooms in Pittsburg went unadorned, and in course of time he left there and came home. The lost trunk was forgotten by all save Barbara. She was quite conscious of the fact that she had allowed herself to be sadly taken in, and could console herself only by hating with a mighty hatred the Mr. Smith who had been the innocent cause of the downfall to her self-esteem.

II.

In about three years Sidney Smith returned to America, and went for a few days to his home in Maryland. None of his family were now living there, and he found it so insufferably lonely that he determined to run up to Philadelphia as soon as possible. One rainy day before he left, for lack of something better to do, he mounted to the big lumber room and began to rummage among its contents. It was a dim and dusty place, piled high with ancient furniture, boxes, trunks, goods and chattels of all kinds. Collected together in a little heap by themselves were Sidney's own possessions, the trunks that had been sent down from Pittsburg, and standing prominently among them, as if it had placed itself in the most conspicuous position in order to be recognized at once, was a low, square, black trunk, with the letters "J. L." painted in white on the end.

Sidney was puzzled. He examined the lock and found it to be a padlock of curious Chinese mechanism, impossible to open without its own key, so he hunted for tools, and, removing the hasp, raised the lid. A faint half-imperceptible odor pervaded the air.

"Foreign, by Jove! Takes one back to Japan at once," he thought, as he lifted out the curious figure, the decorations, and all the other things that Barbara had so carefully packed. The box of candy, the contents of which crumbled to dust as soon as it was exposed to the air, aroused his curiosity still more.

"From Whack's. Whack is represented in a good many places, but I never saw one of his stores in Japan or China. The plot thickens."

Then came a thin, flat package. He opened it: smiling up at him was the face of a girl in a big hat. He took it to the window, and, brushing aside the cobwebs that covered the dusty pane, he gazed at the charming face.

For a moment nothing was heard but the drip-drip of the rain from the eaves and a scuttling mouse in the wall.

"I have seen that girl before," he said aloud. He turned over the picture and read on the back, "For Jack, from Barbara. November, 1887."

"Yes; and now I have it. The pretty girl that rushed at me in the Philadelphia station and gave me a note. Her name was Barbara. Where is the note?" And he dived into his pockets. Then he laughed. "I am afraid the note has gone to the shades by this time. It was three years ago, and all this time the trunk has been missing. Poor Barbara!—to say nothing of Jack! Who are they, I wonder? Uncommonly pretty girl!"

He replaced the articles in the trunk, but thought that he would keep the photograph out a little longer and look at it occasionally; "just so that I may recognize Barbara at once, if I should see her anywhere."

He got so into the habit of "looking at it occasionally" that it resulted in Barbara's picture accompanying him wherever he went, and he grew more and more interested in the discovery of the original.

* * * * *

One night Barbara was dressing for a dinner at Mrs. Tom Lovering's. "I don't feel much like it," she remarked to Meg, as she fastened her white gown. "A big dinner is such a risk. It is either perfectly delightful or correspondingly awful. Is that gold hair-pin in just the right place?" brandishing a hand-glass. "Grace Lovering will probably send me in with some slow, stupid creature, just because I talk so much myself. It is a great misfortune to be lively. And that is the worst of a big dinner. Now at a small one there are only the choicest spirits."

"There is to be a new man there from Maryland," said Margaret, "but I don't envy you." And she sighed with satisfaction as she thought of the interesting book and the cozy fire in store for her that evening. Barbara was the "society member" of the family.

She was the last to arrive at the Loverings', and soon after she entered the room dinner was announced. Her worst fears were not realized, for she was taken in to dinner by Jim Hammond, an old friend and would-be admirer of hers, while on her other side sat a man from New York who was equally agreeable.

"That must be the Maryland man opposite," she thought, as she glanced up and down the table, and then did not think of him again until the dinner was about half over. Then she felt impelled to look up, and found his steady gaze resting upon her. When her eyes met his she looked away; but soon afterwards, when Barbara had resumed her spirited argument with Mr. Hammond, Sidney could not resist the impulse to study her face again. Barbara was quite aware that he was doing so, though she appeared not to see him.

Later in the evening Sidney sought his hostess.

"Mrs. Lovering, will you tell me who the girl is with the wonderful hair? The one in the white dress."

"Oh, that is Barbara Leigh. Haven't you met her? Let me introduce you to her now." Then, crossing the room to where Barbara sat with two or three men in attendance, "Miss Leigh, let me present Mr. Smith."

"Found at last," thought Sidney. "She can have the trunk, but the photograph, never."

The name gave Barbara something of a shock, but, beyond prejudicing her a little against its owner, it suggested nothing. She had seen many faces since the night in the Broad Street Station, and had met more than one man named Smith; so even face and name combined failed to suggest the incident.

Mrs. Lovering carried off with her one of the men who had been sitting with Barbara, and Sidney took his chair.

"Your face is so familiar to me, Miss Leigh, I feel as though I must have met you before; though I am sure I should remember the meeting distinctly, had that been the case.

"Your face is familiar to me, too," said Barbara, "but I cannot place you at all, so we must both be mistaken. Have you been in town long? I understand that you are a stranger."

"Very much of a stranger," he answered, laughing, but watching her narrowly. "I have been away from this country for three years, and feel like a veritable Rip Van Winkle."

The other men who had been talking to Barbara wandered off, for Sidney had the air of one who meant to keep the field.

"Three years? That is a long time. It sounds as if you were in the navy. And if you are, you probably know my brother, Jack Leigh."

"Of course I do." And there rose before his mind the initials "J. L." painted in white on the end of a certain trunk. "So Jack is only a brother," he thought, much to his satisfaction. "How stupid of me not to have remembered Jack Leigh in connection with those initials!"

"That is why my face seems familiar," continued Barbara. "We are always thought to look alike."

Sidney acquiesced. "She must have forgotten entirely," he thought, "or she is the most consummate little actress I ever met. The *dénouement* will be great fun. I must manage it carefully."

They talked for some time, and Barbara quite forgot his objectionable name.

"It is so nice to meet a new and good-looking man," she said to Meg that night, "and one that has a few ideas. So many of them leave you to do the lion's share in the conversation, and it is really quite tiresome sometimes to lead in a new topic in a clever and not utterly irrelevant fashion, but Mr. Sm—— Meg, I do believe you are asleep." And, highly incensed with her sister, Barbara went and did likewise.

Sidney Smith and Barbara met frequently during the winter, and

their liking was mutual and flourished apace. After much planning and many delays, Sidney found a chance to open the subject of the trunk.

He had met Barbara one afternoon in spring on Walnut Street, and together they had crossed the square. "Won't you sit down a little while on that bench over there?" he asked.

"An empty bench is such a rare luxury that I must make the most of it," returned Barbara. "What a delightfully democratic place Rittenhouse Square is!" she continued. "We are very grateful to that seedy-looking individual for vacating this exceedingly rickety bench."

"And as for right of way, I always feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to the phalanx of nurses if they condescend to move the baby-carriages but a few inches to let me pass."

"And to the children on roller-skates for not knocking you down. But, after all, the square is a dear place, and I love it. I used to dig in the gravel here before the place was attired in asphalt, and pretend that fairies lived in the old trees. What happy days those were, when one believed in fairies!"

"I believe in them now," said Sidney.

"Do you? Then you must be correspondingly happy."

"I am. Let me tell you a fairy-story—if you have not quite outgrown your love for them?"

"Oh, no, not at all. I love them as much as ever, though I fail to believe."

"That introduces a nice question for an argument. Can love exist without belief?"

"Don't stop for that now," said Barbara. "It would be an endless affair, for you know we always make a point of disagreeing. Tell me the fairy-story."

"I must begin in the old-fashioned manner. Once upon a time there lived a——" he paused a moment.

"A what? ogre, maiden, prince?"

"None of those; simply a man."

"Oh, how commonplace! But go on."

"Yes, a commonplace man. And he did a very commonplace thing. He took a journey."

"They always do in fairy-tales," Barbara interpolated.

"True. And on the journey a wonderful thing happened. Without any warning, a fairy appeared before him. She was not disguised as an old woman, nor a wounded doe, nor a bird, nor anything orthodox, but a veritable fairy maiden with golden hair—no wings, however. She was clad in nineteenth-century fashion."

"And what did she say?" asked Barbara. "Or did she remain silent and simply signal?"

"She spoke, and English at that. She said, 'Are you Mr. Smith?'"

"How interesting! And what did you say?"

"Naturally, being nearly always a truthful man, I replied that I did rejoice in that euphonious title. Upon which she bestowed upon me a gift."

"A gift! This grows exciting. Was it the purse of Fortunatus, or a wishing-cap?"

"Neither. It was a trunk."

"Pandora's box, perhaps."

"No, it was a Chinese box, marked 'J. L.,' and containing books, *bric-à-brac*, a Japanese figure——"

"What!" Barbara fairly gasped, "are you the bottle-nosed man?"

"The what?"

"The bottle-nosed man. I beg your pardon, but that is what we have always called you, though I don't know why I should ever have thought so. But it was all my stupidity that did it."

This was rather incoherent, but the usually self-possessed Barbara was decidedly embarrassed, and it must be confessed that Sidney enjoyed her discomfiture.

"Tell me what you thought of me for doing such a thing," she said.

"The real honest truth?"

"Yes, and I will confess to you afterwards."

"Well, on those conditions, I will tell you that I thought you were very innocent, not to say foolish, to trust a perfect stranger; but the name misled you, I suppose, and then I have always flattered myself that I must have a very honest face to have inspired you with such confidence. Now it is your turn."

"And you did not think me horribly bold and unladylike?" she asked.

"Not in the least,—could not possibly," he replied, with great decision.

"I am thankful to hear it," said Barbara, with relief. "It gives me courage to tell you that I have always hated you since that night, though it was not your fault, but entirely mine. You see, I was very young then, and never stopped to think twice."

"But you do stop for that now?"

"Occasionally."

"Won't you make this an occasion, then, and think twice about hating me?"

"No-o, I hardly think it will be necessary," she said, very demurely: "now I know that the long-lamented Japanese lady with real hair still exists, I no longer have an excuse for hating you. But come, I must go home, and on the way you shall finish the fairy-tale and tell me all you thought while you were opening the trunk."

Of course there was great excitement among the Leighs when they heard that the long-lost trunk had been found. The subject being reopened, Barbara came in for no small amount of teasing, but she comforted herself by saying,—

"At least I was not mistaken in knowing him to be a naval officer, and none of you were right, for you all said he was a sharper."

A few weeks later another announcement was made to the Leigh family, and no one was greatly surprised.

"I will bestow the famous trunk upon them as a wedding gift," said Jack, "Japanese lady and all. It is a huge joke on Barbara, though, that she should become Mrs. Smith."

Ellen Douglas Deland.

THE GREAT DEBATE OF 1833.*

IT was a solemn period in our history. The Southern States had for years protested against the tariff laws as unconstitutional and unjust. South Carolina had given practical force to her opposition by declaring them null and void within her limits, and prohibiting the collection of revenue in her ports.

General Jackson had issued a proclamation denouncing the action of the State, and asserting his intention of enforcing the laws. The military posts around Charleston were strengthened, and a vessel of war anchored in the harbor, with her guns bearing on the city. A bill was introduced into Congress authorizing the President to employ the army and navy in enforcing the tariff. The country stood in daily expectation of a bloody collision.

The discussion on this bill has been termed "the Great Debate;" "the greatest since the formation of the government, for *then* principles were discussed." So said Alexander H. Stephens.

Mr. Calhoun had resigned the Vice-Presidency in order to accept the position of Senator from South Carolina, and had just taken his seat in that body, over which he had so long presided.

In that august assemblage were gathered many of the foremost men of America, and many participated in the debate; but all have passed from my memory except the three who stand out so boldly on the annals of our country—Webster, Clay, Calhoun, three stars of the first magnitude, shining at the same time in the political heavens, and together forming the brightest constellation that has ever adorned our history. When they sank beneath the horizon, only lesser luminaries were left to guide the ship of state.

How to classify these three men has always puzzled my sense of justice. Perhaps it is a question of latitude. Looking at them from the Northern view-point, we should say, Webster, Clay, Calhoun; from Southern latitudes, we should enumerate them thus: Calhoun, Webster, Clay; while star-gazers from the West would invert the order, and point first to Henry Clay.

Intellectually I should place Calhoun first. As a statesman, his vision was keener, his range wider, than those of any of his contemporaries, and his moral stature loftier. In native gifts of eloquence and powers of persuasion Clay was unrivalled.

In the harmonious combination of intellectual force, forensic training, and general culture, Webster stood foremost, not only of his great rivals, but perhaps of all American citizens. I would adapt Horace's rule to them with a slight amendment; of Henry Clay, "orator nascitur;" of Webster and Calhoun, "orator fit."

After the advocates of the bill to enforce the tariff laws in South Carolina had stated their case, Mr. Calhoun rose to reply. There was

* See Dr. Pinckney's article on Calhoun, in our issue for July, 1898.

hushed silence in the Senate chamber, and the deep emotion of the speaker was reflected in the faces of his auditors. He apologized for his excitement, on the ground that he had not spoken in a deliberative assembly for sixteen years,—having been Secretary of War for eight years and Vice-President for nearly as many more.

His mode of speaking accorded singularly well with the position he occupied. His native State was imperilled. She was encompassed by foes on every side. Her natural allies were cold or hostile, and her chosen champion stood like a lion at bay,—or rather like a lion in a cage.

His back was against the railing which separated the Senate from the lobby. There was a long desk before him. He had pushed the chairs out of his way, to the ends of the desk, and delivered his speech walking rapidly from side to side of his cage.

“The Senator from Pennsylvania,” he said, facing Mr. Wilkins, who had charge of the bill, “asserts its justice:” and, replying to him, he contested the assertion. Moving to the other end, and addressing an antagonist on that side of the chamber, “The Senator from Tennessee says so and so;” and in burning words he hurled back his charge. His flashing eye, his rapid motion, his nervous style, were painfully exciting.

At times utterance failed. With uplifted arm and sparkling glance, the voice choked with emotion. He had the latent speeches of sixteen years pent up within, and the tongue could not emit the surging torrents which were struggling for utterance. The Mississippi cannot pour out its vernal flood by a single mouth.

And yet I was disappointed. He did not equal my expectations. He lacked some of the graces of the orator. Neither in voice nor gesture nor elocution could he match his great rivals, nor yet Preston or McDuffie.

His vigorous intellect, his deep convictions, his terse language, commanded respect and carried the hearer’s assent and sympathy. But this speech was discursive, personal, apologetic, and not adapted to his cast of mind.

His position was trying. His attitude was defiant. His cause was under the ban of public sentiment. He was supporting a single State in antagonism to her colleagues, battling for the part against the whole, for the lesser interest, apparently, against the greater.

The picture which Von Holst draws of him at a later period is a striking portrait of the man in this debate: “The champion of slavery, who, with flashing eye and the deep-toned voice of solemn conviction and apostolic infallibility, dares the whole civilized world, is every inch a man.”

Substitute “State Rights” for “slavery” in this sentence, and the Calhoun of 1833 stands out before me in the very aspect in which I recall him.

He concluded by denouncing the advocates of the Force Bill, and predicting the curse of posterity upon them. Webster at once arose, and with provoking coolness, in contrast with Calhoun’s impassioned zeal, remarked that, in spite of the denunciations of the Senator from

South Carolina, the friends of the bill must do their duty, and leave their characters to posterity.

No one can forget the scene when Webster stepped into the arena in battle-array. His majestic presence, his massive brow, his cavernous eyes, his sonorous voice, his stately gesture, his grand physique, would at once attract a stranger's gaze. Calm, strong, self-poised, he always reminded me of a line-of-battle ship swinging sluggishly at her anchor, her ports all closed, and no sign of life about her dark and massive hull. But when a seventy-four bore down upon her and poured in a broadside, instantly the drum beat to quarters, the ports were opened, the guns run out, and a weight of metal thrown with a power and precision which would crush any common foe. This was the champion selected to meet Calhoun and batter down his doctrine of State Rights.

His speech was complete in every element, logical, rhetorical, and moral. It exhausted the argument, and justified the eulogy of Stephens, that "it was the habit of Daniel Webster to say everything that could be said on his side of the question, and to say it better than anybody else." He possessed unquestionably a "nationality of soul," and he availed himself of his opportunity.

The sentiment rose above the region of party, and reached, or seemed to reach, the atmosphere of pure patriotism. It is an advantage which the champion of the majority always wields.

He carried the audience with him, even to an outburst of applause. The Southern doctrine was overthrown; the cause of State Rights lay prostrate in the dust, and the national champion (so to speak) rode around the lists, bearing the consolidation banner triumphantly in his hand.

Calhoun replied some days after. He had introduced three resolutions touching the fundamental theory of the Constitution. Was it Federal or National,—by the States or by the people? Webster had maintained the last, directing his speech against Calhoun's idea of the Constitution. Calhoun's reply was worthy of himself, his cause, and his antagonist. His excessive excitement had worked itself off, his intellectual forces moved on smoothly and with their usual vigor. His argument was dispassionate, logical, and clear as crystal. He maintained the State Rights view of the Constitution, against the National principle. He analyzed the language of the Constitution and of the several States in their adoption of it. He laid down his position firmly, and fortified it by the history of its adoption, by the declarations of the framers, and by the reservation of power by the States. No skilful engineer ever surrounded himself by more impregnable ramparts. The whole speech was a sample of logic as perfect as anything which our language can afford. In unity, energy, and condensation it will compare with Demosthenes's orations. Not a superfluous word or sentence can be found. On such a field Calhoun had no superior, either in America or in the British Parliament. His logic, keen as Saladin's scimitar, flashed upon the sight. Its incisive power penetrated the armor of his adversary. He rallied his broken forces, and by his single arm gallantly redeemed the day. "Never was man

more completely answered than Webster was. The argument is a crusher—an annihilator.”

Two incidents of the speech I will recall. Webster had censured the use of the term “constitutional compact” as employed by Calhoun. He charged the man who used such language with “being untrue to his country,” and rebuked Calhoun for abusing his great authority “to mislead the ingenuous youth of America.”

Calhoun’s reply was admirable. The record of the speech in *Niles’s Register* is so meagre that I will rather trust to my own recollection.

“The Senator from Massachusetts,” said Calhoun, “has read me a lecture on the impropriety of applying the phrase ‘constitutional compact’ to our bond of union, and charges me with misleading the student of history. I will answer the Senator by an argument to which I seldom resort, the argument from authority. I will give him authority which the American people will respect, which this Senate will respect; authority for which I feel great respect, which the Senator himself shall respect; I will *compel* his respect.”

Here Calhoun assumed so defiant a tone that a suggestion of pistols flashed across my mind, and I felt mortified that the Southern champion should so lower his argument as to descend to a personal threat; but I quite mistook his choice of weapons.

“I read you,” he continued, “an extract from the speech of the Hon. Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts.”

“What is that?” asked Webster.

“An extract from the speech of Hon. Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts.”

“When?” said Mr. Webster.

“Three years since, in this chamber, in reply to Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina.—Mr. Clerk, will you read from the Records of the Senate the page I have marked in the reply of Mr. Webster to Mr. Hayne in the debate on Foote’s resolutions?”

The Clerk of the Senate opened the volume, and read from Mr. Webster’s recorded speech this extract:

“The domestic slavery of the South I leave where I find it, in the hands of their own governments. It is their affair, not mine. Nor do I complain of the peculiar effect which the magnitude of that population has had in the distribution of power under the Federal government; nor would I countenance any movement to alter this arrangement of representation. It is the original bargain, the compact. Let it stand; let the advantage of it be fully enjoyed. The Union itself is too full of benefits to be hazarded in propositions for changing its original basis. I go for the Constitution as it is, and for the Union as it is. But I am resolved not to submit in silence to accusations, either against myself individually, or against the North, wholly unfounded and unjust,—accusations which impute to us a disposition to evade the constitutional compact, and to extend the power of the government over the internal laws and domestic condition of the States.”

“Repeat that sentence, if you please, Mr. Clerk, in order to enable the Senator to grasp the truth so well expressed.”

The sentence was read again.

"Hand me the book," said Webster.

A page of the Senate put it into his hands. He enveloped his face in his remarkable projectile eyebrows, and studied the language. The meaning was too obvious for even a Boston lawyer to find a loophole of escape. He did not attempt it. Throwing the book upon the table, he turned to Mr. Clay, who sat not far off, and, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, said what the gesture rather than the puckered lips expressed, "He has me."

Drawing up his stately figure to its full height, with his arms crossed on his breast, Calhoun, in silence, had fixed those eagle eyes upon Webster with so triumphant a glance that no words were needed to carry the bolt home. Senators looked from Calhoun to Webster and could not repress their smiles. Human nature, in the Senate, as in the ring, will applaud a retaliatory blow well put in.

An Englishman with whom I had gone to the Senate, an ardent admirer of Webster, but quite ignorant of Calhoun, had listened to his speech with growing delight. "Your nullifier has a clear head," he would say, as Calhoun warmed with his subject and rose in his argument. "He is an able man, sir,—a great man, sir." But when Calhoun so successfully hurled back Webster's spear and slew him with his own weapon, my English friend exclaimed, in an outburst of enthusiasm, "Sir, your nullifier has eaten Webster up!"

John Randolph was present at that debate. Two Senators brought in a mass of white great-coat, surmounted by a jockey-cap. A small wizened face appeared under the cap, and Randolph was somewhere in the folds of the coat. But if the man looked like a corpse, the eyes were alive, and shone like the eyes of a basilisk. He nodded assent most energetically when Mr. Calhoun appealed to the history of the Constitution, and to the testimony of its contemporaries; and when Calhoun so happily turned Webster's argument against himself, Randolph whispered to a Senator, "Webster is dead; I saw him dying an hour ago."

The glance of his basilisk eye, I thought, did something to kill Webster.

Webster made a tame reply to certain points in Calhoun's speech. But there was nothing of his former *vim* in manner or matter. He never attempted to answer the argument, or to meet his opponent on the same issue.

"That speech," said A. H. Stephens, "was not answered then. It has not been answered since, and, in my judgment, never will be, while truth has its legitimate influence and reason controls the judgment of men."

Such, I believe, was Webster's opinion. His mind was too logical not to feel the force of the reasoning, supported as it was by all the facts of history. In subsequent years he used language which accorded singularly with Calhoun's resolutions. Quotations from his public speeches have been collected by Mr. Sage and others, from which I infer increasing respect for the original Jeffersonian or Madisonian theory of the Constitution.

If any objector should arraign the writer's consistency in eulogizing Webster's speech as logical as well as eloquent and yet admitting that Calhoun had demolished its argument, I reply that I record the impressions made at the time. Grant Webster his premises, and he carried you irresistibly to his conclusion. Not until Calhoun had shown their weakness did I question the logical basis of the argument. But I decline submission to any stern law of consistency: a mere recorder of facts and impressions may claim the same latitude accorded to his illustrious countrymen. When the triangular duel between Clay, Calhoun, and Webster occurred at a later period, a sarcastic critic said that while they all failed to establish their own consistency, each was eminently successful in proving the inconsistency of the others. For some weeks the political gloom increased, until it hung like a black cloud over the whole land. The country was arming for war. In the midst of the gloom Henry Clay arose and introduced his compromise. Though the protective system was his own offspring, he professed his readiness to abandon it for peace, and, like Abraham of old, to plunge the knife into the heart of his child, if necessary to the welfare of his native land. The fervent patriotism, the glowing language, the melodious voice (the most wonderful instrument of human speech I ever heard), thrilled the assembly. He held out the olive-branch to South Carolina.

A deep anxiety filled the Senate chamber as Calhoun arose. The Senator from Kentucky, he said, had given up the principle against which we contended: he had abandoned the principle of protection, which underlay the tariff laws; and in the name of his State, he would accept the compromise, and frankly receive the olive-branch which a brother's hand held out. The gloom passed away instantaneously. The sun burst through the clouds. Peace, hope, joy, beamed from every face. Aged Senators wiped their eyes and grasped each other's hands. The galleries joined in the general jubilee. The country was at rest.

Mr. Benton thinks that Calhoun was frightened into accepting the compromise. But he was not the man to quail before any hostile array. One interview with him at this very time illustrated his indomitable spirit.

Rumors were rife in Washington that the President had ordered his arrest, and that the other members of Congress from South Carolina would soon follow him to prison. It was suggested that the Arbutnot and Ambrister mode of disposing of traitors, which General Jackson had tried successfully in Florida, might be advantageously repeated in Washington. The position of all South Carolinians became so uncertain that I went to consult a relative in Congress upon the state of affairs. He thought the situation very grave,—that collision was inevitable; as neither the State nor the President would retreat, war must result.

On my way to the Capitol I called on Mr. Calhoun, and expressed my gratification at finding him in his own lodgings and not in prison. He was smiling, even buoyant. I quoted the opinion of his colleague as to the danger of war.

"No," said he: "there will be no war. With all his noble traits, our friend is a man of despondent temper; he looks at the dark side. General Jackson, reckless as he is, can scarcely involve the country in that calamity. Depend upon it, sir, there will be no war. Nullification is a peaceful remedy."

His cheerfulness was contagious; I felt my neck much more secure in the presence of so fearless a spirit. His strong faith in his own convictions had often impressed me, but that was theoretical faith exhibited in the quiet of home; whereas this was practical faith, unshaken by the stormy elements which dismayed the land.

Possibly he had access to political movements which were hidden from the public; but his confidence seemed to rest more upon his own conclusions than upon any compromise which Clay, or Clayton, or any other statesman could propose.

Unhappily it was only a compromise, not a permanent peace. The conflicting elements in the Constitution were lulled to repose; but they soon awoke, and found new causes of strife.

"The great debate" only developed the antagonistic principles which are embedded in the very theory of our government. They had cropped out in Washington's Cabinet, Alexander Hamilton representing the Federal, Jefferson the State Rights element. They arose again in another generation, and grappled each other in the Missouri Compromise and in the great debate. Sanguine patriots, North and South, thought that they were settled then, as they counted Calhoun or Webster the victor in the strife. The statesman of deeper insight who listened to that debate would be tempted to quote the words of a bystander at the incipient strife between the houses of York and Lancaster:

This quarrel will drink blood another day,—

a prophecy which we, alas, have seen fulfilled in our generation.

Mr. Webster's theory of the Constitution has prevailed for fifty years. The consolidation party strangled the rights of the States, and sacrificed five hundred thousand lives in the effort to enforce its power by the sword.

And what is the result?

Let Justice Fields of the Supreme Court answer:

"The doctrines of the majority of the Court go farther than any ever thought possible to destroy the independence of the States. He must be dull indeed who does not see that, under the legislation and decisions of late years, our government is fast drifting from its ancient moorings and from the system established by our fathers into a vast centralized and consolidated government."

And yet were not these champions contending each for one side of the truth? Is not the doctrine of State Rights essential to the maintenance of public liberty? So Calhoun contended. Is not the exercise of national power essential to efficiency in government? So Webster maintained. Are the two systems anything more than the centrifugal and centripetal forces which harmoniously combine to keep the earth in her orbit? Make the centripetal power of the general

government supreme, and our system will become a consolidated empire, of the sort of which Russia is the type. Give the centrifugal forces full play, so that they overbalance the central power, and the energy of government is paralyzed, and an impotent South American republic appears.

Oh that some political Newton may arise to teach our statesmen the secret by which these antagonistic forces may be adjusted and bid to roll on in their spheres in perfect harmony!

And though it is not given to man to equal the works of God in perfection or duration, yet we will hope that the equilibrium which war so rudely shook may be restored, and these reunited States in their proper orbits may so revolve around their common centre that justice, peace, and happiness may dwell in our land for all generations.

One other, the final, scene I will recall: I mean the solemn pageant which testified so eloquently the public estimate of John C. Calhoun.

He died at his post in Washington on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1850. In both houses of Congress the statesmen of the republic uttered their lamentations over his bier, and bore strong testimony to his public services and his lofty virtue.

The two survivors of the illustrious trio, in their place in the Senate, did ample justice to the statesman and the man.

Clay said, "I met with him thirty-eight years since, when we entered Congress together. Such a galaxy of eminent and able men as adorned the House of Representatives at the period of the war with Great Britain I cannot recall. Among that splendid constellation none shone more bright and brilliant than the star which has now set. I have from long intercourse known not only his public but his private life. No man whom I ever knew exceeded him in habits of temperance and regularity, and in all the frankness and affability of social intercourse. Such was the estimate, Mr. President, which I formed of his transcendent talents, that if called to the highest office in the government, I felt assured that the honor, prosperity, and glory of our country would be safely placed under his auspices.

"Sir, he has gone. No more shall we witness from yonder seat the flashes of that keen and penetrating eye darting through this chamber. No more shall we be thrilled by that torrent of clear, compact logic poured out from his lips, which, if it did not always carry conviction to our judgment, always commanded our great admiration. When will that vacant seat be filled with an equal amount of ability, patriotism, and devotion to what he conceived to be the best interests of his country?

"I trust, sir, that we shall all be instructed by the eminent virtues of his exalted character, and be taught by his example to fulfil our great public duties by the light of our own judgment and the dictates of our own conscience, as he did, according to his honest comprehension of those duties, faithfully and to the end."

Webster, after gracefully recording the personal kindness which had ever marked his intercourse with Calhoun in spite of political differences, thus analyzed his mind and character:

"He was born to be a leader in whatever political association he was thrown. He was a man of undoubted genius and commanding talent:

all the world admit that. His eloquence was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, the closeness of his logic, and the energy of his manner. When last he addressed us from his seat in the Senate, his form still erect, with clear tones, with an impressive, nay, an imposing manner, who did not feel that we might imagine we saw before us a Senator of Rome, while Rome yet survived? He had the basis of all high character, unspotted integrity. If he had aspirations, they were high and noble. There was nothing grovelling, low, or selfish that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. I do not believe he had a selfish motive or a selfish feeling.

“He is now an historical character. Those of us who have known him here will find that he has left upon our minds a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which while we live will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter indulge in the grateful recollection that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him and heard him and known him. And when the time shall come that we go in succession to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism.”

These sentiments uttered by Clay and Webster were re-echoed in the halls of Congress and by the voice of the nation. The Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania spoke their deep sense of the public loss. The Senate and the House deputed six Senators and as many Representatives to convey his body to his native State. The governor and people of Virginia escorted the remains through their territory. Virginia and North Carolina draped in mourning the towns through which the solemn cortège passed. It was a long funeral procession from Washington to Wilmington, where they embarked for Charleston. On the morning of April 25 a signal gun announced the arrival in the harbor of the steamer bearing the remains. The whole population of the city and the State went forth to meet the dead.

The Citadel green was thronged by the military and the civic associations, all clad in mourning, by the State and city authorities, by the citizens and the schools, all with emblems of grief. The spacious front of the Citadel was draped in black. The lofty funeral car, attended by the committees of Congress, of Richmond, and of Wilmington, entered the hollow square in solemn silence, except the booming of the minute-guns.

Then the Senatorial Committee delivered up their trust to the governor of the State. The procession then passed through the gates on Calhoun Street, where two palmetto-trees were planted, draped in appropriate mourning, down to the City Hall, where the governor consigned the body to the charge of the City Council.

There it lay in state, while thousands passed in silence around, to look upon the form of the lost leader shrouded in its iron bier.

The next day, in the presence of the same mourning throng, the

coffin was carried to St. Philip's Church and received by the clergy. The service was read by Bishop Gadsden, who had been a classmate of Mr. Calhoun at Yale College, and the body was laid in its resting-place in the cemetery of the church.

Never had the State buried her dead with such deep and general grief, for never had she lost so illustrious and so loving a son.

Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.
Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.

JOHN RUTLAND'S CHRISTMAS.

THE wind was cold. It blew the dust into John Rutland's eyes and cut through his old clothes. He drew his head down between his shoulders and thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, pressing thin arms close against a slender body for warmth that was not there. The sharp pain in his chest grew more acute. He coughed a hard, tight cough as he turned off Broadway and went eastward along Thirty-first Street, towards the pier.

A moment later another figure turned the same corner and followed after.

John Rutland was not going home; he had none. The tide of his fortunes was far out this Christmas-eve, and still flowing, with no indications of a turn. For two nights he had not even had the shelter of a cheap lodging-house. His pockets were empty. He had eaten nothing all day.

It had all come about, too, within little more than a year. His long sickness and loss of position; the hard times; the weary, fruitless search for something to do; then the visits to the pawn-shop; and now this wretchedness and destitution! It was complete.

He stopped for a moment on the corner of Fifth Avenue and looked aimlessly up and down the great wide street. He looked up at the wide, cold sky, and tears filled his eyes as he thought that nowhere under the chilly twinkling of those stars was there a soul that cared whether he walked the night in ragged hunger or no.

The gay people who were passing paid no attention to the forlorn figure, but a gentleman, who had overtaken him, turned and looked for an instant, hesitated, and then passed on. John shivered with an inward chill. It was awful to be so miserable, but it was more awful to be the object of pitying curiosity, and he lowered his head as he kept on down the dark cross-street towards the river.

He did not look up again until Second Avenue was reached, and there, as he crossed the street, he found himself again face to face with the gentleman who had seemed about to speak to him. The man was looking at him closely, but turned away the moment he caught John's eye. Just then one of those seedy individuals who are forever solicit-

ing assistance shambled up, and, excusing himself, mumbled something about the gentleman's "being so good as——" But the gentleman waved him aside and passed on.

John remembered how those people used to ask him for "assistance," and how he seldom gave it, believing them unworthy. And now here he was, one of them, though not quite, for he had never asked for anything but work, and never would. There were some things worse even than death from starvation. And he walked on, wondering if the gentleman would have repulsed him had he asked for help.

It was frightfully cold over this way. The wind came off the river with an edge like a knife, and after First Avenue was passed John had the street to himself. Once he turned and saw a man in the darkness some distance behind. A policeman, he thought, and kept on his way to the pier.

As he approached the river, he could see the red lights on the Long Island shore gleaming across the shifting waters like streaks of blood. It was a grewsome sight, and he shuddered at the dark horrors it suggested. He walked to the edge of the pier and gazed down at the black waves lapping about the stanchions like hungry tongues. Just one moment and it might all be over! The first rude shock, a brief struggle, perhaps, and there an end,—an end that was sure to come, for another night in the open meant pneumonia and death. Why not escape that suffering and misery? And he looked again at the dark water.

* * * * *

But no, he would not. He had made a long, hard fight, and he would make it a good fight. Moreover, for the sake of the night and the dear memories of the time, and for the sake of those who might be watching him from other worlds, he would not.

Then he heard some bells ring out. They were Christmas bells, and the sound of their ringing brought new hope. He would go down to Tenth Street, where Fleischmann gave away bread, and get a loaf. Strange he had not thought of it before. Yes, he would take his stand in that line of hungry wretches who wait through weary hours for the midnight donation. Perhaps something would turn up on the morrow.

He turned again and looked out across the river and down at the black water, but there was no shadow of the half-formed purpose in his mind. As he leaned over and watched the drift, a hand touched his arm lightly, and a voice said,—

"Don't do it."

It was a good voice, deep and full; not of command, nor yet entreaty; just mere off-hand suggestion, as though it were a matter of no consequence to advise a fellow-creature not to take his own life. The voice did not startle John. It was too friendly for that.

"I am not going to," he answered, quietly, turning towards the speaker.

The man was smoking, and as he drew at his cigar John could see

by the increased light that it was the gentleman who had passed him on Fifth Avenue.

"What are you going to do?" asked the man.

"I think I shall go down to Tenth Street."

"An excellent idea to get out of this wind," said the man. "Come." And he started briskly towards the city. But John was weak and cold, and could not walk rapidly, and the gentleman was soon well in advance. Presently he stopped.

"You must excuse me," said he, as the other came painfully up; "but I am in the habit of hurrying. Let me take your arm. That will hold me back and help you forward." And he took hold of John's arm, and felt how thin and poor his clothes were and how thin and poor was the form they covered. He could feel the steady shivering with the cold and the terrible racking of his cough. Suddenly he stopped, and whipping off his silk muffler, put it around John's neck, and then walked on in silence.

When they reached Second Avenue the stranger took out his watch.

"It's only a little after eight," he said. "You'll have plenty of time to get to Fleischmann's. For the present you'd better come with me."

"How did you know I was going to Fleischmann's?" John asked, in surprise.

"Because men in your circumstances have nothing to take them to Tenth Street at this time of night except to get in line at Fleischmann's. Come." And he stepped up to the door of a Raines hotel.

But as they were about to enter, the light fell squarely upon John's face, and the gentleman saw for the first time the full extent of its emaciation, its weakness, and pallor. He paused with his hand on the knob.

"I guess we won't go in here just yet," he said, and, stepping back to the sidewalk, hailed a cab and ordered the driver to take them to a certain Broadway restaurant.

John was in no condition to stand on ceremony. He was weak in body and in spirit. Moreover, he felt himself in the company of a strong and helpful nature. The man's voice rang true. It was easier to follow than to ask for explanations.

As they got into the cab, the man took out his card.

"Perhaps I ought to have given you this before," said he. "My name is Newman,—Richard Newman." And with that he settled back and said nothing more until they reached their destination.

The waiters looked with ill-concealed surprise as the two men presenting so strong a contrast to each other entered the café and took their seats in a retired corner. Some of the patrons, even, turned and looked, particularly those with Hebraic features. But Mr. Newman was indifferent, and poor John was too bewildered to notice anything. It was long since he had been in such a place.

The first thing Richard Newman did was to order some English beef-soup, and when it was brought he poured in liberal quantities of sherry-wine and served out a brimming dish of it, which he passed to his guest.

"Now," said he, "try that, and tell me what you think of it, and afterwards we will have something else. Here, waiter, bring a porter-house steak for two."

The place was so warm and light, the good-fellowship of his entertainer so genuine, and the soup did taste so good, and the wine brought such ease to his aching chest, and the joyful comfort of it all was so like the old good times, that John almost forgot his ragged clothes, his desolate condition, and the prospect of remaining all night in the street.

Mr. Newman served himself a little soup and made a pretence of eating, but only a pretence, for he talked most of the time.

"It may seem rather strange," he began, "my speaking to you this evening, but I've seen you before. The first time was last Christmas,—a year ago to-morrow night. You were standing up at the theatre, and you looked so ill and careworn, and yet so brave and patient, that I found myself speculating as to what kind of experiences you were going through. I forget what the play was,—some sort of comedy, I believe,—but I paid less attention to it than to you, for I said to myself, 'Here's serious drama back here, big with human interest.'"

John colored slightly.

"It was about a year ago that my troubles began," he answered. "I was just recovering from a long illness, and was terribly worried over financial difficulties. I remember how long I debated as to whether I ought to spend a dollar to stand up that evening, and finally concluded, since it was Christmas, to give myself the pleasure. So I went, and made it up in small economies afterwards. I thought I was living on very little then, but I have lived on nothing since."

"I can readily believe that," responded the other, "and I suspected as much the next time I saw you. It was on Twenty-third Street, one day in spring. You seemed thinner, and more careworn, and less prosperous. I followed you for two blocks, wanting to ask if I could be of any help, but didn't dare to. I've often wondered what became of you, and when I saw you on Broadway to-night staring at the beefsteaks in Shanley's window, I made up my mind to keep an eye on you, and I did. You see," he continued, as John looked up in surprise, "I've been there myself, and know what it is to flatten my nose against restaurant-windows."

"You!" exclaimed John. "One would never think it."

"Well," responded Mr. Newman, "you must not forget the old saying about appearances. I've been fighting the battle in New York, now, for fifteen years, and I can tell you the first five of it were mighty hard, the next a little easier, and since then things have been coming my way, so I have no reason to complain. Here, let me help you to this piece of steak," and he handed over a morsel that would have tempted the jaded appetite of a gourmet.

"I remember standing on a corner of the Bowery, one Christmas-eve," he continued. "It was snowing furiously, and the wind hit like a flail. I hadn't eaten a thing for two days, and stood there gnawing a frozen turnip. It seemed to me the sweetest thing ever put between

teeth. The next day I got an old cellar to clean out, and never since have I fed on frozen turnips. But that night I made a vow I would get back what I had lost,—and, more than that, would make money and gain influence right here in New York; and that I would always befriend any one deserving a friend and in need of one: and I've done it. But I didn't mean to say so much about myself. I only wanted you to know that I have been on my uppers and appreciate your situation."

Then, with careful tact, he led John on to tell his story, and listened with sympathetic interest, and asked him what his business had been, and what he could do, and what he wanted to do. While he was listening, he carefully drew something from his pocket, and for a considerable time was fumbling it under the table-cloth.

When John had finished, there was a brief silence, and Newman's eyes, wandering about the room, fell upon the great holly wreaths, tied with red, that hung in the windows.

"Strange, what peculiar sensations one has about Christmas-time," he began. "There seems to be something in the air. I always get to feeling very friendly with everybody." He hesitated for a moment, and then continued, rather nervously: "I feel very friendly towards you, and I have been wondering if you would let me make you a little present." So saying, he stretched his hand across the table with a roll of bills that seemed to his acquaintance like a small fortune.

"Really, I don't see how I can," John answered, as he pushed the hand gently aside.

"Oh, come, be friendly and take it."

"No," said John, "I cannot. I am indebted to you now for a kindness I can never repay. I appreciate the offer fully,—more fully than I can tell,—but you must excuse me. I can't accept it."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other. "Now see here; be reasonable. I have money and you have not; you need money and I don't. You haven't a place to sleep this night. You must have something to live on until you secure employment. What's more, it would be out of the question for you to present yourself as you are now at either of the firms where I can secure you a position; and besides," he continued, in less business-like tones, "please remember the vow I made over my frozen turnip, and don't make it necessary for me to break it."

John's eyes were moist, and his lips trembled.

"You are more than good," he said, "but——" And he hesitated.

"Oh, well," interrupted Mr. Newman, "if you feel that way about it, never mind. Let's go." However, as they passed out he dropped the money into John's pocket. "There," said he; "now, don't make a scene. You didn't accept it, so your pride is not hurt, and—well, I'm satisfied. Come, and I will show you how to spend part of it." And he hurried across the street to a large clothing establishment before any remonstrances could be made.

A weary-looking clerk, with countenance crystallized in a rigid simper, stepped forward, and in a short time John was fitted out anew,

from hat to shoes and from gloves to socks. Overcoat, shirts, neck-ties,—nothing was wanting, not even a big valise in which to carry them.

“Where will you have these goods sent?” asked the salesman.

John turned helplessly to his friend.

“Never mind having them delivered,” Richard answered. “We shall take a cab from here, and can carry them with us.”

He ordered the man to drive to a well-known establishment in Forty-second Street, and then, taking his seat beside John, said,—

“I think I shall leave you at the Turkish bath to-night. The steaming and heating will do you good. You will have a famous sleep, and can get a good breakfast there in the morning. If you are up in time, and feel like it, meet me at the Imperial, and we will go to church. Meet me anyway at twelve, and we will have dinner. After that we can talk business and see to getting you into permanent quarters, and perhaps finish off with the opera in the evening. They are going to give ‘Faust,’ and I am awfully fond of that last frantic battle between heaven and hell in the final act, where the devil gets the worst of it.”

* * * * *

The steam-pipes were clanking and sizzling with the heat when John awoke next morning from the blessed rest that followed his luxurious bath. The refreshing cleanness of linen sheets, the comfort of easy springs, and the cheery light and warmth of the room were in striking contrast to the dank stench of the bridge arches where he had passed his last nights. Outside the sun was shining. A window opposite caught the rays and flashed them into his room till the whole place glowed with yellow light. It seemed like paradise. And he was so happy, for he awoke no longer friendless, hungry, and without hope. Up to the beautiful blue of the Christmas sky he raised his eyes, brimming with warm, delicious tears; but no prayer moved his lips. Words were inadequate. His whole being thrilled with prayerful thanksgiving.

The tide had turned, and was flowing shoreward now with strong and steady current.

Henry A. Parker.

AT THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN.

HE stops beside the crowded curb, and lifts
 The chained cup to his lips. And now he hears
 The water thinly tinkling through the roar
 Of wheels and trade. Back, back his memory drifts.
 To his tired eyes the pasture spring appears,
 And the dear fields that he shall see no more.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

"LIBERTY."

AN INTERNATIONAL STUDY.

FREEDOM, according to Erasmus, is "a term which once implied the absence of fetters, and which has come to signify an increased length, or reduced weight, of chains;" but it might have puzzled the sagacious Hollander to classify some of our latter-day definitions of the seductive word.

The partisans of the Mahdi bemoan the lost independence of the wilderness which once defied interference with the raids of their man-hunters; and a feuilleton of *El Pays* publishes an unmerciful but hardly unfair parody on the charge of oppression which the Cuban guerillas have already begun to prefer against their American allies. "Woe be the day when those barbarians landed on our shores," wails the West Indian Jeremiah. "The day before yesterday one of their bullies actually kicked a son of freedom whom he had caught in the act of removing the personal estate of a Spanish miscreant. Gangs of ruffians," he informs his sympathizers, "patrol the highways and prevent us from reaping the just fruits of victory. A troop of peninsular caitiffs who had deserved annihilation, and whom our friends merely tried to relieve of their spoils, were aided by these pestilential foreigners and enabled to hang three of our heroic brethren. Two of them, it is true, were cut down in time to prevent the worst, but their organs of respiration are so impaired that they cannot even redress their wrongs by oratorical efforts, and may be obliged to adopt some menial trade—possibly under the supervision of these alien usurpers. Oh Reconstruction, what crimes are being committed in thy name!"

"Last week the stronghold of an enemy of mankind, a Spanish real-estate pasha, was set afire, and lovers of liberty would have hailed the fiery beacon as a promise of better times; but the henchmen of our hyperborean oppressors rushed in to extinguish the flames. They were armed with sticks, and after seizing our emissary—but details are too painful to mention. Four of his assailants then laid hold of him, and Freedom shrieked when he fell out of a second-story window. Time, the All-healer, appears to have no remedy for our woes. Appeals tend only to rivet the chains of our subjugation. Less than a month ago our tyrants enacted a by-law threatening with arrest and fines all armed individuals found on the public streets after 10 P.M. Patron spirits of liberty, have we sunk so low? Was it for this we collected one million two hundred and fifty thousand *pesetas* to bribe the politicians of that ruthless nation?"

Definitions of freedom, indeed, differ at least as much as ideals of happiness. The "English opium-eater" revels in anticipation of a good roaring snow-storm, that shall make the flicker of the hearth-fire seem twice as bright, and protect the enjoyment of a pet book by keeping gossiping intruders at bay, "insuring an evening and night, or fourteen full hours, of absolute privacy,"—a prospect that would make

a gregarious Frenchman groan with dismay; but the bias of race instincts reveals itself even more strikingly in the contrasting notions of personal liberty. A Paris "foster-child of perfect civilization" will submit to a good deal of red-tape restrictions, to official control of education, of convivial assemblies, of lectures, and even of the public press, but the attempt to suppress his free Sunday amusements would drive him to revolt in three weeks.

More than ten (fourteen, according to Professor Keyserling's report) per cent. of the popular Paris bazaars engage extra help to accommodate the increased patronage of Sunday forenoons. Bakeries, confectioneries, tabagis, book-shops, perfumery-shops, and restaurants work under high pressure on holidays, and hundreds of pleasure resorts advertise their attractions by noisy contrivances, brass-band wagons, musical cavalcades, and *troubadours de reclame*. After 3 P.M. shopkeepers join the rush for the public parks, but their show-windows still invite customers. The front-door is open, and junior clerks can be found ready to transact business to any desired extent. They mourn their lot, but have probably been bicycling all morning, and will get on the free afternoon list next week. Such specialists as flower-venders and whirligig-operators would not miss their Sunday business for the net profits of three week-days. Parks, museums, and coffee-gardens are crowded far beyond the average, and, in spite of the quietude brooding over the factory districts, Sunday is, all in all, the noisiest day of the week.

The enforcement of a Blue-law Sabbath would be a task from which the leaders of the very Ultramontanes would shrink in affright. The consequent insurrections might possibly be checked by howitzer batteries at every street-corner; but it is certain that the fourfold increase of the present enormous income tax would not be half as unpopular.

From a Puritan point of view low morals and low latitudes are supposed to be concomitants; but two thousand miles southeast of Paris the traveller Burckhardt found a sect of Mohammedan fanatics whose definition of independence might be summed up in the ten words, "Deliverance from tobacco-smoke and the scandal of Turkish scoffers." For many years the followers of Abd-el-Wahab fought as fiercely against the thirty licensed tobacco-venders of their hill-country as the Athenian patriots against their Thirty Tyrants, and when the victories of Ibrahim Pasha at last obliged them to submit to the Khedive, they bartered their best farming-lands for the permission to expel smokers from the temple-cities of their creed. "Personal liberty" was the battle-cry of their jehades, though their charter of civil rights was a mere paraphrase of the privilege to persecute smokers and sceptics.

"Some day or other we will organize an expedition and help you establish your independence from your Turkish oppressors," said General Sebastiani in an interview with a chief of the valiant Druses.

"Don't," said the sheikh; "we have liberty enough, as long as they allow us to hammer Halicarnassus out of those Maronite mis-believers."

And that peculiar form of liberty is a prerogative that seems to reconcile the Eastern Slavs to the all-round despotism of their autocrat. They do not mind the total surrender of all other civil rights as

long as they are privileged to participate in the scramble for office, with the assurance that their department chiefs will allow them to bully their subordinates.

Before the establishment of a climatic sanitarium in the neighborhood of Tiflis, Russian consumptives often sought relief in the Alps, and in stress of financial difficulties one of these refugees procured an appointment in the bureau of some fiscal controller of Meran in the Southern Tyrol.

"Oh, yes, I have plenty of leisure for recreation and no lack of friends," said he in reply to an inquiry after the causes of his home-sickness. "Your weather is heavenly, but somehow climatic advantages cannot wholly compensate the loss of personal independence."

"Independence? Why, I thought you were chained to a similar office in your native land?" said the astonished Austrian.

"That's just my trouble," sighed the exile. "I got acquainted with both extremes, and can't forget the length of my official tether in easy-going old Russia. My superiors were whole-souled rascals,—regular highway-robbers, some of them,—and did very much as they pleased, but had sense enough to leave me the same privilege."

In studying the changes which the map of the world has undergone in the course of the last two hundred years, it must often have seemed a puzzle why the Netherlanders, with all their colonial enterprise, could never hold their own against their British and French rivals. "New Amsterdam" and the names of the Hudson River, Harlem, and the Catskills still commemorate their presence in eastern North America. All Australia was once known as New Holland. Netherland colonists settled Southern Africa from the Cape to the valley of the Zambesi; but with the exception of Java and a remnant of their former share of Guiana, all their transmarine possessions have slipped out of their hands; the natives of their colonies, as a rule, preferred any other masters. Yet in some points Mynheer cannot be called an illiberal biped. As a traveller, he is open-handed, an indulgent skipper, and generous patron of artists and bric-à-brac dealers. Dutch heroism in defence of national independence twice stood the fire-ordeal of a life-and-death struggle against aggressors of portentous power. But visitors of Holland-American settlements soon realize the fact that the dogmatical conservatism of that plucky race transcends anything lingering in Scotland or Upper Canada. From Saturday midnight till Monday morning Mynheer Van Kerken's youngsters are kept under strict surveillance, to prevent the possibility of their getting a minute's fun, in-doors or out-doors, and United States Post-office Commissioners not long ago investigated the case of an old lady with a Friesland name and a suburban post-office who declined to admit letter-carriers at the end of the week to obviate the obligation of distributing their mail the next forenoon. A similar state of affairs prevails in cosmopolitan Johannesburg. Sixteenth-century by-laws are enforced without resources of appeal, and, rather than run the risk of innovations, the aldermen voted to disfranchise sixty thousand *uitlanders*, who pay four-fifths of the city taxes. Yet those same nativists claim to represent the only wholly free portion of the Dark Continent. The government of

the more than half Dutch Orange Free State, too, tends to illustrate the meaning of Stuart Mill's remark, that "oligarchies leave no dividends for the masses."

The policy of an intelligent autocrat often does better. "Has your majesty formally sanctioned this absolute liberty of the press?" Ambassador Mitchell asked Frederick the Great.

"Why not?" laughed the philosophical king. "I do not object, if that will ease their feelings" (act as a safety-valve, as we would say). "My people and I have agreed on a convenient compromise," Macaulay makes him add; "they are to print what they please and I am to do what I please."

Nearly all his successors, with the exception of Billy Bombastes, have recognized the wisdom of that arrangement, and for the last hundred years government censors in the birthland of the printing-press have drawn the line only at libels and recklessly seditious publications. Non-political writers have practically enjoyed *carte-blanche*. "The English public," says Varnhagen von Ense, "wonder how Murray could have the nerve to godfather certain ventures of the Shelley and Byron era; but many German publishers would think it a greater marvel that such decorous dancers could stir up so much dust. They have been requested to take greater risks every year of this century, and have taken them, too. Not Herwegh and Schopenhauer only, but Goethe, Wieland, and Karl Weber ventured to proclaim things that Byron would have been afraid to whisper in his private letters."

Leland, the rollicking author of "Hans Breitmann," hesitated to paraphrase some of Heine's poems; and Breitmann himself, after his American experiences, could not have been bribed to attempt a literal translation of Heine's "Italian Journey," with half a dozen chapters that out-ribald Fielding and infinitely out-blaspheme Ingersoll, but are nevertheless paraded on the front shelves of hundreds of German circulating libraries. Yet even Heine is eclipsed by Karl Weber, the author of the unique work published in twelve volumes under the title "Democritus; or, Posthumous Papers of a Laughing Philosopher." Two years ago the traveller Baudissin took the liberty to answer the argument of a New York bibliopole by calling his attention to the fifth volume of that achievement.

"Where the wonder was that published?" he burst out after reading in growing amazement for a minute or two.

"In Stuttgart, South Germany. Twenty-seventh edition."

The victim of Comstock & Co. fell back in his chair and closed his eyes. "Say, let's all go to Stuttgart," he chuckled. "Talk about liberty! Why, those people are a full thousand years ahead of us!"

But only distance lends enchantment to such views, for the kaiser-bullied countrymen of Karl Weber yearn for the free institutions of the Great Republic, and few Americans would agree with Henri Rochefort, that "there is no essential difference between English, Yankee, and German forms of liberty. In sharp contrast to the Latin nations," says the champion of the Chauvinists, "the Germanic races on both sides of the Atlantic surrender their personal liberties, but reserve the right to growl. In America an amazing and almost unprecedented freedom

of the press goes hand in hand with submission to a preposterous code of oppressive municipal by-laws. Public officials, from the President to the mayor of a Texas prairie town, are pelted with ceaseless showers of vituperation and slander, and nobody is called to account for it; but the same bold republicans connive at daily aggressions upon their personal rights. They elect their petty despots, like fettered elephants, reserving the privilege of choosing their *cornacs*; but the huge beast only grunts, while the insolent incubus is abusing the advantages of his position in every possible way, not only by stealing the stable-rations, but by preventing the long-suffering quadruped from culling little wayside tidbits which nature intended for free gifts to all comers. South-European elephants have renounced their grunting privilege, and toil perhaps as hard as their transatlantic contemporaries; but the road-ditch would be sprinkled with broken bones if the cornac did not take care to humor their predilections."

It is lucky, then, that some Liberals are so easily pleased. Six years ago, when the "New Orleans Hydra," *alias* the Louisiana State Lottery, was strangled out of existence, a Neapolitan orator congratulated his fellow-patriots on the prerogatives of a city that had the choice of six metropolitan and two government gambling emporiums, some of them with weekly drawings in the presence of a *Capo Lazarone*,—a leading loafer, as we might translate him. And in the Balkans the spokesman of a Mussulman reception committee welcomed a troop of Circassian refugees with the remark that the Turkish mountains could not rival the glories of the Caucasus, but that *freedom* was, after all, the highest of all earthly blessings,—a boon which in that case consisted in the prospect of getting off with six, instead of eight, years of army bondage, and of paying crushing taxes to a despot of their own creed.

Yankee immigrants would at least not have entered the military man-trap without a previous arrangement of pension provisos.

Nor is it certain that all children of the Great West have renounced their birthright to incidental enjoyments. In the Black Hills the capture of such wayside blessings as wild-cats is followed by a celebration of municipal barbecues; and an Arizona magistrate merely endorsed his license of a Sunday afternoon prize-fight with a friendly advice against the introduction of Mexican dirk-knives, and was considerate enough to add that "the combatants might use medium-sized brass-knuckles, as the guardians of the law did not wish to interfere with the exercise of rational liberties."

Felix L. Oswald.

THE HUMAN HEART.

BETWEEN dusk earth and sunset's purple bar
Your home's poor pane rays out its twinkling star:
Fool's heart, or wise, to find it fairer far
Than all the diamond spheres of heaven are?

Dora Read Goodale.

BLACK FEATHER'S THROW.

THEY bound Hubbard to the tree with a single wrapping of the stout deer-hide thong, pressing his arms so tightly between his back and the bark that he could not move them. This was the position in which they liked to place a prisoner before they began such sport as they intended. He could move his head and shoulders with some freedom, but the thong held him fast to the tree and prevented the use of his hands. He might twist and writhe and dodge, but he could not escape.

Hubbard knew their plan well, and it did not seem to displease him. He made no resistance as they tied him to the tree, but he commented freely and offensively on the way in which they did it, speaking their language as fluently as they did themselves. He abused the warrior who knotted the thong for his lack of skill, and said if an eight-year-old boy of his proved himself so clumsy with his fingers he would give him many whippings. He told the warriors who put him in position that they were as awkward as an old buffalo with a broken leg, and only his consideration for their feelings kept him from pushing them over and running away. He lavished gibes and taunts upon those who stood by and looked on, telling them they were lazy hounds, and in the white settlements such men as they were sent to the whipping-post.

All this talk was in accordance with the custom of the tribes, and the warriors rejoiced that their prisoner was proving himself a man of courage, for he promised good sport. Sometimes his taunts touched sore spots, but they made no visible sign. They went calmly on with their task, for such things must be done with gravity and precision, as they had been done from the beginning.

The thong was knotted fast and the leading warrior stepped back to survey the work. Hubbard looked him squarely in the eye and abused the character of all his relatives, even to the farthest kin. He believed, moreover, that the chief was a squaw disguised as a warrior. He asked the other braves to notice the timid way in which their leader looked into the eye of a man, and to mark how his hand trembled. He was sure that if it were not for the presence of the others the chief would flee from a white man, even though that white man were bound to a tree and could not help himself.

The chief was not moved by Hubbard's sneers, but he was pleased with the picturesque figure that Hubbard made against the tree. The hunter was a fine type of his race and kind. If he felt the fear of death, he did not show it. He stood perfectly erect, none of his weight resting upon the thong which held him, six feet of manhood measured against the great tree trunk, blue eyes shining out of a brown face, his body clothed in the tanned and soft skin of the deer. Around him the woods blazed in the deep green of a late spring; overhead the red sun rode in a cloudless sky.

Hubbard did not take his eyes off the warriors. He did not wish his sight to wander to the woods, which were his home and which he loved. He sought to check any rising regrets in these last moments. So he followed their movements, and his tongue was never idle. He condemned them singly and all together. They were not warriors, neither were they hunters. They lived on roots and what the wolves left. Their tribe was the despised of all the other tribes, and they wore women's clothes in presence of the others. When his friends in the settlement heard of his death they would send some of their boys to avenge it.

The youngest warrior began to show passion at the continued taunts, and his hand slid to the handle of his tomahawk. But the chief rebuked him sternly and he desisted.

Then the chief stepped off the allotted space, spoke to the warriors, who ranged themselves, their guns laid aside, in a line facing the prisoner, and the sport began. But the same order and gravity that had marked the preparations were observed here. Each man took his turn, the youngest and least skilful first. The warrior who had shown impatience at Hubbard's taunts raised his weapon. The chief bade him be careful, and the boy, with his reputation at stake, hurled the tomahawk.

Hubbard watched him, and he saw that the wrist was steady. The weapon left the hand of the Indian, and, whirling over and over, sped towards him, a circle of glittering steel. Hubbard gazed upon it with unwinking eye, and there was a swish as the blade of the tomahawk buried itself in the tree just above his head. He did not move a muscle, but told the youth that a warrior who could not do better deserved a tomahawk in his own head. He hoped that the band, for the sake of its reputation, would see to it.

The youth stood aside, and another warrior hurled his tomahawk. It stuck in the tree near Hubbard's shoulder. The hunter laughed outright. This was really too much for one's patience. What right had they to play with the weapons of men when they were only children and squaws? It was not his business to maintain the reputation of the Indian tribes, but it pained him, enemy though he was, to see it swept away so suddenly and completely.

The play of the tomahawks grew faster, and the blades crept closer and closer to the body of the prisoner. Sometimes they made a ring of steel around his head and shoulders. Hubbard had never seen greater skill. He admitted it to himself, though he continued to taunt the warriors and call them squaws. As the blades cut into the tree he could feel the rush of air beside his face, and it required the greatest effort of his will to keep his nerves steady and make no motion, not even a quiver of the eyelid.

The Indians, warming with the sport, began to talk to each other. They admired his courage and his control over his muscles and nerves, nor did they make any secret of their admiration. Why should they? They had not expected to find so stout a victim. He was truly a man, a warrior, one who knew how to die.

Hubbard always watched the warrior who was preparing to throw,

and they succeeded each other so fast now that he was forced to be alert. His head had not moved since the beginning of the game. Any flinching, any twist to one side, would put his face in front of a whirling blade, and that would be the end. Perhaps such a fate would be best, for worse was to follow this sport, and there was no chance of rescue. But pride forbade resort to such a death. It would disgrace him before the warriors.

But he wondered how long their sport would continue. It had gone on long already, though he could see that the warriors were enjoying it greatly, and probably they would not stop until their arms grew tired. His eyes wandered for a moment from them to the world around him, glowing in its spring dress, but he checked at once the sigh that rose, and turned them back to the warriors.

Black Feather's fifth turn with the tomahawk came. He was a splendid, tall fellow, with a black feather thrust through his scalp-lock, from which he took his name. Hubbard and he had been friends in a time when the white and red men were not at war; they had hunted together, and once Hubbard had saved him from the claws of a raging, wounded panther. But the white man did not count on that. He knew that such a thing as gratitude had no place in the Indian nature. Everybody said so, and, moreover, there was no chance for Black Feather to show gratitude had he wished to do it.

So Hubbard redoubled his taunts when Black Feather stood before him, poising his tomahawk for a throw which should surpass all the rest. He told him that he was a coward, that he had known him in the days of old, that he would flee from a wounded deer, that the cry of a child frightened him, that he dreaded the darkness, that his wife beat him, and made him hoe the corn while she went forth with the rifle to hunt for game. Had he come with the warriors to cook for them, or merely to clean the game that they killed? If he dared to go to the white settlements, one of the women would come out and whip him with switches.

Hubbard was surprised at his own skill and fluency. He surpassed himself. Black Feather made so fine a target that he felt as if he were inspired. Even the stoical warriors looked at each other. It seemed to some of them that the taunts had touched Black Feather to the quick. They marked a slight quiver in the hand that held the tomahawk aloft and a strange gleam in the warrior's eyes, which looked straight into those of Hubbard.

The hand flew back and the tomahawk whirled through the air. Hubbard saw the flash of light and heard the whiz of the speeding weapon. The next moment the blade was buried in the tree close to his side; the deer-skin thong, severed in half, fell to the ground. The hunter sprang from the tree and rushed into the forest with a speed which soon left the yelling and disappointed band far behind, the bullets from their hastily snatched-up rifles whistling vainly through the air.

Joseph A. Altsheler.

WHY I DID NOT BECOME A SMUGGLER.

T IRED of covering west-side police-stations at night, in the capacity of reporter for a New York morning newspaper, I determined, in the month of December, 1878, to pack up my gripsack and go to a sunnier clime. So it came to pass that, with thirty dollars in my pocket and a vigorous pair of legs, I found myself one chill wintry evening aboard of the Mallory steamer City of San Antonio, heading southward out of New York harbor, and bound for Texas.

I sat alone on deck, looking at the bright lights of the city as they slowly faded from view, and wondered what was in store for me before I saw them again. I had not the most remote idea of what I was going to do in Texas. I did not know a living soul within the borders of the great Lone Star State. I only had a vague impression that I would be a cowboy and rope cattle for a livelihood; for, raised on a farm in Virginia, horses and cattle were like second nature to me.

I will not tell the reader of the nausea of sea-sickness for the first two days, nor of the soft skies, beautiful birds, and strange fishes that interested me while sailing down the long sandy stretches of Florida beaches, where great forests of cabbage-palms stretched away inland for miles and miles, making me think that verily I had sailed into the "summer of the world;" nor yet of the wonderful yarns a sailor on board stuffed me with about the malice and deviltry of the wreckers of Key West. We steamed on past the thousands of palm-covered islets, "the Keys," that dot the southern end of the Florida peninsula, and on through the seven hundred miles of the choppy seas of the Gulf of Mexico, where for three days we lay to in a norther that I thought would surely send us to the bottom. On the morning of the twelfth day we crossed the bar and made fast alongside the pier of the company in Galveston.

The population of the city, which sits on a flat, sandy island, seemed to me to be equally made up of negroes, Mexicans, and whites. I did not like it. It was not the "cow country" I was looking for; yet I knew by the immense bales of hides lying along the wharves, and the number of men with jingling spurs and white hats with silver stars, gold braid, and wide, flapping brims, that my destination was not far off.

I consulted a map, and picked out Goliad, on the San Antonio River, as a likely place to strike cattle. I found also that I could go by steamer to Indianola, thence by rail to Cuero, and thence thirty miles distant, in the heart of the cattle country, I was told was Goliad.

The next night I was on my way, and in two days I was in Goliad. I had purchased, meantime, a splendid revolver.

Goliad is a pretty town, with stuccoed houses sitting in groves of noble live-oaks and evergreens. It is inhabited by rich cattlemen and merchants, while cowboys and Mexican *pastoras*, or sheep-herders, live in more unpretentious adobe dwellings, whose shade-trees were

the thorny guisache and whose humble gardens were fenced in with rudely trimmed hedges of prickly cactus.

Like a greenhorn, I put up at the best hotel in the place, paying therefor three dollars a day, and then set about to ingratiate myself in the favor of some of the numerous cowmen who frequented the hotel bar-room. Cowmen, it must be borne in mind, are the men who own the cattle, and cowboys are the hard riders who "nurse" the herds, day and night, in storm and sunshine alike, out on the wide plains that reach all over Texas. I found out that a three-dollar-a-day hotel was not the place at which cowboys were employed, any more than a ship's captain would engage an able seaman who applied for work in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Six days from the time I reached Goliad I was "busted." It dawned on me that I had done wrong in coming to the hotel; and I determined to leave Goliad and go back to Galveston. But it cost money to get back. Necessity, however, sharpens the wits, and that night I put up my beautiful revolver at a raffle, at fifty cents a chance, selling fourteen chances. I took a chance myself, but lost. Pocketing my six dollars and fifty cents, I began to retrace my steps to Galveston. I thought more of the thickly populated island as I got away from it.

I reached Galveston with one dollar left. At the small hotel where I stopped I made the acquaintance of a middle-aged, dark-browed man, with something the look of a Mexican, who said his name was George France.

Probably it was the fact that misery loves company that drew us together and made us confide to each other our respective stories. I found that he was, like myself, "dead broke." In fact, he was even "deader broke" than myself, for he had not a penny.

At one time he had been a car-conductor in New York City, but a difficulty with an obstreperous passenger had terminated fatally for the passenger. Fearing the consequences, France fled to Mexico. He lived on the border for several years, and then came to San Antonio, where he met and married the daughter of a rich banker.

Years rolled on, and domestic trouble drove the ex-car-conductor away from his home; finally, broken and penniless, he found himself at Galveston.

After a brief history of himself, my companion in distress said to me,—

"I have a scheme by which we can make money,—if you feel as I do, and will take a risk."

"I am not reduced to being a burglar or a thief," said I, beginning to eye my man suspiciously.

"Neither am I," said he; "but I have been a smuggler on the Rio Grande, and I made money until the revenue officers caught me. A year in Brownsville prison cured me then; but something has got to be done, and I will take the risk again. There are some good men in the business."

It did not take much urging for me to fall in with my companion's way of thinking. Smuggling did not seem to me the same as thieving,

and desperate men, with hunger gnawing at their vitals, discount risks. If we cared to take the risk of evading the customs laws, he said, we could get employment at good pay.

My last "two bits" were soon invested in a bagful of crackers and a piece of cheese as big as my fist; and by sundown my friend and I had set our faces towards the Mexican border, four hundred miles distant.

The details of our plan I left to France. We were to work our way along the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio road to San Antonio, and there, joining a wagon-train, go to Piedras Negras, on the river, opposite Eagle Pass.

Getting on the railroad track, we followed it steadily until the short twilight of the Southern climate faded into a bleak and moonless winter night.

The long trestle-work spanning the bayou, two miles wide, that separates Galveston from the mainland speedily fell away behind us. On the north side of the bayou the tracks of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad were crossed by those of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé. Here we stopped and rested in an old deserted caboose that had been run off on the side of the railroad tracks. We found a stove in the caboose, and, getting some dry sticks, soon had a roaring fire, at which we toasted the cheese and ate it with the crackers,—not a bad meal. I did not know where the next meal was coming from; nor, to tell the truth, did I much care.

"The night freight over the 'Sunset Route,' as the G., H. & S. A. road is called, will be along in an hour," said my companion. "It has to slacken up before crossing the Gulf road,—and we will climb aboard, stow ourselves away, and by morning will be far on our journey."

My friend's scheme appeared to me to be feasible. We talked on in a cheerful mood,—and piled on more wood in the stove, as the air was chilly.

Presently three negroes who lived in cabins near by, on the shore of the bayou, came up to see who were in the caboose. The new-comers, after talking, favored us with several plantation melodies:

"I'm gwine to Loosianny,"

sang the leader; and the other negroes rolled out, in voices clear as clarionets, the chorus,—

"Oho-o—ho-o—ho-o!"

Then again the bell-like tones of the leader were heard:

"I'm gwine to de lan' ob cotton,
Whar de money grows on bushes,"

and the mellow chorus again rounded off the lines.

"De injine's comin'," suddenly cried one of the negroes. My friend and I rose hurriedly and went outside. The dull rumble of the long train of freight-cars could be heard crossing the great trestle, and the head-light of the locomotive was seen down the dim outline of the structure. It drew nearer and nearer, until the speed was slightly

slackened preparatory to crossing the tracks of the other road. But it maintained a good rate of speed nevertheless.

"Be sure and don't miss your footing, or it will be all up with you," said my friend.

The engine rolled by in a cloud of steam, and the heavy thump-thump of the car-wheels, crossing the tracks of the Gulf road, smote on my ear. A long line of flat cars was rolling past, when France made a bolt, and I saw that he had grasped a brake-rod and was safely climbing upon a car. I picked out my car, and, going forward, ran over the ends of the ties for twenty feet, until I made out an iron foot-rest used by the brakemen. A false step meant being hurled under the cars of the now rapidly moving train and annihilation. I grasped the foot-rest and swung myself lightly from the ground. In another instant I was on the flat car. "So far, so good," I said to myself, with a chuckle of self-congratulation. "This beats walking."

I looked forward for my friend, thinking to join him, but saw, instead, a dark form with a red lantern apparently coming towards me. It was the brakeman. I made up my mind that I would have to get out of sight, or be put off at the next station, and probably in the middle of the great prairie we were crossing.

Far back, near the end, I saw some box-cars, and I ran along over the flat cars towards them. Finding a cotton-car, with a small end door open, I lost no time in crawling into it; and I was soon snugly stowed away between two bales of cotton.

The brakeman came and twisted brakes within three feet of me, but I was invisible. Presently he went on to the caboose, at the end of the train.

The long line of cars rolled steadily on, mile after mile, across the level prairie. Stations were far apart, but once or twice we stopped at one. I knew they were stations by the switching and backing. I could not have been more snugly fixed if I had had a berth in a Pullman. A grim satisfaction stole over me, as I knew that I was rapidly cutting down the long distance to the Rio Grande. The hours slipped by, and gradually the monotonous rolling of the car-wheels lulled me into slumber.

I don't know how long I had slept, but I was awakened by a jolt of the car rather heavier than usual. I poked my head out of my window, and saw that we were at a station; there was a siding, and several houses were scattered along the track. "Everything is lovely," I thought; and, withdrawing to my cotton-bales, I calmly waited. There was the usual backing and shunting of cars, the shouts of brakemen, and other signs of station activity.

Suddenly it occurred to me that the roll of car-wheels seemed unusually long. I poked my head out again. The train was rolling by on the main track; my cotton-car had been switched off on a siding, and I was in danger of being left. It took but a second to leap to the ground and seize an empty cattle-car of the main train. It was a narrow escape.

The frost falling through the open top of the car chilled me, and I danced a jig to keep warm. Visions of warm beds, nourishing meals,

and the luxurious drawing-rooms of wealthy kinspeople back in the East floated through my mind. What a contrast was my present situation; three thousand miles from home; beating my way in a cattle-car across the prairies; about to become a smuggler on the Mexican border, with an escaped murderer for a guide and friend!

My soliloquies were terminated by arriving at another station. The cars had scarcely come to a stand-still before a burly brakeman came running along, lantern in hand, and, seeing me on the train, gruffly demanded what I was doing there.

"Nothing," I very truthfully responded. Mr. Brakeman remarked that it was a good place to spend the night where I was, and cautioned me not to get on the cars again.

I sat down on a pile of ties near the track, determined that the train should not go without me.

Presently a stealthy footfall and a light tap on the shoulder drew me around, and I saw France.

"All's good," he said. "I have been hidden in a lumber-car. We are about fifty miles from Galveston."

I was glad to see him, and told him of my encounter with the brakeman.

"Don't mind him. Grab a car and swing on."

With a few more words and a hearty handshake, my companion stole back to his lumber-car, and I waited in the shadow of the pile of ties. Once more the train got under way, and, running forward, I grabbed a cattle-car. The watchful brakeman climbed up the other side of the car as I did so, and shouted,—

"Come, young fellow, you can't ride on here! My orders are positive."

I let go of the car, and watched it roll onward, while a sudden feeling of desperation came over me. One by one the big box-cars, with nothing on their slippery sides to grasp, passed before me. The caboose, the last on the line, approached. As it went by I saw the platform on the back, and without a moment's hesitation caught hold of it. I got on to the platform. I could have opened the door and walked into the car, where I heard the conductor and brakemen laughing and talking, but prudence forbade. I felt the necessity of getting out of sight, and looked around for a place. Nothing else presenting itself, I crawled, at the peril of life and limb, upon the top of the caboose, and, lying down at full length under the projecting eave of the car ventilator, discovered that I had secured an excellent hiding-place.

The night was now far advanced, and the bright constellation of Orion, that I had seen rising over the misty prairies on the east, was now well-nigh the line of the earth on the opposite side of the firmament.

I was growing stiff and benumbed from the frost, and after being on the caboose for two hours, during which time the car stopped at three stations, I was glad to see the gray daylight chase away the darkness in the east. Still the train rolled on, and the warm, bright sun rose. I hailed it as a long-lost friend, for I was now thoroughly

chilled, and hunger began to be added to my other sensations. On went the train, without stopping, until the sun was full an hour high. Then we glided into a *dépôt*, in the midst of a collection of frame houses, on the bank of the Brazos River. It was the town of Richmond.

When the train stopped I lost no time, but soon let myself drop from the roof of the caboose, for I felt that I must "go gunning" for some breakfast. I jumped to the ground directly in front of my old acquaintance the burly brakeman.

"Hi, young fellow! Didn't I tell you to get off the train last night?" he queried.

"Your telling me wasn't enough," I answered.

"You fellows are never satisfied," said the brakeman, as though his feelings were hurt. "If you ain't going up the road, you are going down."

The brakeman should be pardoned for taking me for a professional tramp, for the powdery coal-dust had clung to me, and was ground into my features until I was as black as a chimney-sweep.

"Where's my friend?" I ventured to ask the brakeman.

"What, the Mexican?" he queried.

"Yes."

"Why, I put him off the lumber-car at Allen, forty miles down the road."

This intelligence partially stunned me. Here I was, left alone. What could I do? I couldn't go on to the border, to engage in an illegal business, without somebody to go with. At least I did not feel like it. I was completely broken down by losing my companion, and it was an hour before I could make up my mind what to do. I determined to wait a few days around Richmond, trusting that he would come along.

Ten days passed, and as no George France turned up in the village, the idea of being a smuggler gradually passed from my mind. Fortunately, I secured a job at whitewashing a citizen's fences, and kept the wolf off during my sojourn in Richmond.

Then, one day, I caught opportunity by the forelock, and hired out to a cattleman to "go up the beef trail."

Five months spent driving a herd of steers through the Indian Territory to Kansas gave me enough of cow-driving; and eighteen months as a sheep-herder induced me to come back to the East.

L. C. Bradford.

A ROMAN RACE.

THE East is touched with gold,
 From out a sunset rolled,
 As if one ran with flame
 And here and there set fire
 To gable, arch, and spire
 In some light game.

Harrison S. Morris.

A REPORTER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THE reporter's life has one charm—variety. The relation of a few incidents that have happened in the routine of his work may recall some others. I will jot them down off-hand, just as they pop into my memory, and write them as I would the result of any routine assignment.

I received my first assignment from the late Colonel Wilkinson on the *Denver Republican* in 1879. It was a wobbling, financially starved little paper then, and the writing force consisted of two newspaper men and myself. There had been a suicide down on Larimer Street, and the colonel told me to "cover" it. It was one of those suicides that are common in the far West,—that of a young man who had gone out to make his life's stake, missed it, taken to drink to drown the sorrow of failure, and to the six-shooter to quench the horror of drink. He was one of a common type, and with his name and Eastern home it was simply a matter of filling in the well-known details and the assignment was covered.

But that was only an incident of the day's work. I had been hurled into journalism with the admonition that I was to sink or swim, with heavy odds in favor of my sinking, for I was city editor and local staff combined, and was responsible for all the news of the city.

"A man was just shot and killed across Cherry Creek," said a compositor on Larimer Street cheerily. "You're in luck on your first day."

It was a common murder, with no sensational accessories, and the details were quickly learned. A sheep-herder from Kiowa had quarrelled with a freighter from Cañon City. They were both drunk, and the shepherd was shot dead. Later in the day an old man committed suicide in South Denver, and at ten o'clock that night a gambler was accidentally shot in a dance-hall by his own revolver dropping out of his pocket, falling on the hammer, and exploding a cartridge. It was a day unusually prolific of fatalities even for a Western city.

That night the four bodies were displayed in the shop of the city undertaker, who was also the coroner, and viewed, literally, by the corner's jury. The city physician accompanied the jury and pointed out and explained the various wounds.

I had never before seen a corpse. And that was my introduction to journalism.

One day Joe Jenkins, who was city editor and local staff of the *Leadville Democrat*, wanted to take a run down to Denver, and asked me to take the local helm during his absence. In a weak moment, through an excess of good-fellowship, I consented. The great carbonate camp was then at the zenith of its mad wild-cat era. It was a speculative maelstrom. The surviving riffraff of all the mining camps

since '49 flocked to Leadville; and these were joined by hundreds of desperadoes and criminals from every quarter of the country. Five hundred saloons, gambling-hells, and dance-halls never closed. Every one drank in that mad whirl, and at that altitude whiskey made men crazy. Every man (and woman, for that matter) carried at least one revolver. It was a concatenation that made shooting as inevitable as breathing. Thirty thousand men swarmed in and around California Gulch, all fighting and scrambling for the precious metals or their equivalent in town lots. For weeks there was hardly an hour of the day or night that the sharp crack of the Winchester or the six-shooter was not heard in the town or on the surrounding hills. In fact, shooting was so common that it hardly attracted passing notice. If there were only a few shots, men would say, "There goes another poor devil," and go about their business. If there was a volley in the town, they would say, "The lot jumpers are at it again." If the volley came from the hills it would be, "Somebody's claim is catching it." In brief, it was a paradise for sensational journalism, such as the Westerner loves.

I started out early to reap the first crop of crimes, casualties, and general camp chowder, so as to keep the decks clear for the big shooting scrapes that usually began when the men came in from the gulches and hills at night. But there wasn't a crime or a casualty to record. Not a shot had been heard in or about the camp all day. A net haul of the town failed to land a ten-line item. Such a peaceful lull had not been known since the summer the first strike of carbonates was made. The barnacles shook their heads and talked of the calm before the storm. It was certainly a blue outlook for a local sensation.

Late in the evening the city editor and local staff made a round of the dance-halls and gambling-hells of State and Chestnut Streets, and at the last one the prayed-for sensation was found. The proprietor had just heard of a mysterious case at The Cottage, a road-house two miles below Leadville. The wife of its proprietor had died under suspicious circumstances, and had been quickly and quietly buried. Frontier journalism is naturally reckless; and besides, there was no time to investigate. The story had the elements of the necessary sensation, and any that were missing were easily supplied. The sensation came out the next morning, double-leaded under a big scare-head. And best of all, it was a scoop on the *Herald*, the rival morning paper.

That evening the temporary city editor and local staff went up to the *Democrat* office to receive the congratulations of the editor, Colonel Bartow. He opened the door of the big editorial room, and, seeing it crowded with men, started to withdraw, but was called back by the colonel. The crowd in the room was composed of the proprietor of The Cottage and his friends, who had come to town to inquire about the sensation. They had nothing against the paper, but they wanted the name of the paper's informant. Every man was armed with a heavy rawhide whip and a "gun." At that critical moment, facing a crowd of angry and outraged citizens, I could not, to save my life and soul, remember who was my informant. I instinctively put my hand on the heavy Colt's in my overcoat pocket, and determined to die hard.

Then I temporized. Then I got the crowd to go down street with me, while I cudgelled my benumbed brain as it was never cudgelled before. The ex-city editor bought the drinks for the crowd several times, and kept on temporizing. At last he saw the well-known red light of the dance-hall, and memory came back to him. The informant's name was given; the crowd shook the hand of the ex-city editor as though he had been their friend and left.

That night the dance-hall was cleaned out, and the proprietor escaped over the range with his life and nothing else. He and the proprietor of *The Cottage* had been deadly enemies.

The types have never told the inside story of the events that led up to the killing of Jimmy Elliot, the prize-fighter, by Jerry Dunn, the—well, the nondescript, in Chicago, in the winter of '82-3. For months the prize-fighting fever had been raging virulently throughout the country. The newspapers from San Francisco to New York were teeming with fighting-talk. A peaceful stranger, riding across the continent, would have thought that the country was on the verge of civil war. Champion Sullivan and his crowd of yawpers were vociferating from the Atlantic seaboard, a crowd of far Western pugilists and backers were yelling from the Pacific coast to wait until the Maori arrived from the antipodes before pitching the ring, while Paddy Ryan, Jimmy Elliot, and a half-hundred hitters of lesser note held the centre at Chicago. The wires were kept hot with challenges and yells of defiance from everywhere and everybody. From the language used, one would have thought that all these pugilists wanted to make their measures of happiness slop over was simply a chance to get at each other. It seemed incredible that they were not under physical restraint,—that they were not behind stone walls and iron bars, or else chained to iron posts. But they were not. They were as free as any other birds of prey. They didn't want to come together,—not yet. The public was not sufficiently worked up over the threatened meeting of the gladiators, and consequently the prospect for spoils was not yet bright enough. So the war of words was kept up, and became fiercer every day.

"Parson" Davies, the cool, level-headed manager of it all, disappeared one day. Then mysterious despatches began to arrive at his head-quarters on Randolph Street, telling all to hold their breath until he returned with "the great Unknown,"—a gladiator destined to sweep everything before him. The Unknown came. He was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, but to this day he remains the great Unknown. It was whispered, however, that he was an Omaha stevedore. Paddy Ryan disappeared, and reappeared with an Unknown, whose status also remains the same to-day. And so the battle raged, until public interest was really inflamed, and all eyes were turned towards Chicago. Harry Hill, the New York veteran, and a car-load of Eastern "sports" came on to take a hand. Their head-quarters was the Sherman House, while other head-quarters were established at "Parson" Davies's and Paddy Ryan's on State Street. Everything was ripe for something—anything, from a ring-fight to a battle royal.

And then something happened. There was a crowd in "Parson" Davies's one night, and in the crowd were Jimmy Elliot, Jerry Dunn, and a little variety actor. The talk was all on the impending fight, and the little actor took part in it, to the disgust of Jimmy Elliot. The actor, moreover, was a supporter of Harry Hill, and the pugilist was not. There were some hot words, and the little actor was thrown out of the saloon. Jerry Dunn took his part (with words), but left before any blows were struck.

Of course the war of words that had brought the pugilists and their backers together in Chicago was carried on through the newspapers in the way of challenges and defiances; but after the little disturbance in the "Parson's" the city editor of the *Times*, Joe Dunlop, assigned Arnold Pierce and the writer to "stir the fighters up, and see if there was any fight in them." Mr. Pierce interviewed Harry Hill on the subject of Jimmy Elliot. It was a very racy and exceedingly personal interview, and was published in Mr. Hill's quaint but forcible cockney dialect. The next day Jimmy Elliot was permitted to express himself as to his opinion of Mr. Hill and Mr. Dunn. His remarks were also pointed and personal. This continued for several days. The situation was becoming warm and interesting. Negotiations for a prize-fight were relegated to the rear. Every one knew that it now meant pistols or nothing. Mr. Pierce and the writer declined to accept any more interviews.

That night Jimmy Elliot and some friends walked down to the Sherman House for the expressed purpose of killing Harry Hill. The little cockney saw them enter the bar-room door, divined their mission, ran to a cloak-room, locked himself in, and yelled lustily for help. After a time Elliot and his friends left the bar-room, and half an hour later Harry Hill drove to the station with a policeman on each step of the carriage and another on the box. He demanded protection, and got it. Then Jerry Dunn declared that he would shoot Jimmy Elliot on sight, and Jimmy Elliot said he would wing Jerry Dunn on first view.

Jimmy Elliot's threat did not amount to much, because at that time he was so blind that he could hardly recognize a friend or enemy at arm's length. He probably realized this disadvantage, because he left town in a few days on a sparring tour. He returned to his fate in a short time, however. He came back, he said, because he could not keep away. He wanted the thing over with, he said. That night he and his friend Fred Plaisted, the oarsman, went to Bill Langdon's (better known to fame as Appetite Bill) for supper. They sat at the first table within the swinging half-doors and faced them. They thought they were guarding against a surprise. Jerry Dunn came down the alley, saw them through the window, walked through the saloon, pulled open one of the swinging doors, and shot Elliot twice in the abdomen. With these two mortal wounds the pugilist grappled Dunn, wrenched the revolver from him, and fired. The bullet ploughed its way under the scalp and came out behind the head. Then the dying man raised a chair over his head and would have crushed his slayer's skull with it, but a leg of the chair struck a chandelier and broke the force of the blow. It was a gallant fight, but four ounces of lead in a vital spot

was too heavy odds. He staggered, fell, and died without a word. Jerry Dunn walked into The Drum, a neighboring saloon, with a policeman, washed the blood from his hands and face, ordered two bottles of wine, which he drank with the officer, and then went to prison. The congregation of fighters, awed and frightened, sneaked away, and the subject of pugilism was dropped for a time.

Assignments to "cover" Sunday morning sermons are usually given to the younger and most recently employed members of the city staff. They are regarded by old reporters in the same light as a task set for a stupid school-boy. Just why it should be so considered is past finding out, because it is not essentially an easy assignment, and under some circumstances may be an important and difficult one. It is not because it means the loss of a few hours' sleep, for an old reporter will accept with enthusiasm an assignment that entails unlimited hard work and grave dangers, provided it promises what he calls "a big story." The city editor knows the old reporters' aversion to the Sunday morning sermon, and uses it as a weapon of punishment. If it becomes necessary to "discipline" an old reporter, he is given a Sunday morning sermon. It is usually given to him in the reporters'-room and in a tone of voice that is audible all over the room. This is part of the "discipline," and as the reporter leaves the room the expression on his face is not more pleasant from the knowledge that there is a grin on the face of every "cub" and "youngster" behind him. I have known several reporters to resign rather than accept the assignment.

Before ex-Congressman John Finerty became famous as the great American British-lion-tail-twister, he was one of the best reporters in Chicago. He was on the *Tribune*, and one day a certain city editor (best known to fame as the man who always wore a straw hat and smoked a corn-cob pipe) decided that Mr. Finerty should be "disciplined." It was Saturday and some time after midnight. Mr. Finerty was assigned to report the morning sermon of an obscure minister way down on the South-side. Finerty was the senior, and his associates were thunderstruck. They expected an explosion at least, but Finerty remained calm and dignified, although a trifle pale. "Then he will resign," they thought; but Finerty walked out and made no sign. To the surprise of every one, he reported the next day as usual, and turned in an abstract of the sermon. Every one read it on Monday morning, and it was certainly an eloquent and carefully reported sermon. That afternoon a man of clerical cut called on the city editor and asked to see the young man who had reported his sermon the morning before. Mr. Finerty was introduced. The man of the clerical cut would like to see Mr. Finerty alone for a few moments. Out in the hall-way he asked, "Of course you were not at my church yesterday morning?" "No," replied Finerty. "Well, I simply stopped to thank you for the sermon. It was far more eloquent than the one I preached."

Finerty had composed the sermon in a neighboring cellar beer-saloon on Saturday night.

When it comes to enterprise in getting the news, more especially forbidden and suppressed news, the palm must be given to the Chicago

reporters. When any one tells a Chicago reporter that he has a good piece of news, but that it cannot be given out just then, the informant might just as well go to bed with the conviction that he will see the whole story, under a big scare-head, in next morning's paper. A Chicago reporter doesn't take any interest in a story unless he has to fight for it, or secure it by robbery, burglary, or any other means this side of murder.

This is not exaggeration. A friend of mine on the Chicago *Times* was told by a Federal official that he had received a letter from Washington that would make very interesting reading, but he could not give it out. That was regarded by the reporter (his name was Stevenson) as in the nature of a challenge, and he immediately determined to have that letter. The news did not come in his department, but that made no difference to him. He considered his professional efficiency at stake. He dropped in to chat with the official every day until he found in which drawer the letter-book was kept. The next day was Sunday, and the reporter, with a bunch of skeleton-keys in his pocket and accompanied by a confederate, was in the big Federal building bright and early. The old watchman in charge of the second floor, where the coveted book was, was a crank on a subject known to the reporter. The confederate got him started on his favorite theme, and lured him down the corridor, while the reporter operated his skeleton-keys and secured the book. The letter was found, copied, and, by the use of the same tactics, was safely returned. The story appeared the next day under a "date-line" from Washington; and I doubt if the official or the department knows to this day how that letter ever became public.

This same reporter, one year, secured by hook or crook every departmental report of the city government before its presentation to councils. Of course, most of it was done by bribery, and he did not meet with much difficulty until he came to one department presided over by a gruff old fellow who hated all reporters and who swore an awful oath that they should not get his report ahead of councils. He was induced to make a bet on it with a *Times* reporter. The old fellow was watched day after day, but without the discovery of the faintest clue as to the whereabouts of his report. He had not trusted a clerk in his department, or even the city printer. The day preceding the meeting of the new councils came and passed, and he still held his secret. It began to look as though the old fellow had won. At one o'clock in the morning, however, one of the *Times* scouts located the printing-office where the report was being put in type. Within twenty minutes two expert burglars were employed. They were guaranteed protection and a good reward. The printing-office was over the House of David, a notorious all-night saloon on Clark Street. A door led from the saloon to the stairway. This was unlocked by the bartender, who was in the plot and had sent for the burglars, and the latter, with a full kit of tools and accompanied by the reporter, went up-stairs. The door to the printing-office was forced. Tallow dips were lighted, and a search was made for the proof-sheets; but they could not be found. "They have been locked in the safe. Rip it

open," commanded the reporter. The drills were placed in position, there was one whirr of the wheel, and then an involuntary shout from the reporter. He had discovered the proof-sheets on the floor. The burglary was reported to the police the next day, but the burglars were never discovered, and the old departmental chief, who still hates reporters, lost his wager.

The most grewsome incident of this kind of "enterprise" I know of also occurred in Chicago. A reporter, whose district comprised the West-side, was walking down Randolph Street on a black, murky night, with his head bent down and his hands in his pockets. It was in the stilt-days of Chicago's evolution,—when the sidewalks and half the houses were trestled up to an imaginary grade and the streets remained down in the swamp. Down on the street-level the reporter saw a dark object. Looking at it intently, it took on the form of a man. Jumping down, he found it was a man,—the body of a man. There was a hole in the side of the head, and a revolver near by. It might be a suicide or it might be a murder. At all events it was a sensation, and, so far, a "scoop" on the other papers. Why not keep it a "scoop"? Happy thought! The body was quickly searched for papers that would identify it. Then it was dragged far in under the sidewalk, and the reporter hurried to his office and wrote up his "scoop." He waited until all the morning papers had gone to press, and then informed the police of the Desplaines Street station of his "find."

I am glad to say that this kind of newspaper "enterprise" is dying out in the West, and never obtained in the East.

J. L. Sprogle.

PARTING COMRADES.

A DIEU, good Life, though thou hast often been
 Lavish of quip, and scant of courtesy,
 Beneath thy roughness I have found in thee
 Friend, teacher, sage, and sometimes harlequin,
 A host who doth my parting favor win.
 Thine every mood hath held some good for me,
 Nor ever friendlier seemed thy company
 Than on this night when I must quit thine inn.

I love thee, Life, spite of thy jousting ways:
 Dear is thy pleasant house, so long my home;
 I thank thee for the hospitable days,
 The friends and rugged cheer. Then, landlord, come,
 Pour me a stirrup-cup: my white steed nears.
 I ever liked thy wine, though salt with tears.

May Riley Smith.

FIN DE SIÈCLE INDIVIDUALISM.

“THE ancients lived by rule, or pretended to; the moderns live by exception.”

That a fanatical individualism does exist there is no doubt. It is manifest in a thousand ways. The feverish rage for recognition exemplified in the “Society Column” of the press; the specialism rampant in all professions; the multiplication of sects and “cults;” the constantly increasing host of minor celebrities; even the substitution of the modern “fad,” which is inflicted on everybody, for the nobler “hobby,” which was kept for oneself, may be taken as evidence of the advance of the doctrine of individuality.

How individualism, the Napoleon of unpleasant doctrines, has ever attained to its present despotism, it is difficult to say. According to Flammarion, the human race is in its dotage. Is individualism, then, the senile conceitedness, love of attention, and clamorous pride in peculiarity incident to the dark and distorted reflection of childhood? Or is it, to take a more optimistic view, merely a natural result of the “enlightenment” produced by travel and the modern system of rather miscellaneous culture?

But, however attained, I grant that individualism has its good points—I do not say, redeeming traits. It has led to universal tolerance, good-natured in the modern non-resistant fashion if not good-humored, and to that offspring of tolerance, intellectual freedom. There may also be credited to it the decay of that bitterest, most unjust form of scandal which arises from a horror of eccentricity. I do not speak of the attendant disregard of conventionality which it is now fashionable to consider a virtue, because whether it be a virtue or not depends on one’s point of view.

It will be readily seen that since individuality after all is only what remains after the typical unit, or average, is subtracted from the personality or total of characteristics, this cultivation, this exaggeration of what is necessarily the less at the expense of the greater (and nobler?), must bring about results more or less disastrous. Of these results perhaps the least demoralizing is the love of notoriety, which at the worst can but lead to a slight accession of vulgarity.

What seems to me much more deplorable is the attendant loss of self-sufficiency. Men are no longer satisfied with their own approbation, but restlessly seek the judgment of the outer world. Every theory, every act, every attainment, must be paraded till it receives the hallmark of public notice before it may be adopted even by its maker. There is a certain thinness of skin and love of approbation which are said to be peculiarly characteristic of America. I deny it; it is characteristic of the age. If it be more noticeable in us, it is because in this, the youngest of the nations, as in the youngest of a family, the symptoms of disease are more easily diagnosed, and, let us hope, *per contra*, more easily cured.

Also, unfortunately, with the flood of eccentricities which deluges us, there has disappeared eccentricity, if I may be permitted the Erinism. There was a time when a man of attainments lived apart from the herd, an amiably independent recluse; when all wisdom and all genius were shrouded in something of mystery and much of respect. Now, amid the general unveiling of mental and moral processes, "to show how it is done," when every one who thinks he has something to say has screamed it, and every one who wishes to act has done so with the smirk and composure of the fourth-rate professional mummer, there is felt a satiety of manifested talent and a wearied indifference to the report of newly discovered genius. Soon, with all this levelling up and the involved smoothing down, there will result a monotonous regularity of mediocrity, in which we will have to return to the primitive distinctions of past generations. In effect, the situation is becoming ludicrously like that of the kingdom of Barataria, where "everybody's somebody, and no one's anybody."

A lack of discrimination leads to a lack of reverence; and who will say that this is a reverent age? Was there ever a time when the demolition of old ideals and the construction of new ones was as general as now? Is it really the spirit of judicial inquiry that is at work, or is it the rampant goddess of blatant idiosyncrasy?

Of the sham individualism it seems almost undignified to speak. Yet the cheap species of distinction conferred by the mentioning of unremarkable persons as "Lawyer Jones," "Actor Brown," "Artist Robinson," etc., is so inane as to be at times absolutely maddening. Even when it descends to the unintentionally ludicrous (I have just been reading the obituary notice of "Ex-Superintendent of Public Works Blank") it is only painfully ridiculous.

Now, since revivals are always impossible, whither does this nurture of individualism tend? Towards a socialism wherein all are rulers, laurel-crowned heroes, or be-ribboned and be-medalled philosophers? Does it tend to chaotic disorganization, or, as I have before hinted, to the revolt of a disgusted people and the beginning of a new Renaissance? Certainly the last theory seems the more probable, for if nothing is needed to force a revolution except potent discontent, we may hope that the end of the century will see the end of this culture of individualism, its greatest folly.

Gertrude Evans King.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



Russian Hosts and English Guests in Central Asia. By J. T. Woolrych Perowne. Illustrated.

It is only a generation ago but it seems an age since Vambéry, disguised as a dervish, first visited Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand. And after him came Marsh, Valentine Baker, Napier McGregor, Burnaby, and O'Donovan. These were intrepid travellers who risked their lives to extend the frontiers of civilization, and in their path Russia has forged on with the Transcaspian Railway, until within eighteen years the whole territory lies under her dominion. She is developing and nursing it for her good and its own, so that to-day any traveller in quest of adventure or business may ride by rail to the gates of the almost mythical city called by poets "Silken Samarcand."

This is what the author of *Russian Hosts and English Guests*, an early adventurer by rail, did at the end of last year, and in his highly interesting volume, full of illustrations, he gives an account of his travels through Vienna, Constantinople, Batoum, and Baku to Ashabad, Merv, and the city named above. Mr. J. T. Woolrych Perowne is an enthusiastic explorer of the remote. He is fond of social life, and keeps a keen eye upon the domestic variations of each city visited. His book does not claim to be exhaustive. It is a sketch, not a finished portrait; but it gives in broad lines much that is valuable in view of the present intrigues in the far East. Russia's slow and sure advance is a menace in the view of many Englishmen, and Mr. Perowne is of those who rather envy her conquest of the rich provinces of Central Asia here described. The pictures are unusually clear and excellent, and a good map supplies needed bearings for the reader.



Fireside Fancies.
By Beulah C. Garretson.

Suffused with just and judicious thought and breathing a fine moral courtesy, the little book of essays entitled *Fireside Fancies*, by Beulah C. Garretson, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is in timely season for the revering reader who haunts the blazing logs. Miss Garretson has pondered much on the problems of life, and has drawn much from experiences grave and gay. She has the rare gift of uttering her opinions in delicate prose which beguiles while it benefits and uplifts us. Her themes are wide-reaching ones, as with all congenial essayists. She deals with Cobwebs, Stability of Character, Adaptability, Friendship, Ambition, The First Snow, Books, Authorship, Novels, Men and Women, Females Unattached and Otherwise, Church and Religion, Weimar and Naishápúr, Society, Education, Music, Spring, Wealth, and Culture. Castine is her only paper on a local topic, but it also dwells on the general rather than the special in nature,—the sentiment rather than the form. We commend

the shapely volume, which reaches itself into our willing hands, to those who like association with ideas not so trivial as to be idle, nor so weighty as to be dull, and we predict many an hour of quiet converse between reader and writer.



An Atlas of Bacteriology. By Charles Slater and Edmund J. Spitta. Illustrated.

Based on the standard work of Fränkel and Pfeiffer, but differing from it in utility and much in price, this *Atlas of Bacteriology*—Lippincott—is the only extant volume from which the student may have the results of the more comprehensive work without its limitations. The authors of the *Atlas* are Charles Slater, M.A., M.B., M.R.C.S. Eng., F.C.S., who is lecturer on bacteriology in St. George's Hospital Medical School of London, and Edmund J. Spitta, L.R.C.P. Lond., M.R.C.S. Eng., F.R.A.S. They have taken up the work with a thorough equipment in theory and practice, and they thus supply the student with a laboratory hand-book which directs him to the points he should observe in his own preparations, and which at the same time helps the teacher by providing a series of grouped illustrations. Besides this the book is worthy of a place on the shelves of every medical officer of health and other practitioners as a constant source of reference. The backbone of the work is the photo-reproductions, because in all bacteriological teaching or recording the photograph rather than the pen is the supreme resource. Hence a short description of the photographic methods and apparatus employed is an essential feature. The volume is further rendered valuable by reason of the fact that all the illustrations are from original negatives not hitherto published. There are one hundred and eleven of these, and they are printed clearly on excellent paper. An index terminates the volume and fittingly indicates its completeness in every detail.



The Nation's Navy. By Charles Morris. Second Edition.

The most popular volumes thus far issued on the Spanish war are Charles Morris's *The Nation's Navy* and *Our War with Spain*. These have won praise in nearly every critical column of press and periodical, and *The Nation's Navy* has just gone into another large edition to supply the demand for a compact volume which contains what can only be had otherwise through scattered dailies, weeklies, and monthlies. The Lippincotts are Mr. Morris's publishers, and they have made him handsome books to hold his well-written chapters.



Fever-Nursing. By J. C. Wilson, A.M., M.D. Third Edition.

That a third edition of Dr. J. C. Wilson's practical little hand-book, *Fever-Nursing*,—Lippincott,—has been demanded is a better criticism than any we can offer on its contents and utility. It is designed for the use of professional and other nurses, and especially as a text-book for nurses in training. It teaches not only the manner of caring for patients, but why they must be cared for in particular ways. The author is a physician eminent in the ranks of Philadelphia's great doctors, and what he offers here is the fruit of sage experience. That such fruit may be had for a trifle is a marvel of modern life.

Herbert Vanlennert.
By C. F. Keary.

The current number in *Lippincott's Series of Select Novels* contains the well-remembered story by C. F. Keary called *Herbert Vanlennert*. Those who secured it in its more expensive form will be glad now to recommend it to those who did not as a charming tale of English high life, love, sport, society, and the always alluring intrigues which make up a tale by an author who studies his social surroundings.

Historic Homes of the South-West Mountains, Virginia. By Edward C. Mead. Illustrated.

In this second volume from the pen of Mr. Edward C. Mead, of Broad Oak, in Virginia, we have a treasury of information which it was wise to garner before the sources had forever passed away. Mr. Mead's handsome book is called *Historic Homes of the South-West Mountains, Virginia*, and in it he describes that almost matchless series of lovely and stately places which lie along the mountains of Albemarle County, Virginia. The territory is intersected by many roads, and traversed by a railway giving access to the livelier centres beyond, but these spacious old seats rest in aged quietude full of the tranquil dignity which seems to have been lost to us with the Colonial years. The book is teeming with local associations and family traditions. Anecdotes of the great men who have dwelt in this sylvan district abound. We catch some intimate views of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, Lego, and his other estates, and of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Rives, the grandparents of Amélie Rives, whose house, Castle Hill, is one of the *Historic Homes*. Other seats which are described with detail sufficient for a clear mental picture are Shadwell and Pantops, once the property of Thomas Jefferson; Edgehill, where the Randolphs lived; Belmont, the home of the Everetts; Sunnyside, Fruitland, Cismont, Clover Fields, the old estate of the Meriwethers; Castalia, Music Hall, Belvoir, belonging to the Nelsons; Kinlock, Merrie Mill, Rougemont, Hopedale, Castle Hill, where Amélie Rives has long made her home; Keswick, Edgeworth, Cobham Park, the Machunk Farms, Broad Oak, Everettville, and Glenmore, the seat of the Magruders.

The illustrations consist of twenty-three handsome plates of the houses described in the text, and a useful map; and as we are told that these structures are constantly undergoing changes as the new tendencies in architecture prevail, the work Mr. Mead has done in thus preserving them with picture and pen for future generations and for actual descendants of the old manorial families is of priceless value. The entire volume, which emanates from the Lippincott press, is a thing of beauty. Type, paper, cover, and plates are a consistent harmony.

The Green Hand.
By George Cupples.
Illustrated.

An author who won the praise of old Christopher North, and of whom George Macdonald has spoken with enthusiasm, should certainly be known to his Western kin, and yet we believe few readers on this side the sea could tell very much about George Cupples. Macdonald pronounced his principal story, *The Green Hand*, "The best sea-novel I have ever read;" and of this same book Clark Russell, the leader among those who spin ocean-yarns, said, "It is the colors of 'The Green Hand' that I have nailed to my mast."

Cupples was the son of a rigid Calvinist divine of Great Britain. His father's austere treatment drove him to sea at an early age, but one severe voyage sufficed, and he took up scholarly pursuits, becoming at last a constant contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, where *The Green Hand*, now published by the Lippincotts, first appeared.

The story is woven out of his own young experiences on an Indiaman, and it is overflowing with adventure, rich with hearty character, and spicy with humor of a fine, robust order. Indeed, Dickens himself might have been vain of some of the laughable passages of sea-lingo, recounting wild fun on ship-board. Old Jack, the captain's steward, is a stalwart figure that seems destined to live in the company of Falstaff and Sancho Panza and Captain Cuttle. His yarns told to the eager groups about the galley are rollicking stories in themselves, but besides these the book has countless episodes of a thrilling or pathetic order. The backbone of the tale is the career of Master Ned Collins, sometime a naval lieutenant, whose adventures in love, war, and in far-away seas furnish a never-flagging interest.

There are six illustrations of a characteristic type and a photogravure portrait of George Cupples as frontispiece, showing a self-reliant and diffident face, accounting perhaps for the lack of fame hitherto accorded to its owner's signal performance in the fiction of the sea.



The White Princess of the Hidden City.
By David Lawson
Johnstone. Illustrated by W. Boucher.

The way to a boy's heart is through the devious avenues of adventure,—the wilder the better. In *The White Princess of the Hidden City*, published by the Lippincotts, there is everything that fancy can invent to divert as well as to instruct a bright lad or even a lass, yet all is kept well within the scope of the actual.

The tale takes the reader to a Spanish-American republic, whose fiction name is Salvatierra, and there a typical Spanish revolution is under way just as the hero, Mr. Leslie Rutherford, arrives. He boldly issues forth and sees the President of the State cruelly shot by a revolutionist. Rutherford's English blood is up, and without a minute's consideration he aims at the murderer and kills him on the spot. This leads to a fast friendship between Rutherford and Don Gaspar O'Driscoll, an Irish-Spaniard, with whom Leslie's career is thereafter allied. The O'Driscoll has had a romantic, almost tragic, adventure in a land he entered by a fall down a precipice. Here dwelt the White Princess, and it was for her that Rutherford had come to Central America. The two compare notes, with the result that Leslie feels sure he has found the object of his search, and they then decide to go and seek her in the hidden city. What happens there is the romantic centre of the tale, and we challenge anybody, young or old, to escape the weird fascination of the narrative. Handsome full-page illustrations, by W. Boucher, embellish the text, and an attractive cover gives the volume a holiday appearance.



Pure Wool Soap



Trade Mark Registered 1893.

Made for the skin of all people—for bath, for toilet—safe, clean, positively pure.

If your dealer doesn't sell Wool Soap, the purest toilet and bath soap on earth, send your name and address, and his, too, on a postal and we'll send you a sample cake free.

Swift and Company, Chicago

The only soap that won't shrink woolens

A SNAKE STORY.—A road-party, comprising the usual gang of from fifty to sixty Kaffirs, with a white man as superintendent, was employed on the construction of a road in the Tugela Valley, Natal, about thirty or more years ago. In the course of their work they came on a huge stone, which it was necessary to remove, but beneath it was the home of a large black mamba, well known to the neighboring inhabitants as being old, and therefore very venomous. The mamba is the most deadly of the South African snakes, and the superintendent anticipated some trouble over that rock. He offered a bribe for the snake's skin, and the gang "wow'd!" and sat down to "bema gwi" (take snuff). But a slim youth sauntered forward, and, amid the jeers and protestations of the rest, declared himself equal to the task. He took from his neck what looked like a bit of shrivelled stick, chewed it, swallowed some of it, spat out the rest on his hands, and proceeded to rub his glistening brown body and limbs all over. Then, taking up his stick and chanting a song of defiance, he advanced with great confidence and swagger to the boulder. There he roused up the mamba, who, in great fury at being disturbed, bit him in the lip with great fury. The boy took no notice of the bite, but broke the snake's back with his stick, and, bringing it to his master, asked for the reward, obtaining which he went back to his work, and the bite of the reptile had no effect on him whatever.

No bribe, not even that of a cow (better than any gold in the eyes of a Kaffir), would induce this native to disclose the secret of his antidote, which, he said, had been handed down in his family for generations. The snake was a very long one, and so old that it had a mane. It is a well-known fact that certain of the Zulus have antidotes for the more deadly snake-poisons, which they preserve as a secret within their own families.—*Spectator*.

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.—"It's three-quarters of an hour since I ordered that turtle soup," snapped the angry guest at the restaurant.

"Yaas, sah," said the waiter, with an obsequious bow, "but de turtle done make his 'scape, sah, and dey had to chase him 'bout a mile, sah."—*Detroit Free Press*.

COULD SEE THROUGH HIS NOSE.—Several authors at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century mention a man who had lost both his eyes, but could see through his nose. An account of him is given in the "Oculus Artificialis Teledioptricus" of Joannis Zahn. It appears that he lived in the country and had the misfortune to lose his right eye when a child, and his left, when somewhat older, by falling from a cherry-tree upon a spike, which mutilated his nose and cheek. After the wound had healed he found that he could see through the cavity of his nose not merely the daylight, but the colors of the flowers around him. During the next five or six years he learned to distinguish objects brought under his nose. M. E. Douillot, a French physiologist, explains the phenomenon by supposing that the membranes, and particularly the retina at the base of the eye, were sound, and that an opening communicating with the nose permitted the light to reach the retina through the nose. It is well known that if light enters a dark room by a narrow aperture it will form an image or picture on a screen there, and something of the kind happened in the case of the man who saw with his nose.

....STATEMENT....
OF
THE TRAVELERS
LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Chartered 1863. [Stock.] Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Prest.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

Paid-up Capital - - \$1,000,000.00

Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$22,868 994.16
Liabilities	19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$3,722 635.12

July 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864	\$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life)	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force	94,646,669.00

GAINS.

6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets	\$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders)	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only)	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 months	2,937,432.77

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster.

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

NEW YORK OFFICE: 31 Nassau Street.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

SOMETHING WRONG.—"This coffee does not seem quite right, dear," said young Mr. Hunnimoon to the best little bridie in the world.

"I know it doesn't," replied his inexperienced little wife, with tears in her voice. "And I can't imagine what is the matter with it, either. It is the first time I ever made coffee, dear, and I'm afraid I have done something wrong. The seeds have been boiling quite half an hour, but they just won't get soft. What do you suppose is the matter?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

MUSIC THAT HAD NO CHARMS.—He is a city man who had been stopping for three days at a country residence and paying good rates while keeping up an industrious but unsuccessful search for wild ducks. He announced his intention to leave the next morning, and retired. Only a thin partition separated his sleeping-apartment from the family sitting-room, and there was no difficulty in his hearing the conversation carried on for his especial benefit.

"Liz'beth," said the old farmer, whose voice was sincerity itself, "that young feller don't seem to be no such duck-hunter as that chap what put up with us last season. He uster bring in a boat-load of game 'bout every day. He asked me not to tell it round, but he jist charmed them birds with a mouth-organ. They would fly where he was in clouds fur to hear the music, and all he had to do was to knock 'em over. I never see nuthin' like it, and I've lived right here ever since I was born. Better keep it quiet, though, 'Liz'beth, for he's a fine feller and sure fur to be back ag'in this fall."

Next morning the guest was up before the sun. He walked seven miles to the nearest town and bought a mouth-organ. All that day and the day following there was music floating over the still waters. The selections ranged from Chopin to the repertoire of a roof-garden prima donna. The ducks were invoked just as Orpheus stirred the souls of the eternal rocks till they danced sand jigs and cut capers. But the ducks came not, though the musical huntsman blew away all his material, breath and patience. Then he sullenly paid his bill and left with haunting suspicions.

"Well, 'Liz'beth," chuckled the farmer, "I got two days more board outen him, anyhow."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A PLUCKY ARTIST.—It is extraordinary what some men can accomplish in spite of ill fortune. Verestchagin had his right thumb so badly bitten by a leopard some years ago that it had to be amputated. On the field of battle the middle finger of his right hand was made useless by a shot. By a fall on the steppes later the centre bones of the same hand were shattered. Nevertheless Verestchagin is one of the foremost painters in Russia, and makes as dexterous use of his right hand, lamed as it is, as any man in Europe.

A PAINFUL CONJECTURE.—Benevolent old gentleman (pointing a moral to village school-children).—"Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my home and come over here and speak to you thus? Can any boy tell me?"

Bright child (innocently).—"Please, sur, p'raps yeow loikes to 'ear yourself taak, sur."—*Tit-Bits*.

EXPENSE NO OBJECT.—"You have put too many r's in the word 'very,'" said the tutor.

"What of it?" retorted the scion of a newly rich house. "I guess pa is able to pay for the ink."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

There's a bright
side to housework



It's
the
SAPOLIO
side

You can use it in a
thousand ways.

NEWS OF THE BARBARIANS.—Occasionally we have to “go away from home to get the news,” even in Chicago, as witness the following from the *London Globe*: “Chicago has at last, and in a characteristically Western manner, solved the scorcher problem. Henceforth cyclists who ride too rapidly in the streets of the city are to be shot. Such is the order which has gone forth to the police.” This will undoubtedly be regarded as “news as is news,” but the “scorcher” will do well to take heed.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE SERPENT OF SILVER LAKE.—FAXON had a friend who went to Silver Lake, a beautiful body of water a few miles south of Buffalo and Rochester, in what was then a wild and picturesque country, where he built a superb hotel, hoping to make the place a popular resort. This man's fortune was expended in building and outfitting the hotel, but as people did not resort to the place in considerable numbers it failed of becoming much of a resort, and the man was about to become financially ruined. Faxon went to the place for a few days' relaxation, and, seeing the condition of affairs, invented a scheme which his friend dubiously fell into, and the investment was saved.

At Buffalo lived a young German tinsmith of an ingenious turn of mind. To him Faxon went, and under Faxon's direction an immense tin snake was secretly made, and so contrived that by the use of wires it would, under proper arrangements, go into serpentine writhings and open and shut its enormous mouth. This “contraption” was quietly taken to Silver Lake and so fixed in the water—which was very deep—that by wires worked from the cellar of the hotel it would show itself on the surface, snap its terrible mouth, and dive down again.

The snake being arranged in working order, Faxon went back to Buffalo and in his paper printed, under great “scare heads,” the story of the discovery of an enormous snake in Silver Lake. People visited the place by hundreds and then by thousands. The hotel and its barns and outbuildings of all kinds were filled with guests, and many people went there and camped on the shores of the lake, his snakeship coming to the surface at satisfactory intervals and doing his share of the work. So the fame of the Silver Lake snake went abroad.

There came a body of savants of the school of Europe to see the famous terror, and they saw it and pondered over it, but at a most respectful distance.

Finally one day the wires broke, the snake floated to the surface and turned its white belly towards the sky just like any other dead snake, and the great hoax was exploded. But Faxon's friend had saved his fortune and added to it, and Silver Lake became quite a resort after all.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

CLUB WAY.—“Mrs. Flourish wants her paper on ‘Mission Work in Alaska’ to come first on the programme.”

“Why?”

“She wants to get away to go to a progressive euchre party.”—*Chicago Record*.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.—“I think,” said the young man, “that if you would give me a chance I could elevate the stage.”

“Oh,” replied the manager, “there's no excuse for that expense. The stage is high enough, and everything would be all right if we could only get the ladies to remove their hats.”—*Washington Star*.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world, is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists;
all sorts of people are using it.

A SEWING-MACHINE which exhibits in liberal combination all the best features introduced is the Victor Sewing-Machine, made by the Victor Manufacturing Company, Chicago, with lock-stitch, shuttle running light and quiet. These machines have the following important features: cheapness, perfect self-adjusting and graduated tension, are under control of the operator, and are always positive in their working. They are entirely self-threading in all points, including the shuttle. The needle is self-setting, the attachments are quickly and easily placed and fastened. The shuttle has an easy, oscillating motion, causing it to keep its proper place against the race. The low price at which they offer their machine in another column can be made because they manufacture in such immense quantities and deal directly with the user, thus saving the retail dealer's profit. The organs which they manufacture offer equally good attractions, both as to quality and price, and any one who is considering the purchase of one will do well to send for their catalogue.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

TO GET RID OF FLIES.—Pope Stephen (A.D. 890) drove away a plague of locusts by sprinkling the fields with holy water, while St. Bernard destroyed an innumerable multitude of flies which filled his church and interrupted his sermon by simply pronouncing the words "Excommunico eas" ("I excommunicate them").—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE RICHEST AMERICAN.—"Who is reputed to be the wealthiest person in the United States?" Some two or three years ago a New York correspondent of a leading Western paper devoted a good deal of space in setting forth the wealth attained by the men who had accumulated \$50,000,000 or more. At that time the list contained nine names and stood in the following order: William Waldorf Astor, \$150,000,000; Jay Gould, \$100,000,000; John D. Rockefeller, \$90,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$90,000,000; William K. Vanderbilt, \$80,000,000; Henry M. Flagler, \$60,000,000; John I. Blair, \$50,000,000; Russell Sage, \$50,000,000; Collis P. Huntington, \$50,000,000.

The above estimates were said to be authentic at the time they were published. The wealth of Mr. Astor consists of real estate in New York City; Gould's was in stocks and bonds; Rockefeller's is partly in Standard Oil stocks and partly in railroad securities; the Vanderbilts' is in railroad stocks and bonds; Mr. Flagler's is in Standard Oil stocks and government bonds; Mr. Blair's is in government and municipal securities; Mr. Sage's is in stocks and bonds or loans, and Mr. Huntington's is in railroad securities.

It is said that William Waldorf Astor will be a billionaire before he reaches the allotted age, and that he will follow the precedent set by his great-grandfather, John Jacob Astor, in transmitting his fortune to his eldest son. Should he become a billionaire his income at six per cent. interest would be \$60,000,000 a year, \$5,000,000 a month, \$1,171,154 a week, \$166,849 a day, \$6952.05 an hour, \$115.87 a minute, and \$1.93 a second.

As to the wealth of Andrew Carnegie and John Wanamaker, the iron and steel king is said to be worth \$20,000,000 and the merchant prince \$10,000,000.—*Chicago Record*.

RUBBER-LINED WARSHIPS.—In French naval circles there is again some talk of adopting a "filling" between the inter-skin and the inner shell. At present cellulose and corn pith seem to have gone out of favor, and it is now proposed to utilize caoutchouc, or some similar elastic substance, so that even should the vessel or shot penetrate, the rent will close again, and only a small quantity of water be admitted. Tests have already been made, a structure representing a small part of the length of a vessel being fitted with the cellular double sides filled with caoutchouc, and it was perforated within and outside at various depths above and below the water-line, and allowed to float in the river; and yet it was found after a considerable time that only a few pints of water had leaked through the interior.—*Industries and Iron*.

SAW FEW AMERICANS.—"Pardon the old question," said the tourist on the east-bound Atlantic liner, "but how did the Americans impress you?"

"I hardly met enough of them to form an idea," replied the English traveller, in a manner somewhat cold and distant.

"You went through the country hastily, perhaps. Journeying for pleasure, may I ask?"

"No, sir. I was lecturing, sir."—*Chicago Tribune*.

If you should die, what income would your wife have?

Unproductive property, though it be worth a million, has no immediate value for her. The situation demands an immediate spot cash income. It should be adequate—enough to protect her in such comforts as you now cheerfully supply. It should continue **as long as she lives**. A day or an hour less than this may expose her to unwelcome privations, or to partial or total loss of the estate which you have otherwise provided.

One of the largest financial institutions will guarantee your wife a **fixed income as long as she lives**.

This will be done on surprisingly easy terms, and the cost will be much less than ordinary life insurance. You will pay for it upon the slow-pay plan—a little, easily-spared money at intervals named by you. Your agreement to pay is with the explicit understanding that if you die, your obligation to the Company will be cancelled. Would you buy an U. S. Bond on such terms? You cannot; but you can obtain this infinitely better contract from the **Penn Mutual Life**.

Penn Mutual Life

921-3-5 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

HEALTHFUL, NUTRITIOUS, THE BEST IN THE WORLD.—The claim that fine flour does not make such healthful or nutritious bread as some other kinds is not new. That Graham flour is preferable for some people is no doubt true; but with others it proves irritating to the stomach. It is held that the Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat, is better than either, because it is more nutritious than fine white flour, and is not irritating to weak stomachs, like Graham. The Franklin Mills Flour is produced from the entire wheat kernel, except the woody, innutritious, indigestible outer skin or husk, which is not food. It is unlike white flour, because that is robbed of the gluten of the wheat, in order to make a white bread. There is no principle of physiology which bases qualities of food upon its whiteness. Flour deprived of the gluten of the wheat, which contains phosphates and nutritive salts, has lost the greater part of its blood-making materials. Bread made from the Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat, is a beautiful light golden brown. It takes its color from the elements of the wheat from which it is made. This flour is manufactured by the Franklin Mills Company, Lockport, New York, and sold by grocers in barrels or fractions of a barrel.

THE KLONDIKE MARKING.—"Do you really think the young fellow who wants to marry Janie is a *bona-fide* Klondiker?"

"I guess he is. He's short an ear and three toes, and has a frostbitten chin."—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

THE SKIPPER AS SCHOOLMASTER.—Thousands of young men and women in this country are annually preparing themselves for the vocation of school-teacher, but there is a shipmaster in this port who tells a good story of how, when he was in a Florida port, he concluded he would accept a school that was offered him and quit the sea.

"I was in Pensacola, Florida, during the winter of 1876," said Captain Blank, "with the English bark *Dexter*. As I had forty-five lay days and the charterers told me they would not begin to load the ship for nearly a month, I concluded I would take quarters ashore and enjoy myself hunting and fishing. One day, while I was in Milton, a small village about ten miles from Pensacola, I met a planter, who made me a very flattering offer to teach a private school in his district, some twenty miles north of Milton. As the salary he offered me was nearly three times as much as I was getting, I concluded I would accept it. So that night I drove out with him to his place, and next morning I was introduced to my scholars. You never saw such a lot of children in your life,—boys and girls from ten to twenty-two years of age, and as untamed as a hurricane in the Indian Ocean. The planter had been gone about five minutes when the fun began, and from that time till the noon recess these pupils had lots of fun. When school reassembled in the afternoon a big, red-headed lad started the circus by hitting me square in the face with a spitball, and thereby raising a storm. I went outside and got a couple of good-sized clubs, and when I came in I locked the door, took off my coat, and started in. Within five minutes they were cowed. You never in all your life saw such a set of badly whipped boys and girls; for I was so excited, once I got started on them, that any head was good enough for me to hit; and about the only thing I felt sorry for twenty years afterwards was the language I used, for I talked pretty much as I would on the quarter-deck of a ship to a mutinous crew. After I had thoroughly beaten the cubs I struck for Pensacola as fast as my legs would carry me, as I was sure the planters would murder me if they caught me, after giving the children such a trouncing, but a letter I received from the man who engaged me convinced me that, instead of doing me an injury, I could have had anything I wanted. This is the letter I received:

"MILTON, FLORIDA, January 15, 1876.

"DEAR CAPTAIN BLANK,—Inclosed is fifty dollars, your compensation for teaching — school one day. During the past five years we have had fully thirty teachers, not one of whom was able to handle our boys and girls for a week, but the thorough licking you gave them will only make it necessary for us in future to say, 'If you don't do right we will go to the city and get some ship-master to come out and take the school.' Accept my thanks and those of my neighbors for the great service you unconsciously rendered us.

"Yours truly,

J. C. B."

Tacoma letter in Portland Oregonian.

STATISTICS show that, though the birth-rate of England is highest of the three countries of the kingdom, longevity is lowest. Scotland shows a higher percentage, and Ireland the highest of all.



Let its twenty years

of constantly-growing success talk. That ought to convince you that there's "something in Pearline."

Twenty years ago Pearline was a new idea. And no new idea could have come into favor so rapidly and so largely, or would have been so copied and imitated, if it hadn't been a good idea. Pearline saves more, in washing, than anything else that's safe to use.

530

Millions  **Pearline**

CONCERNS OUR DAILY BREAD.—The high cost of cream of tartar, the chief ingredient of a pure baking powder, has induced some manufacturers to substitute burnt alum (which costs but three cents a pound) largely or wholly in lieu of cream of tartar, making a very low cost but unwholesome baking powder.

Our most eminent physicians are continuously warning the public against the use of alum baking powders because of the unwholesome qualities which they impart to the food.

When such high authority as Dr. Johnson, Professor of Chemistry at Yale College, says that he regards the introduction of alum into baking powder as most dangerous to the public health, and is in favor of interdicting the sale of such powders, it is time for consumers to give the matter serious attention. They should examine their store-rooms and their supplies as they come from the grocery.

Generally, alum baking powders are sold at a lower price than pure powders, but the difficulty of recognizing them from their appearance caused the government chemist to recommend, as a matter of safety, the use of a well-known brand of baking powder, such as the Royal, which his tests showed, he says, to be made from the most healthful materials, entirely free from alum and every adulteration.

RIGID RULES ENFORCED.—Veterinaries of the New York Condensed Milk Company examine cows supplying milk for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, to guard against any contamination. Send for "Infant Health." Information valuable to every mother.

AN ABANDONED MINE.—Far up on the left shoulder of Bald Mountain is the old Higgenbottom mine. It is an old mine, so old and so long abandoned that even local tradition concerning it is very hazy. There is an old trail leading down from it, dim and hardly traceable, bearing easterly and north around Black Top, and out over Ni Wot Hill. Over this trail, it is said, ore came down, hundreds of tons of it, and by ox-teams was dragged over the rough country thirty miles to the smelter at Central City. In those days it cost sixty dollars a ton to smelt ore, sixty dollars more to freight it in, ten dollars to pack it down the trail, twenty dollars to mine it, and yet they say this old man Higgenbottom made a fortune from the mine and lived in affluence all his remaining days.

All this was over forty years ago, while yet Denver was a sheep-pasture, and the great mines like the Ni Wot, Utica, Dew Drop, and Star, that have since made the reputation of Ward, were undreamed of. All these years the old mine, despite its traditions, has lain untouched, high up among the almost perpetual snows, its shaft-house of logs standing stiffly against the winds and its old shaft filled to the collar with perpetual ice. Few people visit it. Few people even know of its existence, and it is only recently that your correspondent went upon the ground, for rumor has it that the old mine is to be brought to life. It is a slightly spot. Behind it rises the snowy range, before it the endless foot-hills, merging into the plain. There is something impressive in its splendid isolation. To the east and north Ward nestles far below, while directly before, in perfect descending line, are the many dumps marking the projected course of the great adit tunnel, at whose mouth Camp Frances seems to stand like a cluster of hives. Elsewhere nothing of life,—snow, endless snow, and limitless waste of mountain.—*Denver Times.*

A TESTIMONIAL FOR VERACITY.—“It’s a moighty foine thing to have a character for truthfulness,” remarked O’Grady when he returned home the other evening.

“Indade an’ it is that same,” agreed Mrs. O’Grady, with an approving nod as she hauled one child out of the fender and scraped the cinders off his frock. “An’ what makes ye say that, Phelim?”

“‘Cause me master belaves in me veracity intoirely,” was the response of Phelim. He lighted his short pipe and took his accustomed seat on a broken chair near the chimney. “I tould him this morning that I couldn’t help being late, an’ that I had run a moile in a minute an’ a half to get there in toime. An’ what do you think he said?”

“Mebbe that ye desarved another sixpence a week.”

“Better than that. These are his very words: ‘O’Grady,’ sez he, ‘Oi wud just as soon belave ye if ye sed ye had done it in half a minute.’ So ye see what faith he has in me veracity intoirely.”—*Pearson’s Weekly.*

THOSE PUBLISHERS.—Penjab.—“Oh, I tell you I am looming right up alongside of Anthony Hope! There is only one trifling little difference now between his stories and mine.”

Friend.—“What is that?”

Penjab.—“Why, the publishers all jump at his stories and they jump on mine.”—*Truth.*

5 CENTS. 5 CENTS.

Price has been reduced on the original old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, so that it can now be bought at 5 cents for a full-sized bar. Quality same as for last 33 years, "BEST OF ALL." Ask your grocer

for it. No one has ever found fault with its quality, no one can now find fault with its price. It stands, as it has for 33 years, in a class by itself, as to quality, purity, and economy, but is now in class with common brown soaps as to price.

It is the original Electric, and is guaranteed to be worth four times as much as any other soap ever made. For washing anything, from the finest lace to the heaviest blanket, it is without a peer.

DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for many, many years, and I cannot speak too highly of its merits. It is the only soap I ever used that kept my hands from chapping in cold water. It also saves the trouble of boiling the clothes, and leaves them in good condition. Up to last July I used to pay nine cents a bar for it, and thought it was cheap at that price, but now my grocer sells it to me at five cents a bar. I don't see how any housekeeper can afford to use any other soap now.

"MRS. CHAS. HAYES, Boston, Mass."

"I have used your Dobbins' Electric Soap for a long time, and would not be willing to try any other, as it does its work to perfection, and I consider it the best laundry soap in the world, and at five cents a bar it is the cheapest.

"MRS. ANNA FLYNN, Chicago, Ill."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for twelve years, and like it ever so much. I can do more and better work with one bar than with two of any other brand I ever tried. When I first commenced to use it I paid twelve cents a bar, now I only pay five cents. This is certainly a great reduction for a first-class soap like Dobbins' Electric.

"MRS. D. H. BROWN, Providence, R. I."

"I have used your Dobbins' Electric Soap for ten years, and find that it is all you claim for it, and now that I can buy it at five cents a bar, I would not think of using any other soap.

"MRS. FANNIE KELLY, Cleveland, O."

A SCORCHER'S YARN.—The scorchers had warmed to their work, which was that of telling alleged experiences. "I was never arrested but once," said a slender young man with humped shoulders and a bicycle face. "As a kid I used to walk in my sleep. Later on this habit took another turn, and I frequently rode at night without knowing it. I can recall distinctly going to bed at the only hotel in a little town of Ohio. It was about the middle of July, and very hot. The next thing I remember I was swimming out of the Ohio River at Pittsburg with my bicycle over my shoulders. It was just coming daylight; but there stood an officer on the bank to arrest me for scorching. I had ridden off of a high trestle work just outside the city."

"What business had the policeman out there to arrest you?"

"I didn't say anything about a policeman. It was the constable from a little town in Ohio. He had ordered me to halt when I appeared on the street back there, but, being asleep, I paid no heed. I flew along till I reached the railroad track and then headed for the east. A fast express left at about the same time, and I only had a few rods the best of it. The constable jumped in with the engineer and the throttle was pulled wide open in order to capture me. There I was, supposing myself to be in bed, giving the 'cannon ball' the race of its life. For eighty miles I held my own, and then came the dump into the river. Doctors have told me since that I would have gone clear on to Philadelphia had the train pursued me and the high bridge not interfered with the sport. I walked a little way with the officer, when I made a flying start and left him, for there was no train that he could take."

One listener had breath enough left to ask the scorcher if he ever talked in his sleep.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE HARD-WORKING COUNTERFEITER.—While counting a package of money handed in for deposit, Receiving Teller Harmer of the Nassau Bank found a queer-looking note. It was a silver certificate of the latest issue, with the figure 5 in each corner, but with the animated group that the government prints only on two-dollar silver notes in the centre. Close inspection showed that by the old-time process of "splitting" the paper the perpetrator of the alteration had removed the figure 2 from the four corners of the original note on both sides, and had substituted the figure 5. This part of the work was executed so dexterously as almost to defy detection. A large V had been inserted in the centre of the back with equal skill. The altered bill would never have escaped detection under the eye of a careful bank officer, because of the great difference between the central pictures on a two-dollar silver note and on a five-dollar silver note, but it would undoubtedly deceive ninety-nine out of one hundred tradesmen, who are not apt to carry in their minds exact images of the pictures on each denomination of paper money. Cashier Rogers of the bank said he had seen many counterfeits of United States notes, but never before a successful alteration of any one of them. He said the person who raised the two-dollar note to a five-dollar one must have expended ten dollars' worth of time on the work.—*New York Times*.

MONEY LENT ON GRAVES.—"Strange as it may seem, I have repeatedly known money to be lent on the security of duly allotted spaces in cemeteries," said the managing director of a necropolis company.

"Scores and hundreds of people long before their own deaths may be anticipated buy graveyard spaces. Some misfortune occurs, and even small sums in ready money become a pressing necessity. In some cases cemetery companies will buy back the space, but I well knew one man who made a specialty of advancing money on graves. Some burial-places are far more in request than others,—are fashionable, if you like to put it in that way,—and this man often made a great profit when he chanced to obtain full possession of a grave in such a place and upon which he had made an advance.

"I am not seldom approached by people who say, 'I bought a grave at so-and-so, intending it for the family. What loan could I get upon it?'"—*Strand*.

MARRIED TO HELP HIS DOG.—In the north of England, where rabbit-coursing is most in vogue, swift, well-trained dogs often win large sums in prizes. It is therefore little to be wondered at that the owners of these animals should bestow so much attention upon them.

An old Yorkshire collier, well known for his success in the coursing field, recently surprised all his mates by marrying a very unprepossing pauper woman. He had always been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex.

"Why has ta gone and got spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him.

"Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man stolidly. "I agree wi' ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty. If she had been, I shouldn't have wed her. But that there dog o' mine, he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him while I was away at the pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hissen, so I hit on the idea o' marryin' Betsy. She's not handsome, but she's mighty good company for the dog."—*London Telegraph*.



**Fits Perfectly,
Wears Well,
Absolute Comfort.**

For Men, Women and Children.

Made in all sizes, all weights, with finest possible finish.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue giving name of our agents in your city.

DR. JAEGER'S
Sanitary Woolen System Company
NEW YORK

Main Retail Store
16 West 23d St.

Branches:
166 Broadway
248 W. 125th St.

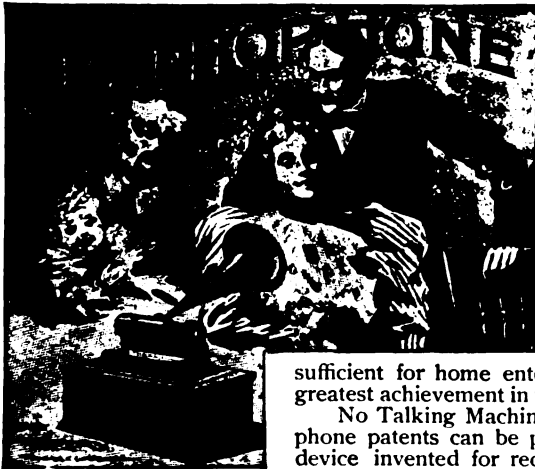


**FEDER'S
POMPADOUR
SKIRT
PROTECTOR**

Insist on seeing this label on all ready-made skirts.

Purchasers of ready-made skirts will find it greatly to their advantage to insist on garments bound with Feder's Pompadour. The best wholesale manufacturers furnish them and progressive retail dealers keep them. They cost you no more than skirts bound with some unsatisfactory velveteen, braid or cord. To every skirt finished with Feder's Pompadour a silk label is sewn like the one here illustrated, and our guarantee goes with it. Don't accept any garment without this label. Write us if you cannot get what you want and we shall see that you are supplied without any trouble.

J. W. GODDARD & SONS,
(Est. 1847.) 98 & 100 Bleecker St., New York.



**TUNEFUL!
WONDERFUL!
DELIGHTFUL!**

**Unrivalled for Home Entertainment.
Simple and Perfect in Operation.
Most Marvellous of all Talking Machines**

All Graphophones have volume amply sufficient for home entertainment. The Graphophone Grand—the greatest achievement in the art—can be heard by 10,000 at one time.

No Talking Machine except those manufactured under Graphophone patents can be perfect, as those patents cover every efficient device invented for recording and reproducing sound. Other so-called talking machines reproduce imperfectly records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. Only on talking machines made under Graphophone patents can song, speech, or any sound be instantly recorded and reproduced at once, and as often as desired. Making records for one's self at home is one of the greatest pleasures of the talking machine.

Columbia Records for Graphophones are the best records made. They excel in variety, in perfection of tone, and in wearing quality. Graphophones are sold for \$10 and up. Write for Catalogue.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., DEPT. D.

New York, 143 and 145 Broadway.
Retail Branch, 1155, 1157, 1159 Broadway.
Chicago, 211 State Street.
Baltimore, 110 E. Baltimore Street.
Paris, 34 Boulevard des Italiens.

St. Louis, 720-722 Olive Street.
Philadelphia, 1023 Chestnut Street.
Washington, 910 Pennsylvania Avenue.
Buffalo, 313 Main Street.
San Francisco, 723 Market Street.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

SMITH'S NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION.

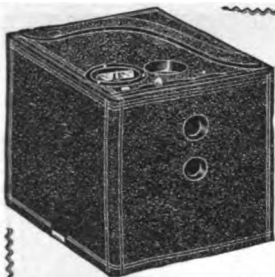


MRS. SMITH.—“Going to make any good resolutions for the new year, John?”

JOHN.—“Yes, one.”

MRS. SMITH.—“What’s that? Swear off minding the baby?”

JOHN.—“No, indeed; I’m going to swear off swearing. I’m ashamed of the habit.”



THE BUCKEYE CAMERA

1899 MODEL. FOR FILMS OR PLATES
MAY BE LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

✻ PRACTICABLE, COMPACT, PORTABLE ✻

FOR FILMS ONLY.		FOR BOTH FILMS AND PLATES.	
3½ x 3½ Buckeye, \$8.00	3½ x 3½ Special Buckeye, with one holder, \$9.00	4 x 5 Buckeye, - 12.00	4 x 5 Special Buckeye, with one holder, - 16.00

Try Metacarbol, the most powerful developer known.

...We recommend the NEW AMERICAN FILMS for Hand-Camera Work...

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR ALL, an elementary text book. Price, paper, 25c.; postage, 8c.

Catalogue of all kinds of cameras and all requisites for photography mailed on application, Free. | We recommend CLIMAX DRY PLATES. They are quick and reliable.

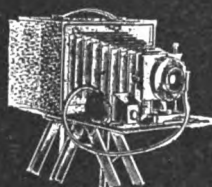
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, 45, 47, 49 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

"A MASTER OF ARTS."



From the Original Painting,
in the possession of P. & J. ARNOLD.

"It's all in the Lens"



Series J-B

Use the
Korona
Cameras

Ours is the only house in the United States making all the parts that go into a camera

OUR LENSES ARE FAMOUS
PRICES LOW

A catalogue for the asking

Gundlach Optical Co.
761 So. Clinton Street
Rochester, N. Y.

4-IMPORTANT GATEWAYS-4



FINEST
PASSENGER SERVICE
IN TEXAS.

L. S. Thorne, Third V.-P. and Gen'l Mgr.,
E. P. Turner, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
DALLAS, TEXAS.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

SMITH'S NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION.—Continued.



POSTMAN.—“Anything wrong, Mr. Smith?”

SMITH.—“Yes, forgot my keys,—second time this week, too. I wouldn't be so bad if I could relieve myself a little, but I made a New-Year resolution yesterday to quit swearing.”

POSTMAN.—“What you want to do is to buy yourself a key-chain like we use. Then you'll always have your keys with you,—see?”

THE LATEST AND BEST.

A SAVINGS BANK POLICY

IN

The Manhattan Life

BECAUSE { CASH—any year you need it; and Guarantees
IT IS { INCOME AND PROTECTION to yourself if living; or to your family at your death.

SPECIMEN POLICY WITH ILLUSTRATION will be sent you on receipt of this page, stating

"I was born on the day of 18.....

Name,

Address,

Cut this out and return filled up to

**THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
66 Broadway, New York City.**

NEW YORK
CHARLESTON **FLORIDA**

EXCURSIONS
— TO —
FLORIDA
AND THE SOUTH

NEW YORK to **\$43.30**
JACKSONVILLE
AND RETURN **FIRST CABIN**
Including Meals and Stateroom Accommodations
Intermediate Cabin, \$35.30

CHARLESTON **\$32.00** **FIRST CABIN**
AND RETURN
Including Meals and Stateroom Accommodations
INTERMEDIATE CABIN, \$24.00

CLYDE LINE

W.M. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents, 5 Bowling Green, New York.
THEO. G. EGER, T. M., 5 Bowling Green, N. Y.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

SMITH'S NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION.—Continued.



SMITH.—“By jove! that's the very thing. Funny I never thought of getting one of these chains before. It would have saved me a lot of bother.”


A Complete Office Furnished for \$19.75.

Consisting of roll top desk, revolving cane-seat chair, six-drawer cabinet file, one quart writing fluid, one quart copying ink, one bottle of red ink, one quart of mucilage, automatic ink-stand, waste-paper basket, pens, pen-holders, and pencils.

An Indelible Check Perforator, - - - - -	\$2.25
A Stapling Machine (binds paper or fabrics),	1.75
A 14-K Gold Fountain Pen, - - - - -	.90
Typewriter Ribbons, any make or color, - -	.45
Carbon Paper, 25 cents per doz. sheets, or 100 sheets, - - - - -	2.00
Eagle Graphophone, - - - - -	6.50
Edison's Standard Phonograph, latest model,	16.00
Musical Records, fit any machine, over 1000 selections, per doz., - - - - -	3.50

AGENTS WANTED.

Send post-office order or New York draft,
UNION OFFICE SUPPLY CO.,
83 Nassau St., New York.



and guarantee of pencil excellence, a sure guide to pencil buyers, is the crucible stamp on Dixon's American Graphite Pencils. The smoothest writing, finest tempered, most accurately graded leads for all pencil needs are found in

Dixon's American Graphite Pencils

Made in every conceivable style for every conceivable use to which a pencil may be put.
If your dealer doesn't keep them, send 16c. for samples worth double the money.
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

Paul E. Wirt Fountain Pen

TO SUIT ANY HAND.

Simplest, Safest and Best. Durable and Satisfactory.

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD FOR ITS EQUAL FOR CONSTANT PRACTICAL USE, AND WE CHALLENGE SUPERIORITY IN THE CLASS OF GOODS.

"MR. PAUL E. WIRT, Dear Sir:—With your pen I have been able to noticeably improve my spelling and also my standing among Christian people. Yours Truly, BILL NYE."

Send for Catalogue.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.



BOYS & GIRLS

We are giving away Gold Watches, Cameras, Talking Machines, Jewelry and Sporting Goods for selling **Belgian Ink Powder.**

Send your name and address and we will send you 18 packages postpaid, with premium list and full particulars, which you may sell to your friends at 10 cts. per package, then send us the money and select your premium from the list. This is an honest offer. Write at once.

BELGIAN INK CO.
356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.



Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1/2 doz. Packages of Blaine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Blaine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.
BLUINE CO., Box 8, Concord Junction, Mass.

NATIONAL DRAMATIC CONSERVATORY

F. F. MACKAY and ELEANOR GEORGEY, Directors.
Special instruction for the stage, pulpit, bar and platform.
Student performances. Special preparatory classes for teachers.
Prospectus mailed on application.
THE NATIONAL DRAMATIC CONSERVATORY,
Berkeley Lyceum, 26 West 44th Street, New York.

STUDY LAW AT HOME. Particulars FREE. OHIO COR. LAW COLLEGE, Lima, Ohio.

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

SMITH'S NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION.—Continued.



SMITH.—“It makes me shudder when I think how near I came to breaking my new resolution when I forgot my keys this morning. It only shows that you can master any bad habit with a little firmness. This key-chain's a great institution.” But—

PURE WATER!



is distilled water. Nothing but distillation will eliminate both organic and inorganic impurities. An ordinary cook stove is all you need with

The Sanitary Still

to give you plenty of pure, sparkling water, aerated with sterilized air. Free booklet. Our \$10.00 STILL has twice the capacity of others. Write at once for particulars.

CUPRIGRAPH CO.,
115 North Green St.,
CHICAGO.



Lucy Knox As danced by Gen'l Washington
with Lucy Knox. Full details of
Balls Washington. 984 pages; \$1.25. All book-
stores, or J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa.
In Colonial Costume.

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED FOR SALE
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

AIKEN, AUGUSTA, FLORIDA, CUBA, and CALIFORNIA.

ALL of these popular winter resorts are reached by the Southern Railway upon the quickest schedules and the most perfect service ever offered the traveller seeking a mild climate to spend the winter. Double daily fast trains are operated every day in the year, giving dining-car service. Through Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars from New York to Augusta (connection at Trenton for Aiken), Nashville, New Orleans, Memphis, and Tampa. Commencing January 16, 1899, the third train, known as the New York and Florida Limited, will resume service, and will be operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of dining-, library-, observation-, compartment-, and drawing-room sleeping-cars. Special annex state- and drawing-room sleeping-cars leave New York every Tuesday and Saturday for New Orleans, where connections are made with the "Sunset Limited" for the Pacific Coast. On December 4th the East Coast Steamship Company will inaugurate a twice-a-week service between Miami and Havana direct, making connections with the United States fast mail trains of the Southern Railway. The inauguration of the new steamship service shortens the time between New York and Havana. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium,



FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF **CANCER**



Tumors, and all Forms of Malignant and Benign Growths

Without the use of the Knife

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible and our book with complete information will be mailed free. Address,

Drs. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.

ROYALS LIMITED

BETWEEN
New York and Washington

Lv. NEW YORK 3 P.M. | Lv. WASHINGTON 3 P.M.
Ar. WASHINGTON 8 P.M. | Ar. NEW YORK 8 P.M.

Parlor, Dining, Observation,
and Café Smoking Cars.


Finest Service BETWEEN Two Cities.

SMITH'S NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION.—Continued.



when Smith went to get a little water in his shaving-mug his good resolution was—

From year to year the
SMITH PREMIER
 gains in popularity because of
 increasing merit.



THE BEST VALUE WRITING MACHINE.
 ART CATALOGUE FREE
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,
 SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

SHORTHAND Written in an hour for notes; 6 to 12 weeks for rapid work by non-shading, non-position, connective vowel Pernin method. World's Fair Award. Trial lesson free, self-instructor on approval. Write H. M. PERNIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

102 Fulton st., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. cat. free.



No Fire, Smoke, or Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send five stamps for catalogue.
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

Bag Punching is the most healthful and invigorating of all exercises. The **MOLINE PLATFORM** is quickly attached to any wall without injury to same and is adjustable in height without changing the cord. Complete, with bag, **\$10** Catalogue of all Sports free.



A. G. SPALDING & BROS., New York and Chicago.

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

The DENSMORE

Ball-Bearing Type-Bars are admired by all who appreciate fine and perfect mechanism. Only make having ball-bearings at the joints on which alignment and durability chiefly depend. Fully illustrated in our free pamphlet.

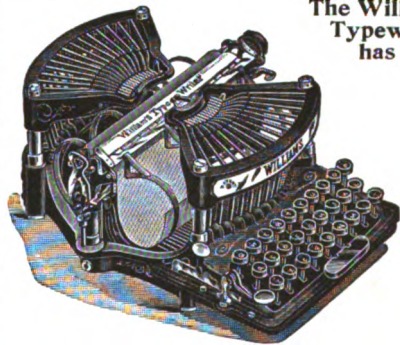


DENSMORE TYPEWRITER CO. 316 Broadway, New York.

"The Right Idea"

Actual Visible Writing and Direct Inking

The Williams Typewriter has both



COMBINES Speed, Simplicity, Portability, Durability. Thoroughly up-to-date and strictly high grade. Guaranteed all over. Does everything expected of a writing machine. The use of a pad instead of ribbon saves bother, is cleaner, produces better work, and reduces cost of maintaining one-half.

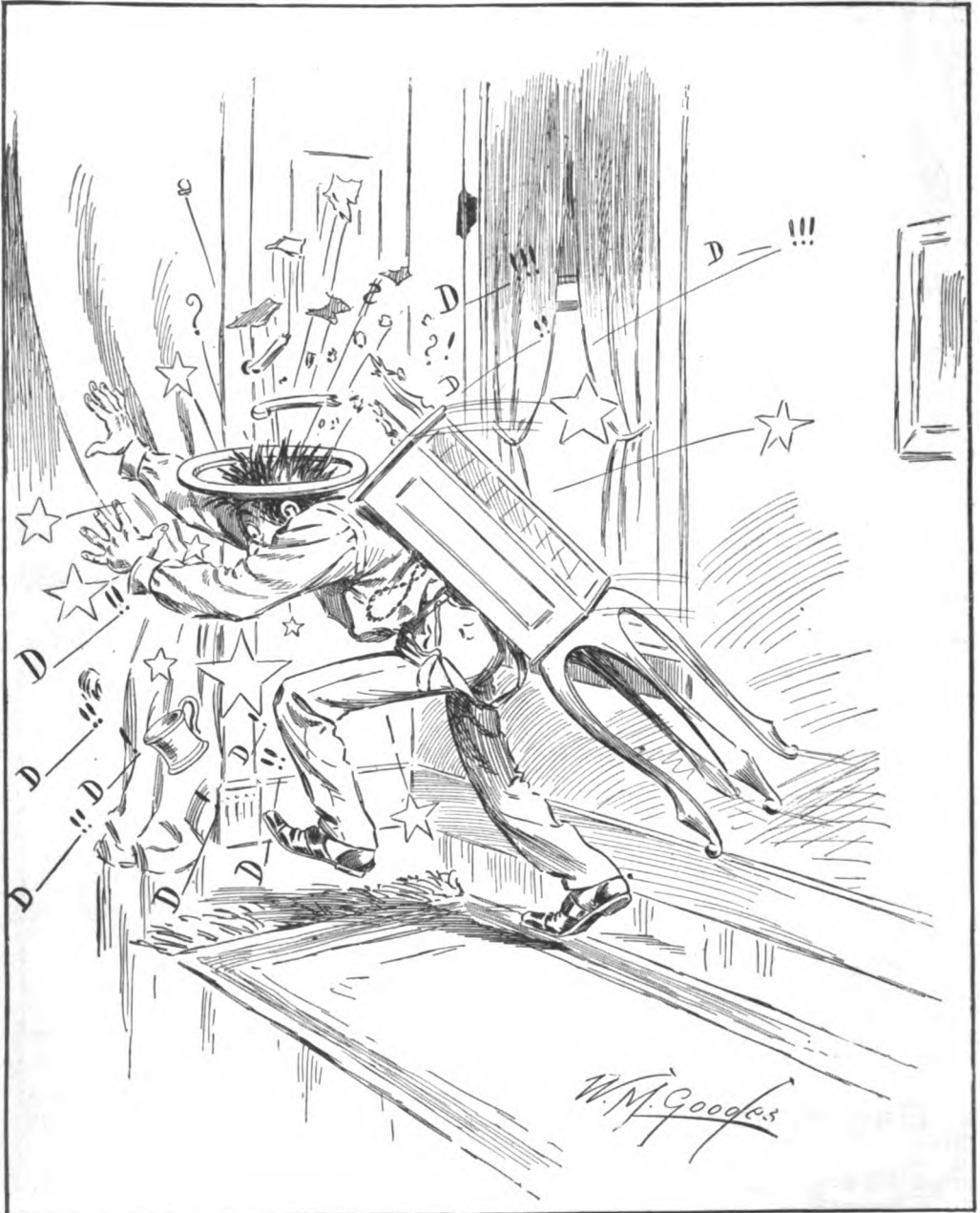
No Ribbon

Investigation Solicited. Trials Freely Given. Remember this is an age of progress. The best of yesterday gives way to the better of to-day. Catalogue on application. Communications cheerfully answered.

CALL OR WRITE TO
The WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER CO., Derby, Conn.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Chicago, 104 La Salle St. | London, 104 Newgate St. |
| Boston, 163 Washington St. | New York, 273 Broadway. |
| San Francisco, 458 Clay St. | Buffalo, 105 Seneca St. |
| Atlanta, 16 North Pryor St. | Cleveland, 1325-7 Euclid Ave. |
| St. Louis, 306 North Third St. | Dallas, 283 Main St. |
| Philadelphia, 1010 Market St. | Cincinnati, 409 Walnut St. |
| Denver, 321 Sixteenth St. | Reading, 608 Court St. |
| Washington, 913 G St., N.W. | Baltimore, 120 E. Baltimore St. |
| Montreal, 200 Mountain St. | |

SMITH'S NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION.—Concluded.



shattered.

FOR THE FRENCH LILIES.

(A.D. 1511-1512.)

BY

ISABEL NIXON WHITELEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE FALCON OF LANGÉAC," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

TO MY FATHER
REV. J. H. NIXON, D.D.,
WHO IN HIS OWN SPHERE WAS "WITHOUT FEAR
AND WITHOUT REPROACH."

Copyright, 1898, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

FOR THE FRENCH LILIES.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE END OF CHILDHOOD, AND OF THE SECRET OF THE WEST WING.

UNTIL one day in September—the same month in which I completed my nineteenth year—I was in heart no more than a child. From daybreak till nightfall I had no deeper thought than to finish my tasks, that I might hasten to the sports I loved. But that September day, a warm, cloudy one following the chilly spell which had ended the summer's life, I bade the lads who were wont to attend me in hawking and fishing to follow me up the mountain towards the little lake which lies near the summit, embosomed deep between high banks, with cold, sweet waters, well stocked with fish.

When we had climbed the steeps we stood panting beside the margin of the lake.

"Jacques," I said to the lad behind me, "bring hither that basket of food; nothing more will I do till less tormented by hunger."

We ate and drank from the abundant store furnished us by the steward, and then pushed out on the raft into the middle of the lake and fished for some hours. Scores of other days had I spent like this one; and it would not have been worth holding in the memory, still less of recording, but that I went up the mountain that day a thoughtless lad who cared only for the moment, and came down changed into one with an overwhelming desire which ate my heart by day and night.

On the way down the pass I shot a wild goat, and the lads and I framed a sort of sledge of boughs, on which we dragged the carcass to the hospice, where the monks might find some use for it. Below the walls of the hospice the pass widens, and we came out upon an

open place whence we could look over the valley to the distant summits of *Les Grandes Rousses*. Between us and those red peaks, redder yet in the glow of the setting sun, I saw a splendid cavalcade of horsemen, with the last beams of ruddy light flashing on the burnished surfaces of their armor. Perhaps I may have seen the same sight before, but a glamour seemed to clothe them then. I asked, half-dreamily, "Lads, whither, think you, go those horsemen?"

"Down the road to Briançon," answered Jacques.

"And then, perchance, to Italy, there to rot, for no fault of their own, but because some one else sends them chasing wild birds," muttered surly André, who had a true forester's contempt for war, as for all else which took him beyond the heights of his own mountains.

I heeded not the discouraging scorn of his answer; but from that moment the cry sounded in my ears, "To Italy! To glory!" The sparkle of their weapons dazzled my eyes and I moved as in a dream, having no sight nor sense of what went on around me. The simple life with the dogs with crossbow and quiver, the setting of snares, or flying my merlins no more contented me.

The strength of this feeling surprised me, for I am by nature of the easiest disposition, one thing or another pleasing me almost equally well. For this I thank the Creator, since the worst misfortunes are not mended by sullenness, but rather bettered by a light heart. Never in my life had I fretted at anything which had befallen me, nor deemed it a misfortune that I had been reared in our lonely chateau, high upon the crags of Dauphiny, with few companions other than my blind father or the old monk who kept the hospice on the pass above, and crawled down to the chateau each day for some hours to teach me such learning as I had acquired. I remembered not my mother, nor knew that by her early death I had lost that which is in most cases irreparable,—the loving care of a woman. That I had not missed it was probably due to the gayety of my own disposition, which made all the events of life interesting to me; or perhaps it was because my father's affliction, as well as his devotion to religion, softened the natural sternness of a man's nature. Sometimes, on rare occasions, we had travelled to Grenoble for a festival, or to some nearby chateau for my father to confer with friends touching the good of the province,—his judgment being sought by many, the more since his affliction had taken from him ambition and the self-seeking which unfits one for giving true counsel to others. These visits were never for pleasure, nor were they returned, except by the older members of the family, no young persons caring to spend time in a quiet corner of the world when they might find more amusement elsewhere. This had caused me no regret, my days being happy enough flying the hawks or climbing the heights among the snows to shoot the wild goats,—heights where even the dogs feared to follow.

For a day or two I moved about in a waking dream, when, without my having spoken one word to any one of what was in my heart, my father called me to him, and with pain on his face, yet withal a look of deep peace, as of one who has reached the end of a weary road, said, "Son, child of my heart, from now on our paths divide."

I heard his words with wonder and answered not. He continued: "Since the day when the lightning of God came down on me and struck me with blindness for the faults of my evil youth——" He paused, and I listened, awe-struck; for never before had I heard him speak of the cause of his blindness.

He recovered himself and went on: "Since that dreadful day which took from me the joy of life, and struck death to the heart of her who was the source of joy, I have had only the thought to bring you safely up to manhood, and then to go to spend the remainder of my days with holy men, where I may forget all but thoughts of God and my last end."

These words sounded full of infinite sadness to me, in whose veins ran ruddy blood and to whom life was good and sweet. But the gentle calm of my father's face was such that I accepted for him whatever he thought was best, and listened still in silence to hear more.

He went on with the quiet words which marked the turning-point in my life: "The estate will be safe in the hands of Roehette, a good and faithful steward. In a few days I shall hear, by a messenger whom I have sent forth, whether the Duchess of Ferrara, whose friend your mother was, will accept you as page in her household; for it is not fitting that the son of a good house should longer waste his time among dogs and servants, like a robber knight of Germany. This should have been done before, but for the wildness of the times, and my dislike to send you forth till the foolishness of childhood might pass, and good sense arm you against the perils of the world."

Such had been my habit of acquiescence in whatsoever he said that even then I said naught of my new desire for military glory. For the first time within my memory did my father show something like impatience, saying,—

"Have you no care, boy, what your future is?"

Then, quieting himself, he drew me towards him, and, with words that moved me strangely, told me of his own youth; of the wild deeds thereof, when he followed King Charles to the conquest of Naples; of his wounding at the battle of Fornovo, and his meeting with my mother; of his few happy years with her upon our silent mountains, before the great and terrible storm which devastated the valley and destroyed his sight. Then she drooped and died, and he turned more and more to prayer, until the monks upon the pass above scarcely seemed farther from earth than he. I looked at him in wonder, trying to fancy him as he must have been in the days of which he spoke. But his snowy hair and sightless eyes brought to

my fancy no picture of knight or lover. Yet even my boy's mind, with passionate hopes for happiness, perceived that there might be a sadder old age than that which crowned the head of my stricken father.

While he still spoke, the sound of the *Ave Maria* bell floated down from the hospice chapel. Kneeling, we said the prayer together, and then returned to the dining-hall, where, after the evening meal, I having retired to dreams, my father remained, rapt in the holy thoughts which had become his life.

My chamber was in the southeast tower and opened on the inner court-yard,—the court of the chateau; we had another for the stables, not having to pile our buildings together like most of our neighbors. Our site was a broad table-land, high up the mountain, and needing no damp, unhealthy moat for its defence. Around the house ran massive walls; from each corner rose a tower, and from the upper rooms of the towers ran the sentry-wall, which led around the house, whence one could see not only all invaders who might come up the valley or from the pass to Valsenestre, but also far over *Les Grandes Rousses* and the Belledonne peaks. The sentry-wall pierced the building at the north, running through to the gallery which ran around the court. I knew that this was different from other houses thereabouts, but knew not that it had been made thus by my father while my mother lived, and that it was all in the Italian style, so done to please her. Our neighbors had rough stone walls overlaid with coarse plaster, but ours were of carved stone with mouldings and graceful balustrades. The window of my room, though unglazed, was protected from the wind by an overhanging projection, and the door opened upon the upper inner gallery. Like all the rest of the house, the room was furnished with the utmost simplicity, the bed being but an iron pallet covered with a sack of straw, and the few other fittings but such as one might find in the cell of a monastery.

My father occupied the ground floor of the tower in which I slept, in order to avoid climbing the stairs, which were steep and dangerous to him. Adjoining his little bedchamber, in what was meant for an office, slept Rochette, the steward. This little room again opened into the entrance-hall, beyond which was the great dining-hall. Here we came together for meals, but my father usually dismissed the men to their own apartments, as he was not one to take pleasure in their jesting and rough diversion, as do so many of the gentlemen of France and other lands. He spent his time in the small room next the chapel, which had been the library when my mother lived. It now had few books or manuscripts, for he had given most of them to his friends the Benedictines at Grenoble.

When I went to my chamber after my father's long conversation I fell quickly to sleep, but soon awakened to turn wonderingly over

and over in my mind the thoughts he had aroused. The room was dark, and there was nothing on most nights to enlighten it, for the projection above the window hid the rays of star or moon. Therefore when a bright gleam shone in through the window, falling on the opposite wall, I was instantly alert and rose quickly, going to the window, but I could see nothing clearly. Then I unfastened the door and passed out on to the gallery, whence I saw, to my surprise, a light moving about the court-yard, and distinguished the figure of my father, with Rochette leading him, while one of the boys carried the lantern, the rays of which had attracted my attention. On the right hand side of the court were doors leading to the kitchens and an archway under which was the well, a wide stone well, with beautiful carvings around its base and on the upright portion whence swung the ornamental ironwork which held the machinery. On the side of the chateau opposite my window was the western wing, which I had never entered, and thought nothing of it, supposing that it led to some half-ruined chambers or perhaps to storehouses. What was therefore my surprise to see my father follow Rochette to the door of this wing, opening it with a key which he turned without difficulty, as if it were often used. Then I caught a glimpse of an inner door, as the lantern flashed forth, and they all passed within, leaving me to wonder and imagine strange things till fatigue brought sleep.

The next morning I expected that my father would call me to him and finish telling me something of his plans, and something that should explain the midnight visit to the unused apartments. But the day passed by without any word from him, and though I was too much accustomed to acquiescence in his customs to venture to question him or seek to know that which he did not voluntarily explain, I grew almost beside myself with a most natural curiosity, and at evening, finding Rochette alone within the court-yard, I spoke to him.

"Give me the key, Rochette, to that door yonder. I have never seen that part of the house."

I spoke coolly, thinking thus more easily to gain my end.

Rochette started, turning away; then sharply, as he had never yet spoken to me, he said, "Nor ever will, till your father orders it."

I was touched somewhat in my pride by his manner, but could not hold resentment against our good steward, and presently followed him to the stables, trying to interest myself in other things, since I had not courage to ask my father to satisfy my curiosity till his own time. But even the horses had no interest for me, the jumping of the dogs fretted me, and the rough jests of the grooms were worse yet; so I returned to the house and sat down dully under the tall pines which shaded the outside wall, and through which the setting sun streamed in a fiery glow. Here I sat dreaming, till, without explanation, Rochette appeared and attended me to my father, who

rested his hand upon my arm, and with slight pressure guided me across the court-yard to the door which led to the west wing, took a key from his own pouch, and handed it to me.

When I had turned the key I saw beyond me a vestibule with walnut panellings decorated in a style of richness unlike anything else within the chateau. There was a second door, and to this also he gave me a key. This turned, I held my breath with astonishment too great for words. Never had I before beheld such beauty in any dwelling as here met my eyes. Beneath my feet was a rich rug of softly blended colors spread over a floor of inlaid marbles. The walls were hung with silken draperies, sometimes hanging plain with fair embroideries upon them, or sometimes falling in graceful folds like the framing of a picture. The furniture was carved and cushioned with silk, and there were not only many chairs set, as for a goodly company, but also many small tables, holding various choice ornaments, implements for sewing, a lute, and other musical instruments. There were shelves, too, beside the fireplace, covered with beautiful carvings in ivory; rare pieces of glass, colored like jewels; vases encased in silver fretwork overlaced upon them,—all of which things were at that time unknown to me. Over the whole place hovered an atmosphere of feminine grace and refinement, which, ignorant boy though I was, I could not fail to perceive.

I went on through the remainder of the suite of apartments, in which a perfect harmony prevailed. The large carved walnut bed with canopies and velvet hangings, the armoires with mirrors and scent-bottles, were just as they had been left more than twelve years before. Within the chests were many gowns brocaded or embroidered with gold thread, and strange head-dresses, escoffions, horned and jewelled, with fine lawn veils streaming from their points. And lest from all these articles of worldly vanity I should have constructed a wrong image of my mother, whose chambers I perceived these to be, there lay beyond, crowned with the dying glory of the western sun, the small oratory, where hung her crucifix and a small triptych with Our Lady and the holy angels.

I returned in wonderment to where my father sat. Nowhere did I see the faintest trace of dust or disorder. I saw from this the love my father must have borne and retained for her, thus to have made of her former home a shrine. Thus is it with some souls, who are capable of so great affection that no time can efface it.

My father spoke with effort, saying: "I have not hitherto desired to show you that which might make you discontented with your life or awaken regrets for that which you have lost; but now that you are to go forth into the world I want you to carry with you the idea of what your mother was. You were such a little lad, such a merry, thoughtless child when she left you, that I do not think you have kept any memory at all of those untroubled days."

As he spoke I groped within my mind for some faint, shadowy

figure which seemed to be evoked by his words; but it faded elusively before me, and I watched his uncertain movements as he rose and felt his way to a small cabinet which stood near, and took from its drawer a miniature encircled by pearls, handing it to me.

It was a sweet, laughing face which I saw, drawn with all the skill of the Italians, which none of our painters have yet learned to equal. She had the blonde beauty which the painters give to Our Lady, which seems to fit angelic natures, and which one finds more often among the people of Lombardy (my mother was a Lombard) than farther south. Besides her beauty of feature, there was the loveliness which I have since learned to discern in the ladies of Italy, the look of high intelligence that comes from their training and education, that makes them the companions of men, not toys or temptresses, such as too often the fair maids of France become when drawn from their simple life in country homes to the dangers of a court. There was something in my young mother's eyes that looked forth from the little oval frame and caught my soul with its purity and sweetness, and grew to an ideal in my mind that made it impossible for anything unworthy of her ever to hold my heart.

My father took the miniature from me, holding it with a clinging touch, as if he fain would feel the beauty he saw not. Then he gave it to me again, saying, "Take it, Marcel."

He opened again the drawer, still guided by his delicate sense of touch, and took forth a little leather case, which he hung upon a long gold chain and gave to me, telling me to suspend the miniature about my neck; then he closed the cabinet, and I led him from the apartments.

I was quite bewildered with the conflict of my thoughts; but all at once the tardy words with which I should have sooner shown my care for him broke forth, and I cried, "Whither, oh my father, do you go when I am gone?"

Before he answered, my heart told me, and in vision I saw another figure among the white-robed monks of the mountains, where sometimes we had spent a few days when my father desired counsel, and the gloomy grandeur of the Chartreuse hung above me, shutting out the light of day. Again I cried, "Stay with me, father!"

But the peace of his face silenced me, and with a sigh I fell on my knees and begged his blessing.

After the fire was lighted in the small room beside the hall he kept me with him, and the silence of his later years seemed to have been broken utterly, for he talked freely with me, telling me of his own life, of my mother's people, of all I wished to know, until far into the night and long past the hour at which we were wont to go to rest. Then he heard me read the Hours to him, as was our custom, and I, fatigued more than common from the previous night's unrest, slept soundly till the *Ave Maria* warned me that it was time for mass.

CHAPTER II.

OF MY SETTING FORTH FROM ST. EYMOND.

I HAD not long in which to let my heart wear itself away in ambitious longings. Two days after my father's conversation with me, as I came down from the hospice, whither I had gone to be shriven for the feast of Holy Cross, I found within the court-yard of the stables groups of the men-servants whispering together, absorbed in some new happening.

Across the yard, through the open stable door, I saw some strange horses with handsome trappings, attended by men whose faces I knew not. I called to the grooms near me, "How now? Hath the Bishop of Grenoble come to St. Eymond?"

They answered not at once, taking counsel in glances, as who should say, "Is it our business to speak, or not?"

"Who is here?" I asked again, wondering at their reluctance or their ignorance. And then came forth Rochette from the house with even more than his wonted gravity, bidding me come within.

I waited not to put in order my array, but hurried to the small chamber, which, when my father had his sight, had been the library. There beside my father sat a man of more than middle years, whom I knew I had not seen before, yet who seemed to bear a likeness to some one whom I had seen in dreams. Afterwards I bethought me that it was but a shadowy likeness to myself, for I am like my mother's people, and he was my mother's brother, as my father told me, saying, "Here is the lad, Vincenzo."

The stranger spoke to me with great suavity and with a polished courtesy which made the pleasantest impression. His appearance seemed to me as agreeable as his manner, though had he been possessed of all the exterior marks of duplicity and wickedness I was too unsuspecting to perceive it, this being my nature and something no experience has rid me of. He was a handsome man, tall and graceful in his movements, and his countenance was made more attractive by the contrast of his very dark hair with light, piercing eyes, gray, not black, as the eyes of the south of Italy,—the gray eyes which one sees in the valley of the Po showing a strain of northern blood, left, as wise men tell us, from the days when the fierce Goths swept over the Alps to the very seat of St. Peter. My uncle's attire was very rich in all its details; this I noticed in consequence of its contrast with the simplicity of our own. Had I known more of the nobles of France, I should have had no time to consider his dress, in wonder at his superior breeding; for politeness at this time was peculiar to Italians, or to those who had been dwellers in Italy, like my father, who also had the gentleness which attends learning and goodness of heart. His neighbors who lived at their homes were careless or even rough in their manners, nor did they

use much courtesy with women or children. But the men of Italy, however wicked, are always gentle with children. My uncle spoke to me with this winning mildness, since I seemed to him a child. He said:

“When I received your father’s letter asking me to advise him in regard to your future, I made it my pleasure to come hither to see what I could do to serve you.”

This sounded well, and I, much flattered, answered, “I thank you much, Messire Vincenzo, and trust I shall prove worthy your kind interest.”

He smiled benignantly. “Your father wished to place you in the household of the Duchess of Ferrara, and if you so desire I will help you to that end; but I have no son, only a daughter, who cannot continue my business when I am gone, so I would that you should come to Milan and enter with me into the calling of a banker.”

Though I am so easy in my disposition, this seemed to me the most terrible insult I had ever heard, and my father, with the sensitiveness of the blind, felt the excitement that immediately possessed me; for I was very ignorant of the world, and could not understand ideas different from those held by the people around me. To our Dauphinese, for a gentleman to do aught but live upon his lands or fight for the king or go into the Church was an impossible thing. When we heard of nobles buying and selling merchandise, as in Venice; or the produce of their farms, as do the Roman nobles; or being sailors for gain, as in Genoa; or lending money like a Jew, as in Florence or Milan, it seemed to us like the strange tales of Prester John or the legends which drove Cristoforo Colombo across the western seas. My father understood my foolishness and felt a danger from my pride, knowing that my uncle’s blood ran even higher than mine, with the swifter fierceness of Italy. He interposed his quiet voice: “This lad knows nothing of the world, Vincenzo; the honorable calling which so many great minds have followed to distinction seems to him a strange one. Let him go with you, and when he is wiser he will make his choice.”

My kinsman assented, and then they dismissed me, while for several days they spent much time in consultation as to the arrangements for my setting forth. And I, full of my new dreams of military glory, turned with a lad’s violent enthusiasm to exercising as I had been taught to do. My father, though he had kept me sheltered from the world, had neglected nothing which could perfect me in all the accomplishments of a true knight. Each day, before I might ride forth for my own pleasures, before I might hawk, or call the dogs to follow me to the secret places of the hills where lurked the hares or other game, I was obliged to spend some hours in sword-practice as we knew it then; for you who read this know that it is but within the reign of his present majesty that fencing as now taught has come in fashion. Nor is it yet a fully developed

art, if one may judge by the constant change in cut and thrust, and by their variance as taught in different schools. One could do little but cut clumsily with the heavy swords of that time, in comparison with the scientific thrusts made with the rapier now. But Rochette watched me narrowly to see that nothing marred the accuracy of my strokes. Then for a space each day had I to tilt at a quintain which was clothed in my father's armor, that he, alas, might never wear again. Or, cased in all my armor save the helmet, I would run a long distance and turn a somersault, then, bounding to my feet, run and leap upon the back of my horse without delay. If I showed any awkwardness, there came a stern bending together of the eyebrows of Rochette and a muttered grunt like that of an angry hog, which, if my father heard, he anxiously asked, "What is it? Is the lad growing careless, Rochette? Keep him to the mark."

Sometimes I was made to climb by the mere force of pressure of my arms and legs between the wall of the southern tower and a high wooden wall set up beside it for my practice. No quarter did I receive until I reached at least the height of thirty feet or more. All this was work; if a lad had not strength of body and good heart in him, he chose the peaceful life of the Church, rather than one which meant many hard knocks and probably a bloody death. But I had always fitted myself easily to my father's will, and Rochette spoke well of my diligence, as did my teachers. One of these was a Marxbrüder of Germany, who had been with the mercenaries of King Charles in the Neapolitan campaign, and who wandered about, teaching the use of the two-handed sword and buckler, in which art he was incomparable. Another of my masters was a Spaniard, who used a more slender weapon and relied on certain sly tricks rather than on force. Rochette was jealous of these masters; but my father had a clearness of mental sight which almost seemed like foreseeing the future, and he said to Rochette: "Teach the boy as if he were but a burgher's lad, who had to look to his own hand to keep the breath within his body. Before he has one gray hair he will see a change in the manner of warfare, which one may easily foretell from the use of firearms."

Rochette answered: "What change? No gentleman would fire an arquebuse. Shall I teach the lad to drag cannon?"

"Save those insolent sneers, Rochette," replied my father, "and mark my words. Who are killed first in the battle when the cannon burst forth? And why is it that after each engagement there lie upon the field more of the captains in proportion than of the foot-soldiers? Because their heavy armor, which formerly in hand-to-hand combat gave them good protection, is no better than tissue of silk against the blast from a cannon's mouth."

"And truth that is," Rochette admitted sulkily.

"Our gentlemen's sons," my father went on, "are trained to load themselves with heavy armor, mount a steed as overloaded as them-

selves, and to ride furiously at their foe. If they trample him not to death, they push him from his charger with a long lance, and if there is any life left in him they cleave his head with an axe. Behind these heavy iron images, as superior to discerning eyes as a clean-limbed god of war to a clumsy Cyclops, stride the burghers' lads, each one quick of eye and swift of hand, using his sword like the needle of a tailor for delicacy and the hammer of a smith for strength. I want Messire Marcel to hold up his head above all his followers."

I remembered these words often, and especially after Ravenna, where there was scarce a captain left alive, except my Lord of la Palisse and the Captain Bayard.

For the remaining days of my uncle's visit I was as busy as if I saw myself already the lieutenant of a troop of archers.

The day before we set out the house was dismantled of all unnecessary garnishings; the seals were placed upon the armoires where valuables were kept; the stained glass windows in the chapel and in my mother's apartments were closed with planks; the horses were sent to the farms of the estate. Then there came speeding up the valley from Grenoble the messenger whom my father had sent to the Bishop of Grenoble, announcing our departure. He laid his duty before my father and said to me, "Messire, monseigneur sends his blessing, and wishes you good-speed. Also he sends as token of affection this travelling-cape, and he wishes you to bear his blessing to his nephew, the Lord of Bayard, and to tell him that any service done to you will pleasure monseigneur himself."

I was beside myself with joy to be commended to so great a knight. Also I took the cape with pride, though ordinarily I knew no difference in the various sorts of apparel, as is the way with lads till the desire of appearing well in the eyes of the maiden they love awakes anxiety within them. The cloak was of steel-gray broad-cloth, lined throughout with silver fox, very warm and light, and its clasp was wrought in gold enamelled work with a fine beryl in the centre. Besides this, my father had sent for a coat of chain armor, better than any in our armory and of a later fashion. But that which made my heart dance within me was the sight of a sword which had been forged for me and blessed upon the high altar of the cathedral. Never have I seen a sword which I loved at sight as I did this. More slender than I had thought a weapon could be fashioned, it yet was tempered to a marvellous perfection of strength and elasticity, and one might trust his life to it better than to the hugest lansquenet. Its graceful quillons were countercurved in a style rare at that time, but thus done by my father's orders, that the outer one might serve as guard; all the surface of the quillons and the pas d'âne were enamelled and set with turquoises. The chasing ran half-way down the double-edged blade, but the ricasso was plain except for the motto of our house inscribed upon it, "*Veraï cuer,*

verai main,"—"True heart, true hand." I think it no shame to say that the tears rushed to my eyes as I embraced my father and poured out my thanks to him.

Rochette placed his eldest son in charge of the chateau till he should return from accompanying my father to La Grande-Charreuse, and we went forth all together down the valley to the parting of the ways. At Bourg I bade farewell to my father, and looked with sadness while the hindmost of his attendants disappeared in the distance.

From Bourg the road, though rising steadily, is good and wide for some leagues. My uncle rode beside me, conversing so agreeably that I was drawn from my sad thoughts by his pleasant tales of my unknown relatives; of their life in town or villa; of the wars which had rent the fair fields of Lombardy since King Louis had grown so eager for the restoration of that sovereignty he claimed and held so precious. Strong grew my loyalty for the king and great my wish to fight for him under the influence of my uncle's words, for he was of the French party. Neither then nor afterwards did I concern myself with the rights of the matter. Even when I had to fight against the Pope, I only made sure that I was under the banner of the Fleur-de-lis. The Pope at the head of an army invading our king's dominions was our enemy,—that was all we knew.

I know not whether my uncle preferred the French rule from hatred to the usurping Sforzas or because it was in some way favorable to his avaricious plans, for in his talk he never disclosed his real feelings, having the Italian gift of dissimulation to a degree well-nigh incredible to one of franker soul. I knew no more of his heart when we had been for hours in conversation than if I had never seen him.

Presently the road became more difficult, and we had to ride in single file. Our party consisted of six stout serving-men beside ourselves, and they sat their horses as if well used to mountain roads. All of these men were my uncle's servants, for my father trusted him completely and thought me safe with him, so that none of our own followers had been sent with me, but money had been placed in my uncle's hands for my equipment both with men and armor. One of the six had been assigned to me as attendant for the journey, and he rode in silence behind me, saying nothing to me nor to his companions.

Another of the men I noticed for his holding himself aloof from the others, though occasionally Messire Vincenzo addressed him by some remark inaudible to the others. At this apparent preference I wondered, for he was the worst-looking of them all. He was a man of great strength and greater height than any of the party, though all were above middle stature. This man, Luigi, had a heavy, brutish face and an air—or he assumed it—of bluff, sullen

frankness, of minding his own counsel, which marked him off from the others, who showed the cringing servility of their class. I understood their Lombard dialect, it being a mingling of French words with Italian. But they understood me with difficulty, since the Italian I had learned from my tutor, the monk from the hospice, was good Tuscan, a foreign tongue to the servants.

We went through deep ravines winding beside the banks of the stream; on each side rose high walls of rock, or sombre black fir trees. Sometimes the rocks were worn sharp down their sides by the fall of others upon them, and the fallen ones had heaped themselves together, forming caverns, which in turn were overgrown with bushes and vines. Sometimes the road wound under these arches and the tread of the horses' hoofs resounded as with the noise of an army, the step of a single horse being many times re-echoed till it deafened with its sound. We passed the Bad Valley and climbed through masses of fallen rocks to higher levels. At the lead-mine we stopped for food and drink, and then rode on without interruption in the sight of fields of ice and mountains capped with snow or clothed with green till we left the stream. Then we rose still higher, and seemed to hang above the clouds, which, tinged with sunlight, floated like smoke above a smouldering fire. Overhead was the deep blue of the sky, a blue which one sees nowhere else so deep, and which gives one an impression of immensity from the absence of all points of measurement.

Suddenly from the silent blue above us came a terrible roaring like the loudest thunder, and our horses started wildly at the sound, while before we could explain it to ourselves huge masses of ice were dislodged from their places on the summits of the heights and hurled themselves along the slopes towards the valley. Clouds of driven snow filled the air, choking us like fine dust; when it cleared away and we could see the path before us, the foremost of our riders lay crushed beneath a mass of fallen ice, while his horse lay dead under him. The road was very narrow; the horses, plunging frantically, threatened death to all of us. But as the fallen man lay groaning horribly I leaped to the ground, throwing my bridle to the man behind me, who was last in the party. I forced my way with difficulty around the terrified animals, crawling from rock to rock and hanging sometimes over the edge of the path, till I stood beside the wounded man. Then rushed after me Luigi, crying: "Tis unlucky Luca of a surety. To the devil with him! And we have no time for fooling either. Look, messire, the storm is rising!"

"Help me pull him out," I cried, tugging fiercely at the ice-block which pinned him down.

"Pull him out of the devil's clutches!" muttered Luigi, and he tugged as hard as I did.

Not a whit could we move the mass of ice, though the poor creature's groanings racked my soul. The thunder pealed forth in

truth, and the golden clouds had darkened to pitchy hue, while the animals almost tore their bridles from the men who tried to hold them. Our situation seemed desperate. Then, before I could shriek a warning, the man Luigi jerked his dagger from its sheath, and to my utter horror plunged it into the body of his companion, who gasped once, quivered all over, and was still.

Luigi drew forth the dripping knife, stuck it into the soft earth beside him several times till it was clean, and shoved it back into its case, showing no more feeling than a butcher for a dead sheep.

"Good God!" I cried, beside myself with horror. "Monster!" and could say no more.

The fellow's face darkened, his eyes gleamed savagely, and his hand stole again to his knife, as if he were like to serve me in the same way. I grasped my sword, but my uncle cried, "Luigi!" and then to me, "Go back to your horse, Marcel. The man was as good as dead. It was kinder to end his sufferings."

"But his soul!" I cried. "Why not leave him till a priest could come to shrive him?"

A curious look flickered across my uncle's face, which might have seemed to me a look of amusement, if I could have supposed that he could feel such in the presence of this horrid deed. Then he said calmly: "Luca was not overfond of clerical counsel. I think we may leave him and look out for ourselves. Hasten! the storm grows fiercer."

I had no answer ready for this amazing heartlessness and irreligion, the like of which I had never even fancied; so I jumped on my horse, having enough to do to guide him through the fallen rubbish on the treacherous path, without either arguing with Messire Vincenzo or punishing Luigi.

The air grew constantly blacker, the wind more wild. Then fell the rain in torrents, and in a moment we were soaked to the skin. Had we not been only a few hundred paces from shelter I doubt that we should have reached the end of the way, but the gates of the Hospice de Lauteret stood open and we dashed in, thankful to throw our reins to the lads who stood waiting beside the entrance to lead the wet and frightened animals to the stables.

CHAPTER III.

OF A NEW ACQUAINTANCE, AND OF WHAT I HEARD WITHIN THE CLOISTER.

THERE were rooms to shelter at least a hundred guests in the Hospice de Lauteret, which was one of the most important on the road,—the main road from France to Italy. The buildings scrambled up the sides of the steep ground wherever one might be placed. The

monks themselves had chambers in a long, low wing to the right. A cloister, partly of brick and partly supported by wooden pillars, ran from the right wing across the flank of the slope, ending on the left in some sheds for the animals. These sheds banked up against the left wing of the nondescript structure where the guest-chambers were. Besides ourselves there were other parties of travellers, mostly going from Briançon to Grenoble, and some from the Maurienne.

A huge, roaring fire burned in the hall where we were served with food; but we could not get near to it, for other travellers, wet as we were, had already crowded round it. The cold was piercing; snow had fallen thickly near the hospice, and the dampness penetrated to one's very bones. I threw off my drenched cloak and hung it from an iron bolt which projected near the chimney; then I unloosed my coat-of-mail, the links of which felt like points of ice to my hands. Warmth came slowly, being helped by the mugs of mulled wine which the brothers brought us and which we drank standing, all the wooden stools being taken.

One by one those who had travelled since early dawn yielded to fatigue and crept away, leaving place for us; so gradually I worked near to the fire, which the brothers kept piling high with logs of pine, resinous, fragrant, and burning cheerfully. The hall was nearly deserted when I reached a good place near the chimney, and I fell into conversation with one of the few who remained, a young man of perhaps one- or two-and-twenty years. He had a handsome face, dark and regular in features, with much blacker hair than one often sees in Dauphiny, and strange black eyes which had no expression at all in them, eyes which, as he spoke to you, constantly opened ever so slightly and closed a little again, in a way which I cannot describe, but which at once attracted attention. I could not make any guess as to his thoughts, as one usually does in watching another's face. He spoke well, choosing his words with great precision, unlike so young a man, and as if he had been trained for the Church. In spite of his discomfort, which must have been as great as that of any of us, for he had been thoroughly drenched, he showed a constant courtesy to those about him, sometimes jumping up with a quickness which was never awkward to place a stool by the fire for an older man, or moving aside a little to make room for one too young to demand respect. Another thing noticeable in him was a frequent play of humor and pleasant jest, greatly in contrast with the graveness of his face and the measured way of his speech. He was very interesting both to hear and to watch, though I found him a sealed book as far as any discernment of his character was concerned; yet I believed him worthy of respect. It was a great relief for me to have some one to talk to besides my uncle, of whom, since his strange behavior on the death of Luca, I did not even like to think, so disturbed was my confidence in him.

I regained my spirits somewhat, and talked with a ready trust

in the stranger, whose name was Messire Jean Marie de Kernilis, of the province of Brittany. He was returning from his furlough; and I pelted him with rapid questions concerning the leaders of the army, of whom, as individuals, I knew nothing. The men with whom my father had served and of whom he told me had been replaced by those who in his eyes were only boys. The Captain Bayard was but thirty-two years old that year, the Duke of Nemours but two-and-twenty; yet the world knows that the duke's brilliant skill and daring had astonished Europe, and almost thrown back into our king's hands the cities of which the Pope's schemes had deprived us. Think then how stories of these champions stirred the heart of a lad of my years, and how determined I grew that not a moment should be lost in reaching the camp and placing myself at the service of the duke.

"I have been commended to the Lord of Bayard by his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble," I said to Messire de Kernilis. "Do you think I shall find service with him?"

"The Captain Bayard's company are the picked men of the army; many of them have been captains themselves, proudly resigning good posts in order to serve under such a leader." So said my new acquaintance.

"With whom, then, shall I find place?"

"When you are fitted out, offer yourself to any one who wishes reënforcements. Further I cannot advise you." Thus said he with a caution which seemed to me unnatural in so young a man, and never at any time did I find him ready with advice, but ever wishing to let others act for themselves.

The friendly feeling which so quickly rises in me for any one who seems at all disposed to be friendly himself melted away, and, lonely and uneasy, I bade him good-night and retired to my chamber.

The iron pallet which answered for a bed was scarce covered with sufficient straw to hide its cold bars; nothing else was provided, not even a blanket, and my own cloak was still damp with the rain. I was young and hardy, and ordinarily found a zest in enduring discomfort, but this sorry place promised no cheer. To be sure, it was much better than freezing all night on the pass. The good monks were themselves used to worse privations, to seeking pilgrims through the drifts, to going without food altogether when an unexpected arrival of guests drew too heavily on their slender resources, so that they thought nothing more was needful. I bade my man lie on the pallet of straw upon the floor and tried to sleep. But I am always a light sleeper, and the cold was so peculiarly piercing that it could not be ignored. I rose, and, stepping over the body of my man, who snored lustily, as if enjoying his rest, groped through the passage-way quietly, so as not to waken those who lay huddled in groups upon the floor, all the rooms being full to overflowing. I sought the fire within the hall; the last red embers were paling into

gray ashes, the brothers who attended to it long since asleep. Thinking to find warmth in exercise, I went into the cloisters and paced quickly back and forth for some time.

In the corner of the yard, near the cloisters, was a well-sweep, or perhaps it may have been a cistern. I remember not clearly at this date. But I do remember that its arrangement of wooden bars and uprights hid from sight the end of the cloisters which was farthest from the monks' apartments. It so happened that in my paces I was at the spot concealed by this construction when I saw the figures of two men come forth from the door of the hall. I thought that they too sought by exercise to stir their blood, but was startled to recognize my kinsman, Messire Vincenzo Briarti, and the brute Luigi, with their arms thrown about each other's neck, as equal and familiar friends do walk.

Surprises were beginning for me in my journey, and this was not the least one nor the most pleasant. I have had the training of a gentleman, and know that one does not usually listen to that which is not meant for him to hear; but you who read will pardon me, who saw my kinsman, who was to have been my protector, consorting with a villanous brute, if I hesitated to disclose myself until I saw what this intimacy might mean. Still more did I feel myself privileged to keep silence when, as they came near, I heard my own name pronounced in the grating whisper which fitted the harsh face of Luigi. Then my kinsman answered, "I must have St. Eymond, at all events. The income is not less than eight hundred livres a year. The old man is as good as dead, once he is buried in the snows of the Chartreuse. The boy may live if he will——" Here they passed on without seeing me, where I could not catch the words, and I waited in wonder till they came towards the corner again. This time I heard: "The boy is tough, messire. Better let me count his ribs with my knife."

"No need," sneered my uncle. "He is bound for the army, and will soon be done for. He is a weak creature, and between now and midsummer he will be out of the way, either through some hot-headed brawl or through the vicious habits he is sure to acquire in the army, and which will kill him, as they do all such lads."

Then they went on again, and the next time they passed near they stopped by the edge of the cistern, with only a few planks between me and them. My kinsman said, "The estate must yield good rentals."

That was so, for never in my life had I heard of any want of money. Our wines were not less choice than those famous ones of Chateau Bayard, which were the finest in the Gresivaudan Valley. Besides our having everything we wanted for ourselves, my father sent large benefactions to various shrines, where masses were said for the repose of my mother's soul, and gifts to the convents which cared for the pilgrims, besides the hospice on our own pass, which

wanted little. My heart swelled with fury at the thought of all these goodly purposes being set aside for the benefit of a midnight plotting scoundrel.

They whispered in still lower tones, of which I caught only the one word, "Margherita," several times repeated. Then Luigi said: "Better make sure of him. Six months is a long time."

"No, Luigi," said Messire Vincenzo; "turn not a finger of your hand to active harm. There is no need. You know what the camp is,—rotten with its own drunken, licentious indulgence. Those who fall not by the arquebuses die of cold or heat, fever or their own vices. Why meddle with those whom the devil kills for us?"

When I heard these revolting words methinks the devil overreached himself. I wish not to presume upon the strength which others have lacked. There have been lads who went from home with as good dispositions as I who proved as weak as my uncle prophesied I should prove. It may be that neither the prayers of my father nor the memory of the sweet face of my mother might have availed to hinder me from evil ways; but these good influences, reënforced by the devil himself in the person of my uncle, fortified me better than coat of mail. I determined to disappoint Messire Vincenzo, to keep myself warily till out of danger. This was a less worthy motive than one would wish, but since I have grown older I have learned to welcome any motive which will keep from evil and lead to good. All cannot live in cloisters, and it is a difficult world for youth.

The two scoundrels seemed to have had enough of plotting, for soon they went within, and I, chilled through and through with standing inactive, paced about till the blood stirred again, and returned to my chamber tired enough to sleep. Troubled dreams tormented me till gray dawn came with its call to mass.

My uncle was not in the chapel, nor were any of his men, and this was another surprise for me. I had never before seen any one who would think of breaking his fast until after the daily mass. This shows how little I knew of the world. I had heard that there were in the valleys to the east of Oisans some people who heard not mass at any time, but worshipped God after a strange and gloomy fashion all their own. But an undevout Italian was a puzzle to me. Our bishop was a holy man, and the mountain parishes around us were too poor to tempt any but those who wished truly to tend their flocks; so if there were priests who said not mass and led not holy lives I knew it not. Another surprise awaited me when Messire Vincenzo entered the hall; for he greeted me with smiling friendliness, though I knew that in his heart he wished to destroy me, body and soul, for the sake of my inheritance.

The big fire was already roaring in the fireplace; before it were crowded the travellers, warming themselves in great satisfaction, while the lay-brothers rushed about spreading the wooden table with

platters of bread and wine, with cold meat and fruit for those who desired them. My uncle helped himself sparingly, saying, "I hope you have slept as well as the rest of us, and feel ready for your journey."

"I was too cold to sleep," I said, "but am well enough to travel, if only for the sake of reaching warmer shelter to-night." Then I busied myself with the food, less because of hunger than for the sake of avoiding conversation with the deceitful man, who said he had slept well when I knew that he had spent a great part of the night in plotting against his sister's son. I turned joyfully to greet Messire de Kernilis, who came into the hall; and after some little talk I begged him to apprise me at Milan or when I reached the camp of his whereabouts. Then I said farewell to him, and hastened to leave the spot in which I had learned my first disagreeable lessons of my fellow-man.

Our horses were stamping impatiently in the court-yard. I bade my attendant follow me in advance of the remainder of our cavalcade down the good and easy road which descends to Briançon, it being still only an hour or so past the dawn.

The storm had left the atmosphere entirely clear and pure. As the sun rose, the intense cold of the night turned to a crisp freshness which only made one eager for a good gallop. To our left the road was enclosed by the rocks which encircle the stream, but on the west the rising glow lit up the glaciers and peaks of La Grande Ruine and the towers and spires of the glorious Meije. Sometimes a little flake of curling mist hid for a moment some sharp pinnacle; then it dissolved, and the orange flames illumined again the upper peaks till they looked like a noble cathedral set on fire from heaven. Down the valley of the Guisane the air became more mild; the fertile hollows showed sometimes fields of ripening grain or groves of mulberry trees, still untouched by frost, and smiling villages, where groups of country people gathered for the walnut harvest. All these signs of innocent life gave my heart a feeling of joy, the beautiful things which the good God has made comforting me somewhat for the hateful knowledge of the wickedness of man, so that my heart became light again.

My man was an ugly, unprepossessing creature; but it is natural for me to be friends with whomsoever comes in my way, and I thought my fate could be no worse for winning his devotion. So I tried what I could do to soften his sullenness, and whenever the road permitted us to ride near each other I talked to him in a friendly manner, having no particular aim in what I said except to show good feeling and to learn something incidentally of his own and my kinsman's characters. His replies were brief and couched in rough phrases; but it seemed to me his sullenness relaxed, and that he had at times an expression which betokened that he was not all bad at heart.

After one leaves the fortress of Briançon and begins to climb to Mont Genevre the pass is sheltered from the winds of the north. We traversed in fine spirits the good road, which has always been the chief road to Italy ever since the days when the conquering Romans led their armies against our forefathers. Overhead to cheer us was the bright September sun. All day long I rode before my companions in order to avoid my uncle, whose suavity was far more disagreeable to me than any open showing forth of enmity could have been. Such is the uncompromising heart of a lad. Afterwards one learns to care nothing for manner, whether pleasant or the contrary, knowing that a bad heart may lie under rude frankness of behavior as well as under a smooth smile. Indeed, a wiser mind learns at last to appreciate decent civility, since it makes life easier. But the inexperience of youth confuses truth with bluntness.

At Pinerola, which we reached without difficulty the same day because of the good weather and the fine state of the road, we found an excellent inn. I should have been in good spirits, for my dislike towards Messire Vincenzo had been dulled during the hours I had not been face to face with him,—that may be a sign of softness in me, but I never could retain anger,—had I not had another unpleasant cause for wonder at supper-time, when, instead of the guests eating and drinking whatever was brought to them, as they had done at my father's house and at the hospices along the road, each waited till the servants tasted whatever was served, and we were served by them all kneeling. This seemed to me as strange as possible, and I asked the meaning of it.

My kinsman smiled with a decided sneer curling the handsome mouth under his black moustache; he wore a beard, which at that time one might not find in France, but the men of Italy pride themselves on following naught but their own fancies in the matter of dress and adornment.

"Is this the first thing you have seen which is beyond your comprehension?" he asked. "There may be many more. As for this, we are now in Italy, and not in Dauphiny, and there is more knowledge of chemistry in this land. That has its disadvantages when one finds something in one's food which belongs not to the sauce."

I heard this with disgust, and answered: "But why fear poison where you have no enemies? A brave man should fear nothing."

Messire Vincenzo shrugged his shoulders and said with a mocking smile: "A clever man has enemies everywhere, and only the ignorant are afraid to fear. Besides, one needs not to be an enemy in order to profit by the money of travellers. A little pinch of extra seasoning in the ragout,—one of the guests has an attack of pain and vomiting, then he knows nothing, his pouch is quietly emptied, and the innkeeper is independent for the remainder of his days. Such things have been, and, since there are all sorts of people in the world, one may as well take a few simple precautions before it is useless to

take them. At any rate, it is thus we do in Italy. Try your own way, my lad, if you prefer."

Such thoughts of evil were like stabs to my heart, for it is hard for me to think that others are worse than myself. My face may have shown my suffering; and my uncle, though I knew that he was as cruel as a wolf when it suited him to be, had the dislike which all of his race feel for witnessing unnecessary suffering; so he drew me from my mood of depression by conversing on many topics with a fascinating ease till it was time for retiring. The beds were good, and I forgot my troubles in sound sleep, which made amends for the night before.

CHAPTER IV.

OF MY RESCUE OF A FAIR LADY.

THE next day we rose early and were well advanced on the way to Turin when, coming into the cool shadows of a fair valley, we saw a party of travellers resting on a grassy knoll, while their attendants held the horses which grazed near. The strangers called out in greeting to my kinsman; he at once recognized them as friends and hastened to them, presenting me to them, and asking them the news from Milan. Presently they craved my pardon and begged his leave for a few moments' private conversation with him. He motioned his attendants to stand aside beyond earshot, and I said, "With your permission I will ride on and seek a spot in some stream where my horse may take a bath, which will refresh him," for the sun was hot and the road dusty. Then I put spurs to him, and, calling to my man, Pomponio, we galloped on.

We were in the valley road of the little stream called Chisola, which trickled thinly over a rocky bed; and though I rode on rapidly for half an hour, there was nowhere water enough for wetting the horse's knees. I was beginning to wonder whether my kinsman had not deliberately separated himself from me, that I might run into some danger, when a little reflection convinced me that I need fear naught from him until I had reached Milan; for as things stood now, without my having entered into some relation with him by partnership or—as was his intention, though I knew it not then—by betrothal to his daughter, Margherita, he could have no claim on our estate, even were my father ten times a monk. In case of my death the estate would revert to the son of my father's uncle, a man worthy of our honorable house. In no wise but through me could my mother's kin claim St. Eymond. So I was safe enough from any harm from my uncle till we reached Milan. Yet he carried the safe conduct, and on that account it were well for me not to distance him, as the roads were full of stragglers, disabled soldiers laden with booty and demoralized by license, or parties of peasants who had

been turned from their homes by pillage and were living by robbery, threatening all travellers alike. Against such lawless bands Pomponio and I could make little defence; yet while I was hesitating as to whether I ought not to turn back and rejoin my uncle's party, lest my hopes of glory end ignominiously in a broken head in a wayside ditch, a turn in the road brought me into a shadowy glen so lovely that it tempted me to scatter doubts and rest a moment under the chestnut trees.

I had scarce dismounted and thrown the reins over the horse's neck when I heard a shrill scream, as of a woman in peril. I leaped again to the saddle, calling Pomponio, and, dashing around a bend in the path caused by a jutting rock, saw a party of wild-looking men attacking a lady riding in the midst of her attendants, who were bewildered and hung back in cowardly fashion, while the lady beat about her with her riding-whip so fiercely that for a moment she kept the assailants in check.

Pomponio gave a savage shout of defiance to the brigands, which at the same time brought back the scattered senses of the escort. I had already rushed at the man who was nearest the lady and engaged him in a sharp fight, which was none the less difficult because I was mounted and he was on foot, for he struck at me from behind the horse's neck with his short, sharp sword, and I could scarce reach him for the plunging of my horse.

It is the fashion to write chronicles and describe the fine strokes made in such straits. But I make bold to say that in fights with men of the sort who then opposed us there is but one thing to do,—to throw away such science as one may have, for which the adversary cares nothing, and to hack away much in such style as a butcher carves meat. A duel with another gentleman may be a very pretty thing, but defending one's self against a band of robbers is not a matter for science or the consideration of honor. So I cut savagely at the fellow without care for anything but hitting him. I was thinking of jumping from my horse for a hand-to-hand combat, when he cried to his companions: "Have a care to the horses. Wound them not, for we must have them."

I had no mind to be left wounded on the road, unable to guard the lady, and I knew that if I dismounted and they overpowered me and ran away with the horses we should be in a terrible strait. So I cried out a hearty call of encouragement to the frightened attendants, and they responded by attacking more fiercely those who opposed them. I jerked my horse to one side, avoiding thus a cut from my enemy, and made a swift thrust at another. Then I wheeled again and took my first opponent in the rear, running him through the body. Just then Pomponio finished up his man, and we turned to the succor of the attendants, who were fighting manfully. With our assistance they put an end to another, while the remainder took to flight.

We were left in possession of the road, which was cumbered by three dead bodies. These I directed the attendants to remove from the sight of the lady, to whom I addressed myself with my best grace.

"Madame, I hope you are not hurt or otherwise inconvenienced by these ruffians."

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times, for your ready help," she said, and thanked me still more generously by removing her riding-mask than by her words. The sight of her fair face was reward enough for far more service than I had given. She was perhaps thirty years of age, if my green guessing were correct, but her beauty was still fresh and perfect as a maiden's. I had never looked with any attentiveness on any woman's face before, though I had sometimes seen the fair young sisters of the youths whom I occasionally met when visiting with my father at some of the neighboring chateaux. I had only regarded them with the mingling of shyness and superciliousness which a boy shows to a younger girl. This woman might almost have been my mother; for the custom in our country and in the land of Italy was to give the maidens in marriage as early as fourteen years, and not later than eighteen or nineteen. Perhaps it was because the thought of my own mother had become a constant one, a source of secret sweetness and delight, that I found myself drawn with an instant devotion to this lady, who regarded me with a kind glance of gentle sympathy that made me from that moment her faithful knight.

She bent her dark eyes on me with earnest inquiry, "You are not hurt, I hope?"

I had received a slight cut on the arm; but it was nothing which needed attention, and I had often had much worse while hunting in our mountains, so I said, "Nothing ails me, madame, but the fear lest I may not see you again, if our ways lie not together."

"What a pretty speech, and what a gallant gentleman you are, first to rescue a stranger, and then make her feel she has conferred a favor on you by letting you do it."

I blushed, uncertain whether or not she made game of me. Then, taking heart from the kindness of her smile, I replied: "Indeed, you have made me your debtor already, madame, by your graciousness. I trust you will either permit me to accompany you the remainder of your way, or that your way lies in the direction of my own."

"I am going to Turin," replied the lady, "to rejoin my mistress, the Duchess Blanche, and shall be grateful for your escort. And now what guerdon shall I give for your great service to me?"

"No guerdon, fair madame; it is joy enough to have served you."

"But there you put me in the wrong, condemning me to a show of ingratitude. I pray you to name some kindness that I may do you."

"Then, if it must be so, graciously condescend to kiss the cross hilt of my sword, for this day is the first in which it has been tried. I thank Our Lady that it was in so fair a cause, and I should deem that service well crowned by the touch of your fair lips. Then, when I raise it in salute to kiss the cross myself, I may remember never to draw it in a less worthy cause."

She had slipped from her horse and stood beside him, stroking his neck with her fair hand; and when I knelt before her, raising the sword, she kissed the cross hilt, and then turned it so that she might read the motto upon it.

"True heart,—true hand," she read aloud. "A rightful prophecy." Then, bending her beautiful head, she kissed me very lightly on the brow, saying, "Keep that young heart as true as now it is, and may God and Our Lady bless you."

Then she remounted her horse, which she rode sideways, after the fashion of the women of Italy, not astride, as do the maids of France when they ride not on a pillion. I rode behind her, very proud and happy, as becomes a lad who has had the good fortune to please a noble lady. Thus contentedly were we journeying on when the sound of horses' hoofs came to our ears, and in a moment the sharp light eyes of my uncle flashed into mine as he wheeled up beside me.

"What means this, Marcel? Is it thus you divert yourself when you part company from me?" Thus said he with the most open unfriendliness that he had yet displayed, though his heart was black enough.

My lady answered for me with more sharpness than I should have thought her capable of using: "He is a gallant lad, and has helped me in a sore strait." Then she looked more closely in his face, as his horse came abreast of hers, and exclaimed, "Messire Vincenzo! Have you no words of praise to give to the preserver of your old friend?" So saying, she lifted her mask and let the light of her sweet face fall upon his frowning countenance.

The change that flashed over it was instantaneous. He was at once all blandness and courtesy, exclaiming, "My dear Madame de Fruzasco! Has my nephew been so fortunate as to aid you? He is indeed to be envied."

"And is this your nephew?—the son of Beatrice? Then we are twice friends," she said, looking at me sweetly.

"Ah, madame, did you know my mother?" I asked, with my heart full of that strange wistfulness which the thought of my young and unremembered mother always brought.

"Yes," said my lady, "but before her marriage; and even now am I ignorant of what her name became by marriage."

"I am Marcel de St. Eymond, of Dauphny," I said.

"A land of good knights, and you will prove worthy of it."

"I am glad if my young nephew has borne himself well in your

behalf, madame," said my uncle. "But two evens ago he was saying his prayers at home."

"And when fought a man worse for saying his prayers?" rejoined madame, with that crispness of accent she had shown to him at first. Then, cutting her horse lightly with her whip, she called to me: "Come, ride beside me, Messire de St. Eymond; the road is scarce wide enough for all, and your uncle will excuse me if I wish to better acquaint myself with my young champion." I caught one look of black fury on my uncle's face, which vanished instantly. But I knew he was angered that I should have found favor in the eyes of a lady of rank, and one who had influence with many of the chief men of Savoy as well as of Lombardy; for he wished to keep me with him in order to carry out the designs he had upon St. Eymond, and wished me not to find any friend who might encourage me in my own way. He might dissemble his anger and meet me with apparent friendliness again, but I should not trust him. Those sudden looks which one sometimes surprises in the countenance of others are as if the windows of the soul had been thrown open: closing them again will not recapture and imprison the truth once revealed.

The way as it neared Turin became more beautiful, leading over rising ground in the chain of hills which fringes the right bank of the river. Occasional eminences gave us glimpses of distant mountain peaks touched with the warm light of the afternoon sun, or little summits crowned with turreted villas and convents nestling amid luxuriant woods and vineyards. The way seemed all too short to me when the city of Turin appeared lying beneath us, since I knew I must say farewell to my new friend. I told her this, and she drew from the embroidered pouch which hung at her girdle a leather case enamelled in gilt. As she gave it to me she said, "Keep this, messire, till we meet again, which may Our Lord grant."

I took the case and opened it, and saw a beautiful miniature of Madame de Fruzasco, painted in such wise that it was scarcely less lovely than she herself. I felt the blood rush to my face as I expressed to her my thanks, and concealed the gift within my doublet from the sneering eyes of my kinsman, who followed us. At Turin we left her at the Palazzo Madama, where the duchess awaited her. Neither there nor when we reached Milan had I any further adventures which impressed my mind enough to draw it from its pleasant brooding on the thought of my new friend.

The city of Milan was in a state of great disorder from the unsettled condition of the country. Many of the dwellers in the villages surrounding had fled into the town, trusting to the safety of a walled city, and that city which was the head-quarters of the king's government in Italy. Messire Vincenzo's policy had been the reverse, for he had left his family at his villa, which, he said, was strongly fortified and outside of the direct lines of the roads most likely to be taken by the army of the Pope's allies. In the town

house my uncle had left only so many servants as were needed to watch over it; it had a dismal and lonely appearance to me during the two or three days he delayed, while he attended to some pressing affairs of business. So when we set off for the villa I was full of delight to leave behind me the dull and disturbed town, and to go to meet my relatives, thinking most curiously concerning the Margherita of whom I had heard whisperings in the shadows of the hospice cloisters.

We soon left the main road which runs out of the northern gate and followed one which was little more than a lane, though bordered by walls which marked it plainly. Sometimes these stone walls were so high that they shut off altogether the sight of the surrounding landscape, and often we could scarce pass through these narrow defiles for the blocking of the road by sad groups of starving peasants, driven from their homes by the soldiery. This made the journey a gloomy one, nor had I any company to raise my spirits; for I was so near detesting my uncle that I had but one idea, to get away from him and to the camp as soon as possible. But since my father trusted him, and he was my mother's kin, I wished to part without any open fracture of fair feeling.

About five leagues from the city we came into a beautiful hilly country, full of well-tilled fields and meadows, though now their harvests had all been garnered. Over the walls hung vines with bright red berries still upon them, or sometimes late-blossoming flowers. All seemed far from the habitation of mankind, and little thought I that we approached a dwelling, when suddenly our foremost rider blew shrilly upon his horn, and a head appeared upon the wall beside us, in a place where no tower or shelter showed, so cleverly was it hidden by clustering masses of foliage. Then the watchman pushed aside the screening branches and swung open a narrow gate, through which we passed.

Even when the gate was passed and the enclosure of the villa grounds was entered, there was nothing to tempt marauders to explore the dense thickets of impenetrable green which masked the signs of wealth and luxury within. All at once the view of the marble towers and the magnificent gardens burst upon us as we crossed a deep moat and passed an inner wall. The moat itself was concealed by heavy foliage of rich shrubs of the luxuriant sort which grow in damp places; thus it more fully defended the house against intruders. The villa lay on a broad level, stretching out long gal-leried arms of arches, which were gently terraced down to the approach; but in the centre were dark recesses leading to the vault where the dead of the family were buried, and to another vault from which a secret subterranean passage led to the upper part of the house. The galleries on the terraced front of the villa were decked with statues; urns for plants and trailing vines were placed at intervals; while in the background were groups of splendid strange plants,

so sheltered from the winds and frost that they yet displayed their beauty amid the feathery jets of playing fountains or the dark setting of cypress or pine trees.

Coming nearer to the house, I perceived that it was built in the same style from which my father had copied St. Eymond when he remodelled it to its present form; but where we had only a narrow sentry walk this one had wide galleries and balconies reaching to the third story, the central portion of them being a noble arch, concealing the stairway, which climbed to a roof-garden. The out-houses, stables, and pigeon-houses were all screened by arbors or shrubberies. This seemed very beautiful to me, since the contracted situations of the chateaux of Dauphiny made it necessary to crowd all the buildings in such way that often the most unsightly was most prominent. From the terraces or from the roof one caught glimpses of the snow-capped peaks to the north and west; towards the south lay Milan, wrapped in a mysterious autumn haze.

From all this natural beauty our eyes were drawn by a gay group of ladies and gentlemen who issued from the great door. One of these came forward at the sight of us, greeting my uncle with welcome, and then turning to me likewise, as my uncle said, "Here is your young kinsman, Margherita," while his eyes shot across my face, as if seeking to see how she impressed me.

Margherita was very beautiful, with a dark and stately beauty which I must perforce admire. Howbeit, I met her eyes without any warming of the cords around my heart, not being stirred by her loveliness as I was by my young mother's pictured face or by Madame de Fruzasco's, since their beauty lay not in flesh alone. Something of the soul must shine forth from bright eyes, or they touch not the soul on which they fall.

My cousin Margherita bade me welcome in a voice of caressing sweetness, and then led me to the group of ladies and presented me to Madame Briarti, my uncle's wife. She was a pale, shrinking creature, unable to bear her proper part as mistress of this splendid dwelling, whether because something in her situation oppressed her, or because the masterful nature of her daughter took from her the sovereignty which was her right, I know not. When she had greeted me she relapsed into a timid silence, and Margherita led me from one to another of the guests with such bewildering rapidity that I was helpless among strange faces and unknown names, until with pleasure I recognized my acquaintance of the hospice, Messire de Kernilis.

He met me with that curious mixture of cordiality and stiff courtesy which had impressed me as so contradictory, and such was his reticence that no word escaped him as to his business at the Villa Briarti. My uncle interrupted almost the first words I spoke to Messire de Kernilis, for he wished me not to form friendship with any one who might encourage me to seek the camp.

He who has once been left a stranger in a strange land will know how to understand my feelings among the polished and courtly company which surrounded me. Of things all unknown to me they spoke,—of the fashionable philosophy of the ancients, of persons of whom I had never heard, with many fine words and merry jests. I took them to be jests, because all laughed, but the words seemed to me to be distorted from their natural meaning; so that sickness of the soul which makes itself felt in the body seized upon me. I could scarce refresh myself with the choice meats and delicate wines which were served to us upon the terrace, where we remained in the warm autumn sunshine till the light waned and the servants threw open the doors of the villa, ushering us into the great dining-hall for the evening meal.

I followed blindly after the others and took the seat assigned to me, but ate little. The splendor of everything bewildered me, not only the strange dishes, which I had never tasted before, but the table service as well. Every vessel and goblet was a work of art, silver enamelled or carved and beaten with rich decoration. On the goblet from which I drank was graven a chase, and the dogs ran over it so life-like that, despite their littleness, they made me homesick for my own dogs at home. Thus was I tortured by uncontrollable new feelings till opportunity came of pleading fatigue, and I escaped to the apartment assigned to me for the night.

CHAPTER V.

OF MESSIRE RONTINI AND MY DEPARTURE BY MIDNIGHT.

HAD I not already seen enough of splendid luxury to dazzle me I might have suspected my uncle of planning to wean me from ambition by enfeebling my energies, so much handsomer than anything which I had ever seen was the bedchamber to which I was conducted. I felt more homesick than ever amid the silken draperies, the elegant appointments, of this nest of self-indulgence. Nor had I the satisfaction of the attendance of the man Pomponio, to whom I had grown accustomed and whom I had warmed into a sort of surly friendliness. His place was filled by a body-servant in livery, the embodiment of servile slyness, for whom I had not the least use, being well accustomed to attending to my own needs. I lay off my coat of mail and asked the man to show me the way to the chapel, that I might say my prayers there, as was my wont. The fellow stared at me in amazement, and seemed to control himself, as though tempted to laugh.

“The chapel? There is none; and as for devotions, many a day is it since there have been any in this house.” So he answered, to my wonder.

I looked around me, and perceived that amidst all the adornments of the chamber,—the useless bronzes, the vases of metal or delicate glass,—there was yet nothing at all which spoke of faith, none of the outward emblems of religion, though even in the poorest inns one finds at least a crucifix or font for holy water in each apartment.

“Have I fallen among pagans?” I asked myself aloud. The man shrugged his shoulders.

“And the donzella, the Lady Margherita,—surely she prays, else were she a witch, and not a lovely maid.”

A change came over the man’s face, as though some secret feeling of disgust or horror seized him. He looked around, though there was none to hear, and answered: “She prays, after her own fashion, but not to God nor the saints. The saints who hear her prayers are those who know——” He stopped, and though I was by this time quite on fire with curiosity, no persuasion could make him finish his sentence. He was entirely silent until I asked again,—

“Had Messire Briarti never any other children?”

“I know not, messire.”

“The Lady Margherita is most unlike her mother.”

“Madame Briarti is not her mother,” answered my attendant. “The Lady Margherita is his illegitimate daughter, and he adopted her as the heiress of his estate, though he would never marry the mother, as he might have done.”

Then he went on for some time talking of the different members of the household, especially of Luigi, of whom he was bitterly jealous on account of the intimacy he had with the master. This I afterwards found was because Luigi was in truth not a servant, but a man of good birth, though a terrible rascal, and obliged to conceal himself as a servant because of many crimes. When I had learned enough to make me stay awake with bewilderment I sent the man away and tried to sleep.

I rested less easily upon the soft couch and under the silken hangings than on my own hard pallet at home. Often I was awakened by the ecstatic singing of the captive nightingales which hung in cages on the gallery outside the window, sometimes by the cooing of the pigeons in their houses. This soft moaning of the pigeons was pleasing to me in its melancholy, though many like it not. In Dauphiny we had no doves, for the air is filled with birds of prey, hawks and eagles, which sweep down from the heights and threaten all except the wary blackbird and the secret thrush. The only sound which spoke to me of home around Villa Briarti was the hooting of the night-owl or the wail of the wind in the cypress trees.

When I rose the next morning I found all the household still in slumber. There was nothing to call them together, since they had not the pious custom of daily mass. So all slept according to desire, and ate breakfast when so disposed. I wandered about for some

time, taking the pleasant morning air; then, seeing a servant, I asked him where I might find my uncle. Early though it was, he had ridden forth towards Bergamo, nor was he expected till the following day. This annoyed me greatly, since I had a mind to get from him sufficient money to fit myself out in Milan and to leave for the camp at once. I strove to be patient till his return, but could not forbear fretting at the unwished-for delay. I was interrupted in my solitary ramblings by Margherita, who joined me with a smile upon her fair face and asked, "Is not this a beautiful spot, cousin, and could you not content yourself here forever?"

"'Tis a noble place, mademoiselle,"—I could not twist my tongue to call the maidens by their christening names, as is the fashion in Italy,—“but it would go hard with me to leave my own land or to lead so idle a life as this seems to be.”

"There is no need for idleness," she answered. "My father's business keeps him constantly occupied, with little rest. Stay with us, Marcel; my father needs you, and I shall value your companionship."

"A thousand thanks, fair lady, for that kind word, but only sickness or death can keep me from the camp of the duke."

"Ungallant man!" she cried, smiling, as if in raillery, though a tinge of red mounted into the clear olive of her cheek. "Glory is a dull thing beside love. All philosophers may tell you that."

"Nothing know I of philosophy, mademoiselle, but all the learning I at present need I find within my own heart. If so be"—the image of my sweet mother rose before my mind's eye—"the future hath in store for me that joy of love which all men dream of, I shall hope to be worthy of it when it comes. Till then my only wish is to fight for the king, and I pray you, who have so great powers of eloquence, to add your words to my own to induce your father to further my wishes and to speed my departure."

This said I with all the persuasiveness of which I knew the art, and bent my knee to kiss her hand.

Her eyes dwelt on me with something of soft sadness in their darkness. With a sigh she turned to join some others of the guests who had drawn near, while I addressed myself to Messire de Kernilis. His continued presence in my uncle's house was a puzzle to me. He seemed not to be there as a suitor to Margherita, though there was a little warmer tone in his manner towards her than towards the other ladies, of whom there were five or six, all young and accomplished. Over these the pale lady, Madame Briarti, kept a shadowy guardianship, which was but an empty homage to propriety. Margherita was mistress and ruler of all, and she it was who arranged the merry diversion of the company. The day passed in various sports; sometimes the gentlemen threw the bar, the prize to the victor being given by one of the ladies; sometimes one or another sang or played the lute. In this I perceived a difference from the

mode of France, for in Italy they hold music so high that each one sings alone and the others listen attentively without interruption; but in France all who sit near and are familiar with the melody join with the singer, and thus sometimes one mars what another does skilfully.

In all my intercourse with these strangers I felt myself restless in mind, for a thousand new ideas presented themselves to me with each sentence uttered by my new companions. All the men and women whom I had hitherto known either had been good and upright persons, or, if they broke away from the law of right, they did so because their passions led them. Some time—at death, if not before—repentance came to them. Never had I seen any one who believed not in religion; yet if I had been set down among the followers of the infidel Mahoun there could have been nothing to shock me more than among these friends of my uncle. They pretended that the difference was in their favor, talking much of enlightenment, of the wisdom of the ancients, of the true knowledge of humanity, with other high-sounding phrases which covered not the want of virtue. All of them seemed alike indifferent to aught but their own pleasure, except that under the measured phrases of Messire de Kernilis I thought I perceived a secret disagreement with the general tone.

It grew plain that Margherita distinguished me above the other cavaliers. So persuasive was she in her kindness that I had begun to feel a sort of friendship for her, when after two days had been spent in idleness and merrymaking I heard towards dusk the sound of the galloping hoofs of Messire Vincenzo's steed. Presently he stood before us, and, though I hated him, I cried "Welcome!" with all my heart. Then others claimed his attention, though I waited impatiently to claim his notice that I might proffer my request. He evaded me so long as he could find excuse for doing so, but just before the evening meal I took him boldly, saying: "I owe you a thousand thanks, messire, for all your house has shown of kindness, but now I beseech you to add another favor. Give me a portion of the money which my father provided for my fitting-out, and let me go forth with no more delay to seek the camp."

My uncle looked blackly at me for the shortest space that one may reckon, but answered with his coaxing smoothness, "Nay, nay, Marcel; I have hoped to keep you with us."

"So have I, my father," said the voice of Margherita, at his side; "but it must be as our kinsman wishes. Arrange for his journey in proper manner; then he will come with the more willingness to us again."

I marvelled much at so strong a man's ready acquiescence with a maiden's will; but after one surprised look of questioning at her he made no further demur, and guided me to his cabinet, whence he took the goodly sum of three hundred crowns, with which I might

purchase arms and all needed equipment in the town of Milan. Then he said, with all show of kindness, that no money should be used for the purchase of a horse, for I might have the choosing of one from his own stud. For this I thanked him gratefully and returned to the hall, where Margherita met me with a somewhat melancholy smile, saying: "Messire, I too wish to be held in your remembrance. Take this ring from me as a parting gift."

She handed to me a ring of dull gold, set about a bezoar stone, which is thought to be a charm against poison. Each side of the stone was a tiny Cupid of most perfect workmanship. The curious beauty of the ring pleased me greatly. I expressed my thanks with warmth to her, when my feelings were turned by her saying: "The value of the gift lies not wholly in its outward appearance. If you find yourself so placed that you wish to be rid of any one who gives you trouble, touch the spring beneath the head of this Cupid, and underneath the setting you will find a small portion of a subtle poison which will do all that you wish."

A fine present this for a maiden to give me! No trace of shame appeared in her face, but she spoke as coolly as if she were but dividing a twin almond for a love-punishment. Seeing her so unscrupulous, I thought it best not to offend her, lest I might never leave the villa safely, for I had no way to combat treachery should she try to injure me. Moreover, I thought the dangerous thing were better in my possession than in hers, so I took it from her and slipped it in my pouch, intending to empty its fatal contents when I had opportunity. But I said to Margherita, "I hope my strength will never fail to rid myself of my enemies in fair fight."

"The easiest way is the best," she said. Then she led me to the supper-room, where all was gayety and beauty. Lights flaring brightly from many lamps of perfumed oil, the sweet scents of flowers, the faint sounds of music from an alcove filled with plants, the odor of delicious viands, all spoke of pleasure and not of secret schemes against human life.

Margherita placed me beside her, and after we had been served she turned to me with smiles, saying: "See how little rancor I bear you, despite your cruel threat of leaving us. Here is a goblet of Salernian wine, and in it you shall drink my health and confusion to all our enemies."

She offered me a goblet which a servant had just brought to her, and I was about to drain its contents when I caught an expression on the face of the man opposite me,—a man whom I had noticed with interest, though I had not spoken to him, not finding him often in the general company. There was something so intense, so warning, in the look he gave me that I swiftly answered, "We will drink it as a loving-cup," and I turned it towards her. I watched her closely and perceived a change well-nigh indefinable come over her features, and she only touched the goblet to her lips. Although I

felt sure that a draught so openly proffered contained nothing deadly, but probably only something which might make me ill or dull my senses, yet I thought it wise to follow her example and only feign to drink. She saw this, but said nothing, nor changed her manner towards me.

My adieus were made before I retired, as I wished to ride forth at daybreak, and I had chosen the horse I wished to take. As soon as I could do so I dismissed the servant who came to wait on me. I threw off my surcoat and tunic and lay down in my shirt, with sword and dagger near at hand. But I could not sleep. Some hours I lay thus in strong excitement of mind. All at once I heard a slight scratching noise within the wall, which threw me instantly upon the alert. Then the tapestry beside my bed moved, as I saw by the pale light of the night-lamp, and I sprang from my couch, seizing my sword, prepared to defend myself from some midnight assassin. To my surprise a secret door swung open behind the tapestry, and the rugged face of the man Pomponio appeared, followed by the gentleman who had sat opposite me at supper, and whose warning glance had arrested my drinking the wine which Margherita has offered.

"Friends or foes?" I demanded softly but decidedly, and still standing on guard.

"Friends always to you, messire," answered Pomponio, to my surprise, for I had not thought the man capable of so much feeling as his tones expressed.

"And I bring you a new friend," he added. "This is Messire Gentile Rontini, the tutor of the Lady Margherita."

I dropped my defensive attitude, though keeping the weapons, and took the hand which Messire Rontini outstretched to me in the Italian fashion.

"Welcome, messire, if friend. No one needs them more than I do at this time. But why this strange way of finding me out? Why did you not speak to me when we were assembled in company?"

He answered in the same low voice: "I did not know that you needed friends, nor that I should be able to aid you. But to-night this good fellow, whose heart you have won, came to beg me to tell you what I knew of the ways of this house, that he might persuade you to escape from it at once."

"They took me from you, messire," said Pomponio with a sound of trembling in his rough voice, "lest I might prevent their mischief."

"You mistake," said I; "no mischief is intended. Whatever may have been their former plans, they have now abandoned them. To-morrow I go from hence, and with my uncle's help."

"They deceive you, messire," answered Pomponio. "You are not to leave this place till you have placed yourself within their power. To-night I followed the Lady Margherita to the small tower

near the hill at the north, where she practises many hidden rites, in company with those who hold to her beliefs. There I heard her tell her father in a whisper that she would brew for you a draught from henbane root that should make you lose your senses and cry strange things, so that all who heard you might believe you no longer fit to decide aught for yourself."

"Believe the man," urged Messire Rontini. "I myself have learned to know the character of this misguided maid. By beauty and intelligence she is fitted for a high place in the world. But a strange warp in her nature makes her love what is dark and evil rather than what is fair and open. She sent for me to come here to teach her,—having heard of me as one who was devoted to the higher learning. But I found she wished for such knowledge only as might help her to secret power over the hearts and lives of men. Now that she knows I will not further her search for wicked secrets, I am no use to her, nor am I sure that my life itself is safe. I cannot leave here openly without provoking ill feeling, so I am resolved to go at once."

"Go with him, messire," urged Pomponio, "and I will guide you. Take me as your servant, and you will find me faithful. I have a key to the stables and can lead thence three horses. The watchman at the gate will not stop us, being well used to midnight journeys from this house."

I listened with my mind in a whirling maze. All they said agreed with what my own heart felt. The poisoned ring, the loving-cup, the death of poor Luca on the pass near Lauteret, my uncle's plotting in the cloisters, all came from wicked hearts. Yet some proof further I demanded of the need for immediate haste. I pulled on my sword-belt, then my tunic and surcoat, seized cloak and hat, and said: "Now lead me to the tower, and let me see something for myself of the secret mysteries of Margherita's practices. If they become not a good maiden, I will leave this house."

We climbed with stealthy steps down the steep secret stairway which wound within the thick walls of the house, then turned along a dark passage in which we had to stoop a little and feel our way by the side-walls. I judged that other stairways opened upon this passage, since my hand often found open spaces in the walls. I felt my heart quicken with anger at the thought that my uncle might have set some waiting spy in some of these other passages. But my green trustfulness had made him reckon me an easy prey. At last we came out into a large space where there were no walls to follow, and I distinguished the outline of trees before us and then saw the burying-vaults at one side, and realized that the tunnel had led under the outer steps of the terrace for some distance into the open park.

The caution of my guides was increased when within the open grounds. They slipped from shadow to shadow, often listening with

intense anxiety to each slight sound. When we neared the tower at the north, a faint light shone from above our heads.

"Can you climb, messire?" whispered Pomponio.

"Do you ask a Dauphinese?" I said, and answered him by seizing the trunk of a tree which my guessing told me should overlook the windows of the tower, and crawled up quickly, Pomponio following. Messire Rontini hid himself in a dense shadow and waited.

That which I saw from the tree I will not put into words to haunt the night-visions of those who read my chronicle. Nor do I pretend to understand the real meaning of what my eyes beheld; but for all my ignorance, my soul was filled with horror. Sometimes have I heard whispers that even in Christian lands the worship of devils holds sway. Though my heart would fain give no literal meaning to so horrible a suggestion, yet it brings ever to my memory the strange rites which I beheld from the tree in my uncle's park, and of which his daughter Margherita was high priestess. I whispered to Pomponio, "Hasten! Let us be gone!" slid down the tree, and followed him with my breath coming quickly and my heart on fire.

Our escape was accomplished with no serious hitch, though I had to listen at the gate to a parcel of lies, which I hate, but Pomponio made no difficulty about saying whatever seemed to fit most smoothly to the watchman's ear. Once out upon the road, we kept the horses' feet muffled until out of hearing from the villa, and then we put spurs to their sleek sides unmercifully, lest daybreak should find us dangerously far from Milan.

The good steeds bore us on so well that long before I was like to be missed at the villa I was eating a good breakfast at an inn near the Church of San Ambrogio, where Messire Rontini's friend, Messire Bernardino Luini, was painting a chapel with a noble picture of our Lord.

While the two friends talked I had leisure to take note of Messire Rontini, whose face I had admired at the villa, but whose gravity had kept me from seeking his society uninvited. He was much my elder,—perhaps he neared forty years,—and his hair was already a snowy white. This gave him a striking beauty, in contrast with his bright, dark eyes and youthful vigor of mien. Although he was a student, in nothing was he one whit behind the most accomplished knight,—in dancing or singing, in throwing the bar and all knightly exercises, in archery or the use of the sword I had seen him the equal of all the other gentlemen at the villa. I had wondered much that such an one should teach a maiden for money. Still more did I wonder as we passed through the streets of Milan to see how both he and Messire Luini were greeted by nobles of the highest rank. Many times were they stopped with words of warm friendship, sometimes with urgent invitations to dine or sup with men of dignity. This was the first insight I had into the chief difference between the

way of Italy and that of France in estimating men. For among Italians in general, and chiefly among the men of Florence, the compatriots of Messire Rontini, nothing else than personal merit is esteemed. Talent, learning, and personal acquirements are everywhere a passport to the good graces of all. Indeed, some of them have gone so far as to despise altogether the claims of good birth, for Messire Poggio insisted that a man was but the farther removed from true nobility the longer his forefathers had plied the trade of brigands. Yet, though I am much Italianized, I cannot think lightly of a long lineage.

Another thing did Messire Rontini occasion me to reflect upon, though I did not at that time fully think it out. I saw in him and in others of the Italians such marked differences from all other men and from each other that I had to ponder on it. In France and other lands than Italy men are moulded in groups and not carved out as separate statues. One Gascon gentleman is much like another, —a big talker, and a big fighter in his own eyes. A woman is a court-lady or a devotee or a coquette; and by glancing at the arms a man bears and seeing his rank, one may well guess at the thoughts of his heart. I had never purposed to myself to be other than a copy of the best of those who had gone before me, training myself in their virtues, scarcely thinking it possible to avoid their vices. But when I came to note the influence of the new learning on Italy I saw that one good result it had was the development of great personal freedom, so that each man might become the sort of man he wished to be, and not be forced to hate or love what his ancestors had loved or hated before him. Many carried this freedom into absurd extremes, dressing in a fantastic manner with no regard to the custom of their city. But in most cases it threw into conversation and dress a variety which added zest to life. All this I thought out slowly during the time I spent in Italy.

When we had finished breakfast, Messire Luini took us to see his painting, yet unfinished, in the Church of San Ambrogio, and I laid my sword before the altar where Saint Augustine had been baptized by the good Saint Ambrose. There I vowed to God and to Our Lady to be a faithful servant of the king. Messire Rontini accompanied me to an armorer's, where both Pomponio and I were well fitted out for a less sum than I had within my pouch. I need not say that when I saw myself arrayed for the first time in complete armor, all my own, I was as proud as any foolish boy could be. I despatched a messenger to my uncle, bearing a letter couched in most courteous phrases, as if my going away had been all in regular fashion; for well I knew he would prefer letting it pass as the hot haste of a lad, rather than for me to let him know that I had divined his purpose and intentionally thwarted him. I knew that if I ever saw him again he would wish to keep a smooth face and make no sign.

The army of the duke was at this time divided among the various garrisons of Lombardy, except his division which lay towards Bologna, the city lately threatened by the allies. Thus lay my way, and I said good-by to Messire Gentile Rontini with all friendliness and due gratitude for his kindness towards me. He himself set out for Venice to seek friends there, being unable to return to his native town, from which he had been banished for taking part in some insurrection.

I rode rapidly for some days, and came up with the army near Corregio, where my Lord of Chaumont had lately died. Whatever hardships I endured during the first months of campaigning have been forgotten; whatever mistakes I may have made in my inexperience even the sensitive pride of a boy's heart has ceased to cherish; but the memory of the duke's kind words stands out undimmed:

"St. Eymond, say you? A fine lad, and a Dauphinese." Then he turned to Captain Pierrepont Daly, to whom in the absence of the Captain Bayard I had delivered the message of Monseigneur of Grenoble, saying, "What do they in Dauphiny to make such gallant lads? No wonder King Louis calls them 'the scarlet of the gentlemen of France.' Fight like a Dauphinese, St. Eymond! My Lord of Boutières, enroll him in your company."

May God rest his soul, the kind duke! He was but a lad himself when he died, which was but six short months from that time. And no one ever saw braver knight or more gallant gentleman.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SIEGE OF BRESCIA.

LET me not weary with a long-drawn-out recital of my achievements, great as they were in my own eyes. They were, no doubt, but as those of other lads. Certainly in the king's army there were so many noble champions that unless a man had the weak heart of a sucking lamb he learned valor by example, and had only to do as did those around him; he could not fall short of brave deeds, even though inexperienced. I was also fortunate in my disposition, which bore hardships with a gay spirit. The fatigue of marches, the rigors of the season, I felt little. The frosts and snows which chilled the blood of Gascons or Provençals but healthily stirred mine, which had known the sharper cold of the Alps of Dauphiny.

Though I bore physical hardships with gayety, there were other features of my life in the camp which cut deep into my heart and gave me grave, sad moments. But from the very thing of which I had reason to complain may have come my saving. By this I mean

to give a tempered thanks, because when vice first became known to me it was in such frightful nakedness of horror that I was thrown back upon virtue for the preservation of my own peace. My uncle had counted upon my yielding at the first onset of the wickedness of the world; and perhaps, had I come to know sin clothed in fair seeming, as one meets it in courts, hidden under the bright eyes of fair ladies, concealed under the brave looks of accomplished gentlemen, I might have proved no stronger than others. But plunged as I was, all ignorant, into the filth of the camp, where a turn of the eye might show one some flagrant shame or foul sickness caused by evil, one had every reason to keep himself from all which threatened danger. I mean not that there were none among the leaders worthy of the imitation of the younger men; but these were occupied with the duties of their positions, and for the most—all the world knows what were the crimes of our army in Italy. So I was solitary, nor found any friend whom I might love in dear and intimate fashion, though all were friendly whom I met from day to day.

I had been with the army for some months, and had learned to take the airs of a veteran. I had been knighted by the duke himself for the part I had borne in several skirmishes around Milan; the sharp fighting which brought me that honor had only cost me a few scratches, which healed quickly in my healthy flesh. Yet I found myself, on the eve of the siege of Brescia, as far off from my heart's desire as if I were still at home upon the crags of Dauphiny. The pillage of Italy was nothing to me; I held it light that I had passed in the race for honors many who were my elders. The one thing which hung before my eyes as the chief earthly guerdon was to be admitted to the company of the Captain Bayard's own followers, so to take my place behind my Lord of Boutières (a gallant leader) and to see others following the greatest knight in Christendom made me almost willing to return to the snows of Chateau St. Eymond, there to eat my heart out with disappointment till old age brought patience.

But for a turn of fortune I might have chafed forever in the wish for this distinction, since it could not be had for the asking. Those who followed the chevalier were all picked champions; many of them had been captains themselves, and had resigned commands of a hundred armed men in order to follow him. At the gates of Brescia came good fortune to my hand.

When the message came—the day after the siege of Bologna was raised—that Brescia was taken by the Venetians the army felt as one man. To lose such a stronghold through the treachery of Count Louis Avogador, and leave Messire Andrea Gritti to starve my Lord of Lude—for otherwise he was not to be conquered—was not to be thought on. We covered no less than ten leagues of country in one day's march, it being winter and the roads bad. Continuing the march at that hard rate, we came upon the Captain Bag-

lione going from Venice with succors of four hundred men-at-arms and four thousand foot for the rebels of Brescia. The body of the army was at some distance behind; but the Captain Bayard and the Lord of Theligny charged the enemy and held their ground till the vanguard came up to their support; then the Venetians retreated. I doubt not that, had these succors been thrown into Brescia, we had not taken the city. The Captain Bayard was ill from the same quartan fever which he had had for seven years; all the night had he suffered so that he could not bear his armor. He charged the enemy in a light cuirass borrowed from a soldier, thrown on above his riding-cloak of velvet.

After this skirmish we reached the base of the castle, and then climbed into the citadel to look down on the rebellious town. We joined with the rejoicings which rose from the garrison when our army poured in to reënforce them and to bring provisions, which were sorely needed. We made merry work of heaping wood upon the bonfires which were fired partly to show the rebels a confident spirit, and partly for roasting such food as we found to hand. And all the while the cannon poured shot into the town to make the inhabitants tremble and fear the vengeance of Gaston de Foix.

Within the town, besides the eight thousand soldiers of Venice who had come with Messire Andrea Gritti, there were joined some thirteen thousand armed peasants of the hills and those of the inhabitants who were not loyal to the King of France, or who were overawed by the invaders within their walls. To these we opposed but twelve thousand men, yet each the flower of chivalry, and worth ten traitors.

While the leaders consulted as to the plan of attack, the main body of the army waited with impatience, each man feeling a personal grievance against the traitors who had stolen the second stronghold of our king in Italy. The plan as first outlined would have placed me at the gate of St. John, the only one left open into the town, while other companies had the joy of making the first assault. Then arose the Captain Bayard, saying, "My lords and gentlemen, it seems to me there should be added to the footmen of my Lord du Molart at least one hundred men-at-arms to bear the fury of the first attack. For sure it is the enemy will place their strongest forces at the point of assault, and our foot-soldiers may give way before the fire of their arquebuses."

Then said the duke, "You speak well, my lord; but where is the captain who will take this dangerous duty?"

"Give me leave, my lord," replied the chevalier, "to add fifty volunteers to my own company, and I will take this office."

Then spoke the other captains, approving his plan, and offering any of their own men who might volunteer to follow the chevalier.

I was dozing pleasantly in a corner of the ramparts which overlooked the town, where lights gleamed brightly from the fires in

the great square and from the beacons in the bell-tower of the Duomo. Then came a messenger telling of the need for volunteers, pushing his way among the crowded groups, some sleeping, half dead with the fatigue of the hard march, some reciting merry tales, to forget thereby their weariness.

"Volunteers for the first charge, who leads them?" asked I, and at the answer dashed aside my companions, lest any should forestall me, forcing my way to the inner guard-room, where waited my hero. There stood I, panting, flushed with eagerness, quivering under the searching gaze of his dark eyes.

Love of any sort is a wonderful thing, a thing stronger than any evil feeling, stronger than hate or vengeance. But of all loves the one which seems to me most strange and powerful, because not bred by any natural tie like that of brother to brother, or father to son, is the great love in the heart of a lad for a man who wins his admiration. Woe to a lad who misplaces this hero-worship, and is led by false lights through fen and morass instead of upward to the heights of true glory! We had in the army many heroes; but the chevalier had seemed from my first glance on him to embody in his person the very ideal of true chivalry.

He was at this time but thirty-two years of age, though he looked much older, because of the burning fever which had raged for years within his veins, of which I have before spoken. Another man would have deemed himself unfit for service when so wasted by illness; but he made no account of it. Nor was he by nature great in stature nor in strength, but for the force of his strong soul. His features were somewhat melancholy in their cast, and this effect was heightened by the long, lank hair falling each side of his face and cut straight across the forehead, as was the fashion of those days. One whose hair fell in curls, as did my own and the duke's, might make himself somewhat comely in appearance; but the others had ever a womanish look to me, and I was pleased when his present majesty changed the fashion. The chevalier's grave face was brightened by the sweetness of his smile, and his bright dark eyes looked steadily at one, seeming to see to the core of one's heart, carrying peace to the well-intending.

"You wish to follow me?" he asked, in tones of surprise. "You are but a stripling."

"Let me go, my lord; I will not disgrace you," I pleaded, urging him yet more strongly with my eyes.

"Messire de St. Eymond, you know my uncle, Monseigneur of Grenoble, recommended me to watch over you."

"Monseigneur will be satisfied if you treat me as you treat yourself," I urged eagerly.

"Go then, messire, and prove your courage."

I turned with no delay to give my name to Jacques de Mailles, the secretary, lest the captain might change his mind. Messire de

Mailles glanced over my armor, which Pomponio kept in fine order, and found all fit for service. Then he looked at my sword—I think there was scarce a finer sword in the camp—and admired it mightily. I sought Pomponio and gave him the orders of the assault.

Twelve thousand men, besides the garrison, packed the castle like a bee-hive. Happy was he who had room for stretching himself in sleep or whose nature permitted him to rest. Mine did not, then nor ever, in the face of an attack. Nor do I think it shame to me nor any sign of fear, for so it was with the chevalier and many others whom I have known. Weary was I, in truth, but found only a few moments of forgetfulness after some hours of wandering thoughts, in which the events of the months past chased themselves before my mind's eye, as one may see the figures of the past following one another in procession at a festival. Then I heard some one stirring among the groups of sleeping men around me. The night was dark, and cold as well. Rain fell heavily, pattering upon the stones of the court where we lay, freezing as it fell, and chilling our bones. There was not room to turn, still less to walk, and one might envy the sentries in their towers, for they were partly sheltered. A lantern hung above our heads and shed pale gleams, which were our only light.

“Who is awake there?” whispered a voice near me.

“St. Eymond,” I answered, and the other scrambled over the huddled forms, who muttered, “Devil take you!” and snored again.

By good fortune my waking comrade was no other than Jacques de Mailles, and ready as ever to talk on his loved theme, the chevalier. I was no less ready to hear. So we whispered together till the dawn found us eager for action.

With the first light the duke sent a trumpeter to offer mercy to the town if it would surrender; “for,” said he, “if it be taken it will be destroyed, which will be a sad calamity.”

But the Venetians sent back words of scorn, though the Brescians were by this time terrified enough to promise anything.

Only what I have myself seen I write. Others may have given the details of the siege according to the science of war; they may tell the good deeds of Captain Jacob, of the duke, and of many others. But none of these I saw, being in advance of them. At the first sound of the trumpet the footmen of my Lord du Molart and the Captain Herigay plunged down the steep slope from the castle to the town, and at the same time the men-at-arms of the chevalier on foot, in the face of a storm of bullets from the enemy's arquebuses as thick as hail-stones. The steep path was icy with the freezing rain, and we cast off our shoes and walked in socks, to keep our footing better. Then we reached the first rampart and our shouts of “Bayard! Bayard!” were answered by the cries of “Marco! Marco!” from the Venetians, till it almost drowned the noise of the firing. The fury of our first assault told with such vigor that we

burst through the first rampart. I heard the voice of Messire Andrea Gritti just above the wall, crying fiercely: "Strike that Bayard! Kill that Bayard! No one hears of anything but that Bayard!"

Think with what rage I heard these words! At that very moment one of our mines exploded to the right, and in the breach thus made we rushed upon the Venetians, over falling stones, amid showers of missiles, and with furious fighting gained the first rampart. The enemy fell in writhing heaps before the thrusts of our pikemen; but a few of ours had fallen, though hundreds of the foe. Then we took the first fort, and a great shout rose to encourage those who struggled behind us. "The fort is ours!" we cried; but in that moment of triumph I saw one of the enemy make a fierce rush at the Captain Bayard and bury his pike in the side of the chevalier. Good God! what horror shot through my heart! I was separated from him by a space of ten ells or more, each filled with fighting demons; but I forced my way to him and stood above him, while Pierrepont Daly helped me beat back those who pressed on him. At the cry "My lord is wounded!" it seemed as if all the fiends of hell were let loose on the Venetians, and our men fought like Lucifer. In less time than one might say an *ave* the rush of battle had swept past us, and we raised him from the ground and disengaged his armor from him. The head of the pike was embedded in the thigh, piercing to the bone. The pain was so great that his face was bloodless, and I looked at each moment for him to die before my eyes.

"We must carry him to shelter," said the Captain Pierrepont Daly, "or he will die without confession."

Near to us stood a little house. I rushed at the door, forcing it from its hinges. Together we lifted the chevalier and laid him upon the door. Then came up two or three of the archers of Messire de Kernilis, and they helped us carry our leader to a house which overtopped all others in the street. From the window of this house the mistress of it had seen us bearing the wounded man; she descended to the door, opening it for us, falling upon her knees and begging mercy.

"Rise, madame," gasped the chevalier; "have no fear of us. Guard the doors carefully," said he to Messire de Kernilis, who followed us, "and see that none enter."

The house which we had chosen as the refuge for our master was a large and noble mansion, which one entered by a court-yard, ascending the flight of broad marble steps to a loggia above. Along this the lady conducted us and showed us to a fine chamber, where we laid the chevalier. Then she offered to guide us to a surgeon, and Messire de Mailles directed me to accompany her.

By this time my faithful Pomponio, who had lost sight of me during the attack upon the fort, had found me again and waited in the lower hall, ready at my reappearance with his dog-like devotion.

We opened the main door upon the street and saw that there

was no hope of safe egress that way, for it was full of fighting men, nor could one see for the smoke from the hackbuts. We could not tell friend from foe, and could have gone no more than a few paces before dropping in blood.

"Is there no other way?" I cried, thinking of the great need of the chevalier. She grasped my hand and turned, leading me through the court-yard down some steps which ended in an avenue of poplars extending through the gardens. She ran to a little postern door overhung with ivy, and took the key to it from a nail above concealed by the vines and opened it quickly. It closed with a spring behind us as we ran through. She thrust the key into my hand, thinking, I well guess, that she herself might not come back alive, and led me through a narrow alley hemmed in by two high walls. Several times our way was stopped by showers of stones thrown down upon us from above, and one struck me on the temple, stunning me, so that the lady had to guide me till my senses came to me again. Then we came out at right angles in another passage, which had also a small door into a garden at the rear of a house.

"Knock loudly," she cried, and seized the knocker herself, while I pounded with the hilt of my sword. As well might we have blown a bugle in the thunders of the judgment, for just above us poured out the volleys of a falconet which our soldiers had dragged away from the Venetians and turned against them. We looked up in despair, and from an upper window saw an old man's face peering forth. He heeded us not for the terror that was on him, and my guide tore off the cloak which hid her face and waved it wildly to call his wandering glance. He saw her and recognized her, ran from the window, down stairs, into the garden, and called to us to know what we sought.

"Come at once!" cried the lady; "there is a wounded gentleman at my house who needs you."

"It is the Captain Bayard," I cried. "All France will bless you if you save him."

At my words the old surgeon opened the gate and followed us with no delay. The few moments of our journey had been long enough to turn the tide of battle from this quarter, so that the way was clear, and we traversed it safely in half the time it had taken us to go. Nor met we any hindrance, nor any one more formidable than some poor hiding wretch who sought escape.

The surgeon cleared the room in order that he might dress the wound, but just as I was leaving my lord called me to him in a faint voice, being exhausted by loss of blood.

"Hark, St. Eymond: the house from which you took the door is unprotected. I heard from thence the shrill scream of a child. Go you, and see what you can do to prevent mischief. I would not that any should suffer through my fault. God have pity on this poor town."

"God succor you, my lord," said I, unfit for anything in my fear lest he should die. Then I rallied to do his bidding, and sought Pomponio, who followed me into the roaring street.

The fortune of the day was by this time decided in our favor. While we had been thinking only of our lord the chevalier, our friends had made themselves the conquerors of the town. Outside our door I found one of the archers and called to him for news of how the day had gone.

"When the Lord of Molart saw that his friend and cousin was wounded, he fell on his enemy like all the hosts of hell. The duke cried, 'Avenge the best knight in the world!' And words cannot describe the fury with which we charged the Venetians."

Thus he answered me, and started off, but I held him, saying, "How stands the victory now?"

"With us!" he shouted, and was off. And when I heard more of the day's work I wondered not that he had no time for talking. All the great square of the city was packed with victims like a pen of cattle. There lay at set of sun not less than eight thousand corpses in that one spot alone. No one can say that the enemy did not make a brave resistance; and from the roofs the citizens who were too old to fight and the very women threw down boiling water or huge stones of sharp flint upon our soldiers' heads. This useless violence but increased our soldiers' rage, and they gave no quarter. When the line of the Venetians broke, those who fled ran upon the lances of our men or found my Lord d'Alègre waiting for them at the Gate of St. John. Alas, what havoc that day wrought! Scarce was it worse for those who lay heaped up among the mangled corpses at the base of the clock-tower or in the loggia than for the victors, gorged with blood and glutted with plunder, whose avarice and profligacy worked their own undoing. But for the spoil of Brescia we had saved the king's dominion in Italy. Riot and drunkenness and license unfitted for service many who before had been noble warriors. This was what my uncle had counted upon in my own case; but I thank Our Lady and St. Marcel that I was not among these wicked ones. The mercenaries filled their pouches, and then had no other thought than to hasten home with the riches they had gathered. They say the plunder of the town was not less than three million crowns.

All this tempted me not. Faults of youth had I in plenty, but not that of avarice. If my clothes were whole and hunger bit me not, I never thought that the next day it might be different. Certainly when Rochette was storing gold for me at St. Eymond I could not add to the misery of the poor wretches around me by robbing them. Even had this not been my nature, I had learned it from the example of the chevalier, for even that which was his rightful share did he refuse, and never had more than a few crowns in his possession, giving all to his followers or to the poor.

The pillaging went furiously on, and though the duke had sternly ordered the monasteries to be spared, even into them broke some bad men, seizing the sacred vessels and committing other atrocities which one may not write. These offenders were hung from the battlements with the traitors of the town whenever they were taken at their evil work.

Pomponio and I went forth with caution, and with difficulty passed the turn of the street, clogged with bodies, of dead and dying. Then we entered a small lane, where the houses were small and there was less to tempt the revellers. Here it was we found the little house from which the door had been torn.

"Pomponio, knew you ever any other than the chevalier," I asked, "who would have remembered amidst his own mortal pain the shrill scream which spoke of the terror of a child?"

"No, messire," replied the man; "and the whole camp is full of tales of the same kindness of heart."

"Then let us hasten to carry out his wishes." So saying, I looked through the empty doorway, and then listened attentively. To my ears came a faint sound like the wailing of a little child. A common sound in city streets, but striking on our ears strangely in this day of cannon-shot and dying shrieks of agony. The furnishings of the room—a number of heavy wooden benches like the fittings of a carpenter's workshop—were pulled before the inner door.

"Some one is within the house and has tried to defend the place; a most unwise caution, too, for nothing else would have suggested this as a place worth rifling." Even as I spoke, a shadow fell across the soiled snow which lay before the door, and a face peered cautiously within, then dashed in, fell on his knees before me, and cried, "Have mercy!"

It was a little negro boy, the first one I had ever seen. He raised in me so great a wonder that I forgot for a moment to put his little frightened heart out of fear, so that he still stammered at my feet, "Mercy, messire, mercy."

Then I said, "Fear not. We are here to protect this house. Tell me who lives here?"

Pomponio interposed, "Kill the little rascal, messire." Though the man had softened towards me and refrained from many of his former savage ways in circumstances where he was able to judge what I myself would have him do, his old harshness was like to break out on the least hint of the unusual. I gave him a look of reproof, and spoke again with kindness to the queer little fellow, who still grovelled at my feet, crying: "Protect us! My master will die!"

"Who is your master? Take me to him," said I, and watched him as he rose swiftly and ran to the barricaded door, listening earnestly. Then he gave a tap against the wall and was answered by another, which was followed by a faint moan. The lad searched

my face for a moment and gave a nod as if he trusted me; then he ran to another corner of the room and lifted a trap-door which showed not in the darkness of the spot. I called to Pomponio to remain on guard and myself followed the child down a ladder into a cellar or store-room, where we stumbled many times against huge chests with metal corners, like treasure chests,—which would have tempted the rioters, had they seen them,—so that our progress in the darkness was far from pleasant. The lad opened a door hung low in the wall, and I had to stoop to enter. We went through a passage-way and up another flight of steps to the garden; then up some steps into an inner room and turned back in the same direction from which we had first come. Here my guide opened a closet door, which joined the wall of the outer chamber of the house, though disconnected with it, and disclosed within the closet the prostrate figure of Messire Rontini.

His face was very white and drawn, as if with terrible pain; but he made an effort to smile, and faintly exclaimed, "Welcome, messire, if you have come to succor me."

"How came you here in Brescia?" I asked, and then turned to the little black boy, "Tell me, is this your master, and how came he here?"

"My master was in Venice some months ago, and received me as a present from one to whom he had shown service. Then we came to Brescia and lodged here with a goldsmith, who had the inner part of the house. The outside was taken by a carpenter. They both fled before the siege; but my master thought himself safe enough, since he was a Florentine. He went forth into the street to try to help some women whose cries he heard, and was himself wounded." The boy broke off suddenly as his eyes fell upon the ashen face of his master, who seemed sinking into a swoon; and while I bent over him to see what I could do to relieve him, the boy ran for water, and with a tenderness I could not have fancied him capable of, worked over him for some moments till his senses were restored.

This was no place to leave a wounded man, even had he proper attendance, and I saw no signs of food or other comforts.

"Has a surgeon seen him?" I asked.

The boy shook his head, saying, "It was to seek a surgeon that I went forth. Alas, I fear he must die!"

"How came he within this inner closet?"

"That good child," spoke Messire Rontini faintly, "half-dragged me hither. There is more devotion in his little pagan heart than in half the Christians'."

I reflected a moment, and knew that there was no chance of getting him safely through the streets before nightfall. I thought that I might try to make him comfortable till I could seek the protection of the chevalier for him.

"Is there no spot in the house where he can be more easy?" I

asked; and the boy threw open another door which showed a bed-chamber, saying, "I laid him in the closet, messire, for fear the house might be searched."

The child placed all in readiness, and I carried Messire Rontini to the bed, laying him on it with care to his wound, which was an ugly, though not dangerous one, in the shoulder. Then I bade him have good courage, and promised to return by nightfall with a full guard to move him to some place of safety. I went back to the outer room and bade Pomponio take the benches from their too significant position and pile them irregularly about the chamber, as if the house had already been sacked. Nor did we do this too soon; for a wild shouting burst on the air and a party of rioters rushed down the street, swarming before the door. I threw myself before the entrance, drawing my sword, crying, "How now, comrades? Is nothing to be left for my share? Go on to another dwelling."

"Huzza!" cried a tipsy fellow; "he's one of the chevalier's archers. Leave him alone; there's plenty for all."

Then they swept past, and we waited till the street was clear, and went back to the house where lay our master, eager to hear how he fared and to further serve him.

CHAPTER VII.

OF WHAT I FOUND WITHIN THE LOFT.

OUR fellow-attendants met us with radiant looks of joy, for the Brescian surgeon and the chevalier's own barber, who was skilled in surgery, had successfully drawn the iron point from the wound, and our noble master was resting quietly with good hope of recovery. Jacques de Mailles told me this, and added that the good knight had borne the painful operation without flinching, though the surgeons feared that he would swoon under it, and could scarce support the sight themselves. Surely never yet was so strong soul in mortal man.

The house which sheltered the chevalier was well suited for his convenience and for that of his suite. It stood near the northeastern wall of the city, below the castle, very near the point of the first assault, and also near the old church of Saint Julia; so near, that though the owner, Messire della Ravine, was a very wealthy gentleman, able to support all the privileges of his class and to have a chapel in the house, the family attended daily mass at the church. From the upper loggia of the house one could see far over the fair valleys for which Brescia is famous, and down the rich valley of the Po for many leagues.

The entrance from the street was wide enough for three horses abreast, and across the court-yard were the stables. One turned to

the right to go down the garden, of which I have spoken, with its avenue of poplars standing gaunt and naked, dripping with sleet in the February air. Beyond these plashed fountains in the summer and roses bloomed, but all was desolation in the chilly winter.

To the left, after one entered the court-yard from the street, opened all the kitchens and offices. These led by small stairways and sliding shelves up to the dining-hall, so that no servants, except the lackeys in livery, were ever seen upon the noble flight of marble steps which rose from the left of the court. But the dining-hall was lighted by long windows of stained glass, which looked upon the loggia just at the top of the steps. At the end of the loggia began the suite of chambers which belonged to the master of the house, and which the lady had placed at the service of the chevalier.

The largest of these was in the centre, and contained, besides the bed on which the wounded man lay, smaller couches for the surgeons and those of us who attended him. Beside this was a smaller chamber, and another beyond that. Then there was a stairway leading to the upper floor, and a beautiful library on the garden side, with one balcony upon the street and another upon the garden. The library was lighted by wide oriel windows with colored glass, which cast a mellow light and gave to the room warmth and brightness. Within the room were tables for chess and cards, shelves of books, a harpischord, two lutes, and many fine pictures. In the thickness of the walls, which were strong enough to resist a battering-ram, was built a secret stair leading to the garden, but this was closed up. All these arrangements I noted during the sleep of the chevalier, for I looked to find some safe place for hiding Messire Rontini until I could secure protection for him.

The very beauty of the dwelling's arrangement was against me, for had it been built in the scrambling fashion of many houses which I had seen, one room added to another without design or order, there might have been some odd disconnected chamber into which I could have smuggled him for a short time unobserved. But that was not possible in this house, especially as the mistress of it had thrown open to us the whole suite of rooms upon the second floor, and the place was already swarming with the devoted adherents of our captain, waiting for favorable news of him. So I crossed the court-yard, thinking that probably the stables were empty, and that all the horses had been sent away before the siege. Within was a spacious loft, in which I did not linger; for I saw at once that it would prove a safe and warm shelter for the Florentine. I called Pomponio, and, it being dusk, we went forth to see how fared the little negro and his master.

Even in the few paces between us and the little dwelling we had leisure to see that the horrors of the day had increased a thousand-fold. This quarter of the city, being nearest the castle, and containing the finest dwellings, where our soldiers had already garri-

soned themselves, had not been set on fire. But to the south and west arose fierce flames towards heaven and stained the evening sky with ruddy glare. Underfoot lay stiffening corpses, grinning horribly through set teeth, their torn and bloody garments showing the hand of the plunderer. Each house was thrown open, and windows shattered in needless fury. No soul appeared alive within the streets except the drunken, frenzied bands of half-crazed men intent upon their work of destruction. We were set upon by the first of these, who seized us bodily, crying, "Come, laggards; rich prizes there are for all."

But we tore ourselves loose and drew our swords, while I cried: "Have a care! We are busy with the matters of the Captain Bayard; delay us not;" which assertion was near enough to truth for me not to scruple making it, as I knew no other name so good to conjure with.

I reached the little house, entered the outside room, and knocked gently upon the wall. Presently the woolly head of the little negro appeared cautiously through the trap-door, and we followed him to the spot where his master lay.

Since last I saw him he had improved somewhat under the careful ministrations of the lad, and perhaps also under the hope of release from his poor quarters. It may have been in contrast to the wicked wretches whom we had seen in the streets, but never seemed to me Messire Rontini so comely of countenance as he did then. When an Italian is ugly and wicked, methinks no man of any other nation hath so bad and black a face; but when the Creator gives them well-disposed hearts and features to match, no one can be fairer to look upon. His voice was pleasant also, though faint with weakness, as he said, "How can I thank you, messire, for your merciful behavior?"

"No thanks are due, messire; many more do I still owe you for your help in Milan."

"Speak not of that, messire. Have you any plan for my safety?"

"If you can bear to be moved," I said, "I will take you to the place where I am lodged; for in the stables is a secure shelter, much better than this, where you may be disturbed at any moment. There I can have a surgeon to attend you, and food besides."

He assented by a look, and I bade Pomponio go to the outer room and break apart one of the benches to serve as a litter.

"And fetch from the dead body which lies before the door that cloak, Pomponio, the better to conceal messire."

"'Tis a Frenchman's cloak, too," said my man, "and so much the better."

For a few moments the heavy knocks of Pomponio resounded loudly through the house; then he came in, bearing the top of the bench and the cloak; in it we wrapped the Florentine and bore him into the street. No one met us until we had reached the lane be-

hind the della Ravine house. Here I bade them wait while I went to the main door and gave the password to Messire de Kernilis, who stood on guard. I ran through the garden and found the key to the gate hanging where I had left it, and I bade the little negro follow us as Pomponio and I carried our litter to the stables.

There was no light on the lower floor, but a lantern hung from the ceiling and showed the steps which climbed to the hay-loft. I set down the litter in a stall shielded from observation, while I climbed to the upper floor to find a better place.

The floor was heaped with sacks of grain and bundles of straw, and at the farther end was a partition, the space beyond it being heaped high with hay. As I stood considering the fitness of the place for my friend, a gentle push against my legs made me glance down, and I saw a cat rubbing herself confidently against my silken hose. Then two or three kittens tumbled out of their corners and played around her. At this moment the hay before me moved, and I should have laid it to the presence of rats stirring but for the mewling of the kittens, which should have kept their enemies silent. The hay moved again, and the thought flashed through me that perhaps some other person had found shelter here. I pulled off the top portion of the hay and threw it to one side. Then to my amazement the rays of light from the lantern lit up the golden hair of a fair maiden, and at the same instant she sprung to her feet, followed by another. They threw themselves before me, crying, "Have mercy, messire!"

Good God! I cannot tell what misery it caused me to see them so terrified before me, or to watch the tears of anguish that rolled down their fair faces. I doffed my hat, and with the gentlest voice I could command entreated them to take courage.

Then I asked, "Are you the daughters of the noble lady who has shown such kindness to the chevalier?"

"What chevalier?" inquired the first one, who took then and ever the place of speaker for both.

"The Captain Bayard, mademoiselle, who hath been wounded and lies in the house. The lady hath shown to him all courtesy and kindness."

"Are not the French victors?" she inquired, wondering, "and may they not demand all from the conquered?"

"Such is not our captain's way; but he would have all freely offered. All within this house are safe under his protection."

"I thank Our Lord!" breathed the maid. And then, "Is our mother safe?"

"Quite safe. Why hath she not relieved your doubts?"

"All day the stable hath been filled with soldiers, and no doubt she feared to betray our place of hiding. My father is old, and she persuaded him to fly before the siege began; he found shelter in a monastery. But we had no help but in the protection of Our Lord."

All this time Messire Rontini was lying on a hard plank in the dark, no doubt wondering what I found so interesting in the loft. So I said to the maid: "Mademoiselle, in return for the chevalier's protection, which I can promise you, will you let me hide here for a short time a friend of mine, a learned Florentine, who has been wounded in the fight, and needs shelter till I can send a surgeon to him?"

"Where is he?" she asked, and at my answer went to the top of the steps and peered down into the stable. I could see her for a moment as she passed within the shaft of light cast by the lantern, and perceived that she was very beautiful, slender, and noble in her bearing, having hair of golden hue that curled most graciously about her neck, which was bare for a hand's breadth from the dimpled chin. There was a sweetness and brightness—despite the dangerousness of her situation—in her air that charmed my heart. The other sister I saw not clearly, as she kept silence, standing within the darkness. Then I bethought me that I had not told my name nor discovered hers. So I said: "Your servant, who will be honored by your commands, is called Marcel de St. Eymond. May it please you to tell me in what name I am to ask the chevalier's protection for you?"

"I am Angela, the daughter of Messire della Ravine; and my sister is called Afra, from the holy martyr of our town."

"Thank you, mademoiselle; right glad am I to take the service of martyrs and angels."

It was not a light task to get the plank with Messire Rontini on it up the narrow, steep steps into the loft. If he had not borne with great courage the jolting and swaying we had not accomplished it. I went up first and backward, while the little negro steadied it from underneath, and Pomponio bore the lower end. At the top of the steps an awkward turn awaited us, and we staggered somewhat; but a firm white hand reached forward from behind me, giving just the touch necessary to steady the litter.

It was the other sister, she who had not spoken, who showed that quick helpfulness; she it was who bent beside the wounded gentleman, trying to place him more comfortably, while the maiden Angela said urgently: "Go quickly, messire, to our mother and tell her not to fear for us, since we have found so courteous a protector. Beg her also to send one of the lackeys for a surgeon for this poor friend of yours."

I found Monna Lucia—thus was she called—busy with thought for the entertainment of the chevalier, to whom she gave no less attention than if her heart had not been racked with anxiety for the safety of her own household. She was a noble lady, with traces of the beauty so illustrious in her daughters, and was what is called in Italy a *virago*, which is the highest praise they give to a woman; that is, a woman of great learning and virtue, able to play the man

in the ordering of affairs; yet never, withal, losing her feminine graces and attractions. I felt a keen thrill of delight that I was the one to bring her good news of those fair maids.

"Madame," said I softly, "your daughters are safe."

She gave a startled cry, terrified to know their hiding-place had been discovered. Then her brow cleared, and she said: "Ah! it is Messire de St. Eymond. They are safe with you."

"I will guard them, madame. Is the chevalier awake? Can I speak to him?"

She said that he was awake and in good spirits, and we went together to his apartment, where I added my words to hers to beg his protection for her daughters.

"Madame," he answered, "so long as I shall live, both you and yours shall be as well taken care of as I am myself. Bring back the maidens to your apartments, and none of my gentlemen shall so much as speak to them without your permission."

Then I asked his favor for Messire Rontini, assuring him that I knew it was for no fault against our King of France that my friend had been wounded, and offering to give up to him my own chamber if I might bring him to safe shelter. My lord gave me permission, and we returned to the stables with some strengthening cordial and some soft coverings to make easier the hard litter.

The maidens met me with the sweetest gratitude, expressed each in her own way,—Angela with that pretty talkativeness which was natural to her, the silent sister with a soft "Thank you, messire: God in heaven bless you," which, with its deep, sweet tones crept into my heart and echoed there again. The servants brought down the litter with Messire Rontini, and our little company stole silently in procession across the dark court-yard, slippery with melting snow, which gleamed strangely in the fitful shadows cast by the lanterns of the attendants. At the door I saw the figures of the maidens waver, as if they feared to enter a place filled with armed men. I leaned towards them, whispering, "Courage!" so that they held their heads high, and stepped with dignity into the hall, which was brightly lighted with flaming torches, casting a ruddy glow on the faces of the gentlemen who guarded the doorway of the apartment occupied by the chevalier.

Messire de Kernilis spoke to Monna Lucia, saying that the chevalier wished to see her and her daughters to assure them of his good will. I bade Pomponio take Messire Rontini to my chamber, and I waited within the apartment of the chevalier while Monna Lucia presented Angela to him. Thus for the first time had I leisure to note the other sister, who kept herself in the background, and to mark her beauty, its likeness and its difference to Angela's.

She was not so tall, and therefore appeared less slender, though no more than gently rounded in the figure, so as to escape that angular girliness which pleases me not. In the bright light of the

oil-lamps I saw her face crowned with a fair profusion of red-brown hair with a bright gloss on it, like the sun shining on a piece of burnished copper. Her eyes were very dark, though not black. Their color could I not distinguish in the lamplight, but the grave, holy look of them sunk into my heart, leaving there a feeling like the hush of twilight on the snow-clad peaks of my own home. I might have been content thus to look on her for hours, despite my weariness, but was roused by the voice of my captain, saying kindly, yet faintly from his fatigue and pain: "Sleep in peace, madame, and you, fair maids. No harm shall befall you."

After the wound of my friend had been properly dressed, and he lay resting in the bed in the chamber which had been assigned to me, I threw off my armor and sat down to rest my stiffening limbs before sleeping. The pillow and rug which were ready for me upon the floor seemed to me the extreme of luxury, for it was six months since I had slept in any sort of bed, and three months or more that we had been almost all the time on forced marches, sleeping in our armor for many nights together. The duke, you know, spared neither himself nor others; he was as untiring as a merlin. I wish not to move you to laughter if I confess that the worst suffering of which I had felt my body complain was the necessity of passing days and nights in the same garments. Before I reached the camp I did not know that I had been trained in different habits from those of other Frenchmen. Yet when I was crowded in close intimacy with my companions I found them quite indifferent to the ways of cleanliness in which my father had trained me. He had learned these ways in Italy, where the people boast that they alone are clean among all the people of the world. I think they carry it to a point of absurdity, as when the ladies of Venice throw into their hot baths musk and myrrh, cedar leaves and lavender, mint and other spices. Thus do they foster in their bodies a sensitiveness which becomes a source of pain, so that the common objects of life annoy them, and the ordinary dirt which one sees every day becomes to them a thing of terror. They carry about with them perfumed gloves of kid-skin lined with silk and filled with powdered violets. They sew within their sleeves small sweet bags embroidered with high embossed work in silver thread, so that they shed forth sweet perfumes as they walk. They carry hung around their necks balls called pomanders, which are either dried oranges stuffed with cloves or spices, or else balls of filigree silver work with compartments for different essences. All this seems to me the utmost foolishness; but to be clean is to be twice as full of strength and freshness: therefore I cast off my bloody clothing and rejoiced when I saw a large ewer and basin with plenty of clear water for a refreshing bath. Do not think it shame to me that I lay down, after I had thanked Our Lord and His holy Mother for deliverance from the day's horrors, to sleep as peacefully as if I were in the quiet mountain refuge of La Grande-Chartreuse.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE RETURN OF MESSIRE DELLA RAVINE.

TOWARDS dawn, while I lay in pleasant dreams, in which the stable of our lodgings seemed to be the stable of Bethlehem where the holy Child lay, and the two fair maids were confused in my thoughts with the holy angels who tended Him, I was wakened by a dull rumbling sound.

"What is that, Pomponio?" I asked, stupid with slumber, of the man who was serving Messire Rontini.

"Look from the window, my lord," he answered; "you will see a strange sight."

It was in truth, as I saw, after dragging myself to the casement. Through the streets streamed a horrible procession: rows of soldiers, scarcely sober enough to hold themselves upright, bore on litters or dragged by the arms and feet the hundreds of ghastly corpses which had clogged the square, or festered in heaps within the streets, threatening the health of all within the town. Sometimes the wretched men, still reeling from the night's dreadful debauchery, fell in helpless heaps among their sickening burdens. Often in struggling to their feet again they tore apart the dead bodies with horrid curses upon their lips. But why should I chronicle such things? All know that the glory of war has another side than the waving of banners and flashing of bright sword-blades, such as had caught my ignorant boy's eyes from the heights of Dauphiny.

This disgusting procession had the power to make one forget the splendors of our victory, and struck painfully on my weary eyes, yet blurred with sleep.

"The dogs!" I muttered. "What are they doing now?"

"Good work, messire," answered Pomponio cheerfully; "for it keeps the drunken rascals busy and out of mischief, as knows the duke, who bade them do it."

"He is wise, that duke of yours," said Messire Rontini, who was beginning to be himself again.

"As wise as an old man, messire, and brave as the god of war," I responded, "and he is but three years older than I, who have no wit beside him." Then I set to rights my clothing and went to breakfast, afterwards reporting to the Lieutenant Pierrepont, who desired me to go forth and collect the scattered body of the chevalier's archers and men-at-arms. This I did, not without much misgiving lest a roll-call might prove me to be the third wheel to the chariot, and return me to the company of my former captain.

I was some hours in searching among the ruins of the town for the last of the survivors of our fierce assault. When I returned to the della Ravine house the duke was with the chevalier. He had sent before him his own surgeon, that nothing might be left undone

to save the greatest knight in Christendom. He ordered the surgeon to consult with the others each day, and to dress the wound himself. Though it was large and exceeding deep, it healed with as good progress as though St. Luke himself were tending it; there was no increase of fever, though we had feared it, since the captain was so wasted by illness before the battle began.

"Here is this volunteer," cried the duke when he caught sight of me. "Can he fight?"

"Like a Dauphinese," said my captain. "I know not what we shall do with him in barracks."

"No time for barracks," replied the duke. "The Spanish grow more insolent in the south, and it is on the lips of all the captains that we must give battle within the space of a month or thereabouts."

I was torn in two ways, for the love of fighting was ever hot within me. I felt my face flush, and looked from the ruddy countenance of the duke, the bright head with its boyish curls, the ardent eyes, to the pale face of my captain. Then I made my choice.

"Dear lord and master," said I, upon my knee, "keep me with you till you are fit to sit your horse again. No man may shame my courage while I am where you are."

"God bless the lad!" he cried. "You shall stay, St. Eymond. But mark, there is great spoil in the fair cities to the south. I think you have not had your share of the gold of Brescia, for you were busy till you slept."

"I want nothing but to serve you, my lord," said I, "and will stay, if it means hanging from the battlements, so long as you will have me."

Then I blushed, as does a lad when surprised into the utterance of some strong feeling, and was glad of the entrance of Monna Lucia with a cooling draught for the chevalier. He took it with the gratitude which he was ever careful to show, that she might not feel herself the conquered and he the conqueror. Then his bright eyes scanned her face, and finding sadness there, despite her good courage, he asked: "Are all your family safe? Where is your husband?"

"Alas, my lord, I know not whether he be alive. He fled by my request to a monastery whose prior is his kinsman. If he still live, he should be there."

Thus said she, weeping bitterly, shaken from her fortitude by his kindness. He, no less disturbed by her tears, said to me, "Go forth, Messire de St. Eymond; find him, if you can, and bring him hither in safety."

When I had called Pomponio and was setting forth again to search for Messire della Ravine, the two maidens came with their mother to thank the chevalier for his goodness. Then they thanked me too, though I had as yet done nothing. So said I, and was gainsaid by Angela, who shook her shining curls, which she wore in a fashion most bewitching and then new to me, for they were un-

bound about her shoulders, except for a slight fillet of black velvet which encircled her forehead and held a small star of pearls upon her white brow.

“When you have promised a thing, messire, we know it is the same as if it were accomplished.”

As she included her sister in this flattery, I glanced at Afra, and for the first time caught the light clearly upon her eyes. They were dark, as I have said, yet not black or brown, but a bluish-gray nigh to the deep hue of burnished steel; yet had they not a steely glitter, but a soft shining like the blue-gray of distant mountains with the sunbeams on them. She looked not sidewise, and with no coquetry or feigning of modesty, but straight into my eyes with a simple gaze as of one whose own soul was too pure to know aught else than its own honesty. It seemed to me I read in one short instant in her eyes that she too trusted me as her sister had said; this thought armed me with courage. Then spoke Monna Lucia,—

“What token shall we send your father, to reassure him?”

“Send him your girdle, Afra,” said Angela. “There is not another like it in Brescia.”

It was a silken scarf of many diverse colors, woven in stripes. She unloosed it from her waist; but as she did so she said: “Is it not useless to send a token? When our father sees Messire de St. Eymond he will not fail to trust him.” This praise was like to turn my head, so, kissing their hands with reverence, I hastened to do my errand and deserve the words so dear to me.

The church of Our Lady of Miracles, beside which stood the convent where the old man had hidden himself, lay in the southwest quarter of the city, that quarter which had been most devastated by the flames. I had to make many a wide turning to reach the spot, for the streets were still crowded with processions carrying the corpses from the square to the open country, where the sappers and miners had dug huge trenches into which the dead were tossed without prayer or holy sprinkling. Often these crowds were forced aside by rough bands of the soldiery, dragging those unruly ones who had been found pillaging the monasteries or seized red-handed on holy ground. These were strung from the ramparts with short time for shriving. Often we had to dart aside suddenly to escape being crushed by fragments of the ruined houses which fell from time to time with thundering sound. Yet finally we reached the street where stood the two churches of San Francesco and Our Lady, and here there was a little refuge amid the universal ruin. Our Lady had not permitted here the desolation elsewhere reigning, and the peaceful inhabitants had remained within their doors unmolested. I knocked loudly at the heavy portal, for some time gaining no attention. At last the iron grill in the uppermost part of the door opened, and a voice trembling with terror asked what I desired.

“To see Messire della Ravine. Is he here?”

"What would you with him?" said the aged porter cautiously; though that was as good as an answer to my question, since if he were not within there was no need of parleying.

"To conduct him to safety," I answered. "His wife and daughters are safe, and I will show him a token from them that he may not fear."

The grill shut again, and some time elapsed before it reopened. Then the white head of an old man appeared: he scanned me earnestly. There was the timidity in his face which comes from sickness, yet a certain dignity lay behind it, as if he had once been stronger in heart. "Have no fear, messire," I said, holding the scarf before his eyes. "The honor of the Captain Bayard is pledged to protect you."

"Is it true," he murmured, "and may I go hence in peace?"

"Should misfortune befall you, I will answer for you with my life." Then I added, "Cover yourself with one of the friars' cloaks to conceal you and for swifter passage through the town. Make all haste to bring comfort to the hearts of those who love you."

I had not coveted the spoils of Brescia, but my heart gave a leap when the old man bade me wait for him, and turned away without taking from me the scarf of Afra. I slipped it within my doublet, hoping that he would not ask it from me again. When he came feebly forth I had to help him, for by reason of the grief he felt at the ruin of his native city he staggered like one drunk with wine. We had not gone twenty paces before we were set upon by a company of noisy soldiers, who cried with loud jeerings at the poor old man: "For shame! Friar, so old and not yet grown wise, go say thy prayers, and let wine alone."

I touched my sword-hilt threateningly and said: "Hold your tongues, rascals. It is sickness that makes him totter. He goes to the chevalier."

They fell back, not being really ill-natured. I put my arm about the old man to lead him the better. The sight of each house we passed roused in him loud lamentations, one being that of a friend, another that of a kinsman. These cries of his increased our difficulties, since all the soldiers we passed recognized him as a traitor. When he stumbled over an escutcheon which had fallen from the doorway of a noble dwelling, he stopped short amid the ruins, calling upon the names of those who had lived there, shrieking at the sight of half-charred bodies lying under the broken masonry.

"Come, sir, this is madness," I cried in desperation. "I cannot defend you if you continue thus." But even as I urged him his moans attracted the attention of two surly rascals, who drew near. They scanned him angrily, muttering: "A rebel, surely, and probably rich. Set on him!"

I drew my sword hastily, and called to my man, who came behind us. He engaged one of them, but I had no chance to learn

how he succeeded, for never since I had left Rochette had I seen any one handle a sword as that big scoundrel who faced me. I had been for so many months in constant company of the mounted men-at-arms, who, as I have said before, understood not, in the days of my youth, how to use a sword as gentlemen do now, that I had forgotten almost what wonders the Germans could do with the two-handed swords, such as this fellow carried. He was one of the mercenaries, as I saw at a glance, and probably German too, so I recalled all that the Marxbrüder had taught me. Seeing that his great strength might weary me, I tried a defter play, in hope of puzzling him. Having no buckler with me, I had wound my cloak around my left arm two or three times to serve as defence; parrying his cuts with my dagger, I slipped back a pace or two, standing with the sword in low tierce, while I feigned two or three thrusts at him, freeing at the same time the cloak from its folds and tossing it in his face to blind him. Before he could free himself I shot my swift sword underneath it and ran him through the lungs with the ease with which one might spear a little hare. He fell with a cry into a heap of stones, and I made a dash at the other fellow, whom Pomponio was fighting.

"Throw down your sword! Begone!" I cried.

The sight of his dying companion was motive enough for heeding me. He took to his heels, and with no further delay we picked the poor old man up bodily in our arms and hurried off with him as fast as we could go.

Still carrying him, we got him into the house, where he revived a little at the sight of his wife and daughters, and succeeded in staggering into the presence of the chevalier.

"Give not way to grief, messire," said the captain. "Think not that you are vanquished, but rather that you are entertaining a company of friends. Let us all be merry together. Count yourself not a prisoner, but our host."

This good humor put the family more at their ease than if we had brought them a scroll with the king's pardon emblazoned on it. With ready wit they acted on this idea, and decorated the dining-hall as for a feast. Our meals were served there with all due ceremony. The maidens came attired in beautiful robes, and if they felt fear of any of us they dissembled it well, talking merrily, with jest and laughter and, withal, due modesty. There were with us, besides the chevalier, the Captain Pierrepont, Messire de Mailles, Messire de Kernilis, and the Florentine, whose wound forbade his leaving, and whom the master of the house wished to keep for the tutor of his daughters as soon as he should be able to exert himself. His little slave, the negro Ghigi, tended him, though at night he was not permitted to remain with his master, but was sent to the servants' apartments in the upper part of the stables, for the old man protested that he could not bear the sight of him, and that he

would as soon a wild beast were sheltered beneath his roof. All others in the house had a great fancy for him, and Angela delighted in finding constantly for him some new and fantastic garb. When he came he had been soberly clad in a short tunic of dark cloth; but she at once ordered for him one of bright scarlet satin, which was changed for others that bedecked him like a little clown. He had nothing of the nature of a fool, but was as sober as a Doge of Venice. This made it more droll to see his solemn black eyes rolling under the pointed hood of a jester, while little bells tinkled on the pinkings of his jerkin. No merriment of others ever marred his gravity; he spoke always in the same wise manner and with the same long words as did his elders, so that he amused us mightily. Messire Rontini made no remonstrance with Angela when she tricked out his servant; but if it had been I whom she thus made mock of by her fancies I should have found some remedy or provided myself with a more dignified attendant.

For some days we dwelt together in the greatest happiness, some of us waiting upon the chevalier or amusing him with games or music; or, if he suffered from his wound, we waited within call in the adjoining chamber, where the maidens played upon the harpsichord, or sang to their lutes, or worked their embroideries with silken threads for the adornment of the altar. This freedom in which they were left was quite different from the indifference to modesty and the rules of breeding which I had found at my uncle's villa. Monna Lucia took great care of her daughters, but trusted them that they should not forget what was due them, and she trusted likewise the word of the chevalier.

After the wound of Messire Rontini had improved so that he was able to move about, he spent much time in reading aloud from various books of tales or stories of the ancients which he found in the library or which the little negro brought from his lodgings, where they had been concealed before the siege. I had much cause for wonder in seeing the estimate put upon learning in that country, for neither Messire de Kernilis nor any other of us had a look from Angela when the Florentine was reading.

"Messire," said I, "if you had not won my friendship by your kindness to me in Milan, I think I should have to pick a quarrel with you; for when you have those books no one will take a turn with me at chess, and all have ears but for you alone."

It is a good thing to go about the world and find out that all think not as those among whom one has been bred. In my country, if a youth had cared nothing for fighting and had spent all his time in poring over printed words, no beautiful maid would have looked at him longer than to toss her head in scorn. But Angela was more fond of learning than of any other occupation. Neither music, nor flowers, nor fine dress, nor any other thing which young maids affect, had value in her eyes in comparison with the leather-bound volumes

from the press of Messire Aldus Manutius, for which were sometimes paid sums sufficient to buy a good sword. She read the Latin language as easily as the poems of Ser Dante Alighieri; something also did she know of Greek. Afra too had been well taught; but when there was a wounded man for her to help she scarce could keep her mind on books; her thoughts were ever running on kind things to do by which to ease his pain. I remember to have seen in her hands no other volumes than an illuminated "Book of Hours," and another called the "Decor Puellarum" which purported to be a proper setting forth of all the duties of a well-conducted maiden. One day I spoke of this, and asked of Angela why she took no heed to learn those wise counsels which her sister cherished.

"I marvel at you, Marcel." (Already were she and I so fixed in firm friendship that the pleasant custom of Italy had obtained among us of calling each other by our Christian names, though Afra was more distant with me.) "See you not that it is necessary for me only to do whatever my fancy urges without taking heed to tiresome counsels? But Afra, being naturally inclined to wickedness, must constantly refresh her mind by maxims for fear of going astray."

This she said with an arch air of feigned insolence which became her laughing face mightily, and I understood her meaning, which was but to tease her serious sister. Afra sweetly flushed and raised her steady eyes for one brief instant to flash a look of questioning at me, as if to ask did I credit the thought that she were inclined to wickedness. Then, satisfied with what she saw in mine, she turned again to her embroidery, sitting upon the wide seat beneath the painted window, where the light fell brightly on her red-bronze hair and cast rich shadows on her flushed cheeks. Her color was deeper than Angela's, whose face had the same delicate, fair beauty which I had noticed in my mother's miniature. It struck me that Angela looked like my mother. I took the portrait from my doublet to look at it, and as I found a strong resemblance I held the miniature towards Afra, who sat near me. To my surprise she was deadly pale, the deep flush gone from her face, and she turned away from me with so much coldness that I felt myself chilled by frost, and slipped the picture into its case without a word.

I was not usually thus thrown from my course, but with no one did my tongue play me such tricks of shirking as with Afra. Angela and I had the familiar understanding of a brother and sister. To me she would often whisper her fancies concerning our companions; her innocent suspicions that she pleased them not; her questions whether such and such robe became her; whether I liked her hair bound up with pearls or with necklaces of glass beads from the city of Murano. None of these light confidences existed between me and the other sister, though I make no difficulty in admitting that my shyness came from the fact that I desired more to

win favor in her eyes than in any one's in the wide world, not even excepting my dear Lord Bayard's. I knew not at this time that this great desire for her good will was the first dawn of love. I thought on her with a secret tenderness which was a well-spring of dear delight within my heart. I could not have explained in words my feeling. Neither her virtues nor her diligence, her kindness nor her beauty, created my devotion. Nothing seems to me more irrational than the seeking to justify by reason the first love of a youth. That strange passion takes the heart outside of the sphere where reason dwells, and I should rank myself with cold philosophers whose emotions have been strangled by the cords of time did I find reasons for love. Nor do I think it any less a noble passion when felt for the unworthy, since often the purest souls have stumbled, their own goodness leading them falsely to trust others, and to see in those who have no virtue the bright reflection of their own.

As I did not understand why the thought of Afra had given me joy before, so neither did I comprehend why her coldness to me should make me sad. I dared not ask her why she would not look at the miniature, nor why from that time she kept her eyes averted from me and spoke even less frequently than before. It seemed to me that she grew pale from day to day, though seeming no less lovely. I kept her girdle, which she had never asked from me again, hidden within my bosom, and revolved within my mind various guesses at the meaning of her conduct till something happened which I thought made it clear.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE DUKE'S GOING AND OF HOW I FELT JEALOUSY.

ABOUT eight days after the conquering of the town the duke came to say farewell.

"No longer can I tarry," he said; "for the king, my cousin, writes that the English are threatening him on the coast, and he fears he must withdraw his troops from Lombardy to defend France herself."

"What of the Lombard cities?" asked my Lord of Bayard. "Shall we give them up again?"

"We must destroy the Spanish on the south. Then the garrisons can defend the cities." So said the duke, and with other words of kindness bade farewell to my captain.

As he took leave of me, I said: "Pardon my boldness, my lord duke; but I pray you tell me whether any of the mercenaries who remained after the town was taken are returning now. I would

that I could find a messenger to send word to my father of my good fortune in being in the service of the Captain Bayard."

"There goes a Scotchman to Grenoble to-day bearing despatches to the king. You may find him at the Iron Cross Inn in the colonnade of the Broletto. Tell him from me to do your errand."

I kissed the hand of our young commander, and set forth to send a letter to my father, from whom I had yet heard nothing. Doubtless his days slipped by in such peaceful monotony that he found nothing in them in his own eyes worth recording. In this he erred, for the least word of one beloved is always prized, and I had longed with anxiousness for some news of him.

It was amazing how soon the city had been restored to some appearance of order. Many streets were still choked with fallen houses, but the untiring diligence of the duke had helped the inhabitants to do what they could to clear away the débris, the sounds of hammer and chisel told of repairs going on, while here and there the frescos on the fronts of the houses had been freshly touched up, and other signs spoke of returning peace. Yet the streets which should have been filled with the busy crowds that throng the market-places of Italian cities were lonely, now that the call to arms had led the soldiery streaming out into the plain. One missed the venders of fruit, crying their freshness; the hawkers, selling trained and untrained birds; the fortune-tellers and jugglers; the friars on errands of mercy; the pages, tossing their silly heads with pride in their good looks or importance; the poets, declaiming to the idle folk near them; the sellers of flowers, cheese, game, pottery, linen, and vegetables. None of these appeared; only occasionally one saw a frightened woman or a timid child peeping around corners or dodging back again, fearing to come forth.

After I had found a seller of paper, written my letter, and sealed it, I bethought me that it was but an act of wisdom, as well as of courtesy, to send one also to my uncle. Perhaps there was some malice in the pleasure which I felt in letting him know of my prosperity when he wished to hear of me the worst tidings. When the messenger had departed with the messages, I put the remembrance of my uncle's villanies far from my mind, and returned to the della Ravine house, where I found all in a state of excitement on account of the departure of the army.

Messire Rontini, whose wound was well-nigh healed, and I followed the maidens to the roof-garden to see the troops ride forth. We mounted the stairs which led to the upper floor, which the family occupied since they had given up their own chambers to the chevalier's suite. Then we climbed by steeper stairs to large attic chambers, where were stored many sacks in which to stuff the valuables of the family in case of fire. These had large padlocks to them, so that none might rifle them as they lay in the open streets. Here also were coils of rope with knots at intervals, by which one might climb

down from the windows and safely reach the ground. These things I noticed; but they were but few among a number of shrewd devices by which each detail of life is cared for in Italy. Thus I said, and added, "I praise not so fully as I wish these wise ways of yours, for I wish not to seem altogether Italianized and a disloyal son of France."

"No one will ever think you disloyal, St. Eymond," answered Messire Rontini. "Fighting for the Fleur-de-lis is one thing, and blinding one's eyes to the points in which others excel is another."

"So I think, messire. I see that in a thousand little acts of daily life the people of Italy are skilled in a knowledge of decent behavior and graceful courtesy. Beside them a Frenchman often seems a rollicking puppy, or a German a surly wolf-hound."

"Yet is that external grace of my people too often a cloak for unworthiness. I regret chiefly that they should make the love of wisdom an excuse for irreligion. Little will it advantage them to leave the doctrine of the saints, and go mad over heathen learning. Many of the clergy are corrupted also, and some are altogether paganized."

This he said with some sadness, and I felt with him, for well I knew there were few households where the new philosophies had not pushed into the background holy things. But we left this serious talk and let our eyes enjoy the glorious sight of the great array of the army forming in the plain below us and filing away in the splendid shining of the lordly sun. From the tower where we stood we saw to the east the low hills of Verona; on the north the fair valleys called the Camonica, the Trompi, and the Zobi; beyond them one caught glimpses of snow-topped peaks; here and there gleams of shining water, mountain rivers rushing down from the heights. Below us, to the south, stretched the boundless plain of Lombardy, spreading wide like a fair picture, dotted here and there with tall towers which marked the site of rich towns and villages. A warm February thaw melted the frost in the air, and though the roads were swimming and most wretched for travelling, each breath one drew was sweet with the promise of spring and soft with the dampness of snow melting above on the hills. The blood stirred in our veins as when the first warm days call the young buds from their sheaths, and the ice-crusts break on the frozen rills.

False promise was it; many more cold, bitter days were yet to come before the awakening of the world to beauty; but it was sweet while it lasted.

"How soon the fair springtime comes in this good land of yours," I said to Angela.

"Trust it not, messire," she answered. "You know not our tricky land. Strange caprices doth the sun show and mislead us, so that we know not when to trust the seasons."

"Do you remember, sister," said Afra,—"'tis now seven years since,—how the snow fell in April?"

"And two years after that, from September till a year from the following January, there was neither rain nor snow, and in December there was a second crop of fruits and grains." Saying thus, Angela threw off her mantle, letting the wind's warm breath sweep through her flowing hair, while she leaned over the parapet to watch the gay companies of soldiers, which made the brown stretches of the plain as brilliant as a festival procession. There were the light cavalry with flying plumes and waving sashes, the harness of their horses gay with silk and velvet; the men-at-arms, glistening with burnished armor, their horses barded, their long, thick lances showing like a forest before them; there were the estradiots, with the strange dress of their native land half-hidden under sleeves and hand-coverings of mail, and their zagayes ten or twelve feet long; there were the thousands of Swiss footmen in tunics and hose of bright colors, some scarlet, some blue, with white sashes crossing from shoulder to hip, and held by golden clasps, or short skirts of linked mail, and feathers as long as a man's arm flying from their caps; there were the long lines of artillery winding like a serpent of fabulous length; the trumpeters with their trumpets hung with silken banners, and huge wagons with tents and camp-fittings. I cannot tell all the gayety and splendor of the scene, nor the intense feelings that surged in our hearts as we watched it. How would we have felt had we foreseen that the people's darling, the Duke of Nemours, would never return in life, and that the unknown land to the south would be the grave of so many of the gallant captains who rode forth that day!

Our loss in the taking of Brescia had been insignificant, and but for the desertion of the Swiss and German mercenaries near as many had marched to Bologna as had entered Brescia; but Captain Jacob's lansquenets had dwindled to a thousand men. Nevertheless, the companies of the Bastard of Cleves, of my Lord du Molart, Captains Bonnet and Maugiron, and also my Lord de Palisse, who was well healed of his wound, marched to the number of seven thousand, while the duke led the main body of the men-at-arms. They streamed down the valley-road to Mantua, where they would rest, and so by easy stages to Bologna, there to meet the Duke of Ferrara, whose aid was greatly valued by the Duke of Nemours. The greatest friendship reigned between these two, nor was it lessened by the ardent admiration of Gaston de Foix for the beautiful Duchess of Ferrara, that fair and virtuous Lady Lucrezia of the house of Borgia, whom some foolish men have slandered because of the evil doings of her brother; as if all had not reason to know that kinship of blood carries no assurance of likeness of soul. Certainly never was a more wicked creature than the brother; but no man who ever saw the duchess (and no woman either, which is saying more, for

the best of women cannot at all times resist a jealous feeling of those who shine above them) had other than good to say of her. Never was she other than kind and gracious, and her husband was both confident and proud of her.

All this I told the others in rapid words, as I had heard it discussed in camp and field. When the last of the procession had faded into the mists of the valley we descended to console the chevalier for having been left to inaction when his friends set forth.

The chevalier was not alone, but was talking cheerfully with Messire de Kernilis, whose presence I saw with great astonishment. I knew not why he had remained in Brescia when the army had gone. He had never been one of the Captain Bayard's company, but had his own number of Breton archers in the company of the Sieur de Langéac. Though he had been among the chevalier's volunteers for the siege, after the town was taken he had lodged with his own men. I had seen all the Breton archers march away, and had noticed Messire de Kernilis's own troops behind the ensign which bore the falcon of Langéac; so I asked him, "Why do we see you still among us?"

"I have been detailed for duty in the garrison, messire," he said in his grave way.

"You have my pity, messire, in that you should have to spend your days in ordering lazy foot-soldiers to polish armor, or in watching them tilt at straw men, when you might be killing Spanish rascals. You have not deserved this, who did your duty well before the town."

Thus did I think to show my sympathy, and looked to hear him break forth into complaints; but he was silent, nor looked aggrieved. My eyes followed his to where they rested intently on the two maidens, who stood near, and like a flash of lightning a swift suspicion of the cause of his remaining shot into my mind, which same flash brought me light as to my own feelings. I loved that sweet maid Afra with my whole soul. The jealousy which springs from love made me quick to suspect that she would seem no less desirable to all others than to me. Perhaps Messire Jean-Marie dallied here for her sake. A thousand little incidents came to my mind to confirm my suspicions. He had certainly spoken more with her than with her sister. When I had been whispering or jesting with Angela, because the shyness of Afra kept me from her, Messire de Kernilis had devoted himself to her. I was in a whirl of torture, nor was it lessened when he turned directly to Afra, and with the serious courtesy which marked his manner said, "Sing for me that song of which we spoke."

She colored slightly, which was pain to me to see, and in her beautiful rich voice sang the tender song of Messire Charles, Duke of Orleans; each sweet note sounded as hateful in my ears as the creakings of a rack, for I thought each word was meant for him.

It is strange how love can change one's soul. From this time I scarce seemed to have anything left of my former self. Whereas I had been full of reckless gayety, I was now full of gloom. I had been so hopeful that it seemed always natural that I should obtain everything I desired. Now it never even occurred to me that I might have jumped rashly at conclusions,—that it might be Angela whom he distinguished with his regard,—that the singing of a song means nothing, for any one may sing. I was sunk in despondent fear, seeing my sweet love in imagination given to that cold, inscrutable pattern of courtesy. Needless to say that I could discern no virtues in him. When I went next morning to mass, as we did each day, in Santa Giulia, I was angry to find him there. Why could he not say his prayers in the chapel of the citadel? I even wondered whether he had in truth the faith in holy things which he seemed to hold. This thought shamed me, for there was nothing in him wanting of outside reverence. But the very essence of his character was secretiveness; so that no matter how much he conversed on any topic, one never felt possessed of the slightest clue to his real feeling. His impenetrable black eyes hid perfectly his thoughts. The chiefest vices or the fairest virtues might have lain concealed beneath the dark curtain of his reticence.

If Afra did not already look on me with favor, she was not like to do so, for from this time I was little better than a madman. Sometimes I shocked all by the flippant wildness of my spirits; sometimes I plunged into darkness of gloom, and wandered restlessly about the town, caring not at all whether from some shadowy corner an assassin leaped forth, and put an end to my sorrow with the piercing of a knife. All this wild, undisciplined behavior seems despicable to the wise mind of a man; but those who remember the days of first love, with their pains no less searching than inexplicable, will hear indulgently of my foolish doings. It was well that during this time there was scarce a town in the land safer for a Frenchman to walk abroad within than this same one of Brescia; for the Venetians had killed all the armed men in it when they took it, and then we had killed all the Venetians. Now our army had departed, and there were left only the garrison, all good men and true, and a few old and feeble Brescians who had been hidden during the siege.

Another change which took place in me at that time was that, though I had never known one sort of raiment from another, I became all at once most anxious about my dress. Pomponio had grown into a very careful body-servant in his fondness for me; I am sure had his former rough, fierce companions in my uncle's service seen him they would have marvelled. But though he set my dress to rights when torn or soiled, he had not the knowledge which I demanded from him at this time,—to make of me a pattern of fashion. So I sent him constantly to the shops to purchase new attire, and nothing pleased me. I tried myself one day in a gorgeous

tunic of sky-blue satin, with immense sleeves lined with silver fox; the surcoat was embroidered in silver thread and hung stiffly half-way to the knee, while the hose were blue silk, and the boots and cap of black velvet. This was certainly fine enough for any one; but nothing seemed to make me fit for the eyes of Afra. So I thrust this suit into a chest, and appeared in another of pale green faced with sable, and yellow brocade linings. Then Messire de Kernilis came one day in scarlet velvet, and I foolishly rushed off to order one of the same sort, forgetting that what was suitable for his black hair and swarthy eyes would make me look like a red and yellow parrot. I know not what Pomponio thought of all my foolishness, for his patience was untiring. At last I ceased to torment him in this particular way, for my thoughts took a new turn.

Coming in one day from practising for a tourney which was to be held in the square, I found Messire de Kernilis plunged deep in conversation with Messire della Ravine, and when he had taken leave Angela was called to her father. Then she came back and sat down near me, having so great an air of mystery, and with it a look of one who wishes to be questioned, that I said at random, "Messire Jean-Marie hath some great enterprise on hand to-day."

She blushed and moved restlessly, but said nothing, then gathered herself together for flight. It struck me that she had certainly some tidings to impart, and I feared lest it might be of Afra, so I nerved myself for ill news and sat beside her, taking her hand. We were so much trusted by all the household that no one would have debarred me such brotherly freedom.

"Tell me, Angela, what tidings have you for me?"

She answered, woman-like, with another question, and one most difficult for me.

"What do you think of Messire de Kernilis, Marcel?"

God forgive me for lack of charity! but what I did think of him was that, if any one had to be killed in the siege, I wished it had been he, and that some one else had survived who would not have taken away Afra. This I could not say, nor could I even answer with a plain statement of what manner of man I thought he was. He was the only man in the world concerning whom I could form no positive opinion. Yet I greatly wished to know what Angela thought, and thus tried what a little cut at him might do to bring out her opinion, since women love to contradict, and their generous minds love also to espouse the losing side. So I said, "Methinks one who fears not the day needs not to keep himself wrapped up in cloak of darkness. I have served with him in camp, and dallied with him in peace, and never once have seen the open face of his soul."

"Yes," said Angela; "yet he is not a hypocrite." This with an air of certainty as firm as if she had read her dictum in one of her well loved printed books.

"What reason have you for thus thinking?" I asked, for in spite of personal jealousy I felt at most times the same trust in him myself, but I thought it not the part of a man to be led by instinct, like a dog or merlin.

"I have no reasons in regard to him, only impressions, but I do not think he is a hypocrite; I think only that he keeps his soul screened because he wishes not to share his feelings with others,—that it comes from a sort of sensitiveness of heart and fear of blame. He hath so long held himself in check that he hath lost the power of disclosing himself."

"He will find his tongue when he speaks to the woman he loves," said I, with hot fury at my heart, thinking with what warm words I could speak to Afra had I the opportunity.

"Can such as he love at all?" she queried dreamily, with her pretty head resting upon her hand. And then decidedly: "I doubt if he hath left himself the power of genuine loving, so hath he trimmed himself to a shape unlike nature, as one sees in gardens a tree cut to the likeness of a bird or beast. Marcel, to-day he asked my father for my hand."

I felt a wild burst of joy in my heart, which kept my tongue silent.

She went on: "My father hath different ideas from many parents, and wishes me to choose for myself; that is the reason we are not both married long since. Other maidens have laughed at us for being sixteen and eighteen years old and not yet wedded, while most of our companions were married at fourteen years. He wishes us to be happy and to love our husbands. But I cannot love that stiff Messire de Kernilis."

"Did he not lose his stiffness when he spoke to you? What a man of steel!" I cried, with a mocking tenderness which brought the blood to her cheeks. She was most sensitive to any pretence at gallantry on my part, wishing that nothing should disturb the friendship between us.

"No; it was enough to make one pity him to see his rigid face, and to hear the fair words which might have been saved to write a useful treatise twisted into stiff phrases. Marcel, I pity him, but never could I marry a man—since my father graciously gives me power of choosing—whose soul I may not read, and whom I should not trust even without his words. I cannot learn anything from this one's face, nor hath he skill to explain himself. It is a dumb soul," she said, and mused in silence.

I was trying to find courage to tell her of my feelings for her sister; but hope was too newly born, and my love too deep for ready words; then she spoke again:

"He refused to hear my answer until I had reflected, and said he would come again at the *Ave Maria* to hear it."

As she spoke the sunset bell struck, and at the same moment—

so that I burst out laughing at his promptness—the knocker on the street-door sounded violently, and we heard the door slide on its rollers.

“He is certainly not indifferent,” I whispered; at the same moment Monna Lucia entered with Messire Jean-Marie. He looked darker, more inscrutable, than ever. Even when his eyes rested on Angela’s face, there was no betraying light in them. When he bent his knee to kiss her hand, no trace of feeling illumined the shadows of his face. Then he spoke in measured words: “I hope, mademoiselle, that the time you have spent in reflection has made you decide in my favor.”

Angela shrunk a little, bright bird of sunshine that she was, when the shadow of his gravity fell on her. She said with trembling, “Much honor have you done me, messire; but since my father leaves to me the choosing, I must thank you, and say I cannot marry you.”

Messire de Kernilis turned a shade more ivory-white; his set jaws stiffened so that he could scarce speak his adieus; then he bowed stiffly and left the room. Whatever were the secrets of his soul, he held them well, and none of us saw him again. We heard that he instantly took his discharge from the archers of the castle and mounted horse to join the duke. When the long, sad list of those slain at Ravenna came to draw our tears after that fatal victory, among the foremost for desperate bravery was Jean Marie de Kernilis. May God and the holy angels long since have received him into joy, for, so far as one can know, he had but pain and disappointment in this life.

CHAPTER X.

OF RENOUNCEMENT, AND OF THE USE I DID NOT MAKE OF MARGHERITA’S KEEPSAKE.

SINCE I was now relieved of the imagined rivalry of Messire de Kernilis, which had made a coward of me, I purposed to myself a bold wooing of my lady. I came into her presence with warm words all coined upon my lips, and lo! no sooner did my eyes fall on her face than I was tongue-tied again. She held herself aloof, nor aided me; and I fell to thinking of what arts I might use to express myself. It was now about the middle of the fasting season, in the latter part of the month of March; the warm weather had brought forth already some fair flowers in sheltered places near the lake. When I went forth into the streets I saw some fishermen carrying, besides their wares, great bunches of the flower called narcissus, which always seemed to me the fairest flower that grows and like the maiden Afra, with the rich golden heart surrounded by a circle of white purity. I asked leave of absence for some hours and

rode off to search for some of these flowers, which I had heard her say she loved. Then timidity seized me again, and I effaced the meaning of the gift by bringing also some valley-lilies for Angela. So were all my plans thwarted by my own shyness. Before I had been able to take courage, another incident threw me into despair again.

We were all in attendance upon the chevalier, who was in sore need of diversion since his friends had left him behind. Naught that could be done to amuse him or give him comfort was neglected. Monna Lucia had given to him a night-robe lined with wolf-skin and shoes lined with soft fur; besides which there lay about the floor of his chamber a number of the skins of rare beasts, with their heads stuffed, so that they seemed yet in life. His food was served to him on plates of beaten silver, and his goblets were of the rich colored glass of Murano, crackled all over its surface, like ice frozen in the wind. Beside him always stood a table covered with games and books, though he cared not for the latter unless one of the maidens read them to him. On the morning after I had brought the flowers to Afra we were all in attendance on him, and Angela came to show him a new volume which she had just received from the hands of Messire Rontini. It was called "The Dream of Polifilo," and was a most entertaining tale, being enriched besides with many beautiful drawings. She sat near his couch to point out to him the pictures she thought most beautiful, and he said to Afra, "Come, look on this picture, and behold the terrible punishment which awaits the maidens who resist the power of love. See the frightful lion, the fierce dog, and the dragon, who come to devour the remains of the victim of the avenging God of Love."

Though he said this with an air of raillery, there was also a pensive tenderness in his gaze. Under it the cheeks of Afra turned to a deeper hue; then her head sunk lower, and she turned away.

My new-born hopes were strangled by new fears. There was then some one who was my rival with Afra, and the chevalier was in the secret. I searched my memory to think who had paid her court. It was not Jacques de Mailles. That good knight's heart had in it but one image, as his head held but one idea,—the Captain Bayard. Nor was it the Captain Pierrepoint; for set him down in the paradise of Mahoun, with every hour in the place casting love-looks at him, and he would have moped in despair because there was none among them who could hold a lance or fire an arquebuse. He was a drill-master, no lover. Messire Rontini did not occur to me. Who then was left? A sudden thought struck my mind, which was as though one had dashed a sharp sword through a paper window, and let in at once both light and cold. It was my Lord of Bayard who loved Afra, and he for whom her heart was stirred.

Think how I was torn between the two strongest feelings I had known, my devotion for my dear lord, and my love for that sweet

maid. When I could get away from the company I paced back and forth in the upper loggia in utter misery of soul. The dulness of my heart made the cold of the evening pierce me, and I went to the hearth in the hall, where a great fire burned cheerfully, and sat down despondently. Pierrepont joined me, and though my answers were almost at random, he talked for two, telling me of his displeasure at having to wait in the town when he wished to have at the Spanish. All at once from the door which opened into the chevalier's room there came the sweetest soft laugh from the most beautiful mouth in the world. Then said Pierrepont, "I am glad that our lord seems like to console himself for the disappointment of his youth."

I had to answer something, and said, "I know not his story."

"In early youth he loved a lady of the court of Savoy, who was taken from him by her parents and wedded to a wealthy noble. For her sake he hath never looked with more than friendship on any woman till now. But it seems to me that he is learning not to waste his life in wishes for what he may not have."

Here was motive to decide me. Could I let my dear lord suffer a second time for my enriching? Yet sudden despair seized me, and life seemed worthless without Afra. By chance it so happened that I thrust my hand into my pouch at this moment, and it came in contact with the ring which Margherita had given me and which I had scarcely noticed before. I pulled it out and examined it closely. The little Cupids each side of the bezoar stone were a marvel of fine workmanship. I pressed the head of one of them, and the tiny spring opened, showing me the smallest possible receptacle filled with a white powder. This was the keepsake which Margherita had given me, this the tiny pinch of stuff which was so potent for ridding oneself of an enemy.

In my sick despair there came to me a swift temptation to put that innocent-looking dust to my lips. When may one know what saves him from danger? Was it my own good sense, or my father's prayers, or the help of the saints that made me reach forward instantly and pour the dangerous morsel on the burning embers before me? They glowed no differently for the presence of the mischief-making thing. Then I shuddered a little, and closed the spring of the ring and slipped it on my finger, wondering at myself that I should have been so near mortal wickedness for the love of a maiden. I tried to put myself in the place of those who easily commit such crimes, brushing those who stand in their way aside from their paths by poison or assassination. I could understand it only by thinking that they took no thought for anything but the natural desires, and overlooked the value which the saints tell us is to be placed on each human soul. If the body be all, as my cousin Margherita believed, and as many of the ancient philosophers taught, why not destroy it when it ceases to be a source of happiness? That

seemed to me sound reasoning, and so I laid the blame on those who teach bad philosophy, though there are some who claim that all men know when they do wrong. I am not a philosopher myself, and only know what seems the truth to me.

When my decision had been made, that my dear lord should never be thwarted by me, I was able to be a man again. So I set myself to control all outside show of my love, and left myself only the secret cherishing within my soul of her perfections. It was solace to me to seek the Church of St. Afra for my devotions, there to beg blessings on the head of her namesake. Soon I could take my place among the others, not fearing lest any wayward word or glance should betray me.

One day I met a messenger in the street who told me that the Spanish were retreating before our army. I dashed into the house to tell this good news at once to my lord, so that he need not wait to have it brought back to him from the castle. I found him in whispered conversation with Afra, while her mother looked on indulgently. I kept my face composed, saying: "My lord, our friends are gaining ground. The news has come that the Spaniards are in headlong retreat, though as yet there has been no engagement."

"Yet soon there will be one," he answered, with some disturbance of his usual even temper. "And here I lie, like a sick girl, while others take my place."

"Fret not yourself, my lord," said Monna Lucia. "Time is needed for the healing of so grievous a wound as yours. It is mending rapidly, and you will be able to go forth before any battle comes off."

"If not, I shall die of fretting, if not of my hurt," said he; and surely had I been possessed of the least grain of wisdom this should have made me question whether he loved Afra. For when did glory seem aught to a man in comparison with winning the woman on whom his heart was set? But I fell into musing, and spoke not till the chevalier addressed me, saying,—“St. Eymond, refresh my memory; for I have been speaking to these ladies of the seven wonders of Dauphiny, and now I cannot recall them.”

"Is it true, Marcel," asked Angela, "that King Louis said that there are as many wonders in your province as in the whole ancient world?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; and they still exist, while those of the ancients are no more," said I.

"One of them I know," said Angela, "for I have read of it in the writings of the holy father, St. Augustine. It is a burning fountain whose waters are naturally cold, but when they run along the neighboring field flames dart forth. The water still remains cold, but flaming as long as it runs. If it is stopped it becomes thick and hot."

"Yes, that is one; and the second is a mountain of prodigious

height near Grenoble. It is steep on all sides, detached from its neighbors, and larger at the top than at the base, so that from a distance it appears to be a pyramid standing upon its apex."

"And the third," said my Lord of Bayard, "is the sugary white manna which runs from the pines of Briançon. Sometimes it runs of itself from the leaves and little twigs, and sometimes the trees are cut to make it run more freely."

"It is very sweet and pleasant to the taste, but betokens a bad harvest and droughts if it runs in great abundance," I added. "And the fourth is a very deep and large grotto on the banks of the Rhone, called *La Balme*. The water which falls, drop by drop, from the roof of the cave turns to stone and forms curious figures, as if frozen into icicles. There are many fountains in this underground cavern, and a wide lake on which boats may be pushed about."

"The fifth," said the chevalier, "are the great stone cisterns called *Les Cuves de Sassenage*."

"And the sixth are also found among the mountains of Sassenage, or, rather, at their base. They are smooth white stones of the size of a lentil. If there is any dust or other inconvenience in the eye, it may be cleansed by slipping one of these stones between the eye and the lid. Then the little stone runs around, searching out the cause of the disorder, drives it out, and then falls itself to the ground."

"That is the most wonderful thing of all," said Afra. "I should like much to have some of those little stones. I should carry them always in my pouch, for it is pleasant to be able to relieve suffering."

When she said this I determined to procure for her this little thing she wished, since I knew so few ways to give her pleasure.

"The seventh wonder I cannot remember," said my Lord of Bayard, "though many times have I heard of all of them."

"The seventh is the *Tour Sans Venin*, near Grenoble, in which there never yet was seen any of those venomous insects which find shelter in ruined buildings; yet it is deserted and decayed. Should one bring into it any such vermin they at once disappear, because they cannot live in the air, or else because they have an aversion to some plants which grow there."

"That last wonder," said Angela, "is the one which I should like best to see, for of all frightful things I hate most the loathsome things that crawl."

She took her lute within her hands and began tuning it in response to a wish of the chevalier that she should sing to him. The bell from the Duomo struck the hour, and Afra rose to give to him one of his cooling tisanes. As she passed me she said, very softly, so that none might hear her words, "Methinks Messire de St. Eymond hath forgotten one of the wonders of Dauphiny, or perchance he still is ignorant of it."

Too swiftly for any questioning she left the chamber, and I felt

myself flush under the laughing gaze of the chevalier and Angela, who were looking at me with some whispered jest of which I guessed not the secret. I craved dismissal, and started forth to seek some one whom I might send as messenger to Grenoble to fetch me the little eyestones.

As I descended the staircase I heard a confused noise, as of some lackeys scuffling at the door. I ran thither and saw the servants holding the door half-way shut, while some one in the street tried to force it open; then I saw the flash of a sword in the dim light. I called: "How now? What means this?" and heard a gruff voice behind the door say: "There he is now. Messire de St. Eymond, these rascals will not let me in to deliver this letter to you."

"He did not ask admittance, messire, but burst in after us when we entered," they grumbled. I thought very likely they spoke truly, for Luigi's manners were not the most noteworthy thing about him.

"By the fiend!" he exclaimed, "why should I parley with a lot of varlets?"

"Silence!" said I sternly. "These men are servants of as good a gentleman as your master. Treat them civilly. Give me the letter." Then I bade him sit down, for I hated the man, and would not show him deference because my uncle chose to do so. If he had some secret hold on Messire Briarti, he had none on me, and I should treat him in accordance with my own impression of him, which was that he was a rascal. He sat glowering at me from the bench, with his black, wicked eyes, shaded by heavy brows that met in the centre, and around his mouth a network of diverging lines cut there by evil feelings. I turned from him to the letter, which had come in answer to the one I had sent to the villa. Margherita had written for my uncle, who was absent from home on one of his long journeys.

"Fair cousin," ran the letter, "since my father is from home it is my duty to answer your good tidings, which rejoice much my mother and myself. All goes well with us, except that you still are absent. Luigi will tell you of our welfare and of our earnest wish that you return with him. Yet if duty holds you still, at least do us the favor to set our minds at rest concerning you by taking him into your service in the stead of that knave Pomponio, whom we hope you have long since dismissed. He is not to be trusted. Luigi is capable and faithful, and we shall be glad to know you have him at hand to guard your interests. So, with our wishes for your happiness, I bid you adieu."

I had not the least intention of keeping the wretch Luigi about my person, and when he rose from the bench where I had bade him sit, and, with a pretence at humility quite unlike his usual rough manner, bowed low, saying, "Let me take your service, messire," I answered:

"I have no need of any one, and the house hath all its sum already. Return to Milan and thank the Lady Margherita for her kind thought for my welfare; give my respectful duty, also, to Messire Briarti and madame."

I bade the lackeys give him food and wine, and, with firmness which permitted of no remonstrance on his part, said, "Put up also some food for his journey, for he is to ride at once to Milan." I gave him two crowns, and went up-stairs till he should be gone, lest he should follow me.

When Pomponio reported that Luigi had left the house and turned towards the Milan gate, he and I sallied forth upon my own errand.

We went first to the shop of the carpenter where I had found Messire Rontini. It had resumed its former condition and was crowded with customers anxious to engage his services for the repairing of their damaged dwellings. The man was like to make a fortune, being able to demand his own price for services so greatly needed. The apprentices were all at work, and the rows of tools which usually hung from the roof were all in use. I pushed towards him over the heaps of shavings which littered the floor, and found a spot on which to perch while I asked,—

"Tell me, good Giacomo, do you know a trusty man to take a message for me into France?"

"Not one of my trade, messire. No one who can drive a nail will leave Brescia till we put it to rights again."

"I care not what trade he follows, so long as he will follow the road I bid him take upon my business. I will pay him well. I want a man who has reasons of his own for coming back to Brescia, so that no fair maid of Dauphiny may beguile him to pocket my money without doing my errand."

"Master," said a tall young fellow at my elbow, "Antonio's Beppo wishes to see the world; yet he is sure to return hither even were one to shoot him from a cross-bow to the end of Spain; for so long as Caterina Binco lives beside the Church of San Ambrogio will Beppo go back there, if only to hear her say she will not marry him." He laughed derisively, as though the relentless Caterina were more complaisant to himself than to my proposed messenger.

"Where may one find this unlucky lover?" I asked.

"He lodges in the little alley at the rear of St. Afra's Church. And hark, messire, if you go there to seek him, take more than one man with you, for it is not a colony of holy hermits who live down there, nor do they love Frenchmen."

I thanked the man for his good advice, but paid no attention to it, for Pomponio and I were well armed, and I did not fear we should be attacked when on a peaceful errand; so we started off at once for the place where I had been directed.

I knew that part of the town quite well, though it was one of

the poorer quarters and one in which the fire had most fiercely raged. The strange influence of love leads him who has fixed his heart upon another to find pleasure in all connected with her, however remotely. The books she had touched, the chairs she rested on, the railing of the balcony where her hand had lain, most of all, the church of her patron saint, were invested for me with an interest unlike others. But though I had been many times to St. Afra's Church, I had not ventured into the little byways near it. We climbed through thickets of broken and charred timbers, over heaps of stones or masses of crumbling stucco, often losing our sense of direction; but if the man lived about there we could not discover him, for the only alley we could find at the rear of the church was quite impassable because of the wreckage which choked it. If any one had lived there he must have been killed or have fled to some more habitable spot. I stopped at the door of a fruit-shop to inquire of the owner whether Antonio's Beppo were still in the neighborhood or not. As I put my head inside the doorway, a man who was sitting on the other side of the shop jerked his elbow up suddenly to hide his face, pulled his hat over his head, and ducked through a low door at the rear, as if to fly from me. He was as swift as possible in his movements, but not too quick for me to recognize the man Luigi, who, I thought, was already on the road to Milan. I shouted loudly after him, "Come back!" but he heeded me not. The woman of the shop said angrily, "What do you want, Frenchman? Why shut the daylight out from those whom you have robbed of everything else?"

"I have robbed you of nothing. If I had stolen your manners I should have cheated myself more than you," I said. "Tell me who that man was, and why he is here."

"I will not tell you my lodger's business," she retorted. "It is not your affair. What do you want here?"

I threw down a copper coin on the counter and took up an orange, which I tossed to Pomponio. She seemed somewhat softened by the sight of money; so I threw down several more and said, "It is my affair if a man stays in Brescia whom I have sent to Milan. Call him back for me. I want to question him."

"No, messire, I will not. He is not a Frenchman, to be under your orders."

"Come, woman, this is treason. I shall tell the lord of the castle to look after this part of the city." Then, more good-naturedly, thinking it foolish to resent the grumblings of those who were down, I added: "Never mind that fellow, but tell me where I can find Antonio's Beppo. I want a messenger to go on a mission for me, and will pay him well for it."

Her brow cleared a little. "Messire," she said, "you will probably find Beppo in the Via Riformati, in a little house which has a statue of the Holy Virgin set above the door. Take the first turning to your right and then the third turning to your left."

With this her courtesy exhausted itself, and she turned her back, busying herself about the shop. We wasted no more time with her, but left the place to seek Beppo.

CHAPTER XI.

OF HOW I FOUND MYSELF IN TROUBLE.

A FEW paces beyond the first turn to the right stood a dark archway between two houses higher than those around them. Under its dense shadows my sharp eyes saw the figure of Luigi crouching low, evidently on the watch to learn whither I was going. But when he heard me shout to Pomponio to follow, and saw me rush towards his lurking place, he turned as quick as a rat, and was off into the alley behind the archway, up some steps at its farther end, across a little court, and far down another narrow, winding alley before the sluggish Pomponio had half the distance measured. The alley made a curved turn which hid Luigi from my view,—the big fellow ran with inconceivable rapidity,—and when it opened into a little square, with several small streets leading from it, Luigi was nowhere in sight, and I had no idea which way to seek him.

In one corner of the square there was a low shed, slanting towards the ground, so that I could leap to the roof of it and look around for some indication as to which way I should go. But my weight on the frail roof, which was weakened by the fire, proved too much for its strength, and before I knew where I was I had crashed through, down into a heap of wet straw lying under the shed, which on that side opened into a filthy yard fully four feet lower than the square from which I had come. I scrambled to my feet, stared about me to see where I was, and found myself in a walled enclosure, which might have been a stable yard, though there were no animals in it, and no opening save a very low passage between two walls and a barred iron gate. While I stood pondering my next move, wondering whether I should try to climb back to the shed again by stepping on the hilt of my sword, or run the risk of rousing those who might be unfriendly by knocking on the gate, or explore the low passage, the head of Luigi rose slyly over the edge of the roof and his eye caught mine. He disappeared again as quickly as he had come, but there was so much malice in his glance that I felt it only sensible to try to reach some spot where I should not be entirely at a disadvantage if he came back with reënforcements to interfere with me. I dared not risk breaking my sword by using it as a ladder, even if I wished to run the chance of finding Luigi on the side of the square, so I examined the other points of egress.

The little passageway was about as high as my elbow and a trifle wider than my own shoulders. It is not the fashion for a man to

admit that there is anything he fears, and I have heard those who had turned livid with terror before the face of the enemy deny it furiously afterwards. But though I have never felt any fear in battle, only the excitement of the rush and charge, I frankly say that I have an utter horror of crawling like a rabbit into a dark hole where I cannot stand upright and be prepared to make my own way like a man. Perhaps it is because of the free life in the Dauphinese mountains, where the breath of God's good air was never shut out, even though the north winds blew, that I cannot bear the thought of stifling in a narrow chamber. But whatever be the reason, so it is. I went to the mouth of the horrid little tunnel, but could not bring myself to enter it. I knocked furiously at the barred gate for some moments, but gained no answer, nor did any one look forth from the windows above it to whom I might call.

Three times did I try to climb the shed; three times did I knock again upon the gate. Then there came over me a hatred of being conquered by a little low passage between two walls, and I turned to enter it, with the same loathing dislike in my mind to doing so as I have seen a fine dog show when told to carry off a dead rat, too obedient to refuse, but showing his revolt by the curling back of his lips above his teeth, so that only the tips of the teeth shall touch the object he dislikes. Twice had I entered the passage, and twice been overpowered by the crawling of the flesh around my shoulders, when as I entered for the third time I heard a shout, "There he is!" and Luigi and another man jumped over the broken shed roof into the yard.

I braced my back against the dead wall and was ready for them. "Throw down that sword, messire," cried Luigi. "I do not wish to hurt you; but you must come with me."

I answered him by a look of scorn, and kept the sword at guard, with my dagger ready in the other hand. The man who was with Luigi rushed fiercely at me with intent to stab me, though Luigi cried out to him not to hurt me. I made a complete volte, as he closed, with my left foot that brought my right foot in front of me, and as instantly passed that right foot back, placing it in the rear of both his feet. While I made this swift movement I exchanged my sword into the left hand, holding it by the middle of the blade and presenting the point at his throat. At the same time I passed my right hand across his body. Seizing his short sword and turning it quickly on him, I gave him a cut in the arm which made him drop at my feet. Luigi gave a snort of rage, cried "Fire of hell! but he is a young fiend!" and dashed at me, but his sword was shorter than mine and he could not reach me, even if my skill had not been greater than his. I should have wearied him out had not the man whom I had wounded crawled towards me and seized my leg; at the same moment another fellow ran out of the little passage and slipped behind me, pinioning my arms. I shook him

off in a moment; but the short space of time in which I had been hampered had given Luigi the advantage, and he dealt me a heavy blow on the forehead with the handle of his sword that took my senses from me for a moment. I fell on the ground, and they threw themselves upon me and bound me.

The next thing I knew I was paying the penalty for refusing to go myself through the little burrow. They were carrying me through, their own heads awkwardly bent, their shoulders scraping against the walls, and I unmercifully bruised and scratched at every step of the advance. The passage must have turned into another within the city wall, for it ran along for too great a distance to have been merely one between two houses. I felt by the general direction which we took that the wall of the town lay in that quarter. At last they stopped, and I found myself set down on a bench in a small, dark chamber. They tied my knots tighter, put a bandage over my eyes, stuffed a rag in my mouth, and picked me up again.

The blow which I had received must have been a heavy one, for I lost consciousness when partly choked by the gag. I know not what else was done to me nor where I was taken, but when I opened my eyes again I was in a small room in which a little lad was playing and a woman with a serious, pleasant face stood over a brazier, brewing some sort of decoction which had a strong aromatic odor. The first thing I did was to feel for my sword. It was gone. The little lad saw my movement and said, without any questioning, "The pretty sword is put away. I shall have it when I am a man. Luigi will give it to me."

Then I felt for my pouch, and the miniature of my mother and of Madame de Fruzasco, which I cherished dearly. They were both safe, and not a crown was touched, and so evidently no motive of robbery had caused my capture. The woman turned towards me when she heard the boy speak and said to him: "Hush! What did Luigi tell you?"

"Where am I?" I asked.

She shook her head warningly. "Do not ask questions, or you will be taken away from here, and you need care."

She looked kindly at me, and I was so weak that I obeyed her as simply as the little lad might have done.

Again I lost consciousness, wandering in my thoughts, and talking confusedly, as I learned afterwards, of Antonio's Beppo, of eyestones, and of those whom I had left at the della Ravine mansion. When I came to my senses again the woman was conversing with a man who sat with his back to me. Neither of them noticed me, and I kept my eyes tightly closed, so that they should not know I was listening. I heard her say: "Let me do it; I tell you Luigi is nothing to us, and his money will do us no good if we make Sister Angela angry with us."

"What do I care for her?" he retorted. "She is not even a

nun, and if she were, small honor is paid to the greatest abbess nowadays."

"Sister Angela is a saint, Vanni, and you know every man and woman in the town will take her part against us. If this young gentleman is a friend of hers, I dare not keep him here for the sake of Luigi's money. At any rate, no one can keep us from letting her see him. She comes here each week to teach the catechism to Vannino, and no one can suspect that we sent for her."

She laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder, coaxing him with her eyes, till at last he said sulkily: "Well, have your own way; but if we lose the money there will be no new gown for you at the Pasque. You know I cannot earn a living now that this accursed town is thinking of nothing but building up the houses again. I would I were a carpenter!"

"Fret not, Vanni; take courage for the future. We shall be no worse off for being kind to the poor sick gentleman." Then she said to the little boy, "Will Sister Angela come hither to-day, Vannino?"

"Not till to-morrow, mother, unless I go to fetch her."

"Then run quickly, little one, and ask her to come to-day. And if you meet Luigi, do not tell him where you are going, nor anything about the sick gentleman."

It was half an hour before the little lad returned. During that time the room was very still, for the man went away, saying that he would not stay to break his bargain with Luigi, and the soft, whirling sound of the woman's spinning-wheel lulled me almost into slumber. Yet, half in dreams, there came to me the memory of all that I had heard in Brescia of this same Sister Angela Merici, who was more spoken of than any one except my own lord, the chevalier, or the Lord d'Aubigny of the garrison; nor was the courage and strength of soul even of the chevalier more to be admired than hers. She was the godmother of Angela della Ravine, and she came from the same little port of Desanzano on the lake, which was the birth-place of Monna Lucia. She was very beautiful, and connected with a noble Brescian family, yet thought only of holy things, desiring much to be a nun, though this her friends would not permit. So she took the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, as being the nearest thing to her wish, and many other holy maidens of like dispositions joined themselves to her. They lived together in one house, going forth only to teach the children, who were at this time much neglected by reason of the paganism among the people and the carelessness of many of the clergy. She grieved for the irreligion in Italy, and laid it to the want of faithful training of children by their mothers, who were too much taken up with worldly learning and vanities. She wished to found a new community for the stricter education of maidens, though at this time of which I write she had been able to do nothing towards that end, but spent her time in holy

works, visiting the sick, teaching the children in her own house or in their homes, instructing people at their work, sometimes stopping at the doors of shops or in the streets to remonstrate with any whom she might see doing wrong. Even after the horrors of the siege she had ventured forth fearlessly on errands of kindness; nor had any dared to molest her, for all loved her for the still, sweet way she had. The better classes admired her for her learning. She read Latin and spoke it well, conversing with learned teachers, some of whom she had turned from their false philosophy, so that they became again good Christians.

I felt sure afterwards that Luigi must have drugged me, for the blow I had received could not account for the strange, overpowering stupors into which I continually fell and the extreme weakness and pain of my whole body. After some hours I became conscious of another figure in the chamber, and I heard the woman say: "Vanni was paid to conceal him from his friends; but since he is a friend of yours, I determined that you should know."

The newcomer bent over me and searched my face earnestly. She was a little creature, slight and fair, and somewhat pale from prayer and watching; but her face was most lovable and smiling, and I was filled with infinite content to see her near me, and felt anxious when I heard her say: "This gentleman is no friend of mine, except as all good Christians are. How came you to think so?"

"All the day and night for two days past he wandered in his mind, over and over saying the name of Angela and of Afra. Do you not live at the side of St. Afra's Church?"

Sister Angela contracted her brows in thought, then said questioningly: "Can he have meant my godchild Angela of the della Ravine? And Afra is her sister." Seeing me awake and intelligent, she asked: "Have you any friends in Brescia? I perceive that you belong to the French army."

"I am of the household of the Captain Bayard, who lies ill of a grievous wound in the dwelling of that family of whom you speak. I have been carried here by a wicked man who means mischief to me, and I pray you send to tell my lord where I am, that he may bring me hence, for I am too sick to help myself."

"Are you badly wounded?" she asked anxiously.

"I think my wound is only slight; but some other serious hurt is on me; never before have I been so wanting in strength. I cannot keep my senses, still less stand upright."

She showed all tender sympathy for me, and gave instructions to the woman for the easing of my pain, which was severe. Nor was my soul at rest in thinking on the fact that by the woman's statement I had lain there two days and nights without Pomponio's having searched and found me. I knew that if he had told my lord that I had been waylaid the whole quarter of the city would have

been razed to the ground to find me. But Pomponio had lost his way in trying to follow my flying chase after Luigi, and by the time he returned to the house the rascal Luigi had deceived them by false statements that I had gone to Bergamo with despatches for the Lord d'Aubigny: thus they suspected nothing.

Sister Angela had not returned with word from the chevalier when my hostess came to the cot whereon I lay with a look of fear upon her face.

"Do you think that you could move from here on the spur of necessity?"

"Has Sister Angela returned?" I asked feebly.

"No, not yet; but the child heard Luigi saying that he was going at once to hunt a safer hiding-place for you. As it is nearing dusk, Sister Angela may have been delayed, and not be able to come for you before to-morrow. If you can, go now; it will be perhaps your only chance."

I tried to rise; the blood rushed fiercely into the wound in my head, causing the keenest agony. Then a deadly faintness overcame me, so that I fell upon the cot again. She shook her head, crying, "You cannot do it!"

I thought of the strength of soul of my dear lord the chevalier, and how he had forgotten the anguish of his terrible wound in the care for those who were left in the little house from which we had torn the door; I felt that I should have no right in all my after life to boast of that which was my one joy,—that I had been his follower,—unless I also could show some fortitude. I set my teeth and said, "Take no fear for me, for I will go, as you wish."

She peeped out from the door to see that the way was clear, brought my sword from the place where it had been hid, and fastened it herself to my belt; then she locked the little boy within the inner room and bade him hold his tongue; after which she put her arm under my shoulder to steady me, and we went forth.

Since I had been brought to the place not only blindfolded, but unconscious, I had no idea in what part of the city I was; but it was fortunately only a short distance from the Church of St. Afra, near which Sister Angela lived. The woman half carried me through several little alleys and tiny gardens of poor people, often knee-deep in mud, till we crawled to Sister Angela's door, and I sank upon the step.

Each minute seemed to me an hour until I heard the sound of some one fumbling at the lock on the inside of the door. But before it was opened for us I saw the huge form of Luigi coming along the street. He saw me, made a dash at me, seized me by the collar, and shook me like a dog, till the last bit of sense I had was well-nigh gone. The woman screamed, but could do nothing to help me, and there was not a man in sight on whom she could call. Suddenly a marvellous change came over the man, and the strong arm which

was choking me relaxed limply; his face was staring in apparent terror, and as I followed his staring eyes I saw them gazing at the ring which Margherita had given me and which showed upon my hand, my glove having been forgotten in our haste. What little wit I had came to me, and I thrust the ring before his face, pressing it against his lips. He shook like a man in a fit, and his teeth chattered. I cried: "You know this, do you? Let me go, or I will press the spring."

He let go of me so quickly that I almost fell on the ground, but managed to reach the step. His next words, struggling through his chattering teeth, gave me further power over him, for they showed that it was not merely the dread of immediate death, but some other mysterious influence that caused his feeling.

"Pardon me, messire. Do not tell my mistress. I did not know that you had the ring."

"Now that you see I have it, what are you going to do?" I said.

"Anything, anything, messire; but do not tell Margherita that I have offended you." A tremendous secret mirth seized me, and it was all I could do to hold myself from shouting with laughter, so absurd was it to see the big fellow trembling with his superstitious imaginings before me, though I had neither weapons nor strength to hurt him. I was glad enough to take advantage of his delusions, which I suppose had some reference to the strange mysteries of their secret worship which I had seen from the tree near the tower. I said to him with all the sternness I could muster: "Now play me no more of your tricks. Help me into the house and wait here to attend me back to the della Ravine mansion."

By this time Sister Angela had come to the door and was watching with anxiousness the outcome of my encounter. She told me that she expected each moment the arrival of the litter. I lay exhausted upon the bench in the hallway, not being able to go to a more comfortable spot within the house because of the strictness of the rule. Before it was quite dark the litter came and several of the men-at-arms. I ordered Luigi to follow, and shortly was carried to my own chamber, scarce conscious and full of suffering in my whole body.

CHAPTER XII.

OF HOW BLIND EYES WERE OPENED.

THERE could be no doubt that Luigi had given me some drug which had taken a poisonous effect upon my system, for I lay in extreme illness for several days, not knowing where I was nor what went on about me; and the surgeons said that neither blow nor wound were enough to account for such condition. The first thing of which I grew conscious was an exceeding loneliness; nor could I

tell for what I pined. My good Pomponio never left me, except to fetch some needed remedy; he sat motionless, watching me with the devotion of a hound, nor failed to note the slightest restless motion on my part which his care might relieve. But he was not what I needed to make my heart beat strong again. And when I was able to think in an orderly manner, the gentle echo of soft voices from across the corridor, the gay roll of the chevalier's laugh, the tinkle of lutes, the sweet burden of a song, all came to me as might the sounds of Paradise to some sad soul in Purgatory. Why were none of the kind ministrations for which my lord had little further need given to me? Not that I would have robbed him, but it was not like his heart to forbear offering even what it needed itself. Both food and drink were sent to my door, but even Monna Lucia never entered for one kind word. I knew not why they kept away as if I were stricken with leprosy, and if I had before felt the dire pain of hopeless love, I had now lost all that made life tolerable,—the friendship of the sweet maid Angela and of my dear lord, the chevalier.

Thus laid I, without hope or care for life; nor did the least improvement show in my body by reason of the trouble of my mind. A lucky accident, as one says (though the kind saints know better), came to bring me light. Pomponio broke the spell which lay around the matter by stopping Angela one morning as she passed down the corridor, and I heard him say: "I crave your pardon, most noble donzella; but is my young lord to die with no one caring?"

She gave a little gasp, which my ears, sharpened by suffering, heard like sweet music, so glad was I to know there was sympathy in her heart for me. Then she said: "What needs he for his recovery? My mother orders everything to be given him for which he may crave."

"Alas, my lady, he needs kind words; and that is the greatest lack that one may have."

"What brought him to his present ill fortune?" she asked, nor waited for the answer, but went on in the tone which one uses when wishing to be contradicted. "Why did he leave his duty and his good lord, the chevalier, to wander about among thieves and ruffians in the lowest quarter of the town? Answer me that, Pomponio."

"For whatever reason, it was a good and honest one. I think he went to seek a messenger; but one who has known my master should also know that anything he did must be what any true gentleman would have done. And it seems to me you should know that as well as I," he added rather hotly and insolently. Yet she seemed not to resent it, but said musingly, "How well you love him!" and then, "I wonder why?"

"Because he knows that underneath the hard surface of mailed hauberk, whether of master or man, there lies the same sort of man's heart, to feel kindness and to love."

Then they spoke together in lower tones, and I dropped into a pleasant dream. When I wakened Monna Lucia was near me, carrying some fine oranges which looked delicious to my fevered eyes. Though she said nothing of her former suspicions, I perceived that she was not cold, but kind and motherly. I told her the reason of my desertion, and begged her to carry my apologies to my lord. Some time after Angela crept in and sat down with her needlework, quite as if I had never been in disfavor; and from hence she read to me, or brought my medicines, and took the same place of sister as before my illness. So much did my heart cherish this sweet maid, that, if I had not distinguished the presence of a greater passion in my heart for her sister, I might have mistaken my feeling for Angela for that of love. But this could not be while my soul cried out with unending clamor for the one who came not; whose voice I heard in singing, or sometimes whispering at my door her cautions to Angela as the medicines were sent to me.

Angela, with all her learning and her sweetness, had not the simple kindness which teaches what is needful for those who suffer. Often I heard Afra whisper, "Take off that rustling gown; it will annoy him," or "Bice has put too much musk upon that camisole. It makes the air heavy for a sick person; take one which was lain in lavender," or some such thoughtfulness. Her care was a poor substitute for the misery of not seeing her and of not knowing why she came not when the others had restored me to favor. My dear lord sent gay messages to me across the corridor, and all others came constantly to divert me. Messire Rontini talked to me for hours of all that could interest me; little black Ghigi played the droll tricks which Angela had taught him; but nothing was worth to me the value of a wisp of straw beside one grave smile from her for whom I longed with no less passionate tenderness because I had resigned her in thought to one more worthy. Thus went on the days till there came a morning when the air was full of spring, and I called to Pomponio, "Bring me my sword, for too long have I lain idle."

When I went in to pay my duty to the Captain Bayard, my legs staggering and my face all of a sickly green color by reason of the fever, he cried out in his pleasant voice: "What now, St. Eymond? Art better of that sickness? 'Tis time for you to be up and stirring. I fear some other hath stolen the heart of your lady from you."

This jest was like the shot of an arquebuse to me. He, always so kind in thought and speech, to thus openly triumph over me! It was well-nigh incredible. And I wondered how he had guessed that I had fixed my heart on any one, for I thought I had most discreetly hidden my feelings, nor given an inkling of them. Since I was suffering too much to control myself externally any longer, I determined in a moment to cut the bonds and free myself from temptation. I said, "Since that is so, I pray you give me leave to leave Brescia and join the army at once."

Angela rose from her seat in the window and came to me, all rosy as Aurora with sweet blushes, from her round chin to the little star of pearls which hung above her brow. She put her arm through mine and drew me into a seat and said: "Marcel, put aside that foolish thought. You are not yet able to walk from here to mass. You cannot sit your horse. Do not heed him, my Lord of Bayard."

"I have no thought of heeding him," said my lord kindly. "Think not I shall have a stripling like him winning glory while I am dawdling here. When I go, he may, but not before."

"My lord, you must not go before the wedding," said Monna Lucia.

These words scattered the last bit of sense left in my bewildered brain. What did they mean? Whose wedding-day drew near? Should I be forced to stay to see Afra married? My lord amazed me more by saying, "Have you no good wishes to offer Mademoiselle Angela?"

I stared around me like a stupid peasant at a fair. Was it Angela whom my lord thought I loved? My eyes fell on her, seeking enlightenment, but her face was hidden in her fair curls. I saw Messire Rontini looking at her with luminous tenderness, and he crossed the chamber and stooped to take her hand, saying, "What! art ashamed of the promise you gave me, sweet maid? Can you not lift your head to tell Messire de St. Eymond that you have made me prouder than any man in Italy?"

She raised her lovely face and looked most sweetly at him with triumphant pride; then said to me: "Wish me joy, Marcel; though that is unnecessary, for now I have it."

I hastened to speak my warm hopes for her happiness; nor, though I spoke stumblingly, did I want in fervor, because of the great relief I had to have the hour deferred which should give Afra over to another, showing that hope still lurked in the heart I thought despairing.

From this time the entertainment of the chevalier fell upon the rest of us, for when Monna Lucia left Angela free from consultation as to the approaching festivities of her marriage, when the tailors and the furriers were not busy with her, then Messire Gentile Rontini wanted her in the library, where the golden head and the gray one bent together over the books. We missed her gayety, and Afra was forced to take her place at chess and at the harp. It gave me cruel pain to hear her sing songs of love, for her voice was one of those which seem to carry the heart with it, and I could not rid myself of the thought that she meant each word she uttered. I wished she might sing to me that song of Messire Charles d'Orleans, which was one of my favorites:

In dream, in thought, in wish, my love,
I see thee every day.

When we had been nigh five weeks in Brescia the chevalier grew most fretful from weariness of his confinement, and this was increased by the news from the camp. Our soldiers were desperate with impatience to be at the enemy. Their provisions were well-nigh exhausted, and, though it was late Lent, there was nothing for the mercenaries to eat but flesh and cheese. They clamored for battle, longing no less for pillage than for fighting. My Lord of Bayard rose from his bed, despite our warnings; finding he could stand upon his feet and walk a little, he boldly said to the surgeon, "Good friend, I think I am so nearly cured that to dally longer will hurt me more than to follow my own wishes."

The surgeon knew his disposition and that he spoke the truth, so he replied: "Your wound is healed inside, though the outside is still open. Yet it will not be dangerous to ride, for the saddle will not touch upon the place. And since you fret yourself so much, I will teach your barber how to dress it, and will give him the salve for it, so that you may have your will."

My lord was full of delight at this, and determined to set out within two days. These days were filled with preparation,—with the gathering together of arms and equipments for his men-at-arms and of all which was needed for the journey. I was torn between two pains,—the thought of leaving the dear maid Afra, and of being separated from him whom I loved with all the devotion one may feel for man. I asked him nothing, though I wondered that he said nothing to me of putting myself in readiness for departure. I had no horse, so sent Pomponio to buy me one and to provide everything else necessary, though I was still most weak and wan, nor gained my strength, as if all my vital force was sapped by some secret foe.

My Lord d'Aubigny had been left by the duke in command of the garrison. He was Messire Berault Stuart, of the family which came from the land of Scotland, beyond the northern seas, though now there are no better Frenchmen. He was the friend and comrade of the Captain Bayard, and constant in his attention to him. One day he sent a splendid Spanish charger, named Le Carman, that had been captured during the siege and was said to be the finest steed in Brescia. We went out on the gallery to see the noble creature, which had been brought into the court-yard, and he reared so fiercely that the grooms could scarcely keep themselves from under his hoofs. The chevalier went to him, and at the mere sound of the captain's voice the horse stilled his prancing, and let himself be mounted as quietly as if he were a roadside hack.

The morning came that was appointed for the setting forth. We were all gathered in the pleasant library, when there came tottering in the old man, Messire della Ravine, who usually kept himself shut up in his own chamber, being wrecked in health since the terrors of the siege. Monna Lucia came with him bearing a coffer, which she offered on her knees to the chevalier.

“My kind and generous conqueror,” she said, “you know what thanks I owe to the good God that of His mercy he permitted you to come to this house, which otherwise might have become the prey of ruffians. Well do I know that we are all your prisoners, yet you have not taken from us one small quattrino. Therefore I beg you to add one more favor to all the rest, and to accept from us this casket and the sum which it contains.” She opened the casket: it was full of golden ducats.

My lord cared nothing for money, and had given to his men-at-arms every crown of his own share of the city’s plunder. Therefore I wondered when he took the casket from her as if there was nothing in the world to please him better, and began to laugh, saying,—

“How many ducats are here, madame?”

Monna Lucia turned somewhat pale, thinking perchance he thought the gift too small, and was thrown into confusion by his strange laughter. But I, who knew his heart, and how there was nothing but his duty and his sword he loved so mightily as a jest, awaited some further enlightenment. She answered seriously:

“Only two thousand and five hundred, my lord; if that be unworthy your acceptance, we will find more.”

He laughed again, and said: “If there were ten times as many, I should not care for them as much as for the great happiness I have had within this house. Wherever I am upon this earth, you will know that there you have a friend to serve you. For love of you and of the two maidens I will take the gift. I pray you fetch them hither.”

There are no pretty words such as the romancers use to tell of fair flowers and singing birds or sweet music that will rightly express all the loveliness of Angela during those days of happy betrothal. Her eyes were so brightly blue that the rich skies of Lombardy seemed gray and cold beside them; she was all dimples and joyous smiles, till even the silent Afra caught some reflection of her infectious brightness. They came in swiftly, bearing the little parting gifts which they had made for him,—one a purse of crimson satin embroidered with cunning skill, the other some bracelets of silver and gold filigree, which they understood fashioning. He thanked them both and kissed their hands; then he took the money and divided it into three portions, two of a thousand ducats each and one of five hundred. The smaller one he gave to Monna Lucia, saying, “Madame, I beg of you to distribute this for me among the poor nuns who suffered by our army during the siege, who are now in want.” He turned to Angela and gave her one of the portions of a thousand ducats, and said: “It grieves me that I have nothing fit to offer you as wedding-gift; but I beseech you, take this sum for your dowry, and do not forget me when I am gone.” His dark, bright eyes shone with a gentle light and his voice was very soft;

but both eyes and voice took on a sweeter tone as he turned to Afra and gave her the remainder of the money.

I felt a strange agitation seize me, so sure was I that he loved her, and so strange did it seem to me to see him place her on the same plane with another. This wonder grew as the gay laugh came again into his voice and he said: "A dowry, but no bridegroom! This is not meet, mademoiselle, that so much beauty and worth should await a laggard. What say you, Afra? Shall I find one for you?"

She turned a burning scarlet and trembled violently. I, who loved him, could have driven my sword through him, to hear him thus stab her heart, which, as I thought, loved none but him. While I held back the fierce words that rose to my tongue, while she blushed and paled and blushed again, he said, "Kneel down, St. Eymond, and ask her father for this lady."

Sweet Mother of God! My heart stood still, then poured all its floods into my face, then seemed to stop its beating. Too dazed to speak, I saw as in a dream my Afra throw her arms out as if to ward off a cruel blow, then draw herself up with a splendid pride of bearing, though her eyes blazed in a white face, and her words came through set teeth, "My lord, what wrong have I done you that you thus shame me before the gentleman?"

"No shame," replied the chevalier. "He wants the words to say what is in his heart; I only aid him, as one friend may another."

"You mistake, my lord," she cried hotly; "Messire de St. Eymond cherishes within his heart another lady. Far be it from me to take his hand without his will."

What did she mean? I stood bewildered and looked at her until her eyes met mine. Then the adoration which I poured out on her must have lit them with sparks from the fire which filled my heart. She trembled and dropped her glance, faltered, and said: "He carries on his heart a portrait of a fair lady. I have seen him gaze on it with looks of tenderness."

A light streamed out before me and showed me what had caused her coldness. She was jealous—then she loved me! Kind saints in heaven! how had I deserved such joy? I plunged my hand within my pouch, snatched, as I thought, the miniature of my mother, and threw it towards the chevalier, crying: "It is my mother's picture. There is but one image in my heart, and that is yours, sweet Afra. It is you only I have loved since the first day I saw you."

When I raised her dear head for a moment from my heart, where she had laid it the instant she heard my words, to kiss her brow, her eyes, her sweet red mouth, all unmindful who saw me, nor caring for aught but to see and hold her, and to feel her heart beating against mine, there was dead silence in the room. Every one had gone away, except the chevalier, who sat with arms upon the table,

his head laid down upon them, and his whole body shaking with great, shuddering sobs. My heart gave a leap of pain. Had my joy been bought at the price of new sorrow to his big heart? I turned Afra's face so she could see him, and she left my arms, going to him and laying her hand caressingly on his, which held the picture. He raised his face, which was drawn with sadness, and said: "Tell me, St. Eymond, this is not your mother. Where did you get this picture?"

I looked at it. It was not my mother, but Madame de Fruzasco. I answered, "From a lady to whom I rendered a slight service on my way from Dauphiny."

He took me in his arms and kissed me on both cheeks, saying: "All service done to her is done to me. Ask me for anything, my lad, and it is yours."

"What do you mean, my dear lord? Who is the lady?" but before he answered I remembered the story I had heard from Captain Pierrepont, and guessed that it was she to whom he had given his heart in youth. While he mused, looking tenderly on the picture, I asked, "Should you like to keep it, my lord?" I could have given him the shoes from my feet, and all I had as well, having in Afra all I wished for in the world.

He placed it in his doublet and called together his spirits, saying with his own gay manner, "Now, St. Eymond, bid the steward serve dinner, for we must march away."

My little love shot an imploring glance at me, then one at him, though holding her complaints back nobly, as became her courage. The chevalier smiled, saying: "Do not fear; he is not going. I saw all this some time ago, though you did not. St. Eymond, ask the king to let you charge your coat-of-arms with a blind Cupid; nothing else so well becomes you. You may stay here with mademoiselle, for I have transferred you from my company to the garrison. Report to the Lord d'Aubigny, and take your orders from him."

Afra thanked him with eyes and words, and I fell on my knees, crying, "How can I part from you, my own dear lord?"

My Lord d'Aubigny and all his suite accompanied the Captain Bayard out of the town for a league or more. Then I returned to Afra; for the sadness I felt at losing my kind friend was not able to overwhelm me in her presence, while I had yet scarce realized my new-found bliss. Even the change to the quarters at the castle, which were far from being as pleasant as those at the della Ravine mansion, was indifferent to me; nor did I know anything but that I was in Paradise, since my heart was satisfied, which had been sad so long. When the beacon was lit upon the watch-tower a tiny gleam came forth from the town below, that told me Afra had set that small star aglow to tell me that she loved me and that her heart watched for me.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF MY FAREWELL TO THE FIELDS OF LOMBARDY.

PERCHANCE my kind lord had left behind him a proof of his thought for me, for the Lord d'Aubigny had a twinkle in his eye when he gave me the orders, or rather the want of orders, for each day. My garrison duties were but a sinecure; there were, of course, no tourneys or public drills, it being the week in which Our Blessed Lord and Saviour died. But there was a meaning in the way my lord of the castle bade me note that all the officers were free to attend the services of any church that pleased them. Needless to say, each morning found me in the Via Santa Giulia; nor did I view the ceremonies with any less reverence because my dear and holy little maid was by my side.

The preparations for Angela's marriage had all been finished, so that they need not interfere with the holy time. After the marriage she and Messire Rontini were to have the upper floor of the house, the others having returned to their own apartments since the departure of the chevalier's suite. Messire Rontini had gone back to his lodgings at the goldsmith's, but already took the place as a son of the house in helping Monna Lucia with business affairs, to which the old man was too feeble to attend.

Angela's wedding-gifts filled many large chests. The mother of the banished Florentine had sent a beautiful casket containing implements for sewing and a jewelled thimble. In the wedding-chests were pieces of rich silk yet uncut, fine cloth for cloaks, embroidered pillow-slips of satin, combs of ivory, and little mirrors made by blowing into the glass bubble a metallic mixture with a little resin in it; in these mirrors one might see his face well-nigh as clear as the Creator made it, and not distorted, as in a shield. There were many fine Spanish gloves, sweetly perfumed, and many rich furs and costly gowns. The wedding-gown was of pure white velvet lined with pale rose silk, and it had wide, flowing sleeves lined with white fur; the border of it was worked in gold thread with seed pearls stitched into it; under this was worn the finest linen, which showed about the neck, where a border of Venetian lace of rose design fell about the white throat. If it seems strange that I should remember such things, which belong rather to ladies than to a soldier, it was because each point was imprinted on my mind by some sweet look or tender word of Afra when she showed it to me. When I spoke of the countless little pearls within the border, she whispered, "There are not half the number of my kind thoughts of you, my own love." How could one forget aught which was set about with such jewels?

She made me tell her the story of all my life before I had known her, as if she wished to gather into her heart each detail that belonged to me, that she might make me no less her own in the past

than in the present. This is a woman's way, not a man's, and I did not understand it, being satisfied with the certainty that she was mine in the glad present. When I spoke to her of my uncle, and the perils that had threatened me from his household, she trembled, though she said: "However wicked they may be, in no way must you be wanting. You must send a courteous letter to Messire Briarti, telling him of your betrothal, as is due."

I wrote the letter and sent it to Milan, with also one to my father and the Bishop of Grenoble. I sent them by the hands of Vanni, the husband of the woman who had delivered me from Luigi's snares. This same Vanni proved a good fellow enough when not tempted to ill deeds by want, and when he returned to Brescia, some time after I had left it, he was taken into the service of Monna Lucia, and held his place faithfully until his death.

There was one thing which struck me with a constant bewilderment in the manner of my sweet love. I have never learned anything of other women's moods towards those who hold their hearts, since Afra's love was enough to satisfy me as long as she should live; nor would I wish to take pleasure in aught else if she were gone, but should prefer the pain of longing for her to the richest happiness another might bring. She was in all ways so simple and natural that I thought what she did must belong alike to all good maidens. This thing at which I wondered was that she never seemed to rest in the hope of the future, as doth a man's heart, but ever held her happiness with trembling hands, as though gifted with wise instincts to realize how fragile a thing is human joy. When I sallied gayly down the steep path from the castle, and rushed to clasp her in my arms, each line of her face and curve of her lithe body expressed a wistfulness of questioning, as if she would ask: "Do you still love me? Is there no change?" She always seemed to dwell more tenderly in thought of the moment when first we found out that we loved each other, than on any hope of future delight, such as filled my soul whether waking or sleeping. All this I saw not clearly at the time, being filled, as is the selfish soul of man, with my own happiness, and unfit for proper sympathy with her girlish heart. I thought I answered her sufficiently by catching her to my breast and kissing her passionately, or by happy schemes for our life together when the time should come for returning home. Yet once, I remember, I had no more grace than to reproach her, taking her slender hand and saying: "Wherein do I fail, my own sweet maid, in showing you the truth of my heart? Have you found me false in other things, that you think I could prove less than truth to you, who are the very satisfaction of my soul's desire?"

She kissed me sweetly, all trust and tenderness, saying: "You have never failed me nor any one. I cannot explain why I say those things. Perhaps it is because I know we are living on the earth, and that our love, which is a thing of heaven, if ever love was,

is like to be threatened with dangers. It is too good to last." She sighed, and I held her closely to me, as if to keep her from all powers of evil which might carry out the menace she imagined.

She went on: "The summer comes, and after it the winter with its blight. Thus I fear for our happiness, and that the future may not bring the joy the past has brought."

Such wistfulness shone softly in her sweet eyes, her hand clung so closely to mine, that it seemed as if her tremors communicated themselves to my own heart. As we looked out from the height of the balcony to the distant valley, watching the sun sink into the glowing waters of the river, a strong, though strange, feeling came over me that I wished we might die together at that moment, and together carry our love into the presence of God, begging Him, through the intercession of His Holy Mother and the pitying angels, who know the ills of earth and the woes of men, to let us keep it forever. The sharp blare of a trumpet brought me back to life from the land of dreams. I saw my own company of archers marching down the Via Giulia, with M. de Chavet, my guidon, at their head. I caught my little love to my heart to say farewell, and promised myself that she should never, if I could help it, be less happy than her soul craved.

Then came the blessed Easter Day, with the sun dancing in his splendor; all the hills aglow with living green, each altar snowy with narcissus and lily blooms. Only one thing cast shadow on our joy; that was the thought that to the south lay the marshes of Ravenna, and that perchance there our friends lay pierced by Spanish spears. No word came from them, nor did we know whether or not the battle had been fought.

On the bright morn after Easter Angela was wedded to Messire Rontini, taking her way to the church under long arches of green boughs cut from the forest and entwined with fair flowers. There were provided in great profusion for the wedding breakfast casks of Greek wine, more luscious to the taste than the thinner wine of Lombardy; capons; hampers of delicate sea-fish; wild hares, which were cooked in a new and pleasant way; cream cheese and the good cheese of Brescia; turkeys and fresh beef; many baskets of sweetmeats and tarts, made from fruits dried in the sun by the hands of some cloistered nun, so that they keep without losing the natural flavor; there were small chickens garnished with sugar and rose-water, and chickens with little balls of batter fried in sweet oil; there were galantines and quails, capons stuffed with sausages, little caramels made of pine-seed, and tarts of sugar and almonds.

All Brescia vied to do honor to the sweet maiden, no less those who were poor than those who came as guests of honor. Sweet bells rang merrily, and my lord of the castle bade the trumpeters play because of the good cheer which her house had given to the noble knight, Captain Bayard, when he lay sick and like to die.

The merrymakings of the marriage lasted for several days, and on the last evening there was a great banquet, to which all the noble gentlemen of the castle were invited, as well as all the distinguished people of the town. As we sat at supper in the hall, with the windows open to the gallery, a confused shouting reached our ears from the street below. The uproar grew more boisterous, and we bade the lackeys inquire the cause of it; but before they had reached the court-yard my man Pomponio rushed frantically into the room, crying, "The Spanish! The Spanish!"

We leaped to our feet, not knowing what he meant, nor how the Spanish could be near enough to cause his fear, if fear it were. I shook him savagely, crying: "Tell your story! Can you not see you are terrifying the ladies? Where are the Spanish? What of them?"

"Killed, messire, every one of them!" Pomponio gasped, and sunk into a seat.

"Is the man mad?" shouted the Lord d'Aubigny, telling his own servants to go at once to learn the true tidings. We all ran into the gallery, and saw a crowd of soldiers pouring in from the street; in their midst a messenger, mud-splashed and ragged, with sharp lines of fatigue upon his face, though flushed and triumphant as the soldiers pushed him towards the steps. At the foot he stopped and yelled: "Huzza! The Spanish are routed! Where is the Lord d'Aubigny?"

"Come here," he cried. The man ran up the steps, still crying, "There are not four thousand out of twenty who are not slain or captured."

Then, with no warning, he burst into sobs, his tears pouring forth as he gasped, "The duke! the dear young duke!"

"What of him?" we cried together.

"Dead; pierced in the front with thirty wounds! Alas for France this day!"

A groan burst from every breast, and I scarce found the breath to ask, "The Captain Bayard, is he living?"

"He lives, and the Captain Louis d'Arç; so does my Lord of La Palisse. But the Lord d'Alegre, his son, the Captains Jacob, Molart, Maugiron, and many others are no more."

There was not one in the room who heard this fearful news calmly; those who were not French wept for our grief. No more thought of merrymaking was possible, and the servants cleared away the signs of feasting, while we sat with bowed heads, trying to learn the truth from the messenger. Only in scraps could he give it to us, since he had neither wit to understand the details of that wonderful battle, so furious, so bloody, and so gloriously fought on both sides, nor had he waited to learn the whole story, having set out full tilt as soon as the day was decided. In one sentence he would cry, "We have taken all their artillery, horses, hackbuts, wagons!

Huzza!" then fall to weeping, groaning, "The duke! Alas, the duke!" He would tell how many times the Captain Bayard had his horse killed under him, and then repeat some foolish saying of a foot-soldier till we were like to go mad with bewilderment and sorrow.

We were left in suspense for several days as to the real outcome of the campaign, though each day saw some one hurrying through Brescia with tidings for the different garrisons of Lombardy. Putting their accounts together, we gathered some idea of the truth; but it is not for me, who was not an eye-witness, to tell of what took place at Ravenna. Those who saw it can better describe it, for I have set myself no more important task than the chronicling of my own life in Italy. Many of those whom I have mentioned in these pages are worthy of better treatment than my pen can give them,—the Sister Angela Merici; the Captain Louis d'Ars, who was the sweetest-tempered gentleman, next to my own dear Lord of Bayard, that I have ever seen. All these must wait some worthier scribe. My business is to tell how I myself left Brescia and returned to Dauphiny.

On the third day after we had learned the fatal news of the duke's death Pomponio brought me a letter from the Bishop of Grenoble, who wrote on behalf of my father. He lay sick unto death, and prayed me, if my duty to the king permitted, to hasten home at once. I told the Lord d'Aubigny, and he answered, "Go, messire, with all speed; nor need you return hither. For the king is about to withdraw all the troops from Italy except a few of the garrisons, since the Venetians are planning to attack Milan. You may rejoin the army there."

I thanked him for his kindness, and went to tell Afra, with my heart full of sorrow for my father.

There seemed never need for words between us, whether because she spoke less than other women, and so saw more, or because my own face has a trick of saying things before my tongue, though that was never a laggard. Perhaps it was because our hearts were one; but, whatever it was, she always understood my face at the first glance.

When I had told her of the letter she said, "Have you ever found me bold, Marcel?"

"You are so much the very pearl of modesty, my heart's treasure, that all you do becomes thereby the pattern for all other ladies."

"Then call me not bold if I say I cannot let you leave me."

"Dare I ask you to go with me? It will be a rough, hard journey, with little rest or food. You would have no splendid wedding like Angela's."

"Would you weigh any of these things if I were with you? Then no more do I," she answered, well knowing that I should not have felt the pain of being torn with red-hot pincers in her presence.

With no gayety nor ceremony we were married the next morning

at the early mass, and immediately after breakfast mounted our horses with our attendants to take the road for Milan. I left Pomponio to bring Afra's wedding-chests as soon as the country should be safe for travelling.

Outside of Milan the roads into the city were thronged with people—peasants, soldiers, noble lords—flocking into the city. At the Porta Venezia it was almost impossible to force our way, and I asked of a juggler who stood near, "What stirs the city?" At the same moment I heard the great bell of the Duomo tolling, and in a moment saw a long, sad procession bearing the body of our dear young commander to his tomb in the Cathedral. There were more than two thousand mourners, almost all of them on horseback. Forty ensigns, captured from the Spanish and their allies, trailed on the ground before his bier, while his own banners were borne around his body, to show that he had conquered, though he was no more. All the city mourned, even those who had no feeling of loyalty for our King of France, for in the death of Gaston de Foix all nobility received a blow.

We sought first the inn where I had lodged when I left the Villa Briarti; but it was crowded with soldiers. Every room, every cot, was engaged; nor would money induce any of them to give us their places, since their pouches were already filled with Spanish gold, and fatigue and sorrow alike made them anxious for rest. We tried every other inn, but with no better success; then I said in despair: "We must seek my uncle; there is nothing else to do."

Afra turned a shade paler, and seemed about to protest; but I insisted. "We must find shelter for a few hours. He has lost all power over me, and I do not fear him."

When we found ourselves before the Briarti mansion I was struck with its look of desolation. No black flags of mourning for the duke hung from its balconied windows, as from every other house in the town. We knocked loudly at the gate, but no one answered. For some time we vainly tried to gain entrance, till our noisy efforts attracted the attention of the neighbors. It was already nearly dusk, and I did not want to spend the night in a church porch, like a belated peasant at a fair.

"Tell me, for the love of heaven, does any one live in this house?" I asked the porter of the next one to it, who had come forth from his gate.

"The house is closed; they say the family is no more," he said.

"Is not this the dwelling of Messire Briarti?" I cried, amazed.

"It was," the man replied. "He is dead, as I have said."

"Good God!" I cried. "What has befallen him? For Our Lady's sake, beg your mistress to give this lady shelter for the night." The man led us within the gate, and we were most kindly entertained by the mistress of the house, who told us how my uncle's household had been blotted out. He himself had never returned

from that journey of which Margherita had written me, and it was thought he had been killed by brigands in the mountains. Margherita had unfortunately lost her control over Luigi by suddenly disclosing some weakness or fear of him. He ceased to regard her as a being of mysterious power, conceived a violent passion for her, and when she met him with contempt he killed her. The feeble lady, Madame Briarti, whose small force of character had been destroyed by fear of the evil deeds that were done about her, had lost her wits and been shut up by her relatives. So my uncle's superb fortune, the beautiful villa, the great house in Milan, lay unclaimed. I had no wish for them, even if I should prove to be the heir.

When we reached Grenoble we found that monseigneur had kindly given a dispensation for my father to be brought from the monastery, where Afra could not have seen him, to the pilgrimage inn, farther down the mountains. This was possible, since he had not yet taken his final vows; and so he was with us, to bless us both, before his peaceful death, which occurred a few days after our arrival. At the same time my dear Lord of Bayard was dangerously ill of a terrible fever, which made us all despair of his life. He moaned bitterly that he had not died at Ravenna or of his wound at Brescia, if he was to die in his bed like a frail maiden. But Our Lord had other brave deeds for him to do for France. I was with him at Marignano; I was with him at Pampeluna, where I had the honor of engaging that noble Spanish knight, Messire Inigo of Loyola, who was so perfect a flower of chivalry that one might, on his account, change one's idea of Spaniards. I was also at the little town of Robecco, which has the miserable distinction of having seen the good chevalier receive his death-wound. Even yet I cannot speak of that dreadful day; nor did I care, when he was gone, whether or not the wound that I myself had received should let me bear arms again. Perhaps because of grief, it never really healed, and since it was my sword-arm, it was useless for me to take the field again. I need not say that Afra was not sorry, though she had always borne herself as became a soldier's wife. She was glad to have me at home with my retinue, that our boys might be trained as I had been, nor test the dangers of a court. And as it happened that I was useful to the king in our own province, the years have been full of honor and happiness, which are dull for chronicling, though pleasant in the passing. Having little skill beyond telling a plain, straight tale, I will not seek to spin it out, but will close the roll. Yet I should like the last word to be of her who comes first with me. Her beauty never seemed to lessen; her virtues increased with time. Her words were ever few, but each one precious to me. Once I said to her, "I can count to you every word you said to me from the time I found you in the loft till I brought you to St. Eymond."

"But not the measure of my love," she answered.

"One thing you said of which I never knew the meaning. You

told me once I had forgotten to name the eighth wonder of Dauphiny. What did you mean, Afra?"

"The eighth wonder of Dauphiny," she said, smiling with lovely eyes and sweet red mouth, "was the blind Cupid of whom my Lord of Bayard spoke; it was a noble Dauphinese who rightly bore the fair device, 'True heart,—true hand.'"

THE END.

JAMES WILSON AND HIS TIMES.

ONE of the most conspicuous of men in America a hundred years ago was James Wilson, of Pennsylvania. Scattered notices of him disclose the fear or the admiration of his abilities as they were brought to bear upon men who dissented from or agreed with him. McMaster tells us that he was oftener on his feet in debate during the Constitutional Convention of 1787 than James Madison, and was surpassed only by Gouverneur Morris. The late Alexander Johnston, of Princeton, has recorded his judgment that "hardly any member of the Convention ranks higher than he for profound insight into the real nature of government and the Constitution of the United States." French officers who served under Rochambeau in the Virginia campaign were impressed with the solidity and variety of his erudition. His political adversaries assailed him with hard names, burned him in effigy, and even besieged him in his own house, as a man whose prominence and influence rendered him especially obnoxious. He was the first professor of law in any institution of learning in English-speaking America; was one of the earliest associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; wrote an opinion, acquiesced in by the majority of that bench, which led to an immediate amendment of the National Constitution; and died prematurely, under a weight of financial disaster. Evidently there were picturesque features of his life worth an ample record.

Unfortunately, that life will never be fairly reconstructed, because the material for it has been allowed to perish. The papers of his which have been preserved, beyond two or three famous orations, are unworthy of his reputation, and Mr. Waln's encomiums in Sanderson's "Lives of the Signers" are neither critical nor profound. Let one compare these poor remains with the "Memoirs" of Judge James Iredell, his associate upon the same bench, and his survivor by only a few months, and one cannot but feel that Wilson's historians were either inferior men or indifferent to his fame. Indeed, those "Memoirs" preserve Iredell's disparaging sense of unfilial deportment, when Wilson died, on the part of the son who, a few years later, appeared as the editor of his father's Works. Those Works suggest two criticisms to the reader at once: first, they are devoid of nearly everything in the way of personal reminiscences; secondly, with few exceptions, the papers preserved are what in this age would be considered juvenile. A man who in the prime of life had been the coadjutor of statesmen and soldiers engaged in shaping the future of a continent, who had worked with active hand on the plastic institutions of a new political system, who was known to his compatriots as grave, thoughtful, faithful, must have accumulated a correspondence which would be of great historical interest could it now be perused.

The key to the wide divergence between Wilson's contemporary and posthumous fame is partly personal and partly political. He was

a Federalist, and suffered from the waning fortunes of that party, which, particularly in Pennsylvania, became impotent before the progress of Jeffersonianism. In the Iredell "Memoirs" may easily be traced the personal equation. When the Southern jurist encountered his Pennsylvania colleague on their circuits, particularly into New England, he was agreeably surprised to find Judge Wilson so learned, intelligent, capable, and agreeable; but in commenting upon Wilson's famous opinion on the amenability of a State to processes of the court, Iredell thought the argument unworthy of the author,—and it was. In a grave constitutional question concerning the sovereignty of a State and the mode of serving summons on a State to answer the suit of an individual, Wilson had taken the strongest Federalist ground. He even went beyond that, and would have no political body exempt from the obligations of equity and their enforcement by competent tribunals. Of all jurists of that time, Wilson had most persistently asserted, "in season and out of season," that the basis of just government was popular sovereignty. It was not the basis,—it was the fact, inherent and vital, and the business of statesmen and lawyers was to give it freedom of expression. The question, "How far can a political mechanism escape responsibility to the persons who have created it?" arose in the American revolutionary struggle, and in various forms has shaped the issues of our constitutional history. Wilson consistently favored the side of the people, even while obnoxious to them as an "aristocrat." The decision which made a sovereign State of the Union answerable in equity before United States courts was rendered in 1793, and was immediately overturned by the eleventh amendment to the Federal Constitution. It was known as *Chisholm versus Georgia*. The principles of the decision have long since overridden the amendment; for, while we cannot directly sue a sovereign State, the lawyers, forced by the exigencies of a decent equity, have provided for suing officers of government whose costs and penalties the States, and even the United States, now freely pay out of the taxes. I am persuaded that James Wilson was on the short cut to a better and an ultimate solution of this problem of political jurisprudence, so vital to the future of democracy. But while his splendid forecast and logical habits of thought remained in his conclusions, his argument, loaded with classical examples and pedantic researches, made up a clever example of an excellent college-commencement oration. The opinion is preserved on the shelves of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, but his son, Bird Wilson, had the sense to leave it out of the Works he edited.

Out of this review certain personal qualities of Judge Wilson fairly emerge. He was far more impressive when in direct contact with men than as an author. He seems constantly to have embarked upon schemes, intellectual and financial, which, if left to his own impulses, he failed to bring to fruition. He set about codifying the laws of Pennsylvania, made elaborate studies of method, lamented his want of adequate books, changed his plans, and finally abandoned the undertaking, alleging a lack of legislative support, but evidently overwhelmed by the magnitude to which the task had grown in his own mind. He began a course of law-lectures, but stopped in the second

year, leaving notes of them which he knew to be immature and imperfect, intending to revise them for publication, but leaving them to appear under the negligent editing of his son. He had been the advocate-general of Gerard's French legation during the time Rochambeau was campaigning in Virginia, but made no permanent mark as a diplomatist. He engaged in banking and land speculations, but sank into debt and died poor. On the other hand, he was no demagogue. As a pleader at the bar he was hardly surpassed. The populace reviled him for his learning and decorum, yet he was the champion of popular rights. His views of constitutional law filtered into the arguments of a Webster a generation later. One gets the impression that he was a dignified, upright, able, and gentlemanly man. Where lies the secret of this divergence between the man and the man's products? There are persons of lethargic grandeur. They are responsibly but not impulsively great. Personal attrition reveals them. Alone, they dream high thoughts, but do not utter them. Their splendor ebbs and flows with occasion. As an advocate and a Senator, James Wilson was one of the most brilliant and capable men of his age. Elsewhere, he is a closet-philosopher, holding sweet converse with Montesquieu and Beccaria, less on the bench than at the bar; worthy of love, but disappointing admiration; penetrative and profound, but inert in expression and execution. Hence his history is like that of a storm-wave, riding in on the blast high-crested, phosphorescent, and far-stranded; but the beach-line of his reflux is no fit mark of his worth. His influence has subsided into the unmeasured flood of human life.

Although no biography of Wilson is ever likely to be truthfully written, much clusters about him that is illustrative of his times and of most suggestive interest. He was a Fifeshire man, and only the Forth estuary separated the home of his childhood from that of John Witherspoon, the nursling of the descendants of John Knox. It seems well-nigh incredible that a Scotch lad, born under the shadows of St. Andrews, whose father could keep him at school in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and who could negotiate a loan at twenty-three years of age on his patrimony across the seas in order to pay the expenses of his legal education in America, could have had no birthplace nor ancestry. Yet so Judge Wilson stands to-day for all the records accessible to the public. He came by way of New York to Philadelphia. But a more interesting question arises out of the Scottish antecedents of this youth. He and Witherspoon were among the most typical Americans who signed the Declaration of Independence. Both reached America when the Stamp-Tax agitation was at its height, the Fifeshire lad landing in New York about 1764, and the Haddington scholar arriving at Princeton in 1767, about eighteen months after he had been elected president of Nassau Hall. Both threw themselves ardently into the cause of legislative independence for the colonies. This they did because their Scotch experience was closely analogous to the American situation. Scotland was undergoing a process of English deglutition in their day, and it was a sore subject to her sons. The last ensign of her independence fell on the field of Culloden, and her

ethnic life seemed doomed slowly to fade away. To a union of crowns, in 1603, her sons opposed no remonstrance, but gloried in furnishing a Stuart king for the new throne. But Parliamentary union, in 1705, under the foreign Hanover House was altogether another thing. Long after hope of resistance to English absorption had ceased (and Culloden showed how useless that was), resentment still lingered in the Scotchman's heart. That feeling was stronger in the East than in the West, for English commerce, law, manners, and speech had for generations been invading Caledonia by way of the Glasgow flank, while Edinburgh lingered as the centre of the race traditions and ambitions of the North. To Witherspoon and Wilson Edinburgh was the heart of their native land. Within the circle of her fascination they had learned loyalty to the crown and hatred of an English Parliament. They were political Bessarions fleeing from the invasion of the commercial Turk of Europe to the West with their ancestral traditions. They assuaged the pain of wounded patriotism by successfully renewing in America the issues defeated in the land of their birth. Here afresh they fought for loyalty to the king and the repudiation of an alien Parliamentary rule, until the king made the cause of Parliament his own, and then they abandoned both.

This easy conversion of expatriated Scotchmen into whole-souled Americans suggests further correspondences. Among the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, eight were born in what is now known as the United Kingdom. This is very nearly the same ratio to native population as the census showed to exist in 1880. The persistence of that ratio is remarkable. It is now, as then, equally hostile to English ascendancy, although then the immigrants were nearly all British, while now they are from all the nations of Europe. Of the signers, only two were Englishmen,—Button Gwinnett, the Georgian, and the generous Robert Morris, who had gained an affluence in Philadelphia which was denied to persons of his rank in his native land. These men were not Britons in America. They added no strength to the cause of England, but were solvents of the ties that bound the colonies to the mother-country. No one has estimated the relation which foreign-born citizens held to American independence, but they rushed to the Legislature of the colony, to the Senate of the nascent nation, to the conventions of their adopted land, and to the army, to do and dare for independence. It would therefore seem that by emigration Great Britain had planted the discontents of her own people abroad. Her escaping children bore with them souls bitter from the sense of enforced expatriation. Their alienation from the harshness at home became the spirit of independent nationality across the seas. A sore heart turns emigration into exile, and that factor has yet to be reckoned with in the dissolution of an empire.

Wilson's history calls us further to reflect on the youth of the men who led America from subordination to freedom. Washington was but forty-three when he was commissioned commander-in-chief of the Continental armies, and but four months older than Grant when he received the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court-House. Greene was but thirty-nine when, at Guilford Court-House, he turned Corn-

wallis out of the Carolinas. Lincoln was forty-eight when he received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown. But that young men should be high in rank in the army is not so surprising as that they should preponderate in council. Of the immortal Congress of 1776 one-fifth had not passed thirty-five years; thirty-five out of fifty-seven were forty-five years old or less, and forty-six were within the limit of fifty years, when the Declaration of Independence was passed. The first cabinet under the Constitution was remarkable not only for its youthfulness, but for the marked ability with which it confronted problems absolutely new in government. Jefferson at forty-six was the oldest member, and Hamilton at thirty-two the youngest. Edmund Randolph entered the administration at thirty-six and Knox at thirty-nine, the average age being thirty-eight years. In the first Supreme Court, at its organization in 1790, John Jay, the chief justice, was but forty-four; Harrison, of Maryland, resigned after a few months' service, and was succeeded by James Iredell, of North Carolina, the youngest of them all, at thirty-nine. Their average age was a little less than forty-nine years. Three of the six had been members of the convention which framed the Federal Constitution; James Wilson alone had been both a conventionist and a signer of the Declaration. All of them had previously become distinguished as legislators and jurists in their respective States. Wilson was forty-six when he was appointed an associate justice, and thirteen years before he had engrossed his name on the famous Declaration, having been one of the most conspicuous debaters in the Congress which adopted it. At about twenty-six years of age, when he was fresh from the tuition of John Dickinson, of the "Farmer's Letters," and during the second year of his admission to the Pennsylvania bar, he had written a pamphlet, denying with calm and lofty reasoning the right of the British Parliament to legislate for America. This brochure was not published until 1774, but it marked its author out as a fitting counsellor for the nascent nation, and probably began his political career.

Impetuosity is thought to be the characteristic of youth, but perhaps never before or since have smoother hands more deftly guided the bark of state on a more skilful voyage. One who plunges into the popular writing of that day very soon begins to wonder that its exuberances and fanatic heat seldom or never appear in the solemn state papers and the forensic debates of the times. The general culture of the country was small. Outside of John Winthrop, of Connecticut, Jonathan Edwards, and John Wise, one blushes for the colonial literature of America. Yet the age put its best men uniformly to the front. Liberal education was the possession of the few, but those few were trusted and utilized. Let those who in modern days revile collegiate training as unpractical study the records of that epoch and learn what it is worth in the supreme exigencies of a nation. In 1776 there were eight chartered colleges in the revolted colonies.* Witherspoon was invited here to take charge of Princeton, and the beardless Wilson was

* They were Harvard, Yale, Columbia (New York), Pennsylvania, Princeton, Dartmouth, Brown, and Rutgers.

promptly made a tutor in the College of Philadelphia because of his excellence in the classics. Men connected with these institutions as teachers or pupils had a prodigious influence in shaping the destinies of America.

There hangs over the times a false classicism, and no offender has been more deeply mired than James Wilson. As an author, his exuberant Greek grew pedantic. Yet had not Christopher Wren put on Broadway the exquisite chapel of St. Paul's Church, with a Greek porch and a lovely steeple, which a Hellene might admire but could never have conceived? The age was one of Doric columns and square towers, of curtailed peristyles and *cella* with windows on four sides. Europe had a Renaissance, and why should America be begrudged it? Ascham preceded Jonson and Shakespeare. Why should we not have our Witherspoon and Wilson in order to get our Irving and Bryant? In literature Wilson wrought on models of classics now sophomorical, in which the man is not the master of his art. But be it remembered, he never aimed to be an artist or author, but only a citizen and an honest jurist.

I confess to a pathetic sense of the culture of those days. The first law professorship in America disclosed its tender infancy and touching sponsorship. He, the profoundest constitutional lawyer of his day, was appointed to teach jurisprudence in what soon became the University of Pennsylvania. On the west side of Fourth Street, near Arch, stood a two-story chapel erected to hear Whitefield preach in. It stood back from the curb; it was capacious, cheap, and simple. Under its shingles the university was long housed. Within its walls the first course of law lectures in America was begun. From the records of the day we learn that the inimitable Washington graced the opening deliverance. The general came to hear the opening lectures; feminine beauty was there, powdered and behooped; youth was there, in something less than modern freshman verdancy. The *élite* of every sort attended, but a hundred benches would hold them all. No extant literature better represents the culture of the time, or the deep Americanism of it. There were stately compliments, fine classical efflorescences, but, above all, a fine popularization of law. It was said in Parliament, while Gage was commanding in Boston, "See how well these Americans are versed in Crown Law! I doubt whether they have been guilty of an overt act of treason, but I am sure they have come within a hair's-breadth of it."

Law was a passion of that age. But, after reading the lectures of Wilson over from end to end, I seem to see his worth and his limitations. I am sure he meant, first of all, to be understood of all men. Fancy his constituency of cabinet-officers, belles, and sophomores. A fine tradition lies between these lectures and their motive. To Wilson's colleague, Gouverneur Morris, of New York, was committed the duty of drafting the Constitution of the United States in its final shape. Much criticism has come to us from abroad because we have done nothing to increase English literature. I venture to say that there never was a political or legal rhetoric so exact, simple, and perfect as that which Morris and his colleagues stamped on American jurisprudence.

Wilson tried to stamp it on his law lectures. He disliked persiflage and clerical expansion. He thought the law should be such a common possession as Gouverneur Morris could make it. Alack, that our ancestors are dead, with their finest fancies in their disbanded craniums!

This study can be pursued no further. Others have followed it up more methodically. This portraiture belongs to the man's times, and only partly to himself. I am sure he was dignified, as all short-sighted men are; that he was lethargic, and missed his hold; that he was able and honest, and that he went down in contemporary fame because he was farther-sighted than his biographers.

D. O. Kellogg.

A DIPLOMATIC FORECAST.

THE indications are that the three great nations of the world will be Great Britain, Russia, and the United States, and that the pre-eminence of these will soon be established in the world's affairs. None of the other nations have the necessary land. Germany is comparatively small, lies between Russia on the east and France on the west, and cannot spread north on account of the ocean, nor south on account of the Alps, which separate it from Italy. There is no territory from which Germany can be augmented, unless perhaps Austria (should that empire be dismembered), and there is so little of Austria that is available for Germany that the addition would not weigh much in the magnitude of international affairs. To get additional territory, Germany must pass over several states and take land in Africa,—about the only region still open to spoliation. The German empire and the German language have, therefore, probably reached their greatest extent. In all other parts of the world other powerful peoples and languages are in control, or have the best chance of permanently establishing themselves.

France has no means of any considerable extension, for the reason that it is hemmed in by powerful nations. It cannot spread eastward on account of running against Germany, nor westward without encountering the ocean. There is no land for it on the north, while Spain and Italy lie at the south. By jumping over the Mediterranean, it seeks, indeed, to extend its domain into Africa; but besides finding there an uncongenial climate, it soon encounters the Great Desert, while the few pieces of territory elsewhere available in Africa are so scattered and so hemmed in by the domains of other great powers that they furnish little scope for material increase of empire. The French language, for the same reason, cannot spread, being permanently limited in this respect, like the German, whereas language and empire must now spread together. It will be all that France can do to maintain its present territory and speech. The English and German languages are both encroaching on the latter even in France, and it is no longer possible for a language, any more than a state, to live in a small territory. With the resistless extension of the English speech and

people in all directions, they may soon penetrate France and divide sovereignty there.

Austria can never be much greater as a power than it now is, because it has already taken in all the territory it can get without encroaching on Russia or Turkey, which the other great powers will not permit. It is already a conglomerate of many states, speaking many languages, and having conflicting interests and prejudices. It is probable that if Russia is ever successful in a war against Austria it will take some of its domain, while Turkey, with the aid of England, may ultimately take (for England) the remainder. But even should Austria retain all it now has, it will not have enough for a great empire like Russia, Great Britain, or the United States. It is largely a mountainous tract, and is already as thickly settled as its resources will permit. It has no particular language to assist it in spreading and consolidating. If it becomes German in speech, it risks being absorbed by Germany; whereas if it adopts a Slavonic language,—Polish or Russian,—it exposes itself to absorption by Russia. The Hungarians are not sufficiently numerous to make a great state through their own people or language, and perhaps not even to dominate the other peoples of the Austro-Hungarian empire. There is in Austria no chance for any considerable expansion in any way.

Italy is too small to become a great empire, and it has no room in which to spread. Its language is weak and dying, being superseded by the northern languages of Europe. The parent Roman language has already been divided into four, each weaker than the original and less calculated for becoming the language of conquered peoples. Italy, moreover, is not aggressive or adapted for propagation. It is limited through its position, like the Italian people, and there is no opportunity for it, except through absorption, to become greater. The arts of Italy are now taken up by other peoples, and cultivated beyond the power of Italians to extend or perfect them. What was once Italian is now French, German, or English. Mastery in every respect has departed from Italy and fled to the north.

Spain still less than Italy exhibits capacity for domination. Instead of spreading, it is contracting its powers. It has recently lost nearly all its territory except the Iberian Peninsula, and on that the English have begun encroaching. It will be all that Spain can do for ages to manage its own small territory and people, which are likely soon to become the prey of other nations. The Spanish language, which once spread through Mexico, Central and South America, as well as the West Indies and the Philippine Islands, is now fast losing ground in all these places. The English language is gaining rapidly on it through the spread of English and American commerce, travel, and conquest. The territory in which the Spanish language is spoken is still large, but it is spoken mostly in sparsely settled districts, and shares the territory with native and foreign languages. The people, moreover, who speak Spanish are not united, but constitute many nations and confederacies, which are undergoing frequent changes. They have not the conditions for building up a Hispano-American empire.

The other states of Europe—Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium,

Portugal, etc.—are all too small to become powerful, and there is no territory from which they can enlarge themselves. All the land of Europe is now appropriated; the unoccupied land of other continents is being absorbed by the three great powers first mentioned,—Russia, Great Britain, and the United States,—and these are so powerful that they will never let go of any of it. Those states that are now small must remain small, and those that are now largest will in all probability remain large. The small countries will have all they can do in maintaining their present status and languages. The chances are that they will ultimately be absorbed in the greater states which are contiguous to them. The tendency of the powers is to consolidate, and so to become fewer instead of more. With our increase of the means of communication, greater areas can operate together as one body than formerly, so that there is no longer need for so much separate and local legislation. There is no reason why there should be twenty states in Europe instead of three, or why there should be twenty languages instead of three. People are assimilating and forming great combinations, and the indications are that all political power will soon centre in very few hands, and perhaps ultimately be wielded by some single combination. The forces which tend to this are very active.

Russia, Great Britain, and the United States each has people and territory enough for unlimited power. Nobody can estimate the population that can be sustained by the vast steppes of Russia and the boundless plains of Siberia, which extend through all climates capable of supporting life and empire. Russia's present territory can support a thousand million of people, and if such a population can be controlled by one government, it will be sufficient to conquer any power now existing. Besides its present territory, Russia is reaching out for more land in China and other parts of Asia, with a good prospect of getting it. If Russia maintains what it now has, and secures what it is now claiming, it will have land enough to support half the population of the globe.

About the same can be said of Great Britain. While the British Isles are small, they are admirably situated for central power. The English can easily run out into all parts of the world. Their foreign possessions in Canada, Australia, and India are of almost limitless extent, and no estimate can be made of what they may ultimately support and accomplish. England is beginning to divide with Russia the Asiatic continent, and it is a question of how much each shall possess. The indications are that these two powers will one day control all Asia, and with such a vast territory and population either of them will be a match for any or all the other European peoples. The manifest destiny of Europe is to be controlled by Russia on the east and Great Britain on the west, and controlled largely by reason of the Asiatic hordes which are being drawn to their support; so that Asia will again come into power in Europe by the control which it will exercise through Russia and Great Britain.

The United States is the only other power that can measure with these two, both in its present capabilities and in its capacity for expansion. We have already a territory as large as all of Europe exclusive of Russia, and capable of supporting as large a population. We are

consolidated in government, language, and customs, and are one people, with practically one interest. We have more territory in one body favorable for wealth, commerce, and power than any other nation, and all in the Temperate Zone. Our soil is substantially all fertile, and capable of producing the best results in developing mankind. It is cold enough in America to develop the strongest intellects, and warm enough to ripen the most profitable crops, while our extent of territory gives us all the variety needed for self-support and independence. There is no limitation on our possibilities, such as contracts the future of Germany, France, and most other states. The future of America none can now limit, and how large it may become none can tell.

For these reasons we say the three great powers of the world must be Russia, England, and the United States. England has, indeed, some of the same disadvantages as Austria. It is a conglomerate empire,—European, Asiatic, and American. It speaks many languages, embraces many races, and has most diverse interests and customs. It is not united in religion, education, or climatic influences. Its consolidation is yet to be accomplished; its principal parts are widely separated, and most of it must be governed from a great distance. It is separated by great seas and foreign territories. Most of its people have had no experience in imperial life. It is from its great extent highly vulnerable both from within and from without. Its language, however, is becoming more uniform. The English is crowding out all other tongues, and will ultimately be the speech of the whole empire. In this respect it is like the United States and unlike Russia. Russia has not yet one language. While most parts of the empire speak the Slavonic tongue, they do not speak the same dialect, and no single language is likely soon so to predominate as to supplant the rest in their present territory. Russia is still, like the Tower of Babel, arrested in its growth by a confusion of tongues. England and America together have the greatest linguistic weapon the world possesses; for both speak one language throughout their principal domain, and the people who speak this language are the most aggressive on the globe. Should they unite for purposes of conquest, no power could resist them, and the force of the two combined must prevail wherever the soil is not already pre-empted by a powerful tongue.

No more languages will be formed on the globe. Those peoples which have not a permanent speech will take up the English and domesticate it, and in those places where a language is spoken in only a small territory the English will drive it out. This is the manifest destiny of states and languages, and in the far future the great conflict of the world will doubtless be between the English-speaking power and the Slavonic, or between Great Britain and America on one side and Russia on the other. These will in all probability have as their subject of contention the possession of Asia. About the only thing that can prevent this great spread of the three chief powers mentioned is an early war between Russia and Germany, before Russia is fairly established in her new greatness. If Germany should conquer in such war it would get an outlet for its population in lands at present owned by Russia. For by driving back Russia and taking those parts of its ter-

ritory bordering on her own, Germany could extend its language and people, and possibly save both to greatness. At the same time it would cripple its chief rival and provide against future uprisals. It is to the interest of Germany soon to match its strength against the growing Russian power. Its fight for life will be a fight for Russian territory. Germany cannot grow unless it grows eastward; but if it gets started there it can spread indefinitely, and this it can do only before Russia consolidates its mongrel population.

It is a question whether it is not now too late for this; but if it is not done soon, it will in the near future become forever impossible. The accomplishment of this extension eastward is the one chief contingency that may change the fate of the great empires as indicated, add Germany to the three we have mentioned, and possibly make it supplant Russia. For if Germany should annex much of Russia, it would, with its present intelligence, discipline, and general consolidation, be equal to any of the great powers as they now are or as they may hereafter become. By making such addition to itself, which it could do only after a successful war with Russia, and then absorbing Austria and Turkey, it would become the fourth great power of the world, and perhaps the third. This consummation would not be antagonized by England as the extension of Russia would be. In fact, England would welcome a growing rival to Russia in the East, and no power can become such except Germany, with its vast military and scientific proficiency. Turkey cannot long remain as a bulwark against either Russia or any other great power pressing for its territory. It must soon pass into the control of other hands, and the power that gets it will become the dominant power of eastern Europe. Germany is already planning for territory with which to control the Orient. Its attempt on the Philippines is indicative of its ambition in that direction, and a challenge to Russia, Great Britain, and the United States in regard to their control of the world.

Austin Bierbower.

THE GUEST.

A GUEST is at the door,
And the song he is singing,
And the rose he is bringing,
Teach me dreams undreamed before.

A guest is in the room,
And the love-song that he sings,
And the red rose that he brings,
Are the signs of joy and doom.

Dear Love has come and flown,
But the song that he taught me,
And the rose that he brought me,
Are the sweets men die to own.

Viola Roseboro.

THE TALE OF THE DOUBTFUL GRANDFATHER.

"THAT there is the grave of my grandfather," said the old man, waving his cane, "Isaac or Reginald Latimore—"

"It says 'Isaac' on the tombstone," the small boy interrupted. "Which was his name, Isaac or Reginald? And why didn't he have one name?"

"It ain't which was his name, but which was he, for whether he was Isaac or Reginald is a doubtful question which can't be settled. He is labelled Isaac there, because, when he died, the relatives all agreed that it was scandalous to have the question of who he was keepin' on after his death, so they agreed to take a vote as to who he was and abide by it, and at the funeral ten voted he was Reginald and thirty-two voted Isaac: so Isaac is the name on the stone. But I have allers thought that the vote was influenced by the fact that the folks, bein' good orthodox people, felt that it was more Christian-like to put a good Bible name like Isaac on the stone than a highfalutin', worldly name like Reginald. You just sit down and I'll tell you how who my grandfather really was came to be so doubtful.

"The Latimore family was an offshoot of the English nobility, and there hadn't been but two generations of 'em in Massachusetts when the Revolution broke out. William Latimore was the first one born this side of the water, and he had one son and three daughters by a first wife, and one son and two daughters by a second wife. They was all growed up and married when the war begun. The second wife was an Episcopal woman, though William was orthodox; the few Episcopal in Massachusetts were mostly Tories; and her son John fought in the British army and settled in Nova Scotia when the war was over. This made William awful mad, and he left all his property to his oldest son Lemuel. Lemuel thought it was all right, seein' how he had fit in the Continental army all through the war and John was a Tory, but somehow he wasn't so satisfied and didn't have so much to say about turn-coats when he heard that all the English Latimores had died out and that John had proved up and got the Barony of St. Clement at Wood. By rights Lemuel should have had it as the elder, and some say he wrote to John and objected, and that John replied that he was a British subject and that Lemuel wasn't, and that no English court was goin' to give that barony to a late rebel in preference to a loyal subject. I don't know that Lemuel wrote, but some say he did. He never mentioned it around home, for it wouldn't have sounded well after all he had had to say before.

"Well, after thirty years or so they made up, and John's boy, Reginald, aged eighteen, came over here to see Lemuel's folks, and Lemuel's boy, Isaac, aged nineteen, was to go back with him to see John's folks. Both John and Lemuel was shorter on sons than their father had been, havin' but one son each. No two peas could have looked more alike than them two boys, they say, except for an important particular. Old folks said they was the very moral of their grand-

father at their age, except that where their grandfather had red hair Isaac had very dark brown hair, while Reginald had corn-silk yellow hair.

“At first the boys was mighty good friends, but a girl come between ’em. Isaac had been sorter sparkin’ Mehitabel Manson for a year at the time of Reginald’s visit. There warn’t no understandin’ between Isaac and Mehitabel, and Reginald didn’t know his cousin went with her when he first began shyin’ round the girl himself. Before he found it out he was dead in love, and then he wouldn’t and couldn’t back out. Folks married earlier in them days than now; still, nineteen was some early to be gittin’ engaged, but Isaac didn’t want Reginald to git ahead of him, so he proposed, and Reginald didn’t want Isaac to git ahead of him, so *he* proposed. There was considerations in favor of both. Isaac’s brown hair went better with the eyes and the rest of the appearance the boys had in common than Reginald’s corn-silk did. Reginald would be a lord, but then he was a Britisher, and Britishers were darned unpopular in Massachusetts in them days. But seein’ Mehitabel didn’t take up Isaac, who had been goin’ with her a year and whom she had known all her life, it was evident that she was kinder caught with the idea of bein’ Lady St. Clement at Wood. It looked that way, and looked as if she was hesitatin’ more to let Isaac down easy than to make up her mind.

“What she would have done under ordinary circumstances nobody knows, but the 1812 war breaking out just then kinder changed her plans. She sent a note to Isaac the mornin’ of the day news of the war come, tellin’ him she should wait a year and a half before givin’ her answer, but that as she had allers desired to travel and see foreign lands and royal courts, she should perhaps give a favorable answer to Reginald. But when with evenin’ news come of the declaration of war, and old Captain Manson come home with the additional news that a vessel he owned, commanded by his son Levi, had been seized by the British off the Azores three months before, and went tearin’ around wishin’ all Englishmen was in a bad place I won’t mention, then Mehitabel sent a note to Reginald tellin’ him she wouldn’t marry no enemy of her country.

“Neither of the boys knew of the note t’other got. That night Reginald skipped out for England. Next mornin’ Isaac went to Boston to stay till the openin’ of Harvard College in the fall, where he was goin’, so Mehitabel didn’t have any chance to let him see she had changed her mind, and she was ashamed to write to him and tell him right out. She thought she would see him the next summer vacation, but when that come he shipped in the privateer Nathanael Greene, and that put off his home-comin’ a long time, as you shall see.

“The Greene was one of the luckiest privateers that ever sailed out of Massachusetts. For a year and a half she fetched in prize after prize. But in December, 1813, she was captured in the Bay of Biscay by two English frigates, and all of her crew was put in the big naval prison a few miles north of Portsmouth. The prison was an immense inclosure with huts in one end for the American prisoners and in t’other end for the French, for England was fightin’ Bonnypart then, too.

Isaac had been in Canada and knew French, so he used to go to the French camp to improve his knowledge of the language. Some of the prisoners got chances to work for the officers, gittin' little privileges for doin' so, and by and by Isaac was given the job of interpretin' for the butler of the prison commandant and the French prisoner who was actin' as cook. Once in awhile he was sent in to wait on the table. One day, as he was puttin' the plates around for one o'clock dinner, he heard the commandant say in the next room that he had received orders to send the crew of the French ship Kellermann that afternoon down to Portsmouth to be exchanged. He said he was goin' to git about it as soon as he was through eatin' and hoped to have all the papers military red tape required made out and the men on their way to Portsmouth within a few hours.

"Instantly a plan come into Isaac's head. He went into the kitchen. The French cook was in the pantry. Isaac grabbed the soup and poured it into the drain, and put cold water in the tureen. He dropped the roast beef off the spit into the fire it was turnin' before, like it had fallen in accidentally. He put the turnspit dog up on the table where it could get at the bread and butter and other things, and then he cut and run. He had delayed the commandant's dinner an hour at least. It was a dull, lowerin' day, and a short day anyway, for it was mid-winter. His plans required darkness, and, if he had delayed the commandant long enough, the darkness would come in time. He ran to the quarters of the crew of the Greene and, gittin' 'em all together, asked 'em if they would obey him and try to foller his plan, and they said they would. He asked them to shell out all their spare cash, and they done it. Then he went to the quarters of the crew of the Kellermann and told them the Greene crew wanted to play a joke and let on that they was the Kellermann's crew, stayin' in their quarters that evenin' while the Kellermann crew stayed in the Greene quarters. Seamen's clothes of all nations are about alike. The French had little calico bibs on behind the collars of theirs, but these had nearly all been torn off for handkerchiefs and such in prison, so nobody would notice that. Isaac said they'd give the Kellermann crew two rations of grog for making the change. He knew if more was offered they'd be suspicious. The Kellermanns couldn't understand what kind of a joke it could be, and wanted it explained, but Isaac said he was afraid it would git out and be sp'iled if he told it then, so the French took the grog money and sneaked off, one by one, to the quarters of the Greene, while the Yankees took their places. There was fifty more men in the Kellermann's crew than in the Greene's, so Isaac filled up the vacancies with Yankees he could trust from other crews. Durand, the French captain, was startin' to foller his men, when Isaac stopped him.

"'This here joke can't go off well without your assistance.'

"'How's that?'

"'We are about to pass out of this prison as the crew of the Kellermann bein' exchanged, and you will be called upon to identify the men on the roll.'

"'Scoundrel,' Durand almost yelled, 'do you think I would betray my comrades?'

“‘Keep calm,’ said Isaac. ‘You told me last week that you was a royalist, that you felt Bonnypart was gittin’ to the end of his rope and you wished you could git out of it all and go to the United States.’

“‘True,’ said Durand, ‘but I am a Frenchman, if I am a royalist, and I will not betray my men.’

“‘You ain’t goin’ to betray your men. Enough English prisoners to make up for French prisoners have been brought to Portsmouth. England has got to give up an equal number of Frenchmen. If a whole lot of Americans pass themselves off as French and git out, that don’t let England out of givin’ up the Frenchmen accordin’ to agreement. If England lets a whole lot of Americans escape, that’s no excuse for holdin’ Frenchmen, and she can’t do it. You come along with us and you will have done a good deed, helpin’ a lot of Americans git out and not sp’illin’ the chances of the French thereby.’

“Durand saw how it was and said he would help. It was four o’clock, the sky was covered with clouds and it was quite dark, and from feelin’ afraid that the commandant would git around before it got dark, Isaac was now afraid that he would put off sendin’ out the prisoners until light the next day, but about half past four a lot of lanterns come across the parade-ground and there was the commandant and the adjutant and a couple of sergeant-majors with documents and rolls in their hands. Exchanges were always kept as quiet as possible, for they excited the prisoners what had to stay and made ’em unruly. So Captain Durand was told to collect his men. He read the names off the roll the commandant had, and one by one the Yankees responded, and in fifteen minutes the whole passel was out of the prison and marchin’ towards Portsmouth under the guide of four soldiers. They warn’t a guard. Men goin’ to freedom don’t need no guard, so when the crew got into the outskirts of Portsmouth and grabbed the soldiers, tied, gagged, and threw ’em into an old empty warehouse, they didn’t have no trouble doin’ it.

“‘What are you goin’ to do now?’ asked Captain Durand.

“‘Well, sir, I really don’t know,’ said Isaac. ‘But let’s go into the city and see if something won’t turn up.’

“They marched into town by a back street, sent some men to buy bread for the crowd, and, when they was done eatin’, started to go down to the sea-front. Sailors were always trampin’ around the city, and nobody noticed ’em, it bein’ a chilly, drizzly night, and few folks out. All at once they heard a yellin’ and batterin’ around the corner ahead of ’em, and out come a little boy, runnin’ like the wind, smack into the arms of the Greene’s bo’s’n.

“‘Be you man-o’-war’s-men?’ asked the boy.

“‘No,’ said the bo’s’n.

“‘Then run like the mischief,’ said the boy, ‘for the press-gang of the Roscommon is tryin’ to ketch a lot of merchant sailors barricaded down there in the Pig and Whistle.’

“‘How many men is the Roscommon short?’ asked Isaac.

“‘All of two hundred, anyway. I don’t believe she’s got a hundred and twenty-five aboard. The captain’s a brute, and the men

have deserted. She's ordered to sail for Jamaica in the mornin', and she's got to ketch enough to fill up her crew to-night. Almost all of her crew are ashore now.'

"'Say,' said Isaac, 'what's the name of the tavern we just passed up here? I forgit.'

"'The Norroy Arms.'

"'And what's that big one at t'other end of town?'

"'You mean the Wild Goose.'

"'That's it. Now, my lad, them sailors in the Pig and Whistle is friends of mine. They're barricaded, and it will be hard to take 'em; but in the Norroy Arms is twenty who can be ketched as easy as pie. I'll give you two shillin's to tell the Roscommon's officer that. And after he's took 'em, for fear he'll go back to the Pig and Whistle, here's two shillin's more to tell him there's forty sailors too drunk to fight at the Wild Goose.'

"'Away went the boy, and Isaac told off twenty men to stay in the Norroy Arms, and not to make no struggle when they was pressed. Then he marched the rest towards the Wild Goose, inquiren' the way, and as he went, he dropped out now twenty, now ten, now thirty, at different taverns whose names he wrote down, so that when he and Captain Durand and Captain Hurley of the Greene was in the Wild Goose with thirty-seven more, the whole crew was in taverns. He made the officers strip off their signs of rank, so they'd pass as merchant officers. In about an hour a big press-gang of a hundred come tumblin' in with drawn cutlasses, but they didn't meet with no resistance. The forty fellers was pretty nigh helpless with licker,—all except Isaac,—though when the British officer said he guessed he'd have to turn in the whole press-gang to lug 'em down to the boats instid of huntin' for more men, the whole crowd sorter steadied on their pins.

"'They can walk all right,' says Isaac. 'Now, seein' we is ketched, and it's all for the glory of old England, anyway, I want to tell you where you could git nigh onto a couple of hundred more, if you needed 'em.'

"'Well, we do,' said the officer. 'Where are they hid? I didn't know there was that many merchant sailors ashore to-night.'

"'They be,' says Isaac; 'and, what's more, they're mostly like these fellers,—too groggy to run or fight. You let me go with you, and I'll tell you where they are. Rope these fellers together, and five of your men can git 'em down to the boats.'

"'Well, to make a long story short, there was two hundred and fifty-one pressed men on the Roscommon when she sailed at sunrise, and her officers couldn't talk about nothin' else except how easy these men was took; but they talked about somethin' else on the third day, for they and all the original crew was in irons and between decks, while overhead was fellers singin' 'Yankee Doodle,' and in the officers' cabin sat Isaac, Captain Durand, Captain Hurley and the rest of the officers of the Greene, who was now runnin' the affairs of the Roscommon. Havin' a fine frigate and everything, they decided to sail for home by the way of the Indian Ocean and the Horn, cap-

turin' some of the rich prizes they knew was in the Indian Ocean. It wasn't until almost a month was gone that Isaac, takin' a squint through the hatchways at the prisoners, see that the British third lieutenant wasn't nobody else but his cousin, Reginald Latimore.

"'Why, land of liberty?' says Durand; 'there's a feller who couldn't be told from you, I believe, if your hair was the color of his'n.'

"'I wish it was the color of his'n,' says Isaac gloomily.

"'Why's that?'

"'Why, if it was, I'd go home and marry the sweetest girl that ever lived. She'd think I was him, and marry me; but, once I had her, I'd manage to make her care for me.'

"'It can be done,' says Durand.

"'What can?'

"'Your hair can be bleached to look like his'n. I can do it. There's enough things in the medicine-chest.'

"'Can you?' says Isaac, overjoyed; but then his chop fell. 'But what about him? There'll be two of us just alike, and he'd stand as good a show as I would.'

"'That's so,' says Durand. 'Then I'll dye his hair the color of yours. You'll have to change places with him, though.'

"'I don't care. We'll drug him and dye his hair. I'll change clothes with him. I'll be the English lord and prisoner; he'll be the American lieutenant. We'll be landed in Boston; I'll git a parole, go home, and marry the girl, who is in love with my cousin just because he is a lord.'

"'Well, we can make the change when we enter the Caribbean on the way home,' says Durand. 'No need of your bein' a prisoner all the v'yage.'

"'Well, sir, nobody could understand what had druv Isaac suddenly crazy just after the island of Martinique had been sighted—nobody but Durand. Gittin' up at noon after a long sleep, he astonished Hurley by askin' how he come to be there, and then went on to claim he was the British lieutenant, Baron St. Clement at Wood, and he just raged when they said he wasn't. They fetched in the Britisher, and he said he was the Britisher, and that Isaac was his cousin, and he couldn't imagine what the trouble was. As soon as the Britisher said this, Isaac said he see through it all. He said there had been a trick; and his face lighted up, and he said he was glad of it, at which the Britisher looked troubled, as all noticed. Isaac didn't know that Mehitabel had told Reginald that she would never marry an enemy of her country, and couldn't understand why the chap was so suddenly reconciled to bein' an American. After that, the ostensible Isaac quit denyin' he was Isaac. Just as the Haytien coast was sighted, the first thing the officers knew, the British cousin he was took insane, too, and where both was claimin' they was Reginald before, now they was both claimin' they was Isaac. The day before, the Roscommon had spoken an American vessel just from Holland, and learned that peace had been concluded, so they was goin' to put the English off at Nassau. As soon as he heard this, Isaac stepped forward and said he was Isaac,

thinkin' Reginald would be glad to be himself again. But Reginald said he was Isaac, and, though Durand told the whole story, Hurley said he didn't know how to disentangle the thing, seein' how each had claimed to be t'other; so they put the one in British uniform ashore at Nassau, and sailed away. Isaac was scared. Although he felt certain that Mehitabel would marry the one that was a lord, still he didn't know but she would think the lord would never come back again on account of the war, and marry Reginald pretendin' to be him. Besides, what was back of Reginald bein' so willin' to be him? Was it merely to git to the United States? Luckily, he got a ship for Boston right away, and got there before Reginald, for the Roscommon put into New York. A disagreeable surprise awaited him when he faced Mehitabel and pressed his suit.

"'Didn't I tell you that I would never marry an enemy of my country? How dare you come here? Go, sir!'

"A great light broke over his mind. Reginald's conduct was explained.

"'I am Isaac,' he cried, and he told her the whole story. She didn't believe him, and he told her to wait until his hair got brown again and she'd see. She promised; so when Reginald come next day and tried to git her to marry him right away she wouldn't do it. It warn't long before the hair-wash all got out of Isaac's hair, and one mornin' he presented himself before her lookin' as usual; but there was Reginald there, too, who had kept dyein' his hair, and nobody could tell which was which.

"Then she privately told the second one who had come to town,—Reginald,—who because the two dressed different she knew had come second, that she had made up her mind to marry the lord. He acted just like the first one had: said he wasn't what he looked to be, that he was the lord, and asked her to wait until his hair got natural again and she would see. Then he went to Boston to stay until it had faded out, so Isaac wouldn't see what was goin' on. But Isaac smelled a rat, and, noticin' Mehitabel was cool to him, on a venture he went to Boston and got his hair bleached again; and when Reginald came back with his hair all yellow, there Isaac was, too, with yellow hair. Now, Isaac had an anchor tattooed on his left arm, and Mehitabel knew it, so she sent a note to each of 'em, tellin' 'em to come and prove who they was by the anchor, and she'd marry the one who had it, who would be Isaac. It happened that when these notes was sent Isaac had just gone to New York to see about his share of the Roscommon prize-money. Reginald, he left town for Boston, pretendin' he had gone when the note came, as we learned afterwards. In lookin' up the case in Boston, the identical old sailor who had tattooed an anchor on Reginald's arm was discovered. Reginald laid around Boston until the redness had gone and the anchor looked like an old piece of work, and then he went back.

"Up to this point, we have them two fellers well separated; but after this they are so all-fired mixed up that nobody knows t'other from which. Which was it, Isaac or Reginald, who, on a Thursday mornin', appeared at Mehitabel's house and showed her an anchor on

his arm and said he was just back from New York, and, because of Mehitabel fearin' some new complications would arise and bein' sick of the whole muss, was married to her as soon as the parson could be fetched in and a cake baked? Which was it, Isaac or Reginald, who come to Mehitabel's that evenin', showed an anchor on his arm, and said he was just back from New York, and swore, and tore, and wanted to kill the other one? Well, sir, it 'ain't never been settled. I think the last feller was Isaac; but the church-folks said it was Reginald, for they were certain no orthodox-raised New-Englander would swear so, while an Englishman might.

"Well, the second feller went to England and assumed the barony of St. Clement at Wood. Even if it was Isaac, seein' he had lost his American property and Mehitabel, it was the natural thing to do. Those who claim he was Reginald p'int out that after he went to England he stopped sayin' he was Isaac, but to me that don't prove nothin'. The other feller, if he was Reginald, had giv' up his English property. If this feller, probably Isaac, had kept on sayin' he was Isaac, then the next heir would take the barony, so of course he kept his mouth shut, whoever he was. Stories about Isaac goin' to Boston every little while, and bein' seen around a drug store kept by ex-Captain Durand of the French navy, and havin' his hair lookin' browner when he come home, used to be told. And somebody said Lord St. Clement at Wood used to go to London pretty regular, and have a fresher yellow to his hair when he come home. But before long both of them two doubtful grandfathers of our'n got gray-headed, probably on account of dyein' their hair so much; so the scheme of Judge Williamson, which he laid before our Secretary of State and the British minister, and which met with their approval, a scheme for the American government to shut up Mehitabel's husband, and the British government to shut up Lord St. Clement at Wood, where they couldn't git at no hair-dye, and see how they come out, this scheme was never tried. It was thought on too late."

Wardon Allan Curtis.

PURPOSE.

I MARKED with calculating eye
 The distance to Desire,
 And noted, too, the furious Fates:
 Fierce Wind and Flood and Fire.

I bade adieu to Doubt and Dread,
 And armed me for the fray,
 Then slept, and, waking at the dawn,
 Desire beside me lay!

Clarence Urry.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

INTRODUCTION.

[Acclaimed by the nation that best understands the theatrical art, lauded to the skies by that nation's most discerning dramatic critics, taken with rapture to the bosom of the greatest living actor, officially rewarded with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, translated into many tongues, and performed everywhere, "Cyrano de Bergerac" affords, and will for long years afford, plentiful matter for literary and artistic discussion. The dramatic merits of "Cyrano de Bergerac" apart, it is the most interesting product of French literature since "Salammbô," and aside from the literary importance of "Cyrano de Bergerac," no French play since "La Dame aux Camélias" has been so noteworthy. From the histrionic point of view, the character of Cyrano is unique. A great deal of what has been written in English about this play consists in feeble because unfelt commendation, incompetent nagging, bald imitation, or the exhibition of a triumphant ignorance of the French language and literature. By such means the greatness and the faults of a poetical masterpiece are not revealed, but concealed. One, therefore, who joins the enthusiasm of the heart and the study of the brain to his taste of free and open criticism is likely to discover things, and so may be entitled to a hearing.]

CYRANO DE BERGERAC, poet, playwright, romancer, epistolarian, wit, soldier, and duellist, flourished in the reign of Louis XIII., and remained unsung for long after. But being a gentleman of many parts and large, and of a strong personality, and having, so to speak, dissolved his soul in his ink, it was obvious that by dipping his pen into that very ink a sufficiently talented writer could resurrect this unusual character to renewed notoriety. Edmond Rostand came, read, copied, and was famous; or, rather, he did not copy, but imbibe, swallow, absorb, assimilate, and then bring forth a phoenix. Now let us light the lamp of distinction. We shall know, in the following discussion: No. 1, de Bergerac, the *factotum* already named, who supplied the model for No. 2, Cyrano, created by Rostand as the centre of No. 3, "Cyrano de Bergerac," a heroic comedy in five acts, in verse.

De Bergerac's *magnum opus* was the "Histoire comique des États et Empires de la Lune et du Soleil," and is, as the title suggests, the playground of Chimera & Company. In "Cyrano de Bergerac" the hero, Cyrano, in order to detain the inconvenient de Guiche, represents himself as a traveller from the moon, and spins out a long madcap story, recounting, among other things, his ascent to the lunar kingdom on a sheet of iron, which he propelled by throwing a magnet into the air—just such crazy adventures as are chronicled in the "Histoire comique." Cyrano will not submit "Agrippine"—a tragedy in Alexandrines by de Bergerac—to Richelieu's approval, lest the cardinal change a single comma. Allusion is made by Cyrano to Molière's theft of a celebrated *mot* from de Bergerac's comedy "Le Pédant Joué," a whole scene of which Molière transplanted to "Les Fourberies de Scapin." "Le Pédant Joué" was first given at the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, the locality of the first act of "Cyrano de Bergerac." De Bergerac saw military service in a company com-

manded by Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, whom we find at the head of a band of Gascon warriors in Rostand's play. A roisterer named Châteaufort in "Le Pédant Joué" indulges in extreme gasconading. The same comedy is crammed with extravagancies of allegory and simile, also a conspicuous attribute of de Bergerac's letters. Cyrano's dexterous play upon words—employing them in many senses as in his remarkable essay in noseology—is partaken of by de Bergerac in many instances. The most notable are the rhetorical fireworks he sets off with the words "garde" and "feu" in "Le Pédant Joué," and the name "Le Coq" in a letter addressed to a person so called. But in vocabular improvisation Cyrano altogether outdoes his prototype—*vide* "ridicoculise." Cyrano's quality of satire, ready and keen, his gift of repartee, his fertility in punning, his classic lore—of these, in their degree, de Bergerac's correspondence is pageful. The epistle "Contre un Poltron" fixes the belief in us that his blade is no less trenchant than his pen, that he is as well able as he claims to

Joindre ainsi la plume à l'épée.

The letter "Contre le Carême" is a parallel to Cyrano's banter with the nuns on the matter of eating meat on Friday. Contempt of danger, Cyrano's most prominent feature, his nose apart, de Bergerac evinces by bombarding Mazarin in a poem with incompetency, favoritism, extortion, malfeasance, debauchery, and what not. De Bergerac's "Lettres Amoureuses" would seem to court a bluestocking. They are very deferential in tone, flowery in language, and delicate in thought. But none of them reaches the mark of perfection, either in sentiment or expression, of the tender, fragrant tropes to Roxane, the *précieuse* of Rostand's play, who insists on flirtation in euphuistic verse. A typical amatory conceit of de Bergerac's epistolary vein is this: His lady's image turns his eyes to alembics, in which his life is distilled, pure and translucent.

Of the other characters of "Cyrano de Bergerac" there is little to say, because Cyrano almost has the monopoly of excellence, and the play is without a villain. De Guiche has bad designs, to be sure, but he is too grand to attend to them closely. Place and preferment are his aim, and his mediocrity is converted into Stars and Garters by kind Uncle Richelieu. Preciosity and femininity need not be at variance, for, in spite of Plato for breakfast and Vaugelas for supper, Roxane's heart digests the outer charms of a certain young gentleman "at first sight." Christian, the favored one, is handsome, stupid, and valiant. The occupation of Ragueneau, pastry-cook and poet, is to reel off lyrical gastronomic pleasantries, *sauce Rostand*. Ragueneau has perhaps no counterpart in the drama excepting Hans Sachs,

——ein Schuh
macher und Poet dazu.

French poetry may be the best, French cookery is. Hence Ragueneau. But Holland, Sweden, and England, for instance, are countries where Master Cook is fatally compromised with Mistress Prose.

Patience—patience; we "are coming to the play."

Act I. is all movement and color. It was an artist's eye that devised the historical picture of a dramatic representation in the age of Richelieu, the cardinal himself one of the spectators, who, from pickpocket to marquis, bustle and press and chatter and listen—each betokening his condition by a word, a gesture, or the feather in his hat. The submission of the (mock) players and public to Cyrano's pointed wit and sword forecasts his domination of the real play and all the people in it. The other important personages all step to the front a moment, either in fact or in description, to make their bow. Already we have an inkling of their characters, a suspicion of their aims, a notion of their future conduct. The brilliancy and variety of the pageant, the abundancy of substance, our very eagerness to let nothing slip, have prevented the concentration of our interest. The curtain falls, and we sit pleased but bewildered. The author's resources have flooded his meaning.

But before the curtain fell we were invited, with Cyrano, to a *rendezvous* next morning. Our bewilderment merges into expectancy. What can the lovely Roxane have to say to her ugly cousin? The meeting takes place in the establishment of one Ragueneau, whose habit of taking poems in payment of cakes at last reduces him to the horrid necessity of wrapping up some patties in a sonnet to Phyllis. The invention of this Ragueneau and his poetastering clients has given the playwright's comic vein a broad scope, further widened by the discharge upon the scene of a company of rollicking, swaggering, bawling Gascons, wearing long swords and longer names, a fighter, a baron, and a gorgeous liar—*splendide mendax*—every mother's son. From this, what a drastic extreme to Cyrano's tremendous emotions during Roxane's confession to him of her love—for—for—for another man! The climax of his emotions and of this act is reached when Cyrano, after promising to protect her lover, is insulted by him and then embraces him. The ingenuity and the strength of this situation lie in the treble aspect of the affront: to us, the audience, it is a source of mirth, to its hearers on the boards one of astonishment, to its subject one of agony. The second act is the richest dramatically.

Christian's wooing of Roxane has progressed. Why else does the curtain now reveal a soft, chaste, moonlit night, a perfect night for lovers, for sighs translating hopes, for smiles that whisper secrets, for kisses dearer than the soul's salvation? In this scene the poet's words exhale, as it were, the sweetest essences of perfumed thoughts. The ravishing aroma of his love-verses can only be felt, not explained. So it is with all our most delicate perceptions. "Faith," says Tolstoy, "cannot be expressed in language." The poetic value of the lines mentioned raises the third act to the literary primacy of this drama. The whimsical interlude provided by the supposed traveller from the moon is another triumph of dramatic fertility and subtle arrangement. Whoever complains of being hurt by so sudden a drop from sublimity to absurdity must admit, too, the difficulty of replacing the episode with something as sublimely absurd. But the literary virtue of this act is its actors' bane. Act III. baffles the elocutionist because it is replete with romantic abstractions which cannot be interpreted by any form of mimicry.

The human voice is but a musical instrument emitting a certain number of sounds, and, thus limited, Coquelin can give no better effect than a violin to such a line as this :

Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer—

Cyrano's definition of a kiss. On the other hand, successful love-making is usually applauded on the stage and off.

From sentimental moonshine dangling, cousin and lover, now comrades-in-arms, have marched to the front of peril and famine. The Gascon company is encamped before Arras. Bugle-calls and the roll of the drum, sentinel's tramp and challenge, clinking steel and crackling musketry, are heard at a little distance. The soldiers, gaunt, dishevelled, and in pain for want of food, are discouraged and woe-begone. Provisions arrive, and the men have a jolly feast. Then strikes the hour of battle. The Gascons charge up the rocky embankment, and come rolling headlong down, dead or wounded. The survivors, rallied by Cyrano, rush into destruction against frightful odds. The circumstance that Act IV. is the noisiest, the most sensational, and the most confused is nothing in its favor. His love of contrast has led the author far astray from the paths of discretion. Roxane, a young lady of no astounding force of character, is inspired with the notion of getting a pastry-cook, Ragueneau, to take her, alone and in war-time, a week's journey in a carriage. Her relations do not oppose this adventure. With courteous innocence the Spaniards allow the lady to pass through their lines unquestioned upon her statement that she is going to see her lover. Knowing that her road is to the enemy's camp, logic forbids the Spaniards to believe that she might be a spy or bearer of despatches. She drives into the Gascon camp, the carriage stops, and she hops out with a courtesy, a smirk, and a *bonyour*. Aha! Of course—a whole act of a play without a woman—impossible! Strauss or Millöcker would have conjured her here in precisely this manner, and for exactly the same reason. But—what is this? The band does not strike up, the soubrettish, coquettish thing does not trip up to the footlights, the other people on the stage do not array themselves in two straight lines and turn to wooden sign-posts. So it is not an operetta, after all. Still, what a happy thought, to bring a carriageful of ortolans and muscatel as supernumerary baggage! How picturesque and happy the bold soldiers look, eating their lunch, though Italian bandits would have been prettier. After the picnic comes the battle.—If Roxane was brought here to throw herself on Christian's dead body, the author chose a cheap, easy, and conventional way to the hearts of the gallery. But he may have thought his picture of the Gascons would be called unfinished if their exuberant gallantry in the face of beauty and danger alike was not exemplified. The acme of Gascon bravado and waggishness is personified by Cyrano, who, while hunger is griping his bowels, paces leisurely up and down, perusing a pocket edition of the "Iliad." A famished soldier growls that he must devour something. Cyrano pitches him his "Iliad."

The scenic features of the fifth act express its pervading senti-

ment, as they did of the third. The dramatists of *le grand siècle* and the Elizabethans, to say nothing of the ancients, were debarred by the rudeness of their scenic contrivances from appealing to their audiences in this way. The curtain rises upon a secluded convent garden. It is a quiet autumn afternoon; the sun is sinking; the trees cast deep and melancholy shadows; the silent fall of the yellow leaves completes nature's mute overture to brave Cyrano's end and peace. This act is, as a fifth act too often is, a confirmation of certainty. But we would not forfeit that last magnificent tirade, the summary of Cyrano's career. Expiring, he defies death, his only vanquisher, in a *bon-mot*. His loyalty to truth and honor has never flinched a moment; to the end he defends them with his wit and sword. With his back he is leaning against a tree, standing as he has stood all his life, alone, and in his delirium lunges at the air.

Je crois qu'elle regarde. . . .
 Qu'elle ose regarder mon nez, cette camarde !
 (Il lève son épée.)
 Que dites-vous ? . . . C'est inutile ? . . . Je le sais !
 Mais on ne se bat pas dans l'espoir du succès !
 Non ! Non ! c'est bien plus beau lorsque c'est inutile !
 —Qu'est-ce que c'est que tous ceux-là ?—Vous êtes mille ?
 Ah ! je vous reconnais, tous mes vieux ennemis !
 Le Mensonge ?
 (Il frappe de son épée le vide.)
 Tiens, tiens !—Ha ! ha ! les Compromis,
 Les Préjugés, les Lachetés ! . . .
 (Il frappe.)
 Que je pactise ?
 Jamais, jamais !—Ah ! te voilà, toi, la Sottise !
 —Je sais bien qu'à la fin vous me mettez à bas ;
 N'importe : je me bats ! je me bats ! je me bats !

In the clouds are perhaps authors who write in faultless verse of spotless creatures. Cyrano's bodily and moral exploits rank him among the immortals of earthly fiction, with d'Artagnan, Posa, Quasimodo, Enoch Arden, and other more or less fabulous individuals. Nor can the historical and national significance of "Cyrano de Bergerac" be denied. As to language, it is a garden of exotic fancies, a cascade of sparkling wit, a storm of pelting repartee. Its smooth measure is velvet, its ingenious rhyming distraction. Rostand's fecund art of throwing a purely poetical conception into a telling phrase is unsurpassed except by our one redeeming William. But Rostand may be reproached that parts of his play are tedious exchanges of opinion and metaphor, or that they are descriptions of events instead of events. The accusation would condemn him to good company, for it likewise might be applied to scenes of "Cædipus Rex," "Antigone," "Phèdre," "Le Misanthrope," and "Wilhelm Tell." It was an axiom of the Greek and French classical dramatists that the poetic recital of a shocking occurrence was preferable to actual horrors on the stage. Their taste was more refined than Ben Jonson's or Marlowe's or Shakespeare's. They saw nothing delightful in such beastly butcheries as we tolerate or commend in "Edward II.," "Othello," and "The Third Part of

King Henry VI." Rostand departs, to the detriment of taste and the glory of realism, from the standards of his greatest countrymen when he sends his Gascons rolling down the slope onto the stage, groaning and writhing in the throes of a violent death. In none of his dramas does Rostand attain the tranquil majesty of Corneille and Racine, or their suave dignity, or their mature experience, or their grand simplicity. But Rostand's linguistry they never dreamt of. Perhaps they would have scorned as trivial such juggling with language as "pharamineux," "ridicoculise," "Scipion triplement Nasica." His wit is always elegant,—*précieux*, some would say,—and he never descends to the buffoonery of Beaumarchais and the horseplay of which Molière is capable. Every line, grave or gay, of "Cyrano de Bergerac" is "literary," which is much more than can be said of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui." But the broad moral philosophy, the cosmopolitan view, and the sound judgment of "Tartuffe" and "Les Femmes Savantes" are as much lacking in "Cyrano de Bergerac" as the frail sensibility, the soaring idealism, and the fine artistic handiwork of "Cyrano de Bergerac" are absent from "Tartuffe" and "Les Femmes Savantes." Rostand is the preëminent verbalist and sentimentalist of the French drama. He has the perennial talent of the right word in the right place, and that without prejudice to rhyme. Cyrano is king of the polite joke and the erudite pun in French stageland.

Edmond Rostand's genius is of the highest, but not the highest. He lays down no laws of conduct for all men in all times. He has no pithy maxims to dispense. We cannot look to him for the safest and wisest moral instruction. And however deeply our æsthetic sense is intoxicated, however we marvel at his nimble scholarship, into whatever ecstasy we go over his perfect expression of exquisite thoughts, our investigating, speculative, deductive, reasoning faculties remain untouched. Our splendid young Frenchman is, indeed, a great poet and a little philosopher. He is not one of those dramatists

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled

that they satisfy your whole soul. He is not Sophocles, not Schiller, not Calderon.

Lionel Strachey.

THE HEIR OF JOY.

DREAM not of bliss with no alloy,
 Friend of the star-like eyes;
 Still unborn, in the womb of Joy,
 The infant Sorrow lies.

Sorrow thou must by strength embrace,
 Claim him thy kinsman, yield him place;
 His mother's soul read in his face,
 And he shall make thee wise.

Dora Read Goodall.

LAMBETH PALACE.

OF the numerous show-places of London, one of the least familiar to both Englishmen and Americans is the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lambeth Palace, situated upon the Surrey side of the Thames. The reason of this is not hard to find. It is his Grace's home for a large part of the year; in consequence, access to the interior is not very easy, and now that Addington Palace, the country house, has passed from his possession, Lambeth will be entirely closed to the public.

The pleasantest way to reach Lambeth is by one of the river steamers from London Bridge. Embarking almost opposite the frowning walls of the Tower, so closely connected with English history, one goes down the river under Waterloo and Blackfriars Bridges; then, passing the Houses of Parliament on the one bank, and the fine red pile of St. Thomas's Hospital on the other, arrives almost at once at Lambeth Pier. Landing, we cross the road and stand before the ancient doorway of the palace. And right here history begins to crowd upon us. This gate at which we are knocking was built two years before Columbus set sail for the New World, and those square old wooden water-pipes bear the arms of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

The visitor is shown over the palace by the porter (who is also the archbishop's apparitor). This functionary is a walking guide-book, and has the history of the palace at his fingers' ends. He takes us first to the Lollards' Tower, which dates from the twelfth century, a lonely old building of gray stone enveloped in ivy. This was the prison of the palace, though it is doubtful whether any Lollards were ever confined in it. The large cell is panelled with oak, covered with initials, and here and there bearing marks of burning, supposed to be from the branding-iron. The fireplace is rather a mystery, for the chimney is bricked up, and it is said that prisoners were suffocated with charcoal burnt in it. One escape is recorded from this tower. The Reverend Francis Wake made his way through the window into a boat brought by his wife. In doing so he broke his legs, the rope being too short; but he escaped safely to France. He afterwards returned, and at the Reformation became Bishop of St. Albans.

From the roof of the tower a fine view of London and the suburbs may be obtained, extending as far south as the Crystal Palace. On the opposite side of the river is St. Bartholomew's Church, with its four towers. It is related of this building that Queen Elizabeth, on being asked after what style she would wish it built, kicked over her foot-stool, saying, "Build it thus."

Descending the broken and tortuous stairs, we are led to the guard-room of the palace. In the west wall is the water-gate, now plastered up. This is one of the most interesting features of the palace when we picture to ourselves the host of kings, princes, and captains who

must have passed beneath it on visits to the archbishops. Catherine of Aragon, shortly before her death, alighted at this gate when she came to have her sentence of divorcement confirmed by Cranmer.

We next enter the private chapel. On the wall to the right and left of the door are marble tablets bearing the names of all the Archbishops of Canterbury, beginning with St. Augustine. The carved-oak screen is of the date of Charles I., and the roof is quite modern, though copied from ancient work in the crypt. The stained windows are also modern, though copied from "The Poor Man's Bible," and consist of a series of representations of biblical events from the Creation to the Last Judgment. The last window, as an inscription bears witness, was erected by the American bishops visiting Lambeth some ten years ago.

Turning to the left, we enter two narrow galleries of Charles's date, built on the site of the ancient cloisters of the monastery. They are not particularly interesting, but they contain two curious bird's-eye views of London before the fire, with St. Paul's, the old Gothic structure, the Abbey, before Christopher Wren built his steeple, and Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. There are also in the gallery many pieces of old furniture to delight the connoisseur's heart. The galleries open into the family dining-room, hung with portraits of holders of the see.

Descending the stairs, the visitor enters the anteroom of the library, with its curious collection of portraits of reformers, most of whom seem to have been preternaturally hideous. The library itself is an immense room, with a row of windows along the north side, and a very splendid roof. The books are arranged in cases projecting from the walls, about ten feet high, and do not form a very remarkable collection. In two table-cases are specimens of early painting, and a prayer-book of Queen Elizabeth, found in a wardrobe at Kensington and bearing her florid autograph. It was in the library that the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln, for ecclesiastical offences, took place.

The crypt is not shown to visitors; it is in an unsafe condition. This is unfortunate, for it is one of the most ancient parts of the palace. Nor is the subway under the Thames to be seen, for frequent searches have failed to reveal its existence. On the writer's visit the grounds were in a damp and unpleasant condition, but they are extensive and laid out with great care. They are the scene of the archbishop's garden-parties, two or three of which are always given during the London season.

G. F. Burnley.

BEYOND APPEAL.

THE verdure came and shadows spread to shade,
The green bound all the gray old maple's head,
But never till the night wind blew and made
The leaves sing, did I dream the winter dead.

Harrison S. Morris.

A NIGHT IN DEVIL'S GULLY.

IT was the edge of the forest at last. I had wandered for hours since I missed my companions in the endless mazes of that gray Tasmanian forest, till I had almost made up my mind that I should have to spend the night there. The idea had been far from cheerful, and it was with a start of pleased surprise that I found myself, almost without any warning, in the open once more. It was just sunset; the western sky was still one blaze of crimson glory, and the long shadows from the opposite range were flung darkly across the lower ground before me.

Not a breath of wind was stirring. It was so quiet, indeed, that after the first minute or two I could hear the rush and murmur of the little stream which appeared to run through the bottom of the valley, though it was invisible from the spot on which I stood. The sound reminded me that I was thirsty, and I made my way with hasty strides down the slope to where the rivulet—for in this summer weather it was no more—found its way through a channel almost hidden by a luxuriant growth of tree-ferns and shrubs. I leaped hastily down the bank to the bed of pebbles below, and, leaning my gun against the bank, knelt on the stones and took a long draught of the deliciously cool water.

When I got up and looked around, the first thing I noticed was the strange way in which a great rock hung beetling over the bed of the stream, almost like a tower that had somehow got tilted to one side. It was but a few yards higher up the stream than where I stood, and my eye caught sight of a path ascending the bank which looked as if it had been used quite lately. I felt my spirits rise at once. After all, my luck was not so bad as I had begun to fancy. This was a good deal better, at any rate, than being lost in the bush. The path looked as if it had been a good deal used, and even if nobody came along it that night, I had only to wait for daylight to see the track for myself and find my way back again to my friends at Gartmere.

I paused to think what I should do in the mean time. As far as I could see, there was no particular reason why I should not make a bed among the clumps of fern that covered the ground near the banks of the stream; and yet, somehow, I didn't like the idea. There might be snakes about, and even water-rats would be disagreeable companions. The great boulder looked as if it had a flat top, and if I could only climb it I should certainly be out of harm's way during the night.

A dozen steps brought me to the foot of the rock, and as I looked up I saw that it was even higher than I had supposed. It seemed to rise almost perpendicularly on two sides, while on a third it overhung the bed of the stream; but on the side nearest me it sloped more gradually. I was still looking at it doubtfully, when a distant sound from the forest, like the noise caused by the breaking of a branch, decided me to try it. I grasped my gun and scrambled up the face

of the rock. It was not so difficult to climb as I had fancied, and in two or three minutes I had reached the top.

"Not such a bad place, either," I said to myself as I looked around. The top was nearly flat, or, if anything, slightly hollowed out, and there were tufts of grass and beds of moss upon it that promised to make something of a bed. I was satisfied that it would answer my purpose, and at any rate I wasn't likely to be disturbed by anything there. I was tired with my long tramp, but as yet I didn't feel sleepy, so I took a seat on the edge of the rock with my legs hanging over and prepared to enjoy a smoke.

It was very quiet. As I listened, I couldn't hear a sound except the low musical gurgle of the stream below me. Then I suddenly remembered the sound that had seemed to come from the forest as I stood hesitating at the foot of the rock. What could it have been? It was not loud; but for the silence around I should perhaps hardly have heard it at all. But it certainly sounded like the noise of a breaking stick, on which something had put a heavy foot. There had been no wind at all, so it must surely have been some living animal. I was just in the state of mind in which one is inclined to speculate lazily on passing things of little importance. It might have been cattle in the forest, of course, but I had been told that cattle in Tasmania were kept within fences. I listened for another sound of the same kind till I had almost persuaded myself that I heard something move on the hill-side. I strained my eyes in the attempt to see what it was, but the night was too dark to make out anything even a few yards off. At last I gave it up. What did it matter, after all? It was most likely only my fancy; but even if there were anything there, I was well out of its way on the top of my rock. I don't know how long I sat there smoking and dreaming, but at last I began to grow sleepy, and before I mustered up energy enough to find a place to lie down, I must have dozed off where I sat.

I woke with a start and rubbed my eyes, uncertain for the moment where I was or what had happened. It was light; only a gray, uncertain light, indeed, but enough to enable me to see the shadowy outline of the wooded range in front, and after the first few seconds to distinguish vaguely more than one of the great boulders that stood up here and there along the bottom of the little valley, looking like ghostly sentinels in the dim light. The moon herself had not yet risen above the forest range behind me, but the whole of the eastern sky had already grown white with her coming. I was looking at the sky over my shoulder, when I was startled by a sound that seemed to come from the shadows in front. It was not a sound I had ever heard before, but by an instinct I felt sure that it came from some living creature. It was not loud enough to be called a roar; it wasn't sharp enough for a bark, not shrill enough for a scream, nor dull enough to be mistaken for a grunt; yet in some strange way it seemed to have something in common with each of these. I turned with a quick start, and instinctively my hand reached out for my gun. I peered eagerly into the gray shadows for a glimpse of something which might explain the sound, but all was vague and misty. The edge of the

forest on the higher ground loomed out darkly in the reflected light from the sky, but the tree-ferns and low shrubs that marked the course of the stream were blurred and indistinct in the ghostly mist, and I could no longer catch even a glimpse of the water that gushed and gurgled below me in the darkness. I glanced upward at the brightening sky and waited.

The light increased little by little. With each new minute the dark forest lines took more and more the shape of individual trees. Then the gray mist that hung over the low ground began to grow thin, and the heads of the taller tree-ferns and bushes began to show above it, like tree-tops on a river flat in flood-time. Again! And this time nearer. It was the same strange, composite sound, and now it made my nerves creep and my blood run cold. What could it be? I gripped my gun tightly with my hand and laid it across my knees. Whatever it was, I would at least be ready.

It came like magic. Suddenly the broad face of the moon showed above the forest ridge. It was four or five days past the full, indeed, but still its silvery disk, clear and bright, threw a flood of light across the valley. I bent forward eagerly, and searched the still misty hollow with my eyes for the first sign of the thing that had startled me. Yes, there it was at last. Along the bank on the opposite side of the stream something was moving. Its movements were leisurely, almost slow. It was not so very large,—not larger than a fairly large wild pig, though it was certainly not a pig. It looked strange and weird and unnatural. What was the reason? The chief thing seemed to be its color. It was black,—so densely, absolutely, intensely black that it seemed to me at the moment as if I had never seen anything really black before. What could it be? I had lived all my life on the neighboring continent of Australia, and I had seen and hunted most of the wild animals there. I had chased kangaroos on horseback and stalked them on foot. I had shot wallabies and bandicoots by the score, and more than once, when I couldn't help it, I had killed an iguana. I had shot native bears, and once in northern Queensland I had even killed a large python. But what was this? I had never seen or even fancied a creature like it. What could it be?

Whatever it was, it didn't hurry itself. Slowly and deliberately it came down the bank to the stream, and I could see it dimly in the shadow—a blacker spot in the darkness—stoop and drink. It seemed to be a long time about it, but it moved at last. It was coming across. I watched it as it waded slowly and deliberately through the water and climbed the bank on my side of the stream. Then it stood still, and it seemed to stare up at me as I sat in the moonlight. By this time the moonshine was falling full upon me, and I felt certain he was looking at me with a strange, questioning gaze. Suddenly he raised his head and repeated the cry I had heard before. Now that I saw him, I felt that it was exactly the cry I should have expected from him,—so strange, so weird, so savage.

It was by an impulse, rather than the result of thought, that I did it. A curious feeling of repulsion and antagonism, which I could not have reasonably explained, prompted the act. Something in his ap-

pearance, something in that savage cry, may have led to it, but at least I felt that I was in the presence of an enemy. I raised the gun to my shoulder; I covered him deliberately; I fired. Even in the very act I fancied his eyes fixed me with a fierce stare of hatred. I could have sworn he was looking me in the face at the moment. I fired, and for several seconds I lost sight of him in the smoke, but I knew I hadn't missed my aim. A cry, wilder, stranger, more savage than before, followed the report of the gun. And—yes, it was answered. Not one only, but half a dozen cries, each like an echo of the first, rang out a weird reply. Then I knew what it was,—a devil. Strange as it appears to me now in looking back, I had up to that moment utterly forgotten the Tasmanian devil. I had supposed the creature to be extinct, indeed, but I might have remembered the tales I had often heard as a boy of its demon blackness, its strange cries, and, above all, its temper of insatiable revenge.

As the smoke cleared away I saw him again. He was rolling on the ground, trying to tear himself savagely with fierce white teeth that glistened in the moonlight. Then he gave another of those fiendish cries, and again there came the answering echoes. He struggled to his feet, and his eyes seemed to look for me with savage, cunning glances. I watched him as if I had been fascinated, and saw him suddenly stumble along the bank towards my rock. He came slowly and painfully, but he reached the foot of the great boulder at last. I put my hand hastily to my belt and drew out a cartridge,—it was one of less than a dozen that were left,—and rose slowly to my knees. As I did so, I remembered that my cartridges had been intended only for shooting birds, and were certainly not meant for game like this.

He gave another cry, and again the echoes came from far and near. He had reared himself up and put his feet on the sloping face of the rock, while all the time his eyes seemed to be fixed on mine with looks of fiendish malignity. Suddenly there was a cry close behind him, and, as if encouraged by the sound, he made what appeared to be a desperate effort, and the next moment he was scrambling, rolling, or climbing up the face of the rock with a motion that was quite indescribable in its clumsy eagerness. As he did so, another black figure appeared at the bottom, and I heard a splash as a third began to wade the stream. It was growing serious indeed. I waited until he had got within a few feet of me, and then I fired. He gave a snarling howl, and rolled to the bottom.

When the smoke cleared, I could see him on the ground, but the other had begun to climb in his place. Slowly, carefully, doggedly, he came on, as if his one object in existence was to reach me. I waited till he got near the top, and then fired. He rolled half-way down, and then he seemed to cling to the rock and stop. Then he began to crawl up again, gnashing his teeth, and snapping fiercely at the places where the shot had wounded him. I had to fire again, this time almost into his face, before he rolled down again. And so it went on, with a sameness that grew more and more horrible, with a persistency which seemed to me nothing less than diabolical. One by

one they came in answer to the cries of the wounded; one by one they attempted to storm the rock, with the same slow, desperate, untiring energy. I used up my cartridges, and yet they came. I clubbed my gun and felled them one by one. It was like the most horrible of nightmare dreams. No sooner did one disappear than another took his place. Battered, bleeding, hardly able to crawl, still they crept up, one by one.

I seemed to myself to have stood there for hours. My head had grown dizzy, my arms had become weak and numbed. I could scarcely raise the gun to strike, and everything seemed to sway and quiver before my eyes. The attacks had gradually become more rare, but I think the strain of watching for them was more terrible than ever. A burning thirst, too, had begun to creep over me, and a sense of horror which I could hardly resist. It seemed long since I had struck the last blow, but I didn't dare for a single moment to relax my watchfulness. Suddenly—it appeared to be within a yard of my foot—there was a black face, with fiendish eyes that gleamed, and great white teeth that glistened in the moonlight. With a sudden, desperate effort I heaved up the gun and struck at it. I thought the creature answered the blow with a diabolical laugh; and that was the last thought of which I was conscious.

Something cool fell on my cheeks, and I opened my eyes. It was Tom Boyd's anxious face that was bending over me; it was his hand that was sprinkling water on me.

"Tom," I gasped,—“Tom, where are they?”

Tom laughed. “The devils, you mean? Oh, they're all about among the scrub. I fancy you've cleared Devil's Gully for good and all.”

NOTE.—The animal known in Australasia as the Tasmanian devil is one of the only two survivors of what must at one time have been a widely distributed class of animals, to judge from the fossil remains already found in many parts of Australia. Like nearly every mammalian quadruped of the continent, the devil is a marsupial; but, with the solitary exception of the so-called Tasmanian wolf, he is the only surviving marsupial animal that is carnivorous, and may be regarded as a beast of prey. The devil is now very scarce, and will soon be extinct; but in the early convict days of the island—when Tasmania, then called Van Dieman's land, was the penal settlement for the worst class of British convicts—they were plentiful, and many ghastly stories were afloat of their attacks upon escaped convicts who had taken to the bush. It is believed that the name of devil was bestowed on the animal by the convicts, who had learned to look upon them with almost superstitious fear, partly in consequence of their appearance, but still more owing to their untiring perseverance in following up an enemy to the last with what looked like undying hatred. No specimen has ever been found on the continent of Australia.

Owen Hall.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN.

NO man in England felt a keener interest in the American question than did Richard Cobden. He made no secret of his sympathy with the Union. He had been in constant correspondence with Mr. Lincoln, and felt for the many-sided American patriot the deepest affection. Both were engaged in a national and far-reaching struggle, and defeat in America meant another century of Tory domination in Great Britain.

By a sea-coal fire, late in a November night, Mr. Cobden gave me his opinion of Abraham Lincoln. "This century has produced no man like Lincoln. Here is a man who has risen from manual labor to the presidency of a great people. To me he seems to be the man God has raised up to give courage and enthusiasm to a people unused to the arts of war, fighting what seems to me to be a doubtful battle in the greatest conflict of modern times.

"I like Mr. Lincoln's intense veneration for what is true and good. His conscience and his heart are ruled by his reason.

"I speak of your struggle as doubtful, because Mr. Lincoln will have more to contend against in the hostility of foreign powers than in the shattered and scattered resources of the Confederacy."

Mr. Cobden predicted the triumph of our arms, but he died before he had more than a Pisgah view of the promised land.

A delegation from Nevada called at the White House with written charges against Edward D. Baker (senator from Oregon, soon after killed at Ball's Bluff), and protesting against his influence with the President regarding official patronage on the Pacific slope. Together, in Sangamon County, had Baker and Lincoln toiled through the sparsely-settled country, through doubt and danger and hunger and cold, until both became eminent lawyers in the early history of Illinois. The President, with unusual sternness in his face, read the protest against the senator. There were a dozen prominent men from the West who felt sure they had spiked Baker's guns. Mr. Lincoln rose to his full height, tore the protest to shreds, cast the fragments in the fire, and bowed the visitors out of the east room of the White House. He said: "Gentlemen, I know Senator Baker. We were boys together in Illinois, and I believe in him. You have taken the wrong course to make yourselves influential with this administration at Senator Baker's expense."

The story of Lincoln's stubborn devotion to his old friend and companion in arms spread over Washington like wildfire; and neither before nor after that day did anybody ever try to climb into high place with Lincoln by pulling somebody else down. In four years' close acquaintance, I never heard him speak ill of man or woman.

It was apropos of this incident that Mr. Lincoln said to Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, "If ever this free people—if ever this government itself—shall become demoralized, it will come from this human

wriggle and struggle for office, for some way to live without work." He added, with charming *nüiveté*, "from which I am not free myself."

To an applicant eager for office he said: "There are no emoluments which properly belong to patriotism. I brought nothing with me to the White House, nor am I likely to carry anything away."

Two weeks before Chase left the cabinet, he asked Lincoln to sign the commission of a candidate for collector of the port at Buffalo. Lincoln did so without a word. I remonstrated with him for putting his rival's friend into power in a place where he could injure him in the approaching Baltimore Convention. With a twinkle in his eye and a smile that had no taint of malice in it, he looked down on me and said, "I reckon we are strong enough to stand it."

It has been contended that our Union victories nominated and elected Abraham Lincoln for his second term. This statement is not supported by the history of that period. Hannibal Hamlin wrote thus in 1890: "In my judgment, the nomination of President Lincoln was not solely due to the victories of our armies in the field. Our people had absolute faith in his unquestioned honesty and in his great ability, the purity of his life, and in his administration as a whole. That was what led to his renomination; they were the great primary causes that produced the result, stimulated undoubtedly by our victories in the field."

Thaddeus Stevens wrote as follows in July, 1866: "You ask me about Lincoln's renomination. It came about in the most natural manner. There will be no more men like Abraham Lincoln in this century. There was no reason why he should be 'swapped' in crossing the stream. I approved of General Cameron's memorial of the Pennsylvania Legislature to the people, urging a second term for Lincoln."

That the President was alarmed at the threatened revolt in the Republican party there can be no doubt, but he never swerved in his course. He was in the habit of saying, "The way to get an office is to deserve it, and if I do not deserve a re-election I will not mourn at the prospect of laying down these burdens."

When differences in the cabinet became dangerous enough to threaten its dissolution, he ceased to call his constitutional advisers together, and for over a year they had no formal cabinet session. Twenty United States senators called upon him in a body, intent on complaining of Stanton's conduct of the war. The President's sense of humor did not desert him, and he told a story about Blondin crossing Niagara.

"Would you," said he, "when certain death waited on a single false step, would you cry out, 'Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Slow up! Lean more to the north! Lean a little more to the south!' No; you would keep your mouths shut."

"Now, we are doing the best we can. We are pegging away at the rebels. We have as big a job on hand as was ever intrusted to mortal hands to manage. The government is carrying an immense weight; so, don't badger it. Keep silent, and we will get you safe across."

No delegation of senators ever again attempted to dictate to

Abraham Lincoln the manner in which our end of the civil war should be conducted.

One of Mr. Lincoln's characteristics was tenderness towards others. He wrote injuries in the sand, benefits on marble. The broad mantle of his enduring charity covered a multitude of sins in a soldier. He loved justice with undying affection, and he hated every desertion from the great army of humanity. He stopped the conveyance which carried Orville H. Browning and himself to court in Illinois to save a wounded hare hiding in a fence-corner. When his command, in the Black Hawk War, insisted on killing an old and friendless Indian prisoner, Lincoln saved the Indian's life at the peril of his own; and when his men complained that Lincoln was bigger and stronger than they were, he expressed his readiness to fight a duel with pistols with the leader of the malcontents, and thus ended the cruel controversy.

He was always equal to the occasion, whether it was to save a sleeping sentinel by one stroke of the pen from a dishonored death, or to write that bold and steady signature to the Proclamation of Emancipation.

He could say sharp things on occasion. He released some prisoners on the other side of the "Divide" in 1863. The wife of one of them insisted that her husband was a religious man, even if he was a rebel.

Mr. Lincoln wrote the release slowly, as if in doubt, and, without smiling, handed it to the wife, saying,—

"In my opinion, the religion which sets men to rebel and fight against their government because they think it does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's brows is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

He said to a Congressman, when he had been importuned to join a church, "When any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of the law and the gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart."

Dick Gower had shown his bravery and his capacity among the Western Indians, but was rejected by the board of military martinets at Washington because he did not know what an abatis, or echelon, or hollow square was.

"Well," sharply said the *dilettante* officer who wore a single eyeglass, "what would you do with your command if the cavalry should charge on you?"

"I'd give them Jesse; that's what I'd do. I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them."

Lincoln signed his commission, and Dick made a famous soldier.

General Frank P. Blair, who was very close to the President while the war lasted, told Richard Vaux this story:

"Mr. Lincoln had become impatient at McClellan's delay on the Peninsula, and asked Frank Blair to go with him to see the commanding general. The country was a volcano, smoking and ready for eruption.

"The distinguished visitors arrived on a hot day, and went at once to McClellan's head-quarters. They were received with scant courtesy.

Lincoln sat silent and uncomfortable, with his long and sinewy limbs doubled up like a jack-knife, until the general broke the silence by saying, 'Mr. President, have you received the letter I mailed you yesterday?'

"'No,' Lincoln replied; 'I must have passed it on the way.'

"McClellan then requested the chief of staff to find a copy of the letter. It was speedily produced, and the general read his vituperative attack on Stanton, with reflections on the conduct of the war. Lincoln's peaceful smile vanished. When the letter was ended he rose quickly and went out, looking neither to right nor left, and not waiting for any farewell. He seemed oppressed with a consciousness of the dangers of the military as well as the political situation. He drove slowly with General Blair over to the boat which was to convey them from Harrison's Landing back to Washington. When the vessel had started Lincoln, for the first time since leaving McClellan's tent, broke the silence and said,—

"'Frank, I understand the man now. That letter is McClellan's bid for the Presidency. I will stop that game. Now is the time to issue the proclamation emancipating the slaves.'

"He forthwith issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

"Within a week after the world was startled by the new charter of freedom for the slave, Mr. Lincoln said to me in the White House:

"'I told you, a year ago, that Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley gave me no rest because I would not free the negro. The time had not come. I read what you said in the Senate, and you struck the right chord when you said that the President argued the case like a Western lawyer; that he did not intend that this document should be regarded as the pope's bull against the comet, as the doubting Thomases said it would be; that he waited the fulness of time, and when the life of the nation hung trembling in the balance launched the proclamation. You were right,' he continued, with a smile. 'I was tired that day. But you will see no trace of doubt or hesitation in my signature to my greatest and most enduring contribution to the history of the war.'

In the Congressional delegation from a Western State were two members who were intensely jealous of each other. Mr. Lincoln told the following story to a mutual friend of both, describing their different gifts. Jones, a class-leader in Sangamon County, was exceptionally gifted in prayer. Simpkins, Jones's neighbor, was a farmer who could not boast of a similar gift, but was known all over the county for his skill as a fiddler, which made him a welcome guest at every country "hoe-down." Simpkins never concealed his jealousy of Jones's power when he appealed to the throne of grace. After a remarkably effective display of Jones's vigor as a praying man, as Simpkins walked down the aisle of the little frame church, he turned towards Lincoln and said, "Lincoln, I know very well that I can't make half as good a prayer as old Jones; but, by the grace of God, I can fiddle the shirt off of him."

He said to a Congressional committee: "Here I am, surrounded by

many men more eager to make money out of the nation's distress than to put a shoulder to the wheel and lift the government hub out of the mire. Do you wonder I get depressed when I stand here and feel how hard it is to die, unless I can make the world understand that I would be willing to die if I could be sure I am doing my work towards lifting the burdens from all mankind."

He said to General Campbell: "I am as happy as if our armies had won a victory against the rebels. Mr. Stevens brought one of his constituents to me yesterday, a lady seventy-five years of age, whose son, only nineteen years old, was sentenced to be shot to-morrow at noon for sleeping at his post. I took till to-day to examine into the case. I cannot consent that a farmer lad, brought up to keep early hours in going to bed and rising, shall be shot to death for being found asleep when he ought to have been awake. I pardoned the boy, and I sent a messenger early this morning with the welcome news to the boy's regiment. The mother, like Niobe, all tears, has just left me, and as she went out my heart came up in my throat when, between her tears, she went up to old Thad. Stevens, who had helped her to save her son's life, and said, between her sobs, 'You told me Linkum was ugly. How could you say so, Mr. Stevens? for I think he has one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw!'" Then the President laughed his sweet, soft laugh, as merry as a boy; but there were tears in his eyes.

No more touching incident in Lincoln's life has ever appeared than that contained in a story told by General William T. Sherman. It came directly from William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State. It was the habit of that gracious optimist, Mr. Seward, to spend his Sunday mornings with the President. After the President had been shaved in his own room, he accompanied his Secretary of State across Pennsylvania Avenue and over to the Seward mansion, afterwards occupied by Secretary Blaine.

On one of these Sundays a tall, military figure was pacing up and down in front of Secretary Seward's house. He saluted the President in military fashion as the two statesmen passed him. There was something in the officer's expression that arrested Mr. Lincoln's attention. The soldier was a lieutenant-colonel in a Pennsylvania regiment. Emotional himself, the President was swift to detect unusual emotion in others. He said, "You seem to be in a peck of troubles?"

"Yes," said the lieutenant-colonel, "I am in deep trouble. My wife is dying at our home in Pennsylvania, and my application for a furlough for two weeks was peremptorily refused yesterday by my colonel. My God! what can I do? If I go home my colonel will brand me as a deserter, and I will be arrested on my return."

Mr. Lincoln was visibly affected. "Never mind, young man," said he. "We'll try and fix this matter."

He pulled a card from his vest pocket, and, leaning against the broad oaken doors of the Seward mansion, he wrote on its back,—

"EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War: It is my desire that Lieutenant-Colonel — be granted fifteen days' leave of absence.

"A. LINCOLN."

When he was a candidate for renomination he did not disguise his anxiety to remain in the White House for four years more, to finish, as he expressed it, the great job the people had given him to do.

It was not Fremont he feared, or the Wade-Davis Manifesto, nor was he afraid of the numerous and powerful malcontents inside his own party, headed by Chase and Greeley. But he did fear, as he told me, that General Grant's name would be sprung upon the Baltimore Convention. Indeed, such an effort was made, and Missouri did cast her solid vote for Grant for President, but Grant wisely and stubbornly refused to countenance this movement, and by telegraph forbade it. The President learned that one of Grant's staff was at Willard's Hotel. He sent his carriage. The officer was brought to the White House and ushered into the library. Lincoln said, "Colonel —, does Grant want to be President?"

"No, sir," quickly replied the staff officer.

"Do you know for certain?"

"Yes, I do. You know how close I have been to Grant for three years. That he has the last infirmity of noble minds, ambition, I cannot deny. There may be lurking in his mind thoughts of the Presidency in the dim future. But right well I know, Mr. Lincoln, that he is so loyal to you, to whom he owes so much, that there is no power on earth that can drag his name into this Presidential canvass. McClellan's career was a lesson to him. He said to me, within a week, 'I regard Abraham Lincoln as one of this world's greatest men, and he is without question the greatest man I ever met.' Grant's whole soul, Mr. Lincoln, is bent on your reelection, and his one fixed idea is, under your lead as President, to conquer the rebellion, and aid you in restoring and rebuilding the country and perpetuating the Union."

"Ah, colonel," said Lincoln, "you have lifted an awful load from my mind. I was afraid of Grant, because we are all human; although I would rather be beaten by him than by any living man. When the Presidential grub gets inside of a man it hides itself and burrows deep. That basilisk is sure to kill."

James M. Scovel.

WILL POETRY DISAPPEAR?

THE question is not whether the poetry of the world now existing in printed volumes will—like the Gospel of Bartholomew, for example—wholly disappear. Books are so widely distributed that the total destruction of the work of any author of note is not to be expected, however desirable such a result might be in many cases, and however deep the dust of neglect which hereafter shall settle upon his forgotten pages. Our great libraries, enormously enlarged, will remain, vast and sombre catacombs, to tempt the wandering philologists and Old Mortalities of the future. The question more accurately is, will poetry survive as a mode of thought, an organic part of the civilization and intellectual life of the future, or only as the bones of the

mammoth or Irish elk now survive in our museums, objects of scientific study and comparison? If, at some time in the future, it shall cease to be written, or be greatly restricted in its use or in the topics which may still remain to it, it will have disappeared from literature in the sense here intended.

We can form no conception of that which is wholly foreign to our experience. To the dweller in the thirtieth century our lives, literatures, and achievements may seem as far off, as queer and old-fashioned, as colorless and unreal, as those of the Egyptians in the times of the Pharaohs seem to us. The spoken languages of the world may undergo some such change as stenography seems to be making in the method of writing them. A new and wonderfully condensed form of expression may arise upon our present system, in which simple sounds, with few combinations, may take the place of our words, phrases, and sentences. What literature may be to such a language we can form no conception. It would be safe to say that both prose and poetry, as we understand them, would disappear. But, anticipating only such changes in language as have been going on gradually since the dawn of history, is there anything to indicate that there will come a time in the future when poetry will cease to be written, or, if written at all, that it will occupy a much more restricted and humble place than now? Has poetry the capacity to adapt itself to the trend and current of modern life and thought?

A full discussion of the subject would far exceed the limits proposed to this paper. I shall therefore attempt little more than to indicate the direction which our inquiries should take, laying some stress on certain points that seem to suggest an answer to the question. Two general points of view would naturally present themselves to the mind. First, for what purpose and under what circumstances was poetry evolved? How has it thus far adapted itself to the development of the world? What effect has advancing civilization had upon its method and purpose and in enlarging or narrowing its range? In a word, what is the answer of history and experience? On this point I must be brief.

It will not be questioned, I think, that, as literature, poetry has always preceded prose. The latter, as the mere instrument of thought and communication in the every-day work of the world, must, of course, have been first. It will scarcely be questioned that, in the later history of a people, prose has gained immeasurably in relative importance, and has finally to a great extent and in many fields supplanted poetry, which has thus been driven to other fields, to new forms, methods, and purposes. It is also easy to see that the latter state of the poetry of a nation is always worse than the first.

There seems no reason to doubt that poetry was, in its inception, one of the useful rather than one of the fine arts. Rather, perhaps I should say, its purpose was not to give pleasure. It probably originated before the art of writing was known, at least before its practice was common. In the most primitive state of mankind the preservation or dissemination of ideas would not so much as be thought of. Man's sole purpose would be to supply his rude and simple physical

wants as they arose. He has at this time scarcely passed the intellectual state of

The infant new to earth and sky.

But, as he begins to realize that he is not one with the external world, and differs specifically from the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, "he questions much." Whence? whither? why? are the questions ever rising before him. His answers, so far as he gives them, are his philosophy and religion. Before long he will desire to disseminate and perpetuate his speculations, whether for the sake of gaining power and authority over his fellows or with a more unselfish purpose of bringing them into harmony with the method and plans of Deity or Fate.

Poetry, no one will question, is far more easily memorized than prose. Whether invented as a species of mnemonics, or already existing in some form, it is easy to see why it would be adopted as the language of early philosophy and religion. Not only would it have the capacity to give a far wider oral publication, but it had something of the character of a record. Alteration would be readily detected. For the dissemination of moral and religious precepts, therefore, poetry would have an immense advantage over prose. But if this early poetry possessed beauty, it is not because that was a leading intention. The subjects of inquiry were grand, lofty, awe-inspiring, but there was no thought of ornamenting them or adding to their attraction by committing them to verse. Other things not grand or beautiful, but which it was thought desirable to preserve for any reason, received the same treatment.

Doubtless there has been a process of selection by which the best has been transmitted to us and vast heaps of rubbish have perished. Still, we find in the Iliad a catalogue of the Grecian ships, and in the elder Edda much which no stretch of the imagination can make otherwise than puerile and dull. But, while the intention was as stated, the inventors of poetry builded better than they knew. To its uses as a vehicle for preserving or disseminating thought it added the charm of music. This charm would have been felt even if not designed, and by and by, when poetry lost its useful function, it would naturally attract all kinds of writings in which beauty or pleasure rather than use was the main motive.

It is without doubt the musical element in poetry that has so adapted it to the childhood of the individual as well as to the infancy of the nations. Long before they can read, and almost before they can talk, children begin to indulge in rhyme, and perhaps a little later in rhythm. They put together words without any reference to their meaning, and manufacture words without any meaning at all, making combinations of sound and accent that tickle their ears like music. As they grow older, they soon see the absurdity of this, and abandon the practice. Commonly—not always—they afterwards become susceptible to a different phase of poetry. This is at the period of the greatest emotional development in the young. The feeling may exhibit itself merely as a sensibility to the charm of poetry that others have written, or it may lead to a furtive and stealthy composition.

Again, they will not be satisfied until they have poured out their rhapsodies into the ears of sympathizing companions. Very poor stuff the result may be, doubtless, as a rule, but it grows out of the longings after the infinite that we sometimes laugh at, yet which are the source of philosophy, religion, and all art. Usually it does not last long. Contact with the world's work, with the rough crowding and competitions of life, soon brings the young man or woman to sober prose. Later, they look back upon this period with wonder and shamefacedness as indicative in some degree of mental weakness. Now and then, in a peculiar organization, it lasts a lifetime. When it links itself to a fine artistic sense, perception of beauty, nice discrimination in the meaning of words and appreciation of their sounds, deftness in combining them in harmonious groups, and, above all things, the feeling which finds all sounds in nature rhythmic, we call the man a poet and grant him a certain consideration.

Is there a somewhat similar period in the life of the nation? I think there is. Somewhere in the development from savagery to the higher stages of civilization there is a time when the emotional is at its height. It is the period when the poetry of love and war reach their highest development, frank, vigorous, passionate, and unconscious. Still later, poetry occupies itself with the domestic life and relations, with the arts of peace, with the picturesque and scholarly elements of life, or with mere decoration.

Thus much for experience and history. Without drawing final conclusions, the most cursory examination will show us that philosophy and religion have long since passed from the domain of poetry; that in the progress of civilization the emotional period has been passed, and great if not chief sources of the inspiration of poetry have been removed; that the life of the world concerns itself more and more with the practical, the material, and the definite.

The second branch of our inquiry would lead us to compare the two forms of composition, and to ascertain their essential distinctions (if they have any); the methods used by each, and their relative perfection as modes of expression; the fields in which each may be supposed to have its peculiar advantages; and, finally, the relative values of the ends sought.

A great deal of effort has been made, with no marked success, to define poetry. I shall not add to the failures. It appears to me that a thing so complex, with so many sides and aspects, is incapable of simple definition. We must "walk about it, view the towers thereof, and note its buttresses." We may define it with respect to its form; but when we undertake to include its mental and moral basis, and the field of its activities, we find that these are not merely very wide and diverse, but very opposite and contradictory.

Imagination has often been said to be characteristic of poetry. But in what sense? If we mean merely the image-making power, it is true, perhaps, that the poet oftener possesses it than the prose-writer. The latter, however, is not necessarily deficient in it, and there seems no good reason why it should not be freely and effectively employed in prose. But if we mean what is usually meant, the creative faculty,

as it is called, the power to recombine the fragments of past experience into something new and strange, to give to the non-existent all the vividness and reality of the actual, then the proposition is untrue. So far from the truth is it, indeed, that the very opposite might better be stated,—that imagination is the special gift of the romancer and the novelist.

In all this we must not forget the personality of the writer and the kind of subject he chooses to treat. These, rather than the medium which he chooses for expressing his thoughts, will determine the qualities we find in the writing.

Poetry, again, is sometimes said to deal with the emotions only, not to address itself to the understanding, and in this to differ radically from prose. But clearly it is not true that poetry addresses itself solely to the emotional nature; and it is equally untrue that prose directs itself wholly to the understanding. So far as words go, prose may quite as fully and satisfactorily express the emotions as poetry. Emotion really has a language of its own. Attitude, gesture, the curve of the lip, the droop of an eyelash, a tone, a look, a single word or exclamation,—these have far more to say than any form of speech. If poetry is better adapted to express emotion, which I neither affirm nor deny, it is by virtue of what we call its suggestiveness. This, it has seemed to me, is somewhat characteristic of poetry, and grows out of what we may call its method. It is partially due also to its mechanical form, whereby it trenches upon the domain of music. It is also to a considerable extent due to the idiosyncrasy of the writer and to the nature of the subject which has through custom rather than from necessity been assigned to the one or other form of composition.

It would be rash, then, to conclude that there is any essential mental or moral quality that distinguishes poetry from prose. Is there a difference in the class of subjects? Clearly there is. While there are great numbers which have been common to both forms of composition, there are some which poetry has never approached; or, if it has, its effort has been met with the most dismal failure. Mathematics, the sciences, theology, biography,—in fact, the entire domain of exact thought and exact statement,—is closed to poetry. On the other hand, there is no field of human thought or feeling from which prose is excluded. Its method is commonly the direct, and its aim is to transfer bodily, as it were, the thought of the writer to the reader. The method of poetry is indirect and its aim is through some subtle suggestion to set in motion certain trains of ideas or feelings in the mind of the reader. To awaken and make conscious the latent thought or emotion already there. Prose may usurp the method and function of poetry, but the converse can never be true. Poetry cannot measure or weigh. It deals with the vague, the indefinite, the vast, and the infinite. It starts inquiries and asks a multitude of questions, as a child does, but prose answers them. It is wayward, capricious, passionate, and unreasonable. Its purpose may be called selfish. Beauty or pleasure it seeks, but never use. Deformity and pain it may employ, but only by way of contrast, and only so far as employed by painting and sculpture. Both in manner and aim it is the language of youth.

It is true, as I have said, that it started out as a useful art. At that time, if the science of algebra had existed, its propositions would doubtless have been committed to the keeping of the heavenly muse. But in this age of writing, when the need of memorizing is no longer imperative, prose, by reason of its flexibility, its freedom, and its adaptation to exact statement, has taken possession of the entire field of useful knowledge and inquiry, and left poetry only the ornamental. Nor has it left that as an undisputed field, but it enters and works by the side of poetry, and even here seems to be crowding it off into one corner. Religion, philosophy, war, love, domestic relations and life, the arts of peace, and, finally, the dress, manners, small talk, the witticisms and persiflage of society, have formed the narrowing limit of poetry, and even in the last it maintains an unequal contest with prose.

Poetry has lost its place, not because the subjects themselves have become less interesting or worthy, but because of its incapacity to deal with the later phases of them. By its indirect and suggestive method and by its artificial restraints of rhythm and rhyme it is no longer able to compete where analysis, examination, research, and exact expression are needed.

There was a time when every tree and rock, every mountain, river, or spring, the sea, the wind, the cloud, every object indeed in nature, had a life and soul of its own. The mind of man was full of wonder and speculation. All was mysterious, vast, and unknown. Little by little civilization has changed all this. It is not claimed that science has solved or ever will solve all mysteries, but it is affirmed that the tendency is to reduce all things to a system of fixed laws, capable of measurement, analysis, and definite expression. The unknown is no longer awe-inspiring, but merely material not yet handled or examined. When it is examined piecemeal, the examination will be conducted with microscope, telescope, spectrum analysis, and the subtle contrivances of the chemist. The old tales of giants, genii, witches, sorcerers, transformations, are now only a part of the literature of the nursery. It was not so long ago that the idea of a dish running away with a spoon would have been as natural and normal to the wisest of our race as it is now to the child, to whom all things are possible. The same axe has been laid to the root of every tree which has merely delighted us with its form and beauty and not ministered to us with its fruit. The mind and heart of man have been made the subjects of scientific study and reduced to their places in the iron-bound and law-governed system.

What has poetry left to it? Its music. It is impossible to say that it has any other quality or any field which prose does not also share. This music is not dependent on metre alone. That is considered the one thing indispensable in modern poetry at least, but rhyme has much the same effect as rhythm. It is a kind of rhythm indeed, the regular recurrence of certain vowel sounds. Alliteration, again, is a sort of rhythmic grouping of consonant sounds. With a careful and discriminate ear for melody and a tongue that lisps in numbers, the effect is most beautiful, but it is beautiful only as music is. The child finds his nonsense beautiful, as the college poet also finds his. Even with the

best examples of the poetic art, if we look diligently for meanings, we are apt to be more or less disappointed.

But if we have at last succeeded in finding the one essential and distinctive element in poetry, as we understand poetry now, does this give us any assurance as to whether it is to continue? Is this one effect of poetry which cannot be imitated or accomplished by prose a sufficient cause for continuing poetical composition? We are not to assume that love of beauty will perish in the strong and ever-increasing competition of the practical arts. Beautiful sounds in the sweet-flowing, stream-like verse of the poet might still delight the ear of coming ages. But how is it with the poet himself? Some kind of metrical arrangement is of course not difficult. Perfection, however, is impossible to those who are not endowed by nature with the rhythmic sense; it is a matter of extreme difficulty and calls for arrangement and rearrangement, very laborious and requiring a vast waste of time and effort. Add to this necessity the additional impediment of rhyme and of the other rhythmic effects mentioned, the subtle suggestions in the sound of words which the poet must discriminate and employ, and we have placed in the path of the poet "Pelion on Ossa piled." Will it be found worth while to surmount these difficulties for the sake of an effect which is the aim of another kindred art in which it receives its full and complete expression? For the purpose of supplying words to music, it will survive, no doubt. It will also survive in the nursery, where the words do not need to have a meaning at all.

Why does not the great American poet put in an appearance? Why is his congener so slow to come forward in England? Why does he linger in France, in Germany, in Italy, in the whole civilized world? It is in no spirit of levity that I ask it. The answer can bring a keener pang to the heart of but few than to my own.

Mr. Howells is perhaps as much entitled to an opinion he expresses as any one can be; and he regards poetry as something that the normal and natural adult man and woman should be ashamed of. The idea of their speaking in rhythm and rhyme calls up the picture of these sane and mature and dignified people dancing and tripping along the street. The result has been good indeed in former ages, but there is enough of it. Have we not all the treasures of the poet? Ah, when it comes to that, when poetry can no longer take its place among the living arts and forces, to do some part of the world's work in the shaping and moulding of human institutions, its mission is fulfilled. Nothing is left to it but the tomb, the tooth of the still bookworm, and the slow-growing, silent dust of the ages to be.

H. E. Warner.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. Illustrated. New Edition.

"A very powerful piece of work. A literary phenomenon, novel, and even sublime,"—such was the verdict of the *Review of Reviews* over three years ago, when Lippincotts brought out the first edition of the *Sorrows of Satan*; and this appreciative criticism was amply confirmed by the judgment of thousands of readers. There can be but little need to elaborate the criticism quoted above,—no reader of Miss Corelli's works can forget the force and brilliancy of the style, the luxuriant imagination, and the keen insight, in even the least of them. That they have dramatic value, is best proven by the fact that *The Sorrows of Satan* has recently been made into a powerful play,—a fact sufficient to confound those who deny Miss Corelli the ability to elaborate a plot,—which has met with great and instant success.

Those who make or remake acquaintance with *The Sorrows of Satan* will like to know that Miss Corelli expressly denies that the sketch of *Mavis Clare* is in any way autobiographical; however that may be, the character is singularly beautiful. *Geoffrey Tempest*, *Lady Sybil Elton*, and *Prince Rimánez* are all peculiarly well delineated: the first, one who, from being "downright, cruelly, hideously poor, with a poverty that is graceless, sordid, and miserable," became a multimillionaire,—and yet was not happy; the second, a beautiful woman,—but a vampire; the last, Satan himself incarnate, against his will a tempter of men,—a conception at once new and powerful.

In these days of ephemeral literature, a work of fiction that holds its place in popular estimation over one season is indeed a literary phenomenon; yet the demand for *The Sorrows of Satan* is practically undiminished, either by lapse of time or by the claims of new seekers for public favor. In compliance with this demand the publishers have just issued two new editions of the work: the standard form, in the well-known cloth binding; and a cheaper edition, in paper covers.

The well-wishers of Miss Corelli—among whom may be included all her readers—will be pleased to know that she has recently recovered from a serious illness, and that new work may be expected soon from her pen.



Voice and Violin.
By Dr. T. L. Phipson.

As its sub-title indicates, this charming volume contains a collection of "Sketches, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences,"—episodes crowded out of *Famous Violinists and Fine Violins*—Dr. Phipson's first work—by lack of space. Among the good things, we find anecdotes of Antoinette Clavel; of the Abbé Pessoneaux, author of the last strophe of the "Marseillaise;" of Brigitta Banti, the "Queen of Song;" of Bellini, including the first performance of *La Sonnambula*; of

some "New Features in the Life of Paganini;" and essays on A Lesson in Composition; on the Voice and the Strings; on The Art of Playing in Tune; on the Voice and Violin. Not the least interesting is the autobiographical chapter in which Dr. Phipson treats of Success by an Amateur, nor that in which The Bohemian Orchestral Society (London) is described. Lovers of music will thank the Lippincotts for bringing out such an interesting volume as the *Voice and Violin*.



With Peary near
the Pole. By
Eivind Astrup. Il-
lustrated.

Mr. Astrup was one of the five chosen by Lieutenant Peary to accompany him on his expeditions to the polar regions. The present volume, published by the Lippincotts, is of particular interest just now, in view of Mr. Peary's recent start upon another expedition to the far North. Mr. Astrup has given us an interesting record of the experiences and trials of the explorer in northern lands. The two Peary expeditions are described, and we find entertaining chapters on the Waters of Smith's Sound, on Hunting, on the Sledge Journeys of the Esquimaux, with observations on The North Greenland Dog, on Esquimaux Manners of Life, Customs, Character, Moral and Social Circumstances, Intelligence and Artistic Gifts, Religious Ideas, etc. The illustrations are from photographs and sketches by the author himself. Mr. Astrup—who writes in Norwegian, his native tongue—is particularly fortunate in his translator, Mr. H. J. Bull.



An Experimental
Research into Sur-
gical Shock. By
Geo. M. Crile, M.D.
Illustrated.

The author here presents a most valuable work in the shape of the pioneer record of experimental research into *Surgical Shock*. Besides sections on a Review of the Literature of the Subject, Modes of Investigation and Annotation, and The Production of Shock in the Various Tissues and Regions of the Body, there are records of the shock in one hundred and forty-eight operations. The range of experiment includes the Tissues (Skin, Connective Tissue, Muscles, Bones, Joints, and Nerves) and the different Regions (Head, Neck, Thorax, Abdomen, Male External Genital Organs, Vagina, Anus, and the Extremities). Following the records—which are illustrated with graphic statements of the data obtained—are sections on the Factors causing Shock, on Post-Mortem Appearances, on the Prevention of Shock, and on the Treatment of Shock. This volume—the latest of the medical works issued by J. B. Lippincott Company—is worthy a high place among the other technical publications of the same firm.



DOES NOT
BEND.

SUPER
NICKEL PLATE.

GUARDED
COIL.



THE CLINTON SAFETY PIN

Not Cheapest, but Best.

It has the largest sale of any Safety Pin in the World because of its

Absolute Superiority.

Fastens on either side, is almost automatic.

Super nickel-plated, doesn't turn brassy.

Made in 9 sizes, from $\frac{3}{4}$ inch to $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Finished in nickel, black enamel, gold and silver.

A Perfect Guard

Prevents Clothing

Catching in Coil.

Send six cents in stamps for 12 Clinton Safety Pins (assorted sizes) and a card of our new Sovran Dress Pins. They will demonstrate the inferiority of their imitations.

OAKVILLE CO.,
WATERBURY, CONN.



MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—“That is a curious custom they have in some of the South Sea islands,” said Mr. Wallace, “of marrying a girl to a tree or some inanimate object, which is supposed to act as a sort of scapegoat for the shortcomings of the real live husband.”

“It is not absolutely unique,” said Mrs. Wallace, “for a woman in this country to be married to a stick.”

But Mr. Wallace, with the calm superiority of the masculine mind, refused to deem it a personal matter.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

THOUGHT HE WAS SATAN.—Upon one of his professional visits to Washington the late lamented Herrmann, the magician and prestidigitator, almost caused a stampede among the ignorant colored people. To this day some of them think that Satan himself was present in person upon that occasion.

One afternoon Herrmann visited the Centre Market. On the pavement outside of the market it is customary for several hundred aged colored people from the surrounding country in Virginia and Maryland to gather on market-days and display their little stocks of dried herbs for medicinal purposes, wild fruits, a few eggs, or an ancient chicken. These are the genuine Virginia negroes, every one of them an ex-slave. They are quaint and picturesque, and as they sit behind their baskets and trays the old women smoke their pipes of home-grown tobacco and on cold days light them with a “chunk of fiah” from the pans of glowing coals by which they warm themselves.

These ignorant and simple-minded folk had never heard of Herrmann or any other sleight-of-hand performer. When he appeared among them in his long cloak, his pointed beard, and general Mephistophelian appearance, he attracted their whole attention. When he took a silver dollar out of the lighted pipe of one of the old mammies, he created a sensation; and when he began to lift live rabbits, pigeons, suits of linen underwear, and other articles from their pockets, he created consternation. Many of the old men and women gathered up their “truck” and fled with loud cries, and for once there were no market-day profits for the old folk.—*New York Press*.

MAKE-UP OF THE GUTENBERG BIBLE.—The workmanship of the printer in his own proper field is wonderful when we regard the circumstances under which it was done, but it would not satisfy the requirements of a modern publisher or book-buyer. It is of its own time, with the faults of that time in manner and matter. The promise of legibility which seems warranted by the bold and black types is delusive. The ordinary Latin scholar cannot read the book, nor refer to any passage in it, with satisfaction. It is without title and paging figures. The blank spaces which indicate changes of subject and give relief to the eyes were seized by the illuminator. Verse follows verse and chapter follows chapter, and one line chases another with grudging of white space and of tone relief which is not atoned for by the dabs of red in the rubrics, nor by the profuse wealth of ornamentation in the centre column and margins.

The composition is noticeably irregular: the lines are not always of uniform length. When a word was divided, the hyphen was allowed to project and give to the right side of the column a ragged appearance. When there were too many letters for the line, words were abbreviated. The measure was narrow, and it was only through the liberal use of abbreviations that the spacing of words was regulated. The period, colon, and hyphen were the only points of punctuation.—*Publishers' Weekly*.



Sincere thanks for the delicious Vin Mariani.

Sybil Sanderson.



When suffering from nervousness Vin Mariani greatly benefits me.

Beatrice Cameron.



Vin Mariani strengthens throat and chest, it is very beneficial.

Albani.



I owe to Vin Mariani a constitution of iron, resisting all fatigues.

Rhêa.

THE POPULAR TONIC

VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

Nourishing - Strengthening - Refreshing

For Overworked Men
Delicate Women
Sickly Children

Recommended by all who try it
Written endorsements from 8000 doctors



Vin Mariani, the unexcelled tonic, is effective — at same time pleasant.

Ada Rehan.



Vin Mariani is famous, it deserves its great success.

Zélie de Lussan.



Am never without Vin Mariani, this delightful tonic.

Jessie Bartlett Davis.



Vin Mariani is the most efficacious tonic, and is of inestimable value.

Emma Eames.

Send for Album of Portraits, with endorsements from Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops and other distinguished personages. Write for book, mention this magazine.

Vin Mariani sold at all reliable druggists.

PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann.

MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

LONDON: 83 Mortimer Street.

MONTREAL: 28-30 Hospital Street.

SUCCESSFUL NOVELS.—The young and aspiring author sometimes thinks, "If I could only write a successful novel, my fortune would be made." Stories of the fabulous sums occasionally realized on a single book lead the inexperienced into erroneous conclusions. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times* has investigated the returns from novels, and writes as follows:

"Novels form the largest part of the book manuscripts received by publishing houses. Out of one hundred manuscripts received during a recent fortnight by a prominent publishing firm sixty-two were novels. The same publisher told me that sometimes the percentage of novels would reach seventy-five per cent. This tendency for novel-writing is undoubtedly due to the fact that the greatest 'hits' in the literary world are made with novels, and this stimulates the average writer to work in this field.

"Of all these novels it is plain to be seen from the figures given in the preceding paragraph that scores must be written before one is accepted, and even if a writer has a novel accepted, the percentage of success is decidedly against him.

"During this investigation process I selected fifteen recently published novels issued by six different houses, and I learned that the entire number printed of these fifteen novels was forty-one thousand copies, or about two thousand seven hundred copies of each, and in this fifteen, nine thousand copies were printed of one novel,—really the only successful novel of the lot. It is safe to say that of these fifteen novels the average sale of each will not reach one thousand copies.

"But giving that number to each, the novel selling at one dollar, the author would receive less than one hundred dollars for his manuscript, deducting for mutilated copies and those sent to the newspapers, etc. I know case after case where authors did not receive fifty dollars all told as a return for a novel, and sometimes very much less than that."

VACCINATION as a preventive of small-pox is said to have been practised in China 1000 B.C. It was introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1721.

UTTERLY BAD.—Said the kindly, yet truthful, friendly critic, "My dear boy, this story will not do at all. It is utterly bad."

"Utterly?" repeated the young author.

"Utterly. It would not even do for a prize story in one of those magazines that you have to subscribe for to enter the contest."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

SPOILED THE SHOOT.—The prince of a small German state, whose ambition it was to be grand, if only on a small scale, had invited a number of gentlemen to go on a deer-stalking expedition. Everything promised well. The weather was superb, and the whole company was in the best of spirits, when the head forester approached the petty monarch and, lifting his green cap, said, in faltering tones,—

"Your highness, there can be no hunting to-day."

"Why not?" came the stern rejoinder.

"Alas, your highness, one of the stags took fright at the sight of so many people, and has escaped into the adjoining territory, and the other stag has been ill since yesterday. But your highness must not be angry: it is most likely nothing worse than a bad cold. We have given it some herb tea, and hope to get it on its legs in a few days."—*Zitaner Morgenzeitung*.

....STATEMENT....

OF

THE TRAVELERS**LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY,**

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Chartered 1863. [Stock.] Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Prest.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

Paid-up Capital - - \$1,000,000.00

Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$22,868 994.16
Liabilities	19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$3,722 635.12

July 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864	\$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life)	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force.	94,646,669.00

GAINS.

6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets	\$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders)	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only)	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 months	2,937,432.77

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster.

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

NEW YORK OFFICE: 31 Nassau Street,

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

IN Bavaria each family on Easter Sunday brings to the church-yard fire a walnut branch, which after being partially burned "is carried home to be laid on the hearth during tempests as a protection against lightning."

A UNANIMOUS VOTE.—"When I read of the polling of passengers on trains and boats running into and out of New York City to ascertain their preferences as to candidates for mayor," said a gentleman who has long been identified with transportation interests—and politics as well,—"it reminds me of a story my father used to tell of the campaign of 1836. In those days there was still a great deal of travelling by canal, and some of the 'packets' on the Erie were fitted up almost as sumptuously, for the time, as the palatial cars seem now.

"A large party was coming east from Buffalo on one of these passenger boats, and as political feeling ran high there was much excited discussion over the respective merits of Van Buren, Harrison, White, Webster, and Mangum.

"It was on one of those warm October days when the cabin was too torrid for occupancy, and all the passengers were assembled on the deck. The leaders in the informal political debate were a Democrat and a Whig, both fluent talkers and clever in argument, and pretty soon everybody on board gathered around to listen to them. Presently the Whig suggested that it would be a good idea to 'take the sense of the meeting,' and the Democrat, after a quick look ahead, agreed. He obtained silence, and announced,—

"Gentlemen, we are about to take a vote for President of the United States. Are you ready?"

"Ready," was the prompt answer on all sides.

"Just then the steersman called out the customary warning, 'Low bridge.'

"Here was the Democrat's opportunity, and he seized it.

"All those in favor of Martin Van Buren," he shouted, 'stoop down! Contrary-minded, stand erect!'

"The boat at this moment reached the bridge, and every man dropped as if he had been shot.

"It's a unanimous vote!" declared the triumphant partisan of the sage of Kinderhook."—*Boston Herald*.

A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.—Snodgrass.—"The world has a place for everybody."

Micawber.—"Yes; the only trouble is there's generally somebody else in it."—*London Answers*.

INVENTS DEATHS FOR A LIVING.—Perhaps there is no more extraordinary occupation in the world than that of a certain weary-looking little man whom I interviewed at his office in Fleet Street a couple of weeks ago. He is an inventor of deaths. His customers are chiefly novelists and playwrights; and that his business must be a somewhat thriving one is to be easily gathered from the general sumptuousness of his surroundings.

"I recently made one hundred pounds by a single out-of-the-way death," he informed me, in a funereal sort of voice. "It was the final curtain of a drama which will shortly be put on at the Adelphi.

"But the work is not exactly so simple as you might imagine.

"You see, not only must I invent a perfectly novel death by which a hero or villain is to end his earthly career, but I have to supply the most accurate information in connection with each special death as well. I have spent a whole week in a toxicologist's experimenting-room working up matter in relation to some unknown poison before selling my 'tip' of the poison in question to a novelist for perhaps three pounds."—*Answers*.

IN DAYS OF OLD
YE WITCHES BOLD
SWEPT COBWEBS
FROM THE SKY

BUT MODERN MAID
IS NOT AFRAID
SAPOLIO
TO TRY.

© INNER CO.

Detailed description: This is a vintage black and white advertisement for Sapolio soap. The main illustration depicts a witch with a large, dark, pointed hat and a long, flowing dress, flying on a broomstick against a backdrop of a full moon and a cloudy sky. The text 'IN DAYS OF OLD YE WITCHES BOLD SWEPT COBWEBS FROM THE SKY' is written in a stylized, blocky font in the upper right. In the lower left, the text 'BUT MODERN MAID IS NOT AFRAID SAPOLIO TO TRY.' is displayed, with 'SAPOLIO' in a significantly larger, bold font. An inset illustration in the bottom right corner shows a woman in a dark dress and white apron, smiling as she washes a plate in a kitchen sink. A box of Sapolio soap is visible on the counter. The name '© INNER CO.' is printed in small letters at the bottom right of the inset.

SPECTRUM OF METEORS.—Harvard Observatory has obtained a photograph of the spectrum of a meteor. In other words, people can now tell what goes to make up, to some extent, the shooting star which passes so quickly that it can be photographed only by having a camera gaping open, waiting for it to cross the sky.

The photograph was taken on June 18, 1897, in Arequipa, Peru, the South American station of the observatory. It was a sheer piece of good luck. Thousands of plates have been exposed to the sky, with the prism over the mouth of the camera, ready to take a spectrum of anything that traversed the heavens. The lucky plate that caught the meteor has running across it obliquely a light band of six lines, the trail of the shooting star.

Without the prism the Harvard astronomers have often caught the trails of meteors passing overhead.

The spectrum of the meteor taken at Arequipa shows four hydrogen lines at different colors in the spectrum, and two other lines that are unknown quantities at present. Many variable stars, those whose brilliancy increases or falls off from time to time, have had their spectra photographed. The four hydrogen lines of the meteor correspond to four ordinarily found in the variable star spectra.

One of the unknown lines caught in the meteor spectrum also appears in those of certain variable stars. Nobody knows what element is represented by this line, as it does not correspond to any found on this earth.

The photograph of the spectrum of the meteor was taken in one of the Bache telescopes with an eight-inch aperture. The instrument was arranged in the ordinary way for sky photography, with the addition of the prism for spectrum work.—*Boston Herald*.

AN IDEA OF BUSINESS.—"No," exclaimed Lycurgus Botkins, "I positively refuse to sanction this thing. You are worthy of a better man, Lydia. Why, this fellow never earned a dollar in his life. He has no idea of business!"

"You wrong him, papa," the fair girl replied. "He has a first-rate idea of business. He knows exactly how much you are worth, and says that if you would only consent to put some young blood into your firm it would be a great thing all around."—*Cleveland Leader*.

TALMA AND NAPOLEON.—Talma was standing at a corner, one of an immense crowd that thronged the streets of Paris to see Napoleon drive by in state.

"Do you see that little man there?" he said to a friend at his side, pointing as he spoke to the emperor in his carriage.

"Yes," replied his companion. "What signifies that?"

"Well," answered Talma, "not so many years ago that same individual applied to me for a position in my company. He was ambitious to be an actor, and wished me to teach him the art of the stage. I discouraged him, as I could not see that he had any ability, and told him that there was no hope for any other than a genius in my profession.

"'Is there any hope in any calling,' asked he, 'for the unfortunate plodder not blessed with ability?'"

"Well," said Talma's companion, "what of that?"

"Nothing," replied the actor.—"nothing: only that unfortunate little man is now Emperor of France, and I—well, I am just plain Talma."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

You're sure of Wool Soap Purity

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1896.



"MY MAMA USED WOOL SOAP." "I WISH MINE HAD."

Wool Soap is made of positively pure soap ingredients, and is sold to you without scent or perfume, in the simplicity of soap whiteness, that you may know by its looks, and by its use, that it is absolutely safe for toilet and bath.

If you cannot buy it at your dealer's, send us his name and we will send you a cake free.

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago

The only soap that won't shrink woollens

VOLUNTARY ENDORSEMENT OF FRANKLIN MILLS FLOUR BY HIGH MEDICAL AUTHORITY.— * * * * * Fathers and mothers the world over will join us in saying that one of the most useful and beneficial books of its class ever issued is "Tokology, a Book for Every Woman," by Mrs. Alice B. Stockham, M.D. In the fifth chapter there occurs the following emphatic voluntary unpaid tribute to Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat, showing that it is worthy of the good name it bears. Mothers with bright Tokology babies will appreciate these words: "Entire Wheat Flour, Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y. * * * * * is one of the noblest additions to the foods of the world. The grain is denuded of the outside silicious bark and then ground into fine flour, and all the elements of the grain are preserved.

"Wheat, more than any other article of food, furnishes all the elements and in the right proportion required to nourish the body. In bolting the flour to make white flour, four-fifths of the gluten, the very most nutritious part of the grain, is taken out to be fed to cows and hogs."—*New York Christian Nation.*

A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE BY A REMARKABLE TRAIN.—The Southern Railway of all routes of travel offers the best and fastest train service to Aiken, Augusta, Brunswick, Jekyl Island, and Florida by either one of two handsome through trains, leaving New York daily at 4.20 P.M. and 12.15 midnight. "The New York and Florida Limited," confessedly the handsomest train in the world, will go into service January 16. It will leave New York daily, except Sunday, at 11.50 A.M., reaching Augusta and Aiken early the next day and St. Augustine in time for lunch, making the run of 1029 miles in but little over twenty-four hours. A remarkable performance by a remarkable train.

Full particulars, literature reservations, etc., of A. S. Thweatt, E.P.A., 271 Broadway, New York.

VERY OFFENSIVE MANNERS.—“Those new neighbors of ours are the rudest people I ever saw.”

“What have they done?”

“I was looking through their dining-room window to-day, when one of them came and jerked the shade down.”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

AN OLD ROMAN BATH IN LONDON.—How many thousand daily traverse the Strand! How few probably are aware that within a few yards of them stands one of the most interesting of the relics of Roman London,—a bath that is two thousand years old, and that is still used for the purpose for which it was built! It is reached by Strand Lane, a small passage opposite the east end of St. Mary's Church, and a few yards east of Somerset House. Some twenty yards down this alley, on the left hand, will be seen a small, unpretentious-looking building, behind a row of iron railings. Descending a few steps and passing through an inner wooden door-way, recently erected, we shall find ourselves in a narrow vaulted passage; through an arch on our left we enter. (The entrance originally was by an arch immediately on the left upon entering. This was recently bricked up, leaving, however, a square opening through which the bath can be surveyed.) Here, in a vaulted chamber some sixteen feet in length, sixteen feet in height, and nine feet in width, lit by a single oval window at its western end, is the historic bath, which was probably built either in the reign of the Emperor Titus or of Vespasian,—nearly two thousand years ago. The bath is sunk in the ground to a depth of four and a half feet. Its length is about thirteen feet and the width six feet. At the northeast end, within the bath, is a small flight of steps, around which the water rushes in, beautifully clear, cool, and pleasant to the taste. Some twenty-six thousand gallons pass through the bath daily, the supply being derived from a perpetual spring, the source of which is believed to be the old Holy Well which gives its name, though not its cleansing quality, to Holywell Street hard by. A waste-pipe inserted in the bath carries off the overflow of water. On the west end of the bath the old Roman bricks still remain to attest the antiquity of the structure. The other three sides are now lined with the marble that was taken from what was known as the Essex bath until its destruction in 1893 to make way for the buildings of the Norfolk Hotel. The Essex bath was built, so some assert, in 1588 by the Earl of Essex. It was a fine marble plunge-bath, supplied with water from the Roman bath by means of a leaden pipe. Nothing of it remains but the marble linings already referred to.—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

RESERVE.

To maintain her reserve, her “Oh, Mr.!”

Couldn't well help but tend to assr.

Do you think she'd exclaim,

“Oh, George!”—the first name

Of the fellow who'd brazenly kr?

Detroit Journal.

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.—Rector's wife (after Harvest Festival).—“Well, Mrs. Piggleswade, how did you like the bishop's sermon?”

Mrs. Piggleswade.—“Oh, ma'am, I 'ain't been so much upset since my old man took me to the Wariety Theayter in London last August twelvemonth and 'eard a gen'leman sing about his grandmother's cat.”—*Punch*.

SYRUP OF FIGS



The Excellence
of
SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.

only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal. LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

TO AVOID A DANGER.—All concede the danger to health from the use of alum baking powder. But how to avoid it? It is difficult to identify the alum powders, and the danger is increased by their close resemblance to a cream-of-tartar powder. Then the grocer, unaware of their true character, sometimes recommends them because of their low cost. It is a startling fact that brands of baking powder which are labelled alum when sold in those States where the law requires alum powders to be so branded, are sold in this city as pure cream of tartar powders!

It is a safe practice to select a brand of baking powder of well-established reputation and then make sure that it exclusively is used in the kitchen.

The U. S. Government, after elaborate public tests, placed the Royal at the head of all powders for purity and strength, and health officers and physicians who have used it in their families for a quarter of a century are its most enthusiastic advocates and recommend it as the safeguard against the alum danger.

SOME QUEER TEXTS.—When ladies wore their "topknots" ridiculously high, it occurred to Rowland Hill to admonish them from the pulpit, and he did it by means of the words, "Topknot, come down," which he evolved from Matthew xxiv. 17, "Let him which is on the housetop not come down." Of course nothing but the exceeding quaintness of the preacher could have excused such a liberty with the sense and sound of the sacred text.

It was almost as bad as Swift's uniquely brief discourse on the text, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." "My friends," said the dean, as he closed the book, "if you approve of the security, down with the dust." As a matter of fact, it is usually only the quaint preachers who do venture on such liberties.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE ENGLISH IMITATION.—He made his appearance suddenly, coming forward with a swinging gait. He was a tall, spare man, with a sharp nose and thin lips. He wore no moustache, but sported a goatee on his chin, and his face was seamed with painted lines. He was dressed in trousers that did not quite reach his ankles, a rough coat, a wide Western hat, and a long linen duster, unbuttoned. He whittled a piece of stick unceasingly.

Some one said something to him.

He replied thus:

“Wa-al, I guess! I calc’late some! You kin bet your life on thet, sah! Wa-al, I should smile!”

This was greeted with a roar of laughter.

He continued:

“Naow, in my country, in the land uv the Stars and Stripes, suh, things is mighty different, sah! Yes, sah; yes, suh; yes, sir! Yes, sirree! I air an A-meri-can, my everlastin’ friend, and I air proud of it!”

He said a few more things in the same style.

The listeners simply shrieked with glee and exclaimed, “How characteristic! How clever!”

But who—who was the strange creature?

Hush! Be not alarmed, gentle reader.

’Tis merely an English actor typifying the British idea of an ordinary American. They have us down to such a fine point over there.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

AGE OF DEER.—Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the Highland adage?

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse,
 Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man,
 Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,
 Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle,
 Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak-tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than two hundred years: and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus, Captain McDonald of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged eighty-six years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for fifty years, his father for a like period before him, and his grandfather for sixty years before him. So in 1826 MacDonald of Glengarry is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen-Mac-Ian-Og, who had been dead one hundred and fifty years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number. But, alas! the general opinion among experts would seem to be that thirty years or thereabouts is the limit of a deer’s life.—*Chambers’s Journal*.

DANGEROUSLY NEAR IT.—“I come mighty nigh swearin’,” the deacon confessed, as he came into the house, nursing a bruised thumb.

“You don’t tell me!” said his wife.

“But I do tell you. I am a-tellin’ you right now. I hit my thumb with the hammer, and ’sted of sayin’, ‘By ginger!’ like I ’most always do. I hollers out, ‘By pepper!’ I dunno how much hotter I would ’a’ made it if it had hurt a little worse.”—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE LAW OF AVERAGE—

Why should you ignore it?

Rise superior to it if you can: let muscle and brain, zeal, energy, a talent for hard work, all the forceful spirit of your individuality contend for place and power and wealth.

Success to you!

While you strive remember. Pitiful comment on human effort, saddest of epitaphs—
NINETY-SEVEN OUT OF A HUNDRED OF YOUR FELLOWS DIE WITHOUT A DOLLAR.

Why not you? What special privilege or seal of approbation have you that guarantees election to an old age of comfort and of plenty? What fatuous indifference or blindness exposes you to such odds?

Unite with the wisest of your age; accept the reliable guarantees which they will freely give in exchange for your reciprocal obligation—in a word **BE INSURED.**

You can learn what particular form of such insurance is best adapted to your condition and needs by addressing

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

MEDIAEVAL BELLS.—The mediæval bells now surviving are comparatively few in number. In Surrey, out of one thousand and thirty bells, only a trifle over two per cent. were found to date before the year 1600. In Lincolnshire the proportion was seventeen and a half per cent. In Norfolk about one bell in six dates before the reign of Elizabeth. The monastery bells seem to have vanished when the monasteries were suppressed. Some disappeared in private hands; others were sold by the crown. The Augmentation rolls show that in Henry VII.'s reign one lot of one hundred thousand pounds of bells and bell-metal was sold for nine hundred pounds, with license to "convey, utter, and sell" the same beyond seas. A very few monastery bells still hang *in situ*. Forde Abbey, in Dorset, still possesses one of the old bells, cast by the Brasyers, who had a foundry at Norwich about the fifteenth century, bearing their foundry stamp and a handsomely moulded invocation to St. Margaret.—*London Times.*

WHIPPING A BAD ELEPHANT.—Did you ever see an elephant whipped? I don't suppose you would ever forget it if you did. They frequently do it in India, because elephants are very obstreperous at times.

Recently an elephant, Abdul, was convicted by court-martial of killing his keeper, and sentenced to fifty lashes and two years' imprisonment.

Two elephants led Abdul to an open space, and in the presence of the whole battery the punishment began. The culprit trumpeted in fear, and made an unearthly noise.

There were fourteen elephants on one side, and the officers and men of the battery on the other three. In the centre of this hollow square stood Lalla (No. 1), the flogger, and the prisoner. The latter was chained by the four legs to as many heavy iron pegs, and could not move.

Fastened to Lalla's trunk was an immense cable chain. When all was ready the major gave the word, and down came the chain with a resounding whack. Abdul roared for all he was worth. Fifty times was the operation repeated, and then Abdul was taken to a compound, where he was to remain a prisoner for two years.—*Answers*.

ON THE TRACK OF A CRIME.—"Jenkinson," remarked Mrs. Wipedunks, who was looking over one of the morning papers, "here's an 'open letter to the Hon. Mark Hanna.'"

"Does that paper print it?" asked Mr. Wipedunks.

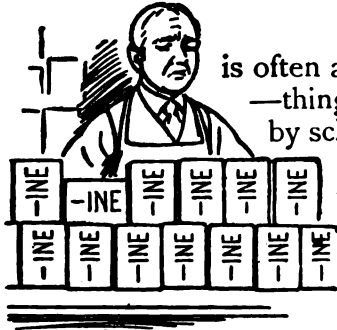
"Yes."

"Well, it seems to me," said Mr. Wipedunks, indignantly, "it would be a blamed sight better business trying to find out who opened it!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

A MEAN TRICK.—"I can explain my case in a very few minutes," said the excited old gentleman who had called upon the detective, "and I want you to find the guilty party, regardless of expense.

"I own a cow, and I'll wager any reasonable amount that there's no finer cow in the State. Living in the suburbs as I do, I have ample room for her, and she gets the best of care. My neighbor has a cow that looks very much like mine, but he keeps a bell on his so that he can locate her at almost any time of the day and night when she's not in her stall. Before daylight the other morning I heard a bell in my cabbage-patch. There was that regular 'tinkle, tinkle' which told me that the cow was browsing and that my winter supply of kraut was being consumed at the rate of about a head a minute. You can imagine that I was mad, especially as I had told the man to keep his cow off my premises or there would be trouble.

"I rallied on the scene with the dog and a buggy-whip. When I tried to set the dog on the intruder he didn't seem to have much heart in the business, but a crack or two with the whip set him to work, and we made it very interesting as long as my wind held out. We pushed the cow so that she took part of the fence with her in getting through it, and we kept right at her heels for over a quarter of a mile while she bellowed, the dog barked, and I plied the whip. When we returned she followed us right up, and just as I was arranging to give her a hotter dose than ever, my wife recognized her as our own cow. Some one had put a bell on her and turned her into the cabbage-patch. I'm not saying who did it, but I want you to find out, if it costs me a thousand dollars. Why, man, I might have killed the cow."—*Detroit Free Press*.



“Substitution”

is often an effort to get rid of unsalable goods—things that have been forced on the dealer by schemes which promise excessive profit.

Such washing powders are urged in place of **Pearline**.

When a woman gets a useless imitation, on the assurance that it's “the same as” or “as good as” **Pearline**, she's pretty likely after-

ward to do her trading somewhere else. ⁶⁰⁸

Don't argue the matter—use Pearline.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.—Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of ninety per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

AN UP-STAIRS BLACKSMITH-SHOP.—As is well known, the Baldwin Locomotive Works are located in the heart of the city of Philadelphia, where real estate is valuable. This condition of things leads to a great many details in the construction of the works which would not be thought of under different circumstances, although, as very often happens after one has accommodated himself to circumstances in this way, the result is found to have no disadvantages, but, on the contrary, is found to be positively advantageous.

One of the features of the Baldwin Works, which is a blacksmith-shop, steam-hammers and all, is located on the second floor. This shop does what the Baldwin Works call their light work. It does not do the frame forging or other heavy work, although the work done is, as already intimated, sufficiently heavy to call for steam hammers. The entire shop contains thirty-seven forges, served by two fans, which are driven by electric motors. A complete system of exhaust piping for carrying away the smoke is provided, which, together with the very liberal window and skylight area and elevated location, results in the cleanest and lightest shop, when the number of fires is considered, that we have ever seen.—*American Machinist*.

LOVE'S TEST.—Mamma.—“ I wonder why it is that Georgie plays and sings so much for Albert since they've become engaged. She never seems to cease from the time he comes into the house until he departs.”

Papa.—“ I guess she wants to make sure that he really loves her.”—*Chicago Record.*

FACTS ABOUT WHISKEY.—Something of interest to all consumers. The danger of adulteration and how to avoid it.

No subject has been more widely and more exhaustively discussed in the columns of newspapers and periodicals of all kinds, both in this country and abroad, than that of adulteration.

The causes which led to the investigation and discussion of this matter were found in the widespread adulteration of liquor. This evil grew to such proportions as to not only prove a menace to health but to become, in fact, the foundation of many ailments which afflict mankind. It were time the press and people took arms against the unscrupulous dealers who deluge the country with products which, while pretending to be pure, are the vilest and most pernicious of substitutes; not only impairing the health of consumers, but endangering their lives as well.

Not only are the jobbers and wholesalers at fault, but the retail dealers. Plenty of whiskey that leaves the distillery pure is in a dangerous state of adulteration before it is handed out to the consumer. Every consumer of whiskey, whether for refreshment or medicinal purposes, must make up his mind that whiskey, like the “ little girl with a curl,” is “ very, very good” or else “ horrid.”

“ Hayner's seven-year-old Double Copper Distilled Rye” is the “ very, very good” kind. To protect it from adulteration by middlemen and dealers and to save their profits, this absolutely pure whiskey is sold direct from distiller to consumer. This method of selling positively prevents the tampering of a second or third party, and should receive the praise and patronage of every American who is in favor of purity as against vileness; safety as opposed to danger.

A searching chemical analysis will prove that “ Hayner's Seven-year-old Double Copper Distilled Rye” is absolutely without impurity.

The palpable saving in purchasing direct from the distiller is shown in the offer of the Hayner Distilling Company, the manufacturers of this brand, who are located at 277-283 West Fifth Street, Dayton, Ohio.

They are sending, express prepaid, four full quart bottles of this choice whiskey for \$3.20.

BACK FROM THE KLONDIKE.—Opening the door in response to an insistent knock, the lady beheld the figure of one she remembered.

“ Oh, it is you, is it?” she said icily.

“ It is me,” was the answer; “ your long-lost husband, who has come to tell you that he is sorry he ran away two years ago.”

“ Maybe you are sorry you went,” retorted the lady, “ but I ain't. What did you come back for?”

“ My dearest, I have been to the Klondike, and last summer I accumulated fifty thousand——”

“ Fifty thou-sand dollars!” shrieked the loving wife as she fell on his neck.

“ No. Mosquito-bites.”

It was a moment later only that he fell on his neck himself.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

5 CENTS. 5 CENTS.

Price has been reduced on the original old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, so that it can now be bought at 5 cents for a full-sized bar. Quality same as for last 33 years, "BEST OF ALL." Ask your grocer

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for many, many years, and I cannot speak too highly of its merits. It is the only soap I ever used that kept my hands from chapping in cold water. It also saves the trouble of boiling the clothes, and leaves them in good condition. Up to last July I used to pay nine cents a bar for it, and thought it was cheap at that price, but now my grocer sells it to me at five cents a bar. I don't see how any housekeeper can afford to use any other soap now.

"MRS. CHAS. HAYES, Boston, Mass."

"I have used your Dobbins' Electric Soap for a long time, and would not be willing to try any other, as it does its work to perfection, and I consider it the best laundry soap in the world, and at five cents a bar it is the cheapest.

"MRS. ANNA FLYNN, Chicago, Ill."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for twelve years, and like it ever so much. I can do more and better work with one bar than with two of any other brand I ever tried. When I first commenced to use it I paid twelve cents a bar, now I only pay five cents. This is certainly a great reduction for a first-class soap like Dobbins' Electric.

"MRS. D. H. BROWN, Providence, R. I."

"I have used your Dobbins' Electric Soap for ten years, and find that it is all you claim for it, and now that I can buy it at five cents a bar, I would not think of using any other soap.

"MRS. FANNIE KELLY, Cleveland, O."

for it. No one has ever found fault with its quality, no one can now find fault with its price. It stands, as it has for 33 years, in a class by itself, as to quality, purity, and economy, but is now in class with common brown soaps as to price.

It is the original Electric, and is guaranteed to be worth four times as much as any other soap ever made. For washing anything, from the finest lace to the heaviest blanket, it is without a peer.

DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHEN LAWYERS WERE SCARCE.—In the year 1829, under the authority of the State of New York, an enumeration of the lawyers entitled to practise at the State or local courts was made. The regulations for admission to the bar at that time were simple and easy to comply with. Nevertheless there were found to be only three lawyers on Staten Island, thirteen in Westchester, sixty in Albany, and forty-five in Onondaga. Monroe County had not then attained the distinction which it has had since the growth of Rochester into a city, and it had within its borders only seventeen lawyers, while Columbia County, which has since given to the bar of the State many learned jurists, had thirty-two, and Dutchess County fifty-two. The people of Long Island were even less inclined to litigation then than they are now, for in the whole of Suffolk County there were six lawyers only, in Queens County there were but two, and in Kings County (it is very different now) there were three only.

In Broome County there were five lawyers, in Greene twenty-one, in Putnam three, in Steuben twelve, and in Tioga fourteen. But perhaps the lawyer of that period who enjoyed what might in these days be called an easy snap was the one member of the New York bar who resided in Orleans County. After 1820 there was a large increase of lawyers in New York State, and in 1834 they numbered two thousand and eighty-four.—*New York Sun*.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.—The inspectors of the factories where the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is produced have access at all times to the dairymen's premises, with authority to exact every sanitary precaution. Such care results in a perfect infant food.

A GREAT SCHEME.—The big politician sat surrounded by bottles and pill-boxes of all sizes and descriptions. Was he sick? Nitsey!

"Now, let me see," he mused. "I have sent testimonials to eighteen of those twenty patent medicine makers, and inside a week they will all have a three-column picture of me in a thousand papers at once, along with my letter endorsing their stuff."

He smiled softly to himself as he emptied two of the bottles into the fire-place.

"This beats ordinary campaigning all hollow. I'll write for some more sample bottles to-night. It's the only way to keep before all the people at once."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

BEAR AND SEAL.—Coming still nearer to the sleeping seal, the hungry bear adopted a ruse which shows that in his big white skull there is brain enough to do a little reasoning. Realizing that, though all of his body but his nose is white and not easily discerned against a background of ice and snow, his snout is very black and therefore likely to be detected by the seal, because of the contrasting color, what did the bear do but place one of his white paws over his black nose and push himself nearer and nearer to his dinner? When within thirty or forty feet of the seal the bear made a mighty bound or two and pounced with great fury upon the spot where the seal had been only a moment before. But by this time the wary seal had plunged into his hole and was safe in the depths of the sea. Nothing could exceed the rage of the bear. He thrust his nose far down the seal-hole. He bellowed and tore at his fur with his claws. He picked up pieces of ice and threw them high in the air. He was simply beside himself with anger and disappointment. Finally he wandered away, reluctantly turning now and then to look regretfully at the hole through which his dinner had escaped.—WALTER WELLMAN, in *National Magazine*.

HIS IMPRESSION.—"I am told that artist is a very hard worker," said a young woman.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne.

"To what school does he belong?"

"He's an impressionist."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. He labors under the impression that he is a great artist."—*Washington Star*.

FORT TI.—Never by any chance do folk in that part of the country refer to Fort Ticonderoga in all its five-syllabled completeness, but always as "Fort Ti." "Ticonderoga" marks the tenderfoot. Even railway conductors and others, who, from the dignity of their own place, might be presumed to treat the spot with more respect, abbreviate its name. It is all very well for the time tables and the tenderfeet to say "Ticonderoga," but "Fort Ti" is what they call out as the train slows up, and it is to "Fort Ti" that the ticket-agent or the livery-stable man, as the case may be, provides you a means of transportation. If you say "Ticonderoga," they will look at you as though you were a March hare strayed out of "Alice in Wonderland," or as the Baltimorean looks at her who calls the Maryland metropolis anything else than "Bawltimer." Not far from the ruins of the old fort is the town of Ticonderoga, or Ti village, as it is invariably called. This is consoling in that it shows that whatever degradation may lie in abbreviating the name is not personally directed towards the fort. The town shares it too.—*New York Sun*.



Trade **N^o 4711** Mark

Capto

(REGISTERED)

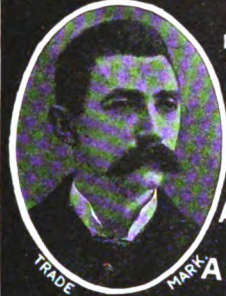
**The Unrivaled Hair Tonic
The Only Dandruff Cure
Sure Preventive of Baldness**

Invented by the well-known authority on diseases of the scalp, **Dr. P. J. Eichhoff**, Professor of Dermatology, **Elberfeld, Germany**.

Experience has shown that all other specifics recommended for these purposes have proved failures. Send for circular.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS,
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, . . NEW YORK.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM



TOILET POWDER

**AFTER BATHING
AND SHAVING.**

**Delightful After Bathing,
A Luxury After Shaving.**


A Positive Relief for
Chapped Hands, Chaffing,
and all afflictions of the skin.

GET MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.

Refuse all other powders, which are liable to do harm.

Sold everywhere, or mailed for **25 CENTS.** (Sample free.)

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.




HAIR SWITCH 65 CENTS.

WE SELL HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES to match any hair at from **65c.** to **\$3.25,** the equal of switches that retail at \$2.00 to \$8.00.

OUR OFFER. Cut this ad. out and send to us, inclose a good-sized sample of the exact shade wanted, and cut it out as near the roots as possible, inclose our special price quoted and 5 cents extra to pay postage, and we will make the switch to match your hair exact and send to you by mail, postpaid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it, and we will immediately refund your money.

Our Special Offer Price as follows: 2-oz. switch, 20-in. long, long stem, 65c; short stem, 90c; 2-oz., 22-in. long, short stem, \$1.25; 3-oz., 22-in. long, short stem, \$1.50; 3-oz., 24-in. long, short stem, \$2.25; 3 1/2-oz., 26-in. long, short stem, \$3.25. **WE GUARANTEE OUR WORK** the highest grade on the market. Order at once and get these special prices. Your money returned if you are not pleased. Write for Free Catalogue of Hair Goods. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.** (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)




Cancer Cured

With Soothing Balmy Oils.

Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Eczema, and all skin and womb diseases.

Cancer of the nose, eye, lip, ear, neck, breast, stomach, womb—in fact, all internal or external organs or tissues, cured without knife or burning plasters, but with soothing aromatic oils. Cut this out and send it for an illustrated book on the above diseases. Home treatment sent when desired. Address

DR. B. F. BYE, P.O. BOX 246, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



BLINDNESS PREVENTED AND CURED

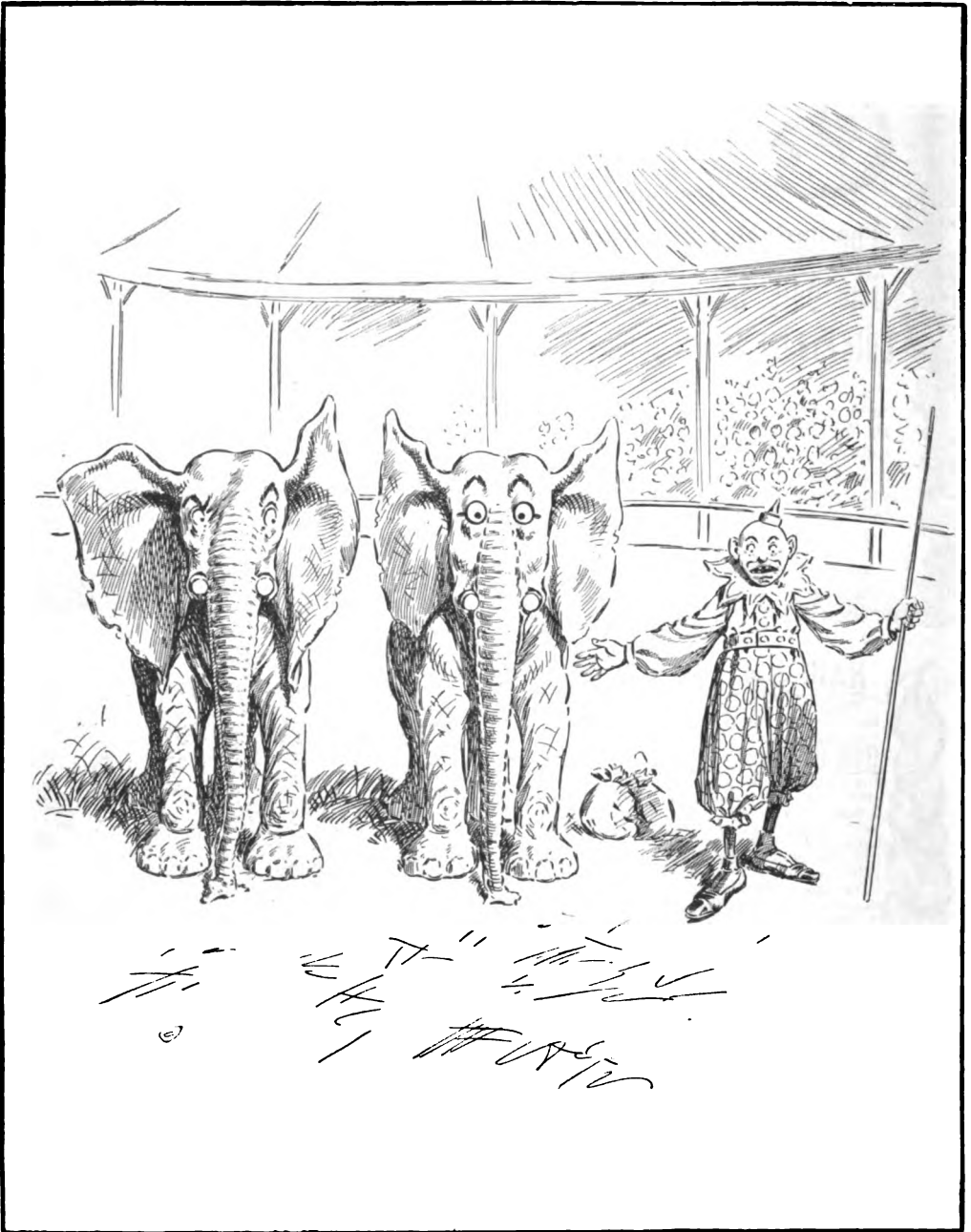
By the Great "Actina" and Electrical Pocket Battery, which removes Cataracts, Pterygiums, etc., cures Granulated Lids, and RESTORES VISION. Positive proof of cures given. **No Cutting or Drugging.** 18 years of success. Write for our 80 page Dictionary of Disease, FREE. Address,
NEW YORK & LONDON ELECTRIC ASS'N,
2929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

ORE EYES **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

49

THE PASSING OF THE AUTOMATIC ELEPHANT.



CLOWN.—“Ladies and gents, I have the pleasure of introducing to you to-night for the first time the wonderful automatic elephant,—

Brown's Bronchial Troches

(OF BOSTON)

are world-renowned as a superior remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and Bronchial affections.

"I think them the most wonderful medicine for all bronchial affections."

HON. MRS. PERRY, Castle Grey, Limerick, Ireland.

Observe Fac-Simile
Signature of



on wrapper of
every box.

Everybody....

Can write some Shorthand,
but not everybody knows it. If you
want to know how, address

Graphic Shorthand Institute,
Odd Fellows' Temple,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

STUDY LAW AT HOME. Particulars FREE. OHIO COR.
LAW COLLEGE, Lima, Ohio.

SHORTHAND Written in an hour for notes; 6 to 12 weeks for rapid work by non-shading, non-position, connective vowel Pernin method. World's Fair Award. Trial lesson free, self-instructor on approval. Write H. M. PERNIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

102 Fulton st. New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first class. Dealers supplied. 62-page illus. cat. free.



YOU CAN MAKE \$10 TO \$30
Per day exhibiting our

Panoramic Cuban War Exhibition Outfit.

Everybody is enthused over the brilliant victories of our Army and Navy, and the exhibitions have only to be advertised to bring crowded houses at good prices for admission. We furnish the complete outfit, including 52 Cuban War Views, High Grade Stereopticon, large (14x21) Advertising Posters, Admission Tickets, etc., for a little money. Cut this ad. out and send for circulars with full particulars and copies of testimonials from exhibitors who are making big money with our outfits. Address **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Inc., Chicago, Ill.**

Paul E. Wirt Fountain Pen

TO SUIT ANY HAND.

Simplest, Safest and Best. Durable and Satisfactory.

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD FOR ITS EQUAL FOR CONSTANT PRACTICAL USE, AND WE CHALLENGE SUPERIORITY IN THE CLASS OF GOODS.

"MR. PAUL E. WIRT, Dear Sir:—With your pen I have been able to noticeably improve my spelling and also my standing among Christian people. Yours Truly, BILL NYE."

Send for Catalogue.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.



BOYS and GIRLS

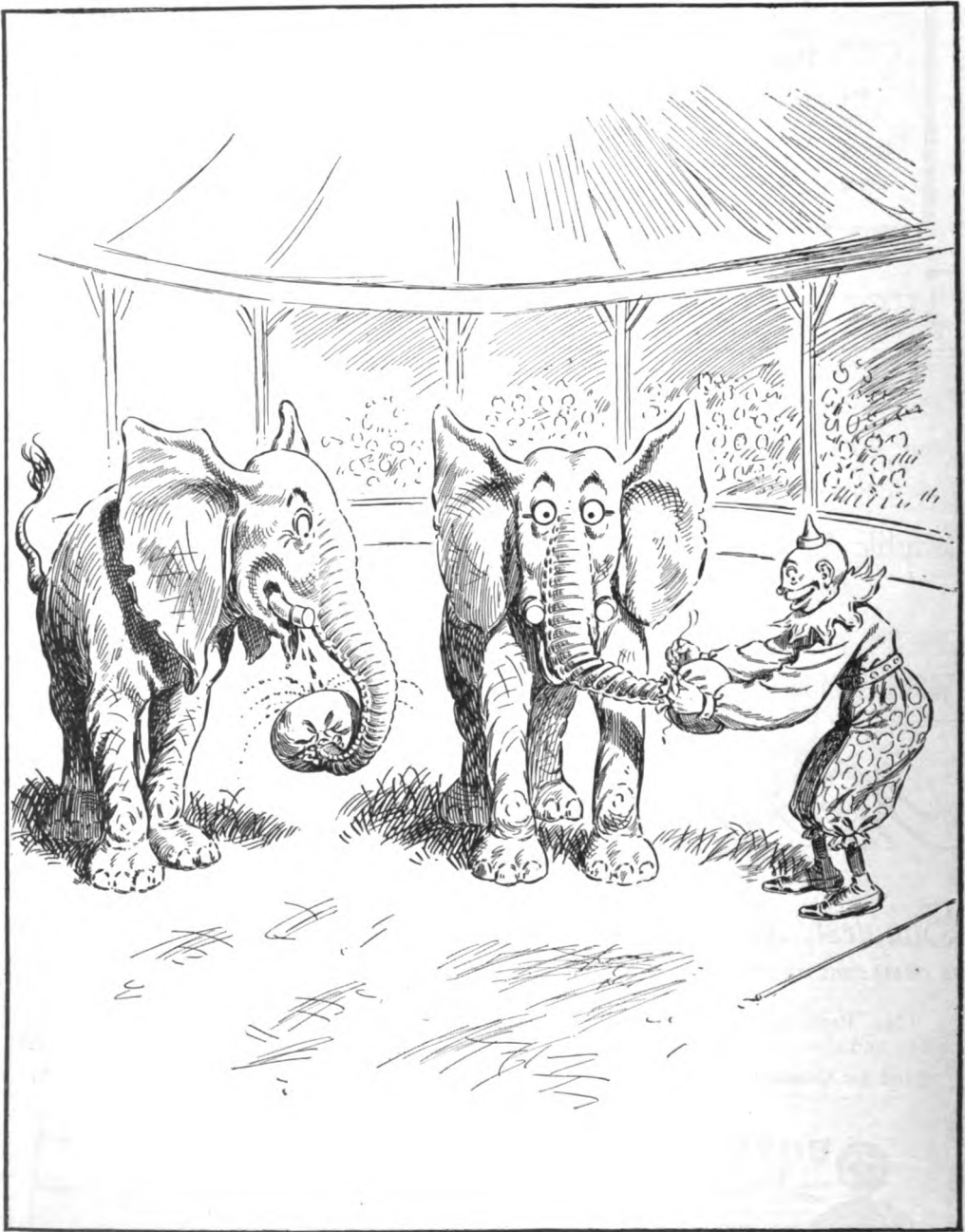
We are giving away Watches, Cameras, Jewelry, and Sporting Goods for selling EXCELSIOR BLUINE. Send your name and address and we will send you 18 packages postpaid with premium list and full particulars, which you may sell to your friends at 10c per package. Select your premium and send us the money and you will get your premium by return mail. **THIS is an honest offer. Write at once. EXCELSIOR BLUINE CO., 552 Dearborn St., Chicago.**



No Fire, Smoke, or Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send five stamps for catalogue. **TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.**

Relieved with **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

THE PASSING OF THE AUTOMATIC ELEPHANT.—Continued.



“and the performance will begin with a four-round go between it and our old friend Jumbo,—



**Above them all
as a practical
machine**

Ten Days Trial Free
**THE WELLINGTON
TYPEWRITER NO 2**

is as perfect a typewriter as can be made, it embodies every good feature found in the \$100 typewriters and in addition thereto, has important advantages all its own, and is placed on the market at a reasonable price.

COSTS ONLY \$60

The Canadian Pacific Railway uses over sixty Wellington typewriters, having selected them in preference to all others. Send for illustrated pamphlet telling all about them.

THE WILLIAMS MFG. CO., LTD.,
Box 2, Plattsburg, N. Y.

YOST

is the Name



of the Typewriter of
"Beautiful Work."

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.
61 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.
50 Holborn Viaduct, London.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

FOR MEN.

The Smith Premier Typewriter

BROUGHT INDEPENDENCE TO WOMEN,
PROVIDING A PRACTICAL, PERMANENT
MEANS FOR THEIR SELF SUPPORT.

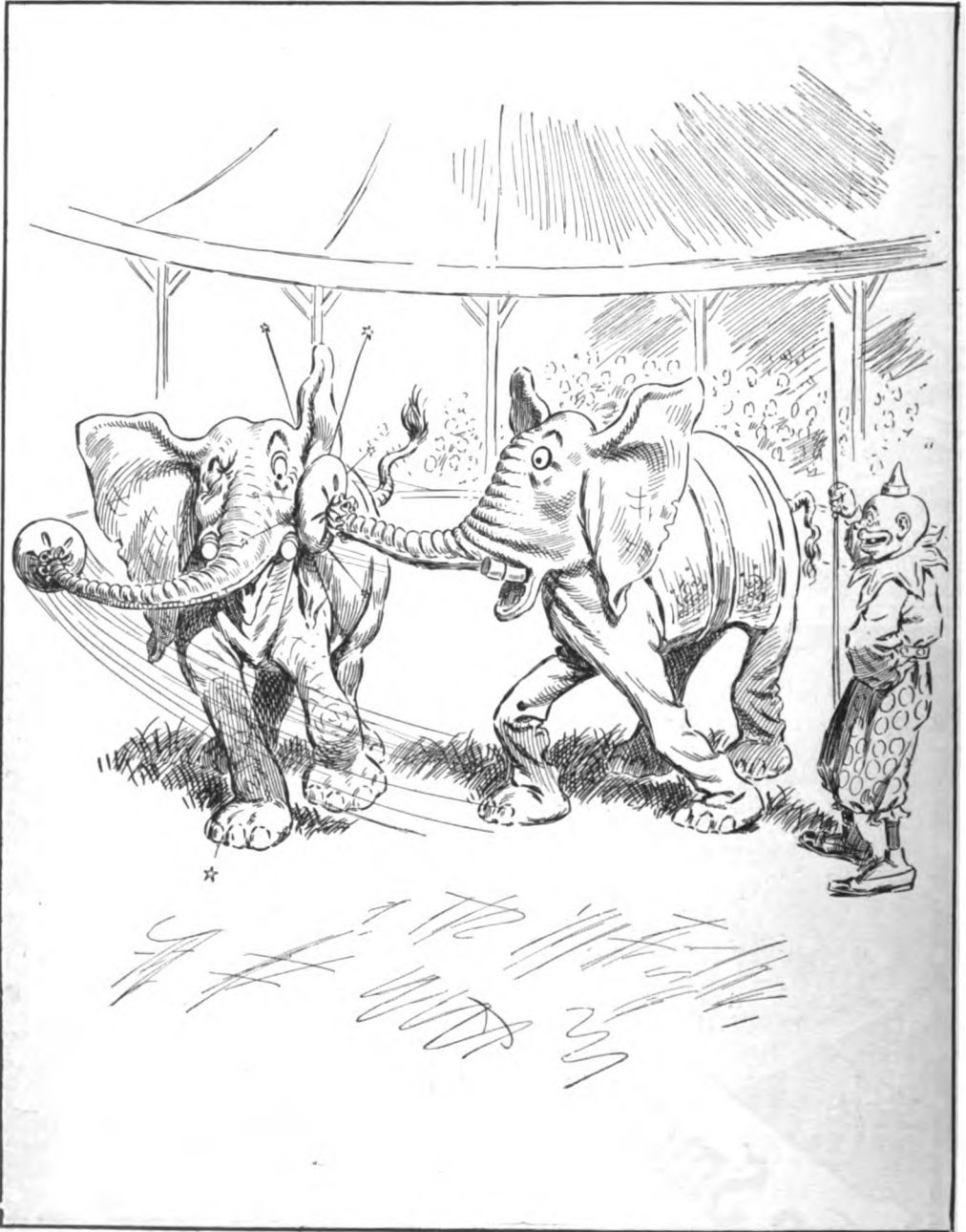
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

FOR WOMEN.

THE WORLD AROUND PREMIERS ARE FOUND
ART CATALOGUE FREE
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
SYRACUSE, N.Y. U.S.A.

WAGSTAFF & CO. N.Y.

THE PASSING OF THE AUTOMATIC ELEPHANT.—Continued.



“after which the mechanism of the invention—

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

My Assertion.

An undesirable growth of hair on the face, neck, or arms can be removed quickly and future growth prevented. I know whereof I speak, being a regular physician and having had years of experience with women's troubles. My success has led me to publish this announcement for the benefit of those living remote from New York who are suffering the untold annoyance of superfluous hair, and many of whom have wasted time and money in useless preparations.

Harmless and Effectual.

If you will sit down to-day, write me, I will reply to you telling you of the best treatment of superfluous hair I have ever used, and, if desired, will not only promise to keep the undesirable hair from your skin forever, but will give the same attention to your matter by correspondence and proper treatment as if you were to come here to my parlors. Being a woman, I know the delicacy of matters like this, therefore give you my assurance that correspondence will be held strictly confidential. Address, enclosing two stamps for sealed reply and brochure. Mention *Lippincott's* in writing.

Mrs. ANNA M. CROSS, M.D.,
No. 3 West 20th Street, New York.

LIBBY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF



Makes a delicious cup of Bouillon—it soothingly nourishes the brain, invigorates and tones up the whole system. You should always use LIBBY'S. It's the essence of choice beef. OUR NEW BOOKLET

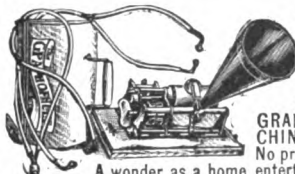
"HOW TO MAKE GOOD THINGS TO EAT"
Tells you how to make good things better with Libby's Extract of Beef. Gives many chafing dish and novel lunch recipes. Sent free for your address on a postal.
LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, Chicago.



*Light
any building
anywhere
better and
50% cheaper.
Perfectly
Safe and
Automatic.*

ACETYLENE is the coming light—suitable for any building anywhere. Cheaper by 50 per cent., better and cooler—it does not vitiate the atmosphere. Criterion Generators possess many points of excellence over all others; are more economical in operation, avoiding waste. Generators of any capacity. Search Lights. For particulars address
J. B. Colt & Co., Dept. U,
3, 5 and 7 West 29th St., New York;
139 Lasalle St., Chicago, Ill.; 131
Post St., San Francisco, Cal. Closing-out Sale Stereopticons, Focusing Arc-Lamps, etc., at half-price.

*All goods sold by us
are fully guaranteed.*



**\$10.00
To \$30.00**
and expenses EVERY DAY can be made

with our NEW IMPROVED GRAPHOPHONE TALKING-MACHINE. Price reduced to \$10.00. No previous experience necessary. A wonder as a home entertainer. All the latest Songs, Music, Speeches, or your own voice. Complete Outfits consisting of Machine, with automatic spring motor which runs 2 records with one winding, Hearing Tubes, Concert Horn, 12 Musical or Talking Records, large size Show Bills, Admission Tickets, etc., for \$15.25. An opportunity to make BIG MONEY EASY giving public entertainments. Just the thing for Church and Sunday-school entertainments. Anyone can operate them. Send for FREE Catalogue of Graphophones, Records, Etc., with hundreds of Testimonials from those who are making big money with our Graphophone Outfits, or, by sending One Dollar, we will send the outfit by express, C. O. D., subject to examination, balance payable when received. Address, **Sears, Roebuck & Co. (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.**
(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

VALUABLE MINERAL SPECIMENS

OF GOLD, SILVER, COPPER, LEAD, AND OTHER ORES;

Petrifications, Crystals, and Gems

FREE WITH OUR TEAS,

on all purchases of fifty cents or over.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Send two-cent stamp for descriptive catalogue.

FORMOSA TEA CO.,

1630 Welton Street,

DENVER, COLO.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

67

THE PASSING OF THE AUTOMATIC ELEPHANT.—Continued.



“will be explained——” bang!!!

THE LATEST AND BEST.

A SAVINGS BANK POLICY

IN

The Manhattan Life

BECAUSE { CASH—any year you need it; and Guarantees
IT IS { INCOME AND PROTECTION to yourself if living; or to your family at your death.

SPECIMEN POLICY WITH ILLUSTRATION will be sent you on receipt of this page, stating

"I was born on the day of 18.....

Name,

Address,

**Cut this out and return filled up to
THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
66 Broadway, New York City.**

NEW YORK
FLORIDA
CHARLESTON

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA AND THE SOUTH

NEW YORK to JACKSONVILLE \$43.30
 AND RETURN **FIRST CABIN**
 Including Meals and Stateroom Accommodations
Intermediate Cabin, \$35.30

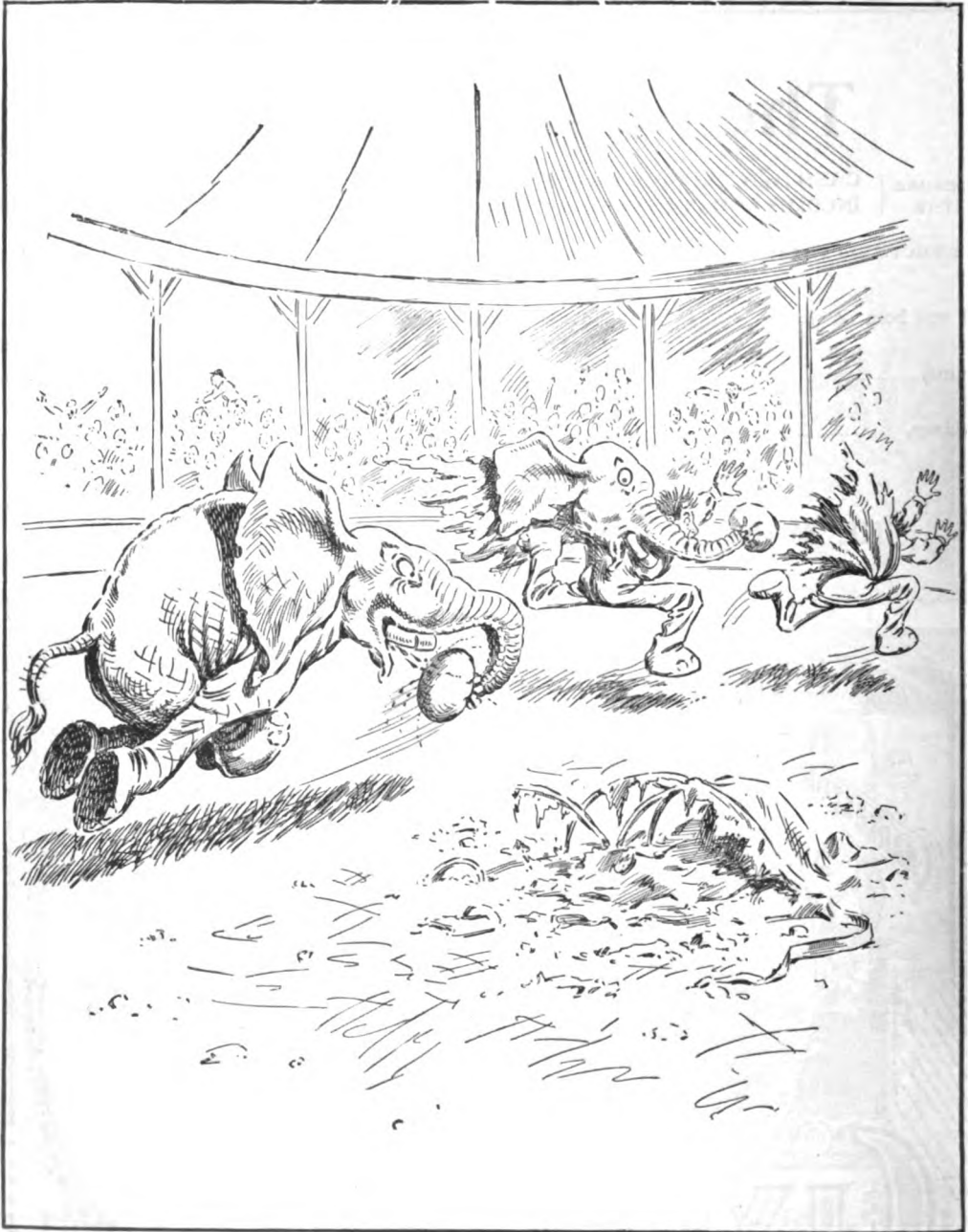
CHARLESTON \$32.00 **FIRST CABIN**
 AND RETURN
 Including Meals and Stateroom Accommodations
INTERMEDIATE CABIN, \$24.00

CLYDE LINE

WM. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents, 5 Bowling Green, New York.
 THEO. G. EGER, T. M., 5 Bowling Green, N. Y.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

THE PASSING OF THE AUTOMATIC ELEPHANT.—Continued.

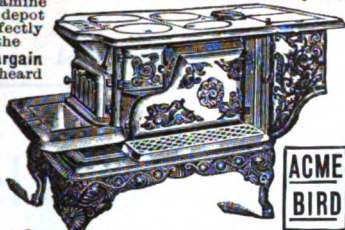


JUMBO.—“After which the mechanism of the invention —

SEND US ONE DOLLAR

and this ad. and we will send you this big \$25-lb. new 1899 pattern high grade RESER-

YOUR COALLAND WOOD COOK STOVE, by freight C. O. D. subject to examination. Examine it at your freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory and the Greatest Stove Bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the freight agent our SPECIAL PRICE, \$13.00, less the \$1.00 sent with order, or \$12 and freight charges. THIS STOVE IS SIZE No. 8, Oven is 16 1/2 x 18-11. Top is 42 x 23; made from best pig iron, extra large flues, heavy covers, heavy linings and grates, large oven shelf, heavy tin-lined oven door, handsome nickel-plated ornamentations and trimmings, extra large deep Genuine Standish Porcelain Lined Reservoir, handsome large ornamented base. BEST COAL BURNER MADE, and we furnish FREE an extra wood grate, making it a perfect Wood Burner.



Write for our Big FREE STOVE CATALOGUE

We Issue a Binding Guarantee with every stove and guarantee safe delivery to your railroad station. Your local dealer would charge you \$25.00 for such a stove; the freight is only about \$1.00 for each 500 miles, so we save you at least \$10. SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable—Editor.)

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium,
FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF **CANCER**



Tumors, and all Forms of Malignant and Benign Growths

Without the use of the Knife

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible and our book with complete information will be mailed free. Address,

Drs. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.

PURE WATER!



Is water free from organic matter which produces disease, and from earthy salts which induce stiff joints, rheumatism, and disorders of the kidneys.

THE SANITARY STILL produces it (aerated) in any quantity very cheaply and simply. Our \$10 Still has twice the capacity of others, and is the only Still recognized by the U. S. Government. Send for booklet.

THE CUPRIGRAPH CO., 115 North Green Street, Chicago.



Dinner Set Free

(112 or 126 pieces, decorated or plain)

or GOLD WATCH

With only 30 Pounds of Sun-Sun Chop Tea.

S.-S. Chop is packed in One Pound Airtight Decorated Trade-Mark Tin Cansisters to preserve the Fine, Rich, Delicate, Aromatic Flavor and Great Strength. Warranted to suit all tastes. If you want to test this Tea, send this "ad" and 15 cents, and we will mail you a 1/4 lb. of S.-S. C. Tea.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Great American Tea Co.

31 and 33 Vesey Street,

P. O. Box 289. New York City, N. Y.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPHIC NEWS

Tells you how to obtain the latest-improved, best, and cheapest Talking-Machines, Loud Records, Trade Discounts, etc. Read it and get posted. Free for two-cent stamp.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH CO., Cincinnati, O.

A UNITED STATES WALL MAP

FREE A copy of our handsome map 48x34 inches, printed in colors and mounted on a roller, will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage to pay for packing and transportation. P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.



BOYS & GIRLS

We are giving away Gold Watches, Cameras, Talking Machines, Jewelry and Sporting Goods for selling **Belgian Ink Powder.**

Send your name and address and we will send you 18 packages postpaid, with premium list and full particulars, which you may sell to your friends at 10 cts. per package, then send us the money and select your premium from the list. This is an honest offer. Write at once.

BELGIAN INK CO.
356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

REPRESENT A PAPER and make at home during leisure hours. Specimen copy and full particulars, 10c. "THE AMERICAN BUILDER," Chicago. \$2 a day

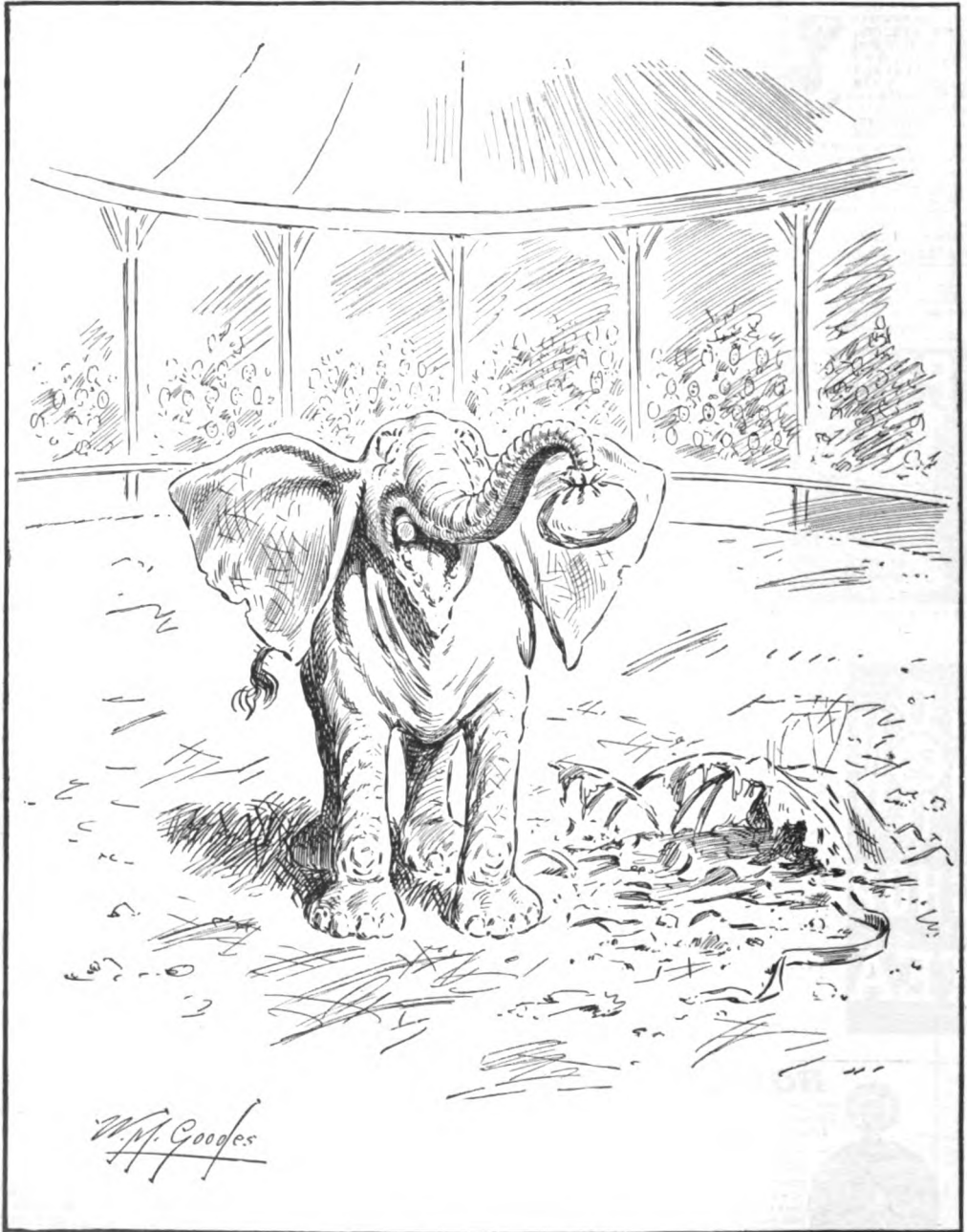
This Beautiful....
14 ft. \$160.00. Other sizes to Stationary, 1 to 20 h. p Pumping
PIERCE ENGINE CO.,



VAPOR LAUNCH
24 ft. ENGINES, 1 to 6 h. p. Engines all sizes. Send for Catalog
Box 11, Racine Jct, Wis.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

THE PASSING OF THE AUTOMATIC ELEPHANT.—Concluded.



"will be explained. Well, that's a good one. Ho! ho! ho! ho!"

THE
SPORT OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY

CLARINDA PENDLETON LAMAR,

AUTHOR OF "IN LOUISA COUNTY," "MRS. MERRIWETHER'S WEDDING," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1899, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1899.

THE SPORT OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

I.

MRS. FORSYTH leaned back in her seat in the corner of the opera-box and looked up at the young man standing beside her.

"It is delightful to meet you again," she said warmly. "I haven't seen you since my wedding, in which you took such a prominent part."

"A prominent part?" said Trenham inquiringly.

"Oh, don't tell me you have forgotten all you did for us," said Mrs. Forsyth. "You surely recall that wretched misunderstanding that came so near separating us finally. Why, John and I have been remembering you in our prayers ever since,—whenever we remember to say them. We devoutly believe that but for you we would still be thinking all sorts of disagreeable things of each other and making ourselves very unpleasant to our friends."

"I remember that little misunderstanding, certainly," said Trenham, "but you overrate the value of my services. I was merely what the ministers call 'an humble instrument of grace' on that occasion. You and Mr. Forsyth were as certain to have made it up again and come together as—as——"

"The two halves of a pair of scissors?" she suggested.

Trenham laughed. "That simile did not occur to me," he said; "but if it strikes you as appropriate I have no fault to find with it."

"Well," continued Mrs. Forsyth, "it may be very commendable in you not to remember your own good deeds, but I can't say I am as much impressed by your forgetting the fact that a grateful couple

tendered you the proud post of best man at the wedding. That was an unheard-of innovation, you know, because you were not John's friend, but mine."

"Don't you think it is rather cruel of you," he replied, "to remind me how I was required to officiate at the funeral of my own hopes? I have been trying to forget that."

"I see you haven't forgotten how to make pretty speeches," she laughed back at him. "That sounds graceful even to one who has grown accustomed to the proverbial gallantries of Southern men."

"You flatter me. I could never hope to compete with them. I had even forgotten for the moment that your ears were used to such music. It seems so like old times to see you here that I am tempted to believe you have never been away."

"Yes, it is good to be back," she answered with a contented sigh. "Do you know any unhackneyed way of saying 'There's no place like home'?"

"Unfortunately, no. But I pardon the platitude for the sake of hearing you express the sentiment. Your friends can't help feeling a little jealous that you should come back to us looking so well and happy; so supremely contented with your lot; so entirely able to get along without us. We've all been singing, 'They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,' and here our 'Nelly Gray' comes back looking younger and handsomer than ever."

Mrs. Forsyth smiled. "That is simply perfect," she said. "I haven't heard anything in Georgia that approaches it, and I have met the best the land affords. I always told you you were something of an exotic, you know; you don't smack of the soil in the least."

"Then I will make no more compliments. I will conceal my feelings. I am nothing if not a Northerner."

She laughed merrily. "There it is again. You surely are a changeling. If you had worn a soft hat and put your hand on your heart and said, 'Nothing if not a Georgian,' I could have believed you were a Confederate survivor but for your youth. You would find yourself upon your native heath if you would come home with me."

"I presume you mean that for a compliment," said Trenham, "so I will let it pass; but I never expect to endanger my life and liberty by venturing upon Southern soil."

"You are very wise," Mrs. Forsyth replied; "you would imperil both. I know several girls there whom it would be dangerous for you to meet."

"No doubt. But I do not think I should surrender utterly. The Southern type of beauty does not appeal to me. I like strong, helpful women,—women who are capable of holding their own in the world, who do not lean upon any one. I should like my wife to be my equal in all things."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Forsyth dryly, "then our girls would not suit you; they are taught to regard themselves as your superiors."

Trenham laughed. "I cry you mercy," he said. "I am always worsted in a tilt with you. And yet you might have spared me; you were not a Southern woman."

"I was not, but I believe I am growing to be. I like the people even more than I do the place, and it is the people, after all, who make the place."

"Do you find them very different from other people?" asked Trenham with interest. "I have a pet theory that the best people are alike the world over."

"That is true in a measure; and yet in an old, settled community like the one in which I live, where every one knows everybody else, and every third family is related, there is a good deal of local color. They have their own ways, their own customs, even their own fasts and feasts; they keep Christmas rather than the Fourth of July; and the women wear what is becoming without caring much if it is the fashion."

"They don't keep the Fourth of July? Do you mean they are still unreconstructed?"

"Oh, no. They are patriotic enough. But it is a matter of custom. The Fourth is in hot weather, when every one who is not out of town is doing nothing but trying to keep cool; and then the day has been appropriated by the negroes, and what they adopt the white people drop by tacit consent. I don't believe, for instance, that they stopped saying 'lady' and 'gentleman' because it was the fashion, but because the negroes borrowed the names and made them their own. My friend's little boy told her, when she asked him who was at the door, 'It isn't a white woman, mamma, it's a colored lady.' He had learned that from his nurse."

"Pray, don't stop," said Trenham, as she took up her opera-glass; "I am extremely interested."

"I have often tried to analyze the charm of the place," she resumed after a pause, "and I cannot. Sometimes I think it is because they are all like one big family. You have no idea how numerous and intricate are the relationships; how traditional friendships and inherited feuds regulate society. But the best of the people have a certain simplicity and old-fashioned unworldliness that is very beautiful. And there is a vein of romance in their character; you can fancy the men counting the world well lost for honor, and the women for love."

Trenham was regarding her attentively. "I think I can help you," he said. "At least I can offer a suggestion. I'll put it in the form of a question. How much of this 'nameless charm' is Georgia, and how much is John Forsyth?"

She blushed vividly. "That was hardly fair of you," she said.

"I am ready to cry quits, and to admit to an old friend in confidence that a good deal of it is John Forsyth."

She recalled this conversation distinctly, one morning during the following summer, when she encountered Trenham on the streets of the city where she lived.

She drove her cart up to the curbing and hailed him.

"So you have taken your life in your hands and come to Georgia?" she asked when they had shaken hands.

Trenham looked over his shoulder apprehensively before replying. "Ye-es," he said, "and so far I haven't seen a pistol or a bowie knife, but I have no doubt they are lying in wait for me somewhere."

"So long as you keep on this side the Savannah River you may escape," she advised gravely. "I wouldn't venture into South Carolina, though. There were two men shot in a little town there last week. They went to a party and misbehaved—drank too much, I believe. Anyhow, some one asked the host who killed them. 'Well, I don't know who killed them,' he drawled, 'but all the good people in the town shot at them.'"

Trenham laughed. "And you think all the good people would shoot at me?"

"They might if they knew your character. However, I'll offer you the shelter of my fortress while you are here. Get in and tell me where to drive for your bag."

"You are too kind," said Trenham, "but I leave to-morrow night, and I have an engagement with a man at my hotel this evening. It's the business that brought me, or I would shirk it with pleasure."

"Then spend to-morrow with us. We dine in the middle of the day, and we can show you something of the place after it gets cool in the evening."

"Then it does get cool here?" he inquired incredulously.

Mrs. Forsyth smiled. "Well, cooler than this," with a glance down the broad asphalted street, above which the air was quivering in waves of intense heat.

"I don't know which has impressed me most," he continued, "the scorching heat of the streets, or the delicious coolness of the girls in white dresses. They wear the thinnest, softest, most ethereal gowns, and look like Niphetos roses."

Mrs. Forsyth brightened with pleasure. "Are they not pretty?" she asked.

"Beautiful! Even the ugly ones are pretty."

"But you haven't said you would spend to-morrow with us," she reminded him.

"Oh, that goes without saying. You know I couldn't resist the temptation. I'll come with pleasure, and I won't keep you here in this heat any longer."

She repeated the conversation to her husband when they met at

dinner. "I want to ask one of our prettiest girls to dine with him to-morrow," she said. "He was entirely too indifferent about Southern girls when I met him in New York. I want to give him a lesson. Whom shall I ask?"

Her husband reflected.

"As you have only one day for it, I think you had better ask Barbara Windford," he advised. "You know the old rhyme:

Blue eyes kill with many a pang,
But black eyes kill with a sudden bang."

His wife clapped her hands. "The very thing!" she said. "John, you are the most resourceful husband I ever had. You always have a valuable suggestion upon every subject, from the serving of a dinner to the wording of a letter of condolence. What a glorious couple they would make!" she added after a pause. "I wish they would fall in love with each other. Arthur is a charming fellow, even if he is the least bit conceited, and they seem almost made for each other; she is such an ideal brunette, and he looks like the sun-god, with that splendid yellow head of his."

Her husband's countenance fell. "Just hear yourself," he said. "And you swore to me you preferred dark men."

She came round the table and leaned on the back of his chair. "For myself, yes," she said with an affectionate little gesture, "but not for Barbara Windford."

II.

MISS WINDFORD arrived early the next morning, as she had been warned to come, and her hostess met her with a wail of despair.

"I never was so glad to see any one in all my life," she began. "I am in the greatest trouble. My dear old cook, who was raised by John's mother, had a fall last night, and is suffering so that she can't leave her bed, and the incompetent I have in the kitchen doesn't even know how to cook rice."

"That's too bad," said the girl sympathetically. "But then Uncle Priam is such a splendid cook, he'll attend to everything. Mr. Forsyth's mother raised him too, didn't she? I remember hearing my father say what a delightful housekeeper she was; he said she made the most delicious biscuit he ever ate, and that Priam and old Aunt Dilsey were the only things she ever raised that were not light."

Mrs. Forsyth did not even attempt to smile. "Oh, if Priam were only here," she said, "I wouldn't hesitate to dine the Prince of Wales. But he has gone to his mother's funeral,—of all the days

in the year,—and as if that was not bad enough, my parlor maid came to me just after breakfast and asked leave to go for some medicine for her sick child; she said she would be back in fifteen minutes, and I haven't seen her since. I don't know what to think of it," she went on dolefully. "Usually I can pick good servants off of the trees."

Barbara took the anxious face between her cool palms. "My dear woman," she said, "have you forgotten that this is the Fourth of July? You won't see your maid till bedtime. I was so glad you asked me to dinner, for I doubt if we have any at all at home."

Mrs. Forsyth threw up her hands with the gesture of a tragedy queen. "The Fourth of July, and I had forgotten it!—I, a Northern woman, who prides herself upon her patriotism! It serves me right. If I forget thee, oh, Independence Day, let my cook forget her cunning and my housemaid cleave to the roof of her house."

"By all means," said Barbara, "that is exactly what they will do. Do you think your butler's mother is really dead?"

Mrs. Forsyth smiled. "I am sure of it," she asserted. "Very likely the Fourth has something to do with the haste with which they arranged the funeral. It was a temptation, of course, to have two celebrations the same day. But though the cook and the butler are both what you call 'settled,' the housemaid belongs to the new *régime*; I'd expect nothing better of her. At all events, I'll have to spend the day in the kitchen, and you must entertain Arthur. He's a lovely fellow, and I think you'll like him, but even if you don't you must talk to him so fast that he won't know I am out of the room, and if dinner is delayed, remember what Madame de Staël's servants used to say: 'Another story, madame; the roast hasn't come.'"

They were interrupted by the buzz of the electric bell, and Mrs. Forsyth herself admitted Trenham, looking more like the sun-god than ever in a suit of white linen.

Miss Windford advanced from the shadow of the darkened parlor and greeted him. Her voice was low: in contrast to his sharper accents and more exaggerated consonants, it sounded as if a more tuneful instrument had been touched by a more skilful hand.

Trenham held his breath to hear her, and when she ceased made haste to say something to make her speak again.

"What a lovely old house this is!" he said, with a glance at the high white ceilings with their heavy plaster cornices, and the white Corinthian columns that divided the room into two.

Mrs. Forsyth had left them upon the appearance of a dusky apparition in the doorway, and Barbara answered: "Yes, it was built by Mr. Forsyth's grandfather. It is one of our show places, and it is just as well you began by admiring it; I should have required it of you in the next few minutes. It was really very clever of you, and saved me the trouble of trying to bring it into the conversation with some show of relevancy. But I have been brought up to be-

lieve that Ya—that Northerners are naturally smart about everything.”

“You were going to say ‘Yankees,’” he said reproachfully.

“And if I was,” she answered boldly, “are you not proud of the name? I would be if I lived at the North.”

“Well, if you put it that way,” he admitted. “But I did not think you thought I would be proud of it.”

“And I was also brought up to believe that you did not care what people thought, so long as you enjoyed the approval of your own consciences.”

“I shall begin to wish you had been brought up differently, if you put me so in the wrong.”

“Or not brought up at all?” she suggested.

Trenham smiled. “No,” he said, “I won’t go as far as that; and since I think of it, I withdraw my objections to your rearing; this is a case where the end justifies the means.”

Barbara laughed merrily. “And you pretend to be a Yankee, —I will say it,—and pay compliments like that? That would have done credit to a South Carolinian.”

Trenham looked a trifle annoyed. “You and Mrs. Forsyth are determined to rate me above my merits,” he said a little stiffly.

“Mrs. Forsyth?”

“Yes. She accused me of talking like a Southerner.”

“Well, I should put it differently,” said Barbara, with the air of giving the matter her serious consideration. “I should say that a Southerner talks like you.”

Trenham laughed, with the effect of a complete surrender. “I was going to say,” he remarked, “that these rooms look so bare and cool without carpets or draperies. I never imagined anything so refreshing after the glare and heat outside.”

“Yes,” said Barbara, “we order up our carpets and call down our curtains by the middle of May. My idea of comfort in a summer room is to strip it of rugs and hangings until you can turn a hose in it with impunity.”

Her words were drowned in a sudden noise outside, and Trenham turned to her in surprise.

“It’s only the Fantastics,” she explained. “This is the Fourth of July, you know, and the negroes keep it by dressing in absurd costumes and blowing tin horns. They call themselves ‘Fantastics.’”

“The Fourth of July,” said Trenham reflectively. “So it is. I had forgotten it.”

He caught her eye as he made the admission and laughed. “And yet I am a Yankee,” he said. “I insist upon it, however appearances may be against me.”

“Mrs. Forsyth forgot it too,” said Barbara demurely. “I supposed you were all in the habit of observing the day at the North.

I thought I had read of it in the papers, but I must have been mistaken."

"We are not in the habit of being so charmingly entertained that we forget what day it is," replied Trenham, determined to have the last word.

They went to the window and, turning the wide, green slats in one of the closed blinds, looked out on the hot, dusty street. A troop of negro boys were passing, arrayed in long, trailing garments of bright-colored calico. They wore the most ludicrous masks, and enormous hoops, which tilted as they walked, exposing an inconsistent display of trousers and knee-pants beneath; and they beat upon tin cans, and blew long horns, until the air vibrated with the discord.

When Barbara and Trenham reached the window, they were chasing a well-dressed little darky up the street.

Trenham uttered an exclamation of alarm and began to unfasten the shutter, but Barbara reassured him.

"There is no danger," she said. "They won't hurt him: it is just a joke."

The pursued turned a corner, and the motley procession tore after him as Trenham and Barbara turned back into the shaded room.

"It isn't very pleasant for a well-dressed person to be on the street to-day," she said. "I am glad they didn't meet you."

Trenham flushed. "Am I to regard that in the light of sarcasm?" he inquired with a glance at his white trousers.

"Not at all," she answered gravely. "It is quite in character for me to compliment you, is it not?"

"It is very delightful. I wish I were not afraid to tell you how I am captivated by the dresses the women wear here. That gown you have on,—I never saw anything like it. It looks like a white cloud with the wind fringing its edges. But there"—as her features relaxed in a smile,—"I take it all back."

An old Dutch clock standing in the hall struck two, and Barbara started forward.

"Mr. Trenham," she said impulsively, "I am going to take you into my confidence. Mrs. Forsyth's cook is sick, her butler is burying his mother, and her parlor maid has gone to see the Fantastics. Mr. Forsyth will be in directly, and the table isn't set for dinner. Suppose we do it for her?"

"With all my heart," said Trenham, jumping to his feet. "I haven't the faintest idea how you do it, but I can obey orders like a soldier."

"Well, first of all," said the girl, with a pretty little air of taking command, "I'll ask you to go out through that back piazza and cut some of the white roses you will see growing on a frame. There is a bed of ferns behind it, and you can bring some of them. We don't want anything but green and white."

He obeyed with alacrity, and presently returned with his hat full of blooms, his yellow hair curling in damp rings on his forehead, and his face flushed with the heat.

He turned the flowers out on the table and looked anxiously for her approval.

"How dreadful of you!" she said. "The stems are not two inches long."

"That's so," he admitted ruefully. "I never thought about that. I never cut a rose before in my life; but now I think of it, the florist always sends them with long stems."

"I don't care so much about the stems; the roses and ferns will be lovely in a shallow bowl, with a few scattered on the cloth. But I am so disappointed in you. I thought you would know intuitively how to do everything right."

Trenham laughed. "I only know how to do one thing," he said meekly.

"And what is that?" she innocently inquired.

He looked at her smiling. "I'm afraid to say."

They opened the table, and together they spread the cloth, Trenham watching her as she deftly smoothed the wrinkles, leaning with a graceful pose over the side of the table, and stretching out her bare arms, from which the loose sleeves fell away in soft folds.

If young women knew how becoming to their beauty are all the attitudes and poses that attend the most trifling domestic duties, and how infinitely charming they are in the eyes of men when fulfilling these homely tasks, the needle and the dust-brush would sometimes eclipse the bicycle, and we might see enacted the story of Penelope, who sat and spun while her lovers sued.

"I wonder how many courses she is going to have?" said Barbara, pausing meditatively, with her hands full of forks.

"She told me," suggested Trenham, "that she was going to give me an old-fashioned Southern dinner."

"Oh, well," said Barbara, brightening, "then it will be plain sailing. There will be, first of all, okra soup. Then the dinner, with a boiled ham at this end of the table, a dish of fried chicken at that, and a roast of lamb between. On the sides will be rice, corn, tomatoes, summer-squash, Guinea-squash, butter-beans, wax-beans, cucumbers, beets, onions, and——"

Trenham looked at her aghast. "All on the table at once?"

"Yes," nodded Barbara. "Then there will be peach ice-cream, and sweet wafers, and, finally, an iced watermelon, and coffee in the parlor."

"Not all that in the middle of the day?" persisted Trenham. "You are joking."

"I never was more serious. That is the genuine old-fashioned Southern dinner, with occasionally a young pig roasted whole."

Barbara went on placing her forks and spoons. Presently she held a glass to the light and gave it a skilful polish with a napkin.

"How well you do it," he commented admiringly. "Where did you learn all that? Is it part of the curriculum in fashionable Southern schools?"

"No," she responded, regarding her work critically, with her head on one side, "but you see we girls are so little advanced that we usually look forward to nothing better than getting married some day and keeping house ourselves, and we take an interest in such things."

"That is a very laudable ambition, I'm sure," said Trenham, smiling. "But don't you also look forward to keeping a butler or a maid?"

"That is as it may be," she answered. "But we would give these things our personal attention in any case. My mother was raised in Virginia, in the country, and she clings to all the old ideas. She has had the same cook for twenty-five years, but she rarely suffers a meal to come to her table without superintending the flavoring of each dish."

"What drudgery!" exclaimed Trenham. "How can she endure such menial tasks day after day and year after year?"

The young girl raised her eyes from the table and looked at him. "Menial?" she said slowly. "Is anything menial that a woman does for the pleasure and comfort of those she loves?"

His face flushed. "No," he said, after a pause. "I have never thought of it before, but I call it beautiful, womanly, divine!"

He fell into a thoughtful mood and watched her in silence, until she looked up suddenly and caught his glance.

"You are not helping me," she complained. "Don't tell me you are lazy! One by one you have shattered all my preconceived ideas about Yankees, but don't—don't destroy my most cherished belief that they are all energetic and industrious."

"Perhaps you will let me wait on the table?" he asked by way of rejoinder.

She shook her head dubiously. "I'm afraid you are not competent. Which side would you pass the dishes?"

"The right side, of course."

She made a gesture of despair. "You don't know how to do anything useful. You might as well have been born in South Carolina!"

"I meant the left side, of course," he corrected himself hastily. "I used 'right' in an ethical sense, not geographically."

III.

THE dinner was delightfully informal. The head of the table underwent frequent and sudden eclipses, and upon each return from the kitchen brought the most amusing accounts of how the strange cook was conducting herself there. She began by saying that it was really a question whether they would ever get anything to eat or not; and after repeated failures to have the dishes brought in, professed her intention of washing her hands of the whole matter.

Trenham claimed to have set the table himself without any assistance from Barbara, and taunted her with her failure to perform her share of the work with the same brilliant success that had attended his efforts.

They waited upon themselves and upon each other with the greatest good-humor, Trenham affecting to know where everything was, and professing to be perfectly at home in the silver drawer and the china pantry.

The Forsyths had the air of children who had run away from school, and were continually wondering what Priam would say if he could see the goats on.

"It would be as much as their lives are worth," Barbara explained to Trenham. "He is very strict with them. It was really pathetic to see Nellie trying to assert herself when she first began to keep house. Being a Northern woman, Priam naturally felt no respect for her ideas or methods, and it took him just one week to put her down. She has never rebelled since."

"How did he go about it?" asked Trenham with interest, while the Forsyths listened with the delighted air of people who are hearing themselves and their foibles entertainingly discussed.

"Oh, in a thousand little ways," Barbara answered. "For instance, I was spending a few days with Mrs. Forsyth during her husband's absence, and one day we came in from a drive and decided we would hurry up dinner and go to the *matinée*,—we had just time to swallow a mouthful to get there in time. So Nellie rang for Priam and commanded him to give us something to eat at once, no matter what, and to have as little ceremony about it as possible. The last clause of her order was fatal. Priam responded with all courtesy, and went calmly on, setting the dinner-table, and taking a fraction of a minute longer than usual to place each fork.

"Nellie watched him awhile, and then tried to help. She went to the drawer and got out a handful of knives and put them about the table. Priam followed her, took up one, looked at it critically, carried it to the window, rubbed at an imaginary spot with his napkin; then, affecting to find it past redemption, he gathered them all up and took them to the pantry and washed them."

"What did Mrs. Forsyth do then?" asked Trenham, with inward delight.

"She expostulated, of course, but it did no good. Priam replied, with dignity, that 'he wan' guine let de white folks eat offen dirty silver; dat wan' de way ole mis' raised him.' Then Nellie had recourse to a manœuvre. She went to the kitchen with the meat platters and vegetable dishes and implored Dilsey to bring in the dinner herself. Dilsey is a good, easy-going soul, and she complied; but Priam met her at the door and carried back each cover; emptied it, put the contents in a different dish, and then brought it in himself. He did all this with an air of the most obsequious attention, and with an effect of hurry and rush that fairly made your head swim; and all the time he was obstructing and delaying things until it was three-quarters of an hour before we sat down. If Nellie hadn't interfered we would, in the natural course of things, have had dinner in fifteen minutes, I'm sure."

"That's delicious," said Trenham, laughing. "I'm so sorry he's not in to-day; I should like so much to see him."

"There it is again, Nellie," said Forsyth dejectedly. "He wants to see Priam. None of your fellow-countrymen who come here ever care anything about us. They don't want to see anybody but darkies."

Trenham began a laughing disclaimer, but Forsyth cut him short.

"It's just as I say," he persisted. "That veneer of polite interest in us rubs off the moment you touch it. Nobody at the North ever took any interest in Southern literature until 'Uncle Remus' and 'Unc' Edinburg' became its heroes. The only thing they care for is local color; and local color in the South is black."

"For that matter," said Barbara, "nobody cares for any characters in fiction nowadays if they speak good English. When I pick up a Northern book, if the people don't say 'I want to know,' or 'Do you want I should?' I put it down at once; I know they are not worth reading about."

"While they were in glee and merry-making," as the nursery rhyme has it, they were suddenly brought low by the advent of Priam himself.

"I heerd yuh had comp'ny," he replied, *sotto voce*, in answer to his mistress's protest, "an' how dat triflin' nigger, Crecy, don gone off atter de Fantassics, an' I jes' pos'pone de funewil twell atter dinner."

"Yes," added Barbara, as the old darky withdrew, "and I'm sure his mother would have postponed dying if she had known how it would inconvenience Mrs. Forsyth."

She exchanged amused glances with Trenham when the old servant began to inspect the arrangement of the table. It was evident that he strongly disapproved of it. He brought a tray and brushed off the blossoms which Barbara had scattered on the cloth, as if he was under the impression that they were crumbs, and he ostentatiously rearranged each dish, even if he was obliged finally to return it to the exact figure in the damask from which he had moved it.

"It was easy enough for you to impose on an amateur like me," said Trenham to Barbara, during one of his exits, "but I see now that you really know nothing about setting a table."

"Now, Mr. Trenham," Mrs. Forsyth began, when dinner was over, "you can have your cigar and siesta in the library, while Barbara and I take our nap. I have ordered the cart at six, and Miss Windford shall show you 'the town and the things.' John, contrary to all precedent and expectation, has captured a client and dares not risk his escape, and I am exhausted by my culinary efforts. I know you will excuse us both."

But though he stretched himself at length on a lounge in the darkened room, Trenham did not sleep. It would be too much to say he did not dream, but only such visions came to him as his mood invited. Outside, the twitter of sparrows and the sounds of the street reached him as from a great distance. The heat grew more and more intense; after a time he threw off his coat and went and sat by a window and peered through the closed blinds. They commanded a view of a garden in the rear, where roses nodded their heads sleepily, as if they too felt the oppression of the sultry air.

As he looked, he fancied he could see Barbara's fingers busy with the blossoms he had brought her; he remembered the way she had said "an ole-fashioned Southe'n dinneh," with all the r's dropped out, and a musical lingering on the vowel sounds that dwelt in his ears like a song. He recalled the radiance of her face, its color deepening in her cheeks like the heart of a damask rose, and the witchery of her ever-changing eyes, and the sweet steadfastness of her mouth.

He crossed his arms on the deep window-sill and rested his chin upon them. The scent of the roses coming in at the window, the noise of the sparrows chattering amid the thick, leathery leaves of a magnolia-tree, and the soft touch of the sun-warmed air upon his face blended with his thoughts of her until he seemed to see and hear her as in a happy dream.

In the large brick kitchen out in the yard the strange cook was singing as she worked,—singing, it seemed to him, to drown the voice of the old butler, which he caught occasionally, between the bars, raised in protest and expostulation. But the house was utterly still, and the sounds from the street seemed hushed to a Sabbath calm. It was as if everything had gone to sleep for the pleasure of dreaming of Barbara.

Gradually, and almost before he was aware of it, a subtle change crept into the air. A little breeze began to lift the damp hair on his forehead. The room had grown darker, the drooping roses seemed to revive, and the shadow under the magnolia-tree lay long and dark. A door above him opened and shut; the murmur from the street swelled imperceptibly into a continuous noise; and pres-

ently old Priam appeared to say that his room was ready if he wished to refresh himself after his nap.

"What time is it?" asked Trenham.

"Hit's pushin' six o'clock," was the answer, "an' de kyart guine be hyeh 'bout dat time."

He followed the old man with alacrity, and presently found himself by Barbara's side in the high cart, her hands holding the reins with an easy sense of mastery over the spirited animal she drove, while the soft, full sleeve of her dress fluttered against his arm, and the exercise deepened the rich color in her face.

They ran the gauntlet of a late company of Fantastics at the start, and Trenham bit his lip as the horse reared and plunged; but the girl controlled him, after a brief struggle, and they went spinning down the densely shaded street.

The houses that had been so closely shuttered in the morning seemed to have wakened from an all-day slumber. Everything was thrown open to the breeze that had sprung up. White curtains fluttered to and fro at the windows, and each piazza had blossomed out with a cluster of women in light-colored, filmy gowns.

Trenham folded his arms and drank in the scene with silent enjoyment of its characteristic beauty. They passed other vehicles: he watched the girl as she steered between them, with a smile and a nod for the occupants of each, and sometimes a word, called back over her shoulder, in answer to their challenges.

"Do you know absolutely every one in the city?" he asked at length.

"I was born here," she said briefly, "and I've always lived here."

"Well," he objected, "but I was born in New York, and have lived there a great deal longer than you have lived anywhere, and yet I don't speak to as many people in a day as you have in the last ten minutes."

"New York is a much bigger place," she commented.

"It isn't that only," he said,— "it's an unsocial place. I feel the difference in the atmosphere. If I lived here a year, I'd know nearly every one too,—I feel it."

"Yes," she admitted, "I reckon you would."

"Mrs. Forsyth said you were all like one big family," he continued.

"Not only like, but we are," said Barbara. "I'm more or less related to nearly half the people we've met."

"What a full, generous way to live," he said enthusiastically. "I like it!"

He fell silent while she drove along a broad country road, lined on either side with bright, glossy vines, which she told him were Cherokee roses. "You should see them in the spring," she said, "when they are white with blooms."

She reined up presently, and pointed out to him at a little dis-

tance a spot that had been a famous duelling-ground. He laughed and told her how Mrs. Forsyth had tried to reassure him about the danger of his coming South.

"She promised to take care of me," he said; "but now that I am in sight of the very scene of such encounters, I must throw myself on your mercy and ask you to see that I get home safe and sound."

"I'll see that nobody hurts you," she said as she turned the horse's head towards home. "I'm quite satisfied from my observations this morning that you could never be trusted to take care of yourself."

And suddenly, as the horse, finding itself upon the homeward road, quickened his pace, Trenham realized that the evening was closing in; that after a brief hour or two he would have left this new-found paradise with all that it contained; and that in all human probability he would never see it again.

He began to count the moments he had to spend with the girl at his side, and to wonder feverishly how he could make the most of them.

"When I am gone," he thought, "she will forget all about me. She may be married before I ever see her again."

The idea filled him with such dismay that he could hardly respond to the merry talk with which she plied him, and he fell into fresh despair lest she should think him utterly stupid.

"I must do something,—say something," he reflected nervously, "to make her remember me. I must invent some excuse for staying or for coming back again. Why can't I fall out of this cart and break my leg? If I were a man in a book something like that would be sure to happen."

But nothing did happen, and when in the cool twilight they drew up in front of the Forsyths' door, he shut his teeth hard, with the feeling of one whose reprieve has all but expired.

"If you are not going to get supper for Mrs. Forsyth," he said at the door, "may I take you home?"

"If you do, who will bring you back again?" she asked teasingly. "I'm sure you cannot find the way alone."

"You might take me back and forth over the route until I learn it," he suggested.

They went down the centre of the broad, leafy street, whose four rows of trees met above them in a triple arch, green and dim, like the cloisters of an ancient abbey.

To Trenham it was an enchanted walk, and he would have prolonged it for miles, though he found little enough to say.

Barbara struggled to keep the conversation on its feet until they reached her gate, and there Trenham stopped. "May I come in for a moment?" he said.

"Certainly; I was just going to ask you."

The wide veranda was full of people. They were all relatives, it appeared from Barbara's introduction, and they made him at

home rather by a quiet air of taking him for granted than by any undue attention to him as an outside element.

He found a seat near Barbara's mother; it was wonderful to him to realize the tender interest he suddenly felt in her. He began telling her how Barbara had taught him to set a table, and what she had told him of her mother's skill and devotion as a housewife.

She colored faintly under his praise and put it aside, though not ungraciously. Presently he found himself telling her all about himself, and confiding to her certain tastes and ideas of which he seldom spoke. In thinking of it afterwards he wondered how he came to do it.

He could not recall that she had questioned him, but he had felt about her an atmosphere of sympathetic interest, in which he unconsciously unfolded, as a flower would open in the sun.

In the midst of his talk he realized that he was staying longer than he had intended, and rose somewhat hastily to go.

"Do you think you can find your way home?" Barbara asked as he said good-night.

He retorted that if she would take him to the gate and point out the way carefully he would attempt it alone, and she laughed and joined him on the broad, high steps.

"This is very good of you," he said with sudden seriousness when he had helped her down. "I could find my way here with my eyes shut from any quarter of the globe, I think. But I wanted to tell you why I invited myself into your house. I wanted to feel that I had been where you lived, that I knew your people; that I had even that slight claim upon your recollection. For you know nothing about me; you never heard of me before I came; you will forget me as soon as I am gone. But—I am coming back—and—and I think—you know why."

He caught his breath as the words escaped him; he had not meant to speak them. Without trusting himself to say more, he left her and hurried down the street.

IV.

ALL that night, while his train sped away to the North, Trenham thought of his parting words at the gate, and deplored his impetuous folly.

"After having lost my tongue for a whole afternoon," he thought with bitter self-derision, "to have found it, at the last, for such a silly speech as that!"

His face flushed in the darkness as he remembered the involuntary straightening of her figure and the catch in her breath as she listened.

"She was surprised and angry," he said to himself, "as she had every right to be. She will not forget it; I shall have my wish, no doubt of that; she will remember me as the most ill-mannered Yankee she ever saw."

He tried to divert his unpleasant thoughts by recalling her face, her laughter, the sound of her low voice, and the charm of her frank, easy bearing; but always, as he remembered her merry banter and the pleasant, cordial relation it had seemed to establish between them, he would reproach himself afresh. "She accepted me," he thought, "as Mrs. Forsyth's friend; she took me at her friend's valuation; and I rewarded her kindness by making love to her after a day's acquaintance." And so he went on calling himself hard names until the day began to shine in a narrow thread below the closely curtained window of his berth.

Mrs. Forsyth took advantage of the freshness of its early morning hours to "run over," as she expressed it, for a chat with Barbara.

As a matter of fact, she walked all the way with the utmost deliberation, keeping well in the shade of the trees; but the phrase gave an accidental and casual air to a visit which had been carefully planned for the purpose of finding out what Barbara thought of Arthur Trenham, and, incidentally, of thanking her for coming to the rescue so brilliantly the day before.

Her return home was even more leisurely, for the heat grew with the day's advance, and her conversation with the young girl had been far from satisfactory and gave her much food for thought.

"Something must have gone wrong," she told her husband as they sat on the pillared portico of the old house that evening, "and I can't find out what it was."

"I suppose you asked her," suggested Forsyth.

"Well, not in so many words," said his wife. "Barbara has a way at times of holding one at arm's length, and I couldn't get anything out of her."

Her husband took his cigar from his lips and turned and looked at her. "You couldn't!" he exclaimed, with an air of astonishment. "Well, who would have thought that Barbara's arms were so much longer than mine? They don't look at all out of proportion, and yet I've never been able to hold you at any distance where you couldn't get anything you wanted out of me."

"I could see very plainly," Mrs. Forsyth continued, disdainful of his interruption, "that Arthur was completely captivated by her. He couldn't take his eyes from her face during dinner; and he helped himself three times to rice, though he didn't eat a mouthful of it; he didn't know what he was doing."

"I can't agree with you there," said her husband. "I think he knew very well. Did you happen to taste the rice?"

"No; wasn't it good?"

"I don't wish to make any unpleasant comments," he replied,

"but though Trenham may not have known what he was doing when he helped himself three times, he had his wits about him when he didn't eat it. It was boiled to mush; you couldn't tell one grain from another."

"I'm sorry it wasn't properly cooked," said Mrs. Forsyth, "but that made no difference to Arthur. Where he comes from they don't attach such vital importance to being able to count all the grains in a dish of rice as you do. I've seen it boiled in milk at his mother's house and served with sugar and cream, and Society went on as if nothing had happened,—though, of course, I don't expect a Georgian to believe that. But if the grains had been three feet apart," she went on, "it would all have been thrown away on Arthur. He had eyes for nothing but Barbara,—and I'm sure I don't blame him; she was the most ravishing creature in that little white muslin gown."

"I thought myself he was rather hard hit," said Forsyth. "You see, I'm familiar with the symptoms, having had the complaint myself."

His wife held out her hand to him in the shadow of one of the tall pillars.

"Yes, and I'd like to help him, John. We owe him a good turn, you know."

"I think you've made partial payment by introducing him to Barbara. Don't you think she likes him?"

"I thought she did yesterday, though you can't always tell about a girl, particularly one who has had as much attention as she has. Still, I thought things were going very well, and that with a little management it would all come out beautifully. But last night, when Arthur stopped here on his way to the train, after staying so long at the Windfords, he was evidently disturbed about something. I thought it was simply that he hated to go away, but evidently there's something else. Barbara was very stiff about him this morning; he must have done something to offend her. I wonder——" she stopped and, leaning forward, grasped her husband's hand tightly. "I have an idea. Arthur is the most impetuous fellow in the world. I've often told him he ought to have been a Southerner. I believe he said something when he went to say good-by."

"Most people do, don't they?" asked Forsyth dryly, "if it's only that they've had a pleasant day. I thought that was in a measure obligatory."

"Oh, you know what I mean," his wife protested. "He lost his head, said something tender and sentimental, and made her angry."

"Why should that make her mad?" asked Forsyth innocently. "I thought girls liked it."

"But he was such a stranger, you see; and, being a Northern man, she wouldn't expect it."

"Northern men are not expected to say tender things? Don't

they find it rather inconvenient at times? How do they go about proposing to a girl, for instance?"

"Well, you know," his wife explained, "they are not supposed to say them as soon or as much as Southern men."

"Oh, I see. We make love as you say we vote, 'early and often.'"

"I don't know about that," said his wife, laughing, "but you do it so delightfully, it is easy to believe you keep in practice."

"Well, you ought to be a judge, Nellie; you've had samples of both kinds."

Mrs. Forsyth was silent for a moment. Then, "If we were only not going abroad," she said.

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Everything. If I were here I could in time find out what is the matter, and I could explain things to Barbara, and look after Arthur's interests, and see that she didn't fall in love with some one else before he has another chance. But with the ocean between us I can do nothing; and there's no telling what may happen in my absence; she may be engaged to some one else before I get back."

"Then you'll have to break the engagement," suggested Forsyth.

"I might if it was anybody but Barbara," his wife replied calmly. "But a promise is a promise with her. She's the truest, most loyal woman I ever knew. I really envy the man she marries."

"Well, if it's as bad as that," said her husband, rising and throwing away his cigar, "we'd better give up the trip. Shall I telegraph that we relinquish our staterooms?"

"Nonsense, John. You oughtn't to make fun of me. I really feel sorry for Arthur; he's such a nice fellow, and I can't forget all he did for us, even if you can."

"Who said I was forgetting it? Haven't I just proposed to stay at home and manage his love affair for him? What more can I do?"

His wife made no reply, and he went on: "But if you are so unfeeling as to insist on going to Europe at this critical point, I don't see anything for it but to take Barbara along. We can watch her pretty effectively that way. The greatest trouble will be on the ship. If there are any eligible young men on board it will be all we can do to keep them off; the circumstances at sea are so tremendously propitious, you know. But we can arrange to relieve each other on deck, and after we land it will be plain sailing,—if you'll pardon a mixed metaphor. Whenever we catch a foreigner looking at her," he continued with an air of serious reflection, "we have only to take the next train, or boat, or diligence, and go somewhere else; there's always somewhere else to go in Europe. It may interfere a little with our sight-seeing, but by giving our minds to it we can keep her affections intact for several months, I'm sure,—preserved for Trenham in hermetically sealed jars, as it were, you and I furnishing the sealing-wax."

His wife's attention had wandered during the latter part of his speech, but now she rose to her feet enthusiastically.

"John," she said, "you are inspired. That will be simply splendid. I wonder I didn't think of it. Just think what a chance it will give Arthur in New York."

"A chance in New York?" inquired Forsyth.

"Yes; he can meet us there, and show her all sorts of attentions before we sail, and then he has been everywhere, and knows all about guides and hotels and everything like that, and he can do so much for her pleasure while we are abroad; and maybe—maybe he will follow us."

"I see," said Forsyth. "So that, after all, the trip undertaken for my failing health and overwrought brain is to be a personally-conducted courtship. I think it would be simpler if we married them in New York, and let them come along on a wedding-tour. It would save a lot of trouble and anxiety."

Mrs. Forsyth paid no attention to him. "Come on," she said, holding out her hand. "Put on your hat. We've no time to lose; we must go and talk it over with the Windfords to-night. I'm sure they'll let her go. Mr. Windford will do anything for Barbara, and you must enlarge on the educating effect of foreign travel."

Soon after his return to New York Arthur Trenham received a letter from Mrs. Forsyth.

"John has been out of health for some time," she wrote, "and the client he captured the day you were with us was too great a shock, I suppose. Anyhow, the doctor very thoughtfully prescribes complete rest and change, so we are off for Europe on the Teutonic. We have persuaded Miss Windford to go with us, and we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in New York. We sail on the twentieth."

And as he read this the young man tore his hair in impotent rage, for, as fate would have it, the letter had been forwarded to him at an out-of-the-way place where he had been called upon business, and by no possible means could he reach New York on the twentieth.

It seemed to him as he railed at fortune that he was losing the one chance of his life. His imagination suggested all the advantages which Mrs. Forsyth had foreseen. Here would have been his opportunity, he told himself, to retrieve the effect of his former blunder and restore his friendly footing with Barbara. He had a wild idea of chartering an engine and rushing madly through to Jersey City at whatever risk of life or limb; but in the end he was forced to content himself by sending Mrs. Forsyth a wordy telegram, explaining the situation and expressing his deep regret. He added a message for Miss Windford, and asked particularly for their itinerary. Then he sent a despatch to a florist and another to a confectioner, the result of which was that the two women found their state-rooms embowered with flowers, and laden with sweets enough for a voyage round the world.

There was a basket of white roses with very short stems for Barbara, for which she thanked him in a message in Mrs. Forsyth's letter, which was mailed at Liverpool upon their arrival. "Tell him," she said, "that I saw he had picked them himself, and I think it was so kind of him."

The letter gave a detailed account of their proposed journey and asked various questions about different routes, but it was the message from Barbara that he read again and again. She was no longer angry, then. Perhaps Mrs. Forsyth had undertaken his defence. His spirits rose with a bound, and his first impulse was to follow her on the next ship.

The thought of such a journey with Barbara for a companion was all but irresistible. The mere idea of wandering with her over Europe, of guiding her from mountain to lake-side, through palace and cathedral, set his heart to beating wildly.

But the recollections of his parting still brought a flush to his face. "Who can tell how far she has forgiven me?" he thought. "And would I not be certain to make a fool of myself again with such an opportunity as that? No, I dare not go,—at least not yet."

And then another idea occurred to him, and he rose and began to pace the floor rapidly, joyfully. If the seas divided him from the woman he loved, they separated her as well from other men; and he realized with a thrill that the situation gave him, after all, a certain advantage. He was familiar with their route; he knew what was to be seen and enjoyed at each stopping-place; he could follow her, though not in person; his care could go before her throughout her journey, providing for her pleasure and literally strewing her path with roses.

He began to be in love with the idea. There was so much he could do to make her happy. He had friends in England who would be glad to receive any friends of his. There was Lumly, who had been his guest the year before and who had left New York weighted down with social indebtedness. He would let him know when they were in England, and Lumly would see that they had a good time. Then on the Continent he knew the best guides and all about the hotels. He paused in his walk, laughing softly to himself. He would woo her as no woman had ever been wooed before. She should hear his voice from over the seas; she should feel his presence across the continents.

And so it happened that his letters and his flowers met her wherever she came. He seemed to welcome her at every inn, to guide her through the streets of each city, and to share with her every view she enjoyed.

Mrs. Forsyth wrote him that they had begun to call him the "Marquis of Carabas."

"It is Mr. Trenham here, Mr. Trenham there," she said, "wher-

ever we go. Who is your 'Puss in Boots' ? He's the most efficient servant I ever heard of."

He laughed when he read this letter. "The 'Marquis of Carabas,'" he thought. "Why not? If I remember the story, he marries the princess in the end. And as for a Puss in Boots, I shall have several. Mrs. Forsyth herself is a good one; and Lumly will be sure to see which way the wind blows and to do what he can."

During the months of their absence he lived a double life, and it was hard to say which was most real to him, the daily round of his business duties, or the journey he was making in imagination with Barbara.

"To-day," he would say to himself, "she is in Florence. I hope she found the white roses in her room when she reached the hotel.

"Or," he would think, "to-night she sleeps at Villeneuve." He had sent her a note, to be delivered with a basket of the earliest grapes, and a tiny volume of Mr. Howells's "Little Swiss Sojourn."

"Perhaps," he thought, "she may dip into the book while she rests in her room and read the things I marked for her. I wonder, will she laugh as I did at the description of 'Poppi,' the large house-dog, who in early life had intended to call himself Puppy, but he naturally pronounced it with a French accent.

"Maybe to-morrow she will look for the *pension* where Poppi lived; and perhaps I may find a place in her thoughts as she watches the '*bleu impossible*' of Lake Geneva."

He fell into the habit of whistling "My Heart's in the Highlands"; and sometimes he would stop in the street on his way to his office to laugh at the incongruity of it all. "If that man suspected," he would say to himself, "that at this moment I was showing a young girl through the gallery of the Vatican he would hardly entrust his valuable affairs to the care of such an unconfined lunatic."

One day he watched a little girl crossing an alley. She had stuck a wisp of straw in her hair; in her left hand she carried an old newspaper folded to imitate a fan; her right was bent at an angle that suggested an imaginary courtier upon whose arm she leaned.

She was talking to herself as she tossed her head and switched her short, shabby skirt from side to side with a haughty, disdainful air indescribably funny.

But Trenham did not laugh. "Poor child," he said; "she is living, as I am, in dreams and fancies, and mine may be no more real than hers."

He watched her for a moment, and then, calling her to him, gave her some money; whereat she stared stupidly, unable to realize the bewildering wealth that dropped into her hand, and then, closing her dirty little fist upon it, ran away without a word, lest he should find his mistake and take some of it back.

The travellers had reserved England for the last, and it was from

Cheswick, Lumly's country-seat, that Mrs. Forsyth wrote a letter bubbling over with grateful delight.

"They would positively take no denial," she said, "though I was so afraid they would; and here we are living,—actually living, by chapter and verse,—the pages of my favorite English novels. I've already become very accomplished. I can behead my egg with a single well-aimed blow and without winking an eye, even when I know the butler's are upon me. I can talk learnedly about the 'meet,' and tell everything disreputable I know about my relations without a blush; and I'm altogether so English that my own mother wouldn't know her wandering girl.

"But I'm having a dreadful time with Barbara. She constantly mortifies me by talking about 'checks' and 'trunks'; and she will say 'store' for 'shop,' and 'parlor' for 'drawing-room.' She wants her letters 'mailed' instead of 'posted'; and the other day she horrified me by asking Miss Lumly to translate the price of a bonnet she was describing into dollars and cents! I almost died of shame. Of course, the poor girl couldn't do it."

She inclosed a little note from Barbara full of graceful acknowledgment of his kindness, which Trenham carried about with him till it all but fell to pieces.

But the next steamer brought a letter from Lumly himself which gave him a sensation of a different kind.

"So far from lessening my indebtedness to you," wrote the Englishman, "I have enormously increased my obligation. It is a pleasure to know such people; the Forsyths are charming, and their young friend, Miss Windford, is the most beautiful and brilliant woman I have ever seen."

Suppose Lumly should fall in love with her? What a fool he had been not to have thought of that!

He tried to reassure himself by saying that Lumly was too hardened a veteran to surrender at this late day; his heart was a fortress that had withstood many a desperate siege. And then his mamma was on the field, and surely her generalship could be trusted to prevent his losing his heart to a dowerless American.

Ah, but when that American was Barbara!

There rose before him the picture of the ragged little girl tossing her head and flirting her skirts in the alley.

"Poor little thing!" he thought. "Perhaps she would be as sorry for me as I was for her if she only knew."

V.

"NELLIE," said Forsyth, coming into his wife's room at Cheswick one morning, "I don't like the look of things. This magnate with whom we're stopping is falling in love with Barbara."

His wife looked up at him, smiling. "They will do it," she said. "I'm sure I don't blame them."

"But, as I understand it, that's what we have come abroad to prevent."

"I thought we were travelling for your health," said his wife.

"I believe there was some such idea when the expedition set out," said Forsyth, "but that has got to be wholly secondary. We're now engaged in carrying Barbara Windford over Europe to keep her from falling in love with anybody but Arthur Trenham, and we are not attending to our business."

"If you expect to prevent people from falling in love with her, you ought to have engaged some other young woman for the trip. We can't help their falling in love with her, John; and we can't prevent her returning it. We've done all we can. I've sung Arthur's praises in her ears ever since we started; and I've kept up a breathless correspondence with him, though our letters consist of nothing but his messages to Barbara and her replies. I'm a mere transmitter. I might as well be a transatlantic telephone."

"But after having done all that, you are not going to break down now at the critical moment?" Forsyth expostulated. "Lumly's dead in love with the girl. Suppose she falls in love with him?"

"I think she has begun to," said his wife, turning to her dressing-table. "They are together all the time, and she seems to like it well enough. It would be a brilliant match for her. I don't think we ought to stand in her light. We owe something to her."

"Helen!" Her husband's voice was full of reproach. "Have you gone over to the enemy?"

"I don't call it going over to the enemy. Barbara ought to be considered as well as Arthur. What would her father think of us if we were the means of her losing such a chance? Think of Lumly's position and his prospective title; and look at that." She waved her hand toward the window by way of indicating the lordly estate which its view commanded.

"What has become of all your boasted patriotism?" retorted her husband. "I admit these Englishmen own the earth. The next time I'm born I shall make a point of being born an English lord; I may never get to heaven, but I'll make sure of that. But because Lumly has everything already, I don't see why we should conspire to give him one of our loveliest American girls for good measure. I'm for home industries every time. I want Barbara to marry an American. I made a concession in putting my money on

a Northern man for your sake and the man's, but I won't see her carried clean out of the country if I can help it."

His wife made no reply.

"Helen," he went on, "I believe you are in favor of Lumly. You would like to come over here and visit them when Barbara is mistress of this place."

"I wouldn't mind it," said his wife, arranging her hair before the glass. "Besides, it's not our fault. Arthur sent her here himself. We should never have heard of Cheswick if it hadn't been for him."

"Yes," said Forsyth with sudden heat, "and that's what makes it such a beastly shame. He was only thinking of her and her pleasure. He made Lumly invite us, and his generosity will lose him his sweetheart. I declare, when I think of the way that poor fellow has followed the girl with his flowers and his letters, how he has bribed guides, and bulldozed innkeepers, and all to make her journey resemble a queen's progress through one of her outlying provinces, it makes my blood boil. There he is at home, planning little surprises and pleasures for her; and as a result of it she will marry another man. We've got to take her away as soon as we can, and you must write to Trenham and give him a hint of the facts; if you don't, I will."

And when John Forsyth put his unaccustomed foot down in that way his wife lost no time in fulfilling his wishes.

"I tell Barbara," she wrote to Arthur, "that the Fourth of July we celebrate together has awakened all her latent patriotism. She flaunts the banner in the teeth of the British, and is American to the core. But it only seems to make her more irresistible in every one's eyes,—especially our host's. The Norman Conquest was nothing to hers; but I fear her victory is like Aurora's, in the Latin lines under Guido's picture,—which I never could translate; though the sense of them seemed to be that if she didn't hurry she would be vanquished herself. We have decided to return much sooner than we had intended, for I don't like the responsibility of an international love-affair on my hands."

"I'm sure that's plain enough," she said as she folded her letter; but if the subject needed further illumination it was amply furnished in another letter which reached him by the same mail, in which Lumly confided to him in so many words that he was hopelessly in love with his American guest.

He had always seemed to Trenham the most phlegmatic and stolid of Englishmen, and it had been a threadbare joke among Trenham's friends, when Lumly's face wore its habitual expression of sphinx-like repose, to implore him to be calm, and not to allow himself to lose his head and go to pieces like that. But here he was raving over Miss Windford's beauty, her cleverness, and the glimpses he had caught of the tender, womanly nature that lay beneath it all, until Trenham could hardly believe his senses.

"At my time of life," the letter said, "one cannot afford to wait. As soon as Miss Windford returns to the States I shall come over and ask you to add to your already too great kindness by introducing me to her father."

"He fancies Georgia is a suburb of New York," thought Trenham,—*"in the neighborhood of the High Bridge, probably."*

"I am going to rely entirely on you, my dear fellow," Lumly went on; "I'm so ignorant of your customs in these matters. What is that saying you have about a man who intends to stand for your Lower House?—'He puts himself in the hands of his friends'? Well, I've put myself in the hand of my friend, and I shall be guided by you in everything."

Trenham read the letter with a strange lump in his throat. What chance had he against so formidable a rival? Perhaps he did not set sufficient store by the Englishman's wealth and rank, though he knew only too well what they would mean to a woman; but the man himself, his talents, his character, the place he had won in the estimation of his countrymen,—these formed a prize which few women could resist.

And why had Lumly written that letter? Things were bad enough as they were; but to have his hands tied and his lips sealed by the fact that Lumly confided in him and relied upon him,—it was cruel, it was not to be borne.

He began a letter to the Englishman. He would tell him to look elsewhere for direction, that he too loved the girl: that before she ever came to Cheswick he had followed her in fancy from city to city, dreaming that his love could reach her across the ocean. But having written so much he stopped,—was he abject enough to beg for favor at the hands of his rival? What claim had he upon the girl that he should tell his friend to stand aside? If it came to that, was not Lumly's footing much surer than his?—for long as he had loved her, he had spent but one day in her presence, and she had been many days at Cheswick.

He tore the letter in two. There was nothing for it but to give Lumly his chance; to act fairly by him and to take the consequences.

He took out the little note she had written him,—it was the only note he had ever had from her,—and read it again, though he knew it by heart. It was a friendly little note, thanking him for his kindness, for the many pleasures he had given her; but it cut him like a knife, for every line reminded him that it was he who had sent her to Lumly's house, that he had himself to thank for the failure of all his hopes.

He met their steamer when it reached New York. He believed that he would know, as soon as he saw her, all that he dreaded to learn: her face would tell him if she had left her heart behind. He recalled a story he had read of Thomas Jefferson's wooing: how three suitors had met at Martha Skelton's door and agreed to go in

turn to ask her the momentous question; how Jefferson had gone first, and the others, waiting outside, began to hear the strains of his violin, accompanied by Martha's voice; and something in the song or the singing of it made them go quietly away, their questions answered.

It would be like that with him. The Englishman should ask first, but he could tell when he saw her what her answer would be.

She was standing on the deck, as he crossed the gang plank, looking towards the sea. He watched with a heavy heart the soft, warm glow on her cheek, and the tender, absent look in her eyes, as though her thoughts, like homing pigeons, were flying back to the spot where her happiness was left behind. It needed but the look on her face, he thought, to assure him that he had nothing to hope for.

Mrs. Forsyth was the first to see him, but the warmth of her greeting did not prevent his recognizing the constraint of Barbara's manner; and when the Forsyths judiciously left them together for a moment they stood in an awkward silence, until Trenham recovered himself sufficiently to ask some commonplace question about their passage.

"She need not be afraid of me," he said to himself, wounded by her coldness. But the next moment he told himself that it was much better so. If she were to treat him kindly, how could he be sure that he would not break the promise he had made himself with regard to Lumly? He had given the Englishman his word, though the latter did not know it, and her reserve only made it easier for him to keep it.

They were to make a short stay in New York, and, as usual, he had made every arrangement for their pleasure. But though he was constantly with them, he managed to avoid all the good-natured manœuvres that were made to throw the two young people together, until Forsyth lost all patience.

"I don't know what to make of the fellow," he said to his wife. "He began his courtship in a high-handed, aggressive way that excited all my awe and admiration. If your theory is correct, he made love to her the day he met her; and he has been following it up for more than two months, in spite of wind and weather and the Atlantic Ocean. But now that we've brought her back and given him his inning, he won't even come to the bat. I'm blest if I can understand him."

"Perhaps he's afraid of Lumly," said Mrs. Forsyth. "You know you made me write and tell him how things were going at Cheswick."

"That should only egg him on," said Forsyth. "I think the trouble must be with Barbara. She has been very quiet and offish ever since we landed. I don't think it's fair of her, after the way Trenham has behaved. She ought to give him a little encouragement."

"Do you want me to tell her so?" asked his wife.

"No; I can't trust you. I believe Lumly has given you a retainer of some sort. He'll be posting over here as soon as we get home, bag and baggage,—or 'lug and luggage,' I suppose he would say,—and if Trenham is going to get ahead of him he must do it now. I think I'll speak to her myself."

"You!" his wife exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes; I'm sure I have chances enough. Trenham always pairs off with you wherever we go, and leaves Barbara and me together. One would think I was courting the girl myself. I declare," he continued, thrusting his hands in his pockets and pacing the floor, "when this affair is finally settled, if it ever is settled, I'll have to go abroad again for nervous prostration. I've never gone through with anything so harrowing since my own courtship. I'd rather practise law any day."

He found his opportunity that very evening at the theatre. Barbara was seated first, and when Trenham stood aside for Forsyth to follow, he did so with more alacrity than usual.

"It will be a poor play," he said to himself, "if it doesn't give me a lift somewhere in what I want to say."

It happened to be rather a pathetic little story, in which the hero sacrifices so much for his sweetheart that in the end he seemed to have lost the right to ask her hand, when she very generously, though modestly, saved the situation by offering it to him herself.

Forsyth was warm in his encomiums of her, and Barbara took issue with him.

"It's all very well on the stage," she said. "People can do such things in plays; they are obliged to, in fact, to make them turn out well. I've noticed that the characters in good novels will go any lengths to make the story end the right way. It's great comfort sometimes, when the hero and heroine are having a particularly hard time, to remember that they are in a book, and that everything is obliged to be for the best. I've wished sometimes that I were in a book myself." She ended with a little sigh.

"In a book or out of it," said Forsyth with conviction, "I approve of that girl. Men have some rights that should be respected, even when they are in love. They should not be required to grovel in the dust before a woman without some little sign of her favor."

"I don't call it 'grovelling in the dust,'" said Barbara with spirit. "If I were a man and loved a good woman, I should think that it ennobled me. I should be as proud to let every one see it as I would a Victoria Cross or any other distinction I had won."

"And you think a woman should be ashamed of loving a good man and letting him know it?"

"Yes, before he asked her; and you think so too," she added.

"But there is more than one way of asking," said Forsyth. "When a man has shown by his every act that he fairly worships a

woman, I think, if she is noble and generous, she will let him see that she returns it, even if he hasn't said, 'Will you marry me?'

"But why should he stop short of saying it if he has done everything else?"

"Oh, no man likes a downright rejection, and I cannot understand how any good woman would enjoy giving it. You women lay so much stress on a mere formality of words. Any man can say them, whether he is in earnest or not; the less in earnest he is, the glibber he is with his tongue. But to tell a woman that you love her by what you do for her, by the things you sacrifice for her, that's what can't be counterfeited."

"If I were a man," said Barbara slowly, "and cared for a woman, I couldn't rest until I had told her in deeds and words too."

"Oh, yes, you could," said Forsyth. "It's not so easy to propose as you think. I've no doubt," he went on, laughing at her confusion, "that you've heard it done so often that you think it's easy. But every one of those poor fellows to whom you've given the mitten has shown more real courage in giving you the chance than would have been required to charge a regiment. That is, if they really meant it," he added mischievously. "And in your case I suppose it's reasonable to conclude that they did. Do you think my knees didn't knock together when I asked Nellie?" he went on. "I sat on a tufted chair in her mother's parlor, and there wasn't a button left on it when I got through. I had twisted them all off. I sometimes wonder that Mrs. Windford has any furniture in her drawing-room that's fit to be seen."

"We are degenerating into personalities," said Barbara with a poor attempt at dignity. "I was discussing the matter in the abstract."

"That's just what I want to degenerate into," said Forsyth. He glanced at the stage, where the actors were grouping themselves for the final tableau, and went on hurriedly. "There's that poor fellow over there who is eating his heart out for you. He has shown his devotion so that all the world could see; he has taken every guide and innkeeper on the Continent into his confidence, and proclaimed it from city to city. And after letting him lay his heart at your feet for you to trample on, you humiliate him by your reserve, your coldness. A man has some delicacy, though you don't give him credit for it. There is a point beyond which he can't go without loss of self-respect. He belittles himself in your eyes if he is too persistent."

The curtain fell, the audience rose, and Forsyth held out his hand for her wrap. He bent forward as he put it round her, his lips close to her ear. "Be a little kind to him, Barbara," he whispered. "He deserves it. It is more generous, more womanly, more worthy of you."

VI.

BARBARA came away from the theatre like Beatrice, "with fire in her ears." She was shocked to learn that the Forsyths had been discussing her and her most intimate thoughts together; for she at once decided that Mrs. Forsyth must have furnished the text for her husband's sermon.

When they reached the hotel she bade them all a hasty good-night, with the feeling that she could neither meet her friend's eyes nor speak to Trenham in their presence without embarrassment. But once alone in her room, with only her own thoughts for company, they suddenly seemed as much to be dreaded as the faces of her friends.

She had never been given to introspection; her life had been too full and her nature too unconscious for such employment, and she shrank from the task of self-analysis which Forsyth's words had set for her.

"It was too bad of Nellie," she said to herself, "to talk me over with her husband. I don't think it was either delicate or kind in her."

But though she reproached her friend, there remained Forsyth's words to be dealt with. She rose from her chair and began to busy herself about her dressing-table, laying away with dainty care the garments she had worn, and soothing out bits of ribbon and lace, with an almost bashful desire to postpone the moment when she must take counsel with herself.

She had been conscious of the constraint that had grown up between Trenham and herself. At first it had been only the inevitable consequence of their peculiar relation. Even friends of long standing are aware of a certain shyness in meeting each other after a lengthy separation; and Barbara was intensely embarrassed in her first meeting with Trenham by her consciousness of the fact that, knowing each other so slightly, they had during her absence grown so intimate.

Trenham would have understood it and probably experienced the same sense of awkwardness himself had he not been so preoccupied by his desire to learn how Lumly stood in her affections. As it was, he looked upon her natural shyness as an evidence that she was interested in the Englishman and desired to see as little as possible of his rival.

The constraint between them had very naturally increased, and Barbara had not been altogether sorry. With most young girls the idea of love is sweeter than love itself, and if she had seemed to be walking in a dream she was not ready to waken, even to the reality of her vision.

There had been nothing in all her career as an acknowledged queen of the society in which she moved that had won her as had

the exquisite way in which Trenham had shown his devotion. She had felt like the heroine of a fairy tale who is served by intangible fingers and wooed by an invisible lover, and she was loath to exchange this beautiful, impersonal homage for an outspoken affection which would compel some other recognition from her than the passive acceptance she had hitherto rendered.

But Forsyth had startled her with a different point of view; he had shown her her attitude as one of selfish exaction; and she was as much astonished to recognize herself in that unamiable light as she would have been had she looked in her glass and seen her hair turn white, and her smooth, soft skin pucker into ugly wrinkles. For she could hardly remember the time when, as girl or woman, she had not received the devotion of the other sex as something to which she was entitled in the nature of things, and which placed her under no corresponding obligation.

As a matter of fact, she had not taken her suitors very seriously. Her life had been spent in a community where the young are largely undisturbed in the conduct of their love affairs, where engagements are not announced until the wedding invitations have been ordered, where no young man is ever asked his intentions, and the mutual fancies of youths and maidens are regarded as things to be expected and gotten over, like whooping-cough and measles or the teething of young infants. She had been so independent of her many admirers that, whether they came or went, her serenity was undisturbed.

But there was much in her temperament and education to give weight to Forsyth's words. She had been reared in a family of brothers who had made her their companion and taught her their own sturdy ideas of honor and integrity. She knew how to keep a promise to the letter; she had learned to love fair play and to recognize and respect the rights of others. It was to these traits in her character that Forsyth had appealed with more force than he realized, and that night, when her room had been wrought into exquisite order and there was nothing left for her hands to do, she sat down with the conviction that she was a very selfish and heartless young woman; that it was her duty to stretch out a helping hand to Trenham; that, in the language of what she called her "boyhood days," he was not being "treated fair."

If her own feeling for him helped her in reaching this very creditable conclusion, it was of no assistance in deciding just how the helping hand should be held out. She felt her cheeks burn at the mere idea of going out of her way to encourage him. It had been very sweet to receive his homage as a gift for which no recompense was required; but how could she bring herself to offer, however distantly, the payment he had not asked?

But then Forsyth's words would recur to her and rouse all her pity for her dejected lover.

Why could not things go on as they had been? she said to herself. Why must she meet these agitating questions?

She went to bed with the problem unsolved, and the morning found her still battling with the pride of a woman's heart, which may be conquered and taken by storm, but will not surrender to a siege.

With the morning her dread of facing Forsyth or Nellie returned. Suppose he should by word or look reopen the subject? Suppose his wife should ask her what he had said? She found herself looking upon Trenham as a relief from these terrors. He had not been talking her over with any one; he would not know what Forsyth had said to her; and she turned to him as to a refuge in distress, with a delightful feeling of being glad to be safe with him from everything that could disturb or annoy her.

Trenham was in the habit of acting as cicerone to the party. When the four set out that morning she joined him quite naturally, letting the Forsyths follow them a step or two behind, and she began at once to talk to him in the cordial, friendly tone she had not used since her return.

They had a great deal to say to one another. That is always supposed to be the case when two people are in love, though as a matter of fact under those circumstances they usually say very little.

But Barbara and Trenham did not have the important aid to conversation which a mutual affection is presumed to supply, for Barbara had by no means admitted to herself that she cared for him, and he, on his part, had fully decided that she was in love with some one else.

Fortunately, however, they did not need any such stimulus; they had very much in common; and there was an all but inexhaustible mine of interesting and suggestive topics in the journey she had taken under his direction.

"Do you know," she began, "I think I saw Poppi at Villeneuve."

"Did you?" he exclaimed. "That is a remarkable coincidence, for I picked him out myself when I was there last fall."

"I wonder if we both saw the same dog?" said Barbara with interest.

"What was your dog like?" asked Trenham, drawing down the corners of his mouth with suspicious gravity.

"He was large and shaggy," began Barbara.

"The very dog," broke in Trenham; but Barbara, instead of going on with her inventory, looked in his face and laughed.

"Yes," she said. "'Very like a whale.' You shall describe your dog first. I see I can't trust you. We neither of us had anything to go upon, you know. Mr. Howells merely called him a large house-dog, and no matter how I catalogue the one I saw, I believe you are capable of claiming that you picked out the same dog."

"To prove how basely you misjudge me," Trenham began with an injured air, "I'll show you documentary evidence of my innocence."

He drew a note-book from his pocket and took from it a loose leaf on which was sketched a bit of a Villeneuve street, with a large though very infirm-looking dog in the foreground. He had the look of a St. Bernard, though with probably much less than sixteen quarterings on his ancestral shield, if he had one.

Barbara took the sketch and uttered a little cry of surprise. "The very dog," she said. "Is he a tawny yellow, with white feet and neck?"

"Yes," said Trenham breathlessly. "Did you really see him?"

As a matter of fact, he had intended to commit the very subterfuge of which Barbara accused him; whatever dog she described he had proposed to claim as his own Poppi. But the little sketch was one he had made the previous year. He had meant to slip it between the leaves of the copy of the "Little Swiss Sojourn" he had sent her, but for some reason he had not done it, and it had lain in his pocket-book ever since.

They were both of them unduly elated over the little coincidence. It seemed all at once to bridge the constraint of the past few days, and to put them on the intimate footing they had enjoyed during her absence through Mrs. Forsyth's telephonic correspondence.

"You can see from his walk that he suffers from rheumatism," said Barbara, looking critically at the picture, "and he seems to be peering round that corner for the neighbor's dog at this moment. Of course, it can't be Mr. Howells's dog really," she continued regretfully. "He was an old dog when Mr. Howells wrote about him; but our dog must be a near relation."

"He might be Howells's dog," said Trenham. "Some dogs live to a great age, you know. There was Argus, for instance. Ulysses was gone for twenty years, and yet the dog was alive and knew him on his return."

Barbara shook her head dubiously. "I'm afraid that dogs must have had better constitutions in Homer's time," she said. "Still, we'll give our Poppi the benefit of the doubt."

She repeated the little pronoun "our" as if she liked to use it, and Trenham listened with delight.

"May I keep his picture?" she asked.

"I intended it for you," he said by way of reply. "It dropped out of the book in some way, and I found it afterwards."

She thanked him with a little return of her former shyness, but this time it was without any of the coldness that Trenham had felt before; and he began to find himself carried off his feet in an intoxication of pleasure at being by her side; at hearing her speak to him as he had dreamed she would speak during the weeks of her absence.

"It is a great relief to talk with you," she said when she had folded the little slip and put it carefully away in her purse. "You know I'm such a provincial that this journey was a great eye-opener to me. I had never been anywhere before, and I have to hold myself well in hand to keep from talking about it all the time. You know the story of the minister whose congregation sent him to the Holy Land?"

"What was it?" said Trenham mendaciously. He had heard it before, but he had never heard her tell it.

"Oh, he preached about it so constantly that his parish waited on him through a committee and asked him to stop. It was a great cross, but he consented, and made no reference to it on the following Sunday morning till he came to the prayer at the end of his sermon; and then he could contain himself no longer, and began, 'Lord, Thou knowest, when I was in Palestine.' I can sympathize with the old clergyman," she continued. "I find myself driven almost to making it a subject of prayer."

Trenham laughed heartily; he was ready to laugh at anything.

"And why is it a relief to talk to me?" he asked, reminding her of the charming statement with which she had begun the discussion.

"I feel as if you had been with us," she said, "and, of course, I can discuss it with you without being accused of affectation."

They hailed a passing street-car, and Trenham, leading the way, left two vacant seats near the door for the Forsyths, and conducted Barbara to a single one at the other end of the car, where he suspended himself from a strap in front of her. He would run no risk of any interruption to this delightful talk.

"You have told me nothing of your journey," he said, picking up the thread of their conversation, which he had held carefully in mind. "What did you like best?"

"What I saw last," she answered.

His face suddenly clouded. "You are right," he said; "Cheswick is a beautiful place."

His whole manner had undergone a change, and something in his face brought Forsyth's words to her with irresistible force. She felt such a flood of pity for him and reproach for herself that she was capable of any sacrifice of maidenly reserve to comfort him.

Not that she suspected the cause of the sudden change. She had not been ready to attach importance to Lumly's attentions to herself,—all men were attentive to her,—and if his devotion had been too marked for her to misunderstand it, it did not occur to her that Trenham knew anything about it. How should he, with the ocean between them?

"It is the loveliest place," she answered warmly, "the most beautiful home I ever saw. But I did not mean that exactly."

"What did you mean?" asked Trenham, looking past her out of the window.

"Nothing but the usual trite saying. Each place we visited was most beautiful to my unaccustomed eyes till we saw the next."

The conversation flagged after that. They had suddenly become self-conscious; Barbara, through her pity for him, her intense desire to dispel the miserable expression she saw in his face; and Trenham, because he realized that the sweetness of the moment was a forbidden joy, one that he must pay for after a while. For the tone in which she had spoken of Cheswick as a home had brought back the full consciousness of something he had been in danger of forgetting a moment ago.

They left the car a block or two from the hall where the Art Loan they were going to see was on exhibition. Barbara still walked by his side, though he made no effort to keep her there. They said nothing till they reached the room where the pictures were hung, and there, when the Forsyths had manœuvred to leave them together, Trenham opened a catalogue and began explaining the pictures to her, calling her attention to this or that with the preoccupied air of a professional guide.

She grew more and more unhappy over his changed manner. She no longer heard what he said, nor saw the pictures he was showing her; and at last she broke out, with the least little tremor in her voice, "I believe I am tired. Can we not go and sit down on that bench?"

He glanced at her sharply. "Is anything the matter?" he said. "Shall I call Mrs. Forsyth?"

"Oh, no, no," she protested. "Please don't call her. Let us sit there and talk. I don't really care about the pictures. I've seen so many, you know."

He looked at her again with manifest anxiety. "I'm afraid you are not well," he said. "Please let me do something for you."

His voice was full of entreaty, but it only added to her self-reproach. She had been indifferent enough, she thought, to his happiness, so long as she herself was pleased and content; but he was ready in a moment, at the least sign from her, to show the most intense concern for her welfare.

"I am perfectly well," she replied; "I am only too well; for I think one has to endure some deprivations to teach one to be careful of others; and I have been thinking how little I have done or said to show my appreciation of all your kindness during my journey. I never imagined anything so——"

"Don't thank me," he interrupted. Her tone and her air of discharging a neglected duty was more than he could stand. "I only did what I liked doing. It wasn't worth your thanks. We were speaking of Cheswick," he went on, with a palpable attempt to change the conversation. "I fancy you have thought of it very often since your return. Indeed, I thought you were regretting it, the day the ship came in, when I saw you standing on the deck look-

ing out to sea." He stopped and bit his lip with chagrin. That he should have allowed himself to say such a thing!

But Barbara was quick to feel the tone in which he had spoken. She saw that she had only wounded him, and she answered impulsively,—“You shall not say such things. It was worth much more than thanks; and if I have seemed neglectful, it was because—because—it hardly seemed necessary to say anything. As I said, I felt as if you were with us wherever we went. I seemed to know you much better in Europe than I do in America; and when I was standing on the deck, looking out to sea, I was not regretting Cheswick nor anything I had left behind, but the friend whom I suddenly seemed to have lost in coming home.”

She stopped, aghast at herself, and glanced at him shyly, but his face was turned from her, and she could not see the expression that lighted his eyes until he turned towards her abruptly: “Don’t say that unless you mean it,” he cried. “For Heaven’s sake, don’t play with me!”

And then her resolution failed her; she felt her cheeks blaze, and, in spite of herself, her eyes fell before his.

But Trenham was swept off his feet; his head swam. “Barbara!” he said, in a voice that vibrated like a smitten chord; and then, all at once, he remembered Lumly.

His heart was beating tumultuously. It seemed to him that he could feel it striking against the Englishman’s letter as it lay in his pocket,—reminding him, warning him, before it was too late, before he had betrayed the friend who had confided in him.

He rose to his feet, passing his hand across his eyes. He hardly knew what he did, so hard was he beset by the temptation before him. His one impulse was to get away while he could, before he had thrown friendship, honor, everything, to the winds.

“I see Mrs. Forsyth in the other room,” he said. “I think she is looking for us. Shall we go to her?”

The girl gave him a startled glance. His words, his manner, seemed to say that, after all, he had thought better of it, and he did not care to continue the subject.

If she had been the man and he the woman, one would have thought that he had taken this ungentle means of being rid of a too persistent suitor.

But while her face crimsoned, as all this passed through her mind, the girl rose instantly to her feet.

“Certainly,” she said. “It must be nearly time for luncheon.”

VII.

BARBARA was quite herself when they reached the Forsyths, but Trenham's brain was still in a whirl. The sudden change in her tone and manner had brought him to himself, much as a dash of cold water would restore a fainting man to consciousness. He felt dazed, and could not tell where he was.

"I began to feel very tired," Barbara explained to Mrs. Forsyth, "but I think it must have been more hunger than fatigue. Isn't it time for luncheon?"

Forsyth showed her his watch. "Luncheon, indeed!" he expostulated. "It is just eleven. Is this the result of all the art lectures I have delivered to you, Miss Windford? Is this the outcome of the æsthetic training of the past two months, that the first sight you get of a really good picture you are instantly reminded of luncheon?"

"The outcome of a two months' tour with you," she retorted, "is that I have no confidence whatever in your watch."

But when they all backed him up by a comparison of time-pieces, she said that she was always open to conviction; that she no longer felt the least hunger, since she had learned that the emotion was so inopportune; and she began to ask questions about the pictures, and to display the liveliest interest in learning all about them. She made no effort to avoid Trenham nor to alter the friendly tone of their intercourse. Through all the long day she managed to keep up appearances. No one should suspect—Trenham least of all—that she attached any importance to the little scene at the picture gallery.

But when she had gone to her room for the night and the door was securely fastened she hid her face in her hands and sobbed,—silent, choking sobs, such as a hurt child might utter.

And she was still young enough to suffer as a child suffers, with a grief that seems eternal, hopeless.

After a time she raised her head, a wan little smile passing over her face. "If any man I ever refused has suffered as I do now, I am sorry for him," she said.

For that was the way she put it to herself. She had been rejected,—jilted. Trenham had deliberately played with her; he had pretended to be in love with her until he had brought her to the point of showing him that she cared for him, and then he had deliberately thrown her over.

"I might have known," she said in cold self-contempt, "that he was only amusing himself. It was a feather in his cap, no doubt, to flirt with a Southern girl,—the first one he met, in fact. For all I know, he may have laid a wager on his success. I have heard of such things."

Her self-upbraiding was out of all proportion to the occasion.

There had been nothing forward or unmaidenly in the little speech which she had tried to make so kind, which she had blushed in uttering. But her sobs broke out afresh—bitter, uncontrollable—at every recollection of it; for there was one thing that she would not say to herself, which lay at the bottom of her wretchedness,—the fact that when she had spoken those reluctant sentences she had realized that she wanted to speak, that she was glad of an excuse to lead him on to say that he loved her.

She tried to deny this to herself, to assert that she was actuated solely by Forsyth's appeal to her sense of justice; but her nature was too open, too direct for her to reason the fact out of existence. She hated him now with an intensity that surprised herself, but there had been a moment when she had known that she loved him.

With the intolerance of youth, she would not spare herself one thrust of her own disdain. She reviewed their whole acquaintance in the light of her new theory, finding at every step fresh confirmation and renewed occasion for her self-reproach.

The day he had first met her he had all but made love to her,—and she had believed him. How could she have been so blind! True, she had at first been angry at his presumption; but Mrs. Forsyth had defended him, guessing at the facts in the case; and his after-course had convinced her that he had been in earnest.

And then she had, as it were, taken his love upon hearsay. Any one could amuse himself by sending books and flowers to a girl and writing her letters. Perhaps he had even asked some friend's assistance in composing those charming little notes that had fallen like a shower of rose-leaves along her path through the Old World.

And she, of all women in the world, had been deceived by such a cheap trick!

The long journey that had been to her like a summer idyl, a love poem written out in her life, grew suddenly detestable; she could not think of it without a blush.

And she had not only accepted this ready-made devotion, but when upon her return he had tried to draw back, having had enough of the play, she would not let him go; she had pursued him, thrown herself at him, until he was forced to show her plainly that he was tired of it all.

She clenched her little hands in an agony of shame and mortification that hurt like a physical pain.

And there, were two more days before they would go home! Two more days, during which she must keep him from suspecting that she realized what had happened!

And then—as when one presses a key on the lower bank of an organ and the upper note responds—from some hidden recess of her memory there started out a vision of Lumly as he had said good-by.

He had gone with them to Liverpool to see them on board their ship, and it was then that she began to suspect for the first time that

there had been more than mere hospitality in all the kindness he had shown her.

They had been much together at Cheswick; she had enjoyed his society, and had made no effort to conceal the pleasure she took in his conversation. She crimsoned with shame as she remembered that it was because they had talked so much of Trenham, whom the Englishman sincerely admired, that the moments had passed so quickly in his company.

But when he said good-by there was something in his voice that sent a pang of swift remorse to her heart.

Had all those pleasant talks together meant something far different to him? Had she repaid his kindness by doing him a wrong?

The thought had been with her often during the voyage home, though she had tried to put it from her; to shame it away by telling herself that it was only her vanity that transformed every man into a possible lover.

Since her return the absorbing interest of her meetings with Trenham had put all thought of Lumly out of her mind; but now he rose up to reproach her clothed with all the manly virtues that in her scorn she had stripped from his rival.

She had admired him greatly. He had seemed to her a different type of man from any she had ever known before. She had heard and read much of the effect of conscious heredity on European character. She had been struck by a passage in one of James's novels where an English girl is compared to an English oak,—the product of centuries of care and cultivation, something unattainable in a new society. And Lumly had seemed to her to embody that idea. She had been interested in him, though her heart was too much pre-occupied with an earlier lover for the impression he had made to be very deep or lasting.

But now the thought of him came like a balm to her wounded pride. He had loved her; she would not doubt it. He was as far removed from any suspicion of having meant less than he seemed as his character in its lofty integrity was removed from Trenham's light, shallow nature. Why could she not have cared for this man, so worthy of any woman's love?

He had said that he was coming to America, and his face when he spoke had told her why.

And if he did,—what then?

A way seemed suddenly opened out of her troubles. If she accepted Lumly, no one but herself would ever know the humiliation she had endured. Trenham would believe that either she had been trying a little coquetry with him, or that he had misunderstood her altogether.

And would it not be a simple act of justice to the Englishman? If she had misled him; if—as was most likely—he had mistaken the open cordiality of an American girl's bearing for a conscious en-

couragement of his suit, was she not in a manner bound to redeem the pledge she had seemed to give him, to make good her word in his eyes?

And so she dallied with the temptation to take this way out of her difficulties, strengthening her resolution by high-sounding sophistries.

Had fate been abroad that night in the person of the weird sisters they must have smiled grimly to each other over the strange coincidence by which these two young things were in a fair way to wreck their lives through a strained sense of honor, binding each one to keep faith with a man across the seas who was all unconscious that he had any claim upon the fidelity of either.

And while Barbara sat sobbing in the quiet of her own room, Trenham, not far away, was pacing the floor in alternating moods of joy and wretchedness.

The day had begun for him with an intoxication of happiness. She had suddenly been so kind. Even the veriest trifles had served to draw them together. At first he had not been able to believe that it meant anything more than an accident of time and place; but little by little the conviction was forced upon him that he had misunderstood her; that he had taken counsel of his fears and drawn his conclusions too hastily; that after all there might be a chance for him.

He was basking in the sunlight of this belief when she had dashed his hopes by the reference to Cheswick on the street-car. But, as if she realized the effect of her words, from that moment she had been kinder still; until, in the picture-gallery, he had looked into her eyes and in one supreme moment had known that she cared for him.

He could not remember what he had said, what he had done. He had been taken unawares, and in an instant would have spoken words that could never have been recalled had not the memory of Lumly's letter suddenly checked him. And then, thinking only of the trust he had been so near betraying, he had been brutal in the way he had replied to her. He had felt, when he came to himself and realized what had happened, that she was lost to him forever, that she would never forgive him, and for a time he had not dared to look in her face.

But circumstances had kept them together, and he found himself more and more puzzled by her manner. If she had meant what she said,—if he had read the truth in her blushing face and down-cast eyes,—how could she overlook his abrupt, his unmannerly action?

If she had not meant it, if she were only playing with him—but no, he would not believe that of her.

Was ever man placed in such a maddening position? He could not go to her, as a man should, to ask what he longed to know, to

set himself right in her eyes, because of that letter. And yet, loving her as he did, and hoping, as he began to hope, that she might care for him, how could he keep silent?

It was such a trifle, that letter; perhaps Lumly had hardly meant it after all. There was nothing heroic in the sacrifice he was making; it was such a petty barrier that lay in his way; and yet even in petty things a man must act with honor.

If to-morrow he saw from her face that she was angry, how could he keep back the words that sprang to his lips at sight of her? Or, if he did, would not his silence seem to cast a doubt upon his love?

Surely, he told himself, his first duty was to Barbara. If she loved him, no obligation on earth could justify him in allowing her for one instant to question his devotion.

But he was very suspicious of all arguments that jumped with his own desires. "There can be nothing," he said to himself, "to excuse a man for betraying a trust."

And at last, worn out with the struggle, he abandoned himself to a recollection of their walk together, the little nothings that passed between them, that were of such moment in his eyes.

She had thought of him during her journey as by her side, as indeed he had been. She remembered what he had written her; she treasured the little sketch he gave her.

Alas, poor fellow, what would he have felt could he have seen the maid next morning sweep out the scattered fragments of Poppi's picture. Poor Poppi, with no two parts of his rheumatic old body that were not torn and return asunder!

When he met her the next day he could not refrain from giving her one swift, questioning glance, as though he would learn from her face what her judgment of him had been. And the girl, quivering under the supposed insult she had received, expected such a query, and met it with a look of calm serenity.

And so they played at cross purposes through the day. There was ever a veiled interrogation in his every word and glance, a pathetic question as to how far she had misunderstood him, which she relentlessly interpreted into a curiosity to see the effect of his words, to discover how she was standing it.

And she baffled him completely. He began to wonder if he had not dreamed the little scene in the gallery; and as his quickened pulse bore evidence of the reality of it all, he wondered still more if she had been dreaming, and had not heard his reply, nor seen how cavalierly he had ended the conversation. Oh, if he could but believe that!

The afternoon of the day they were to leave he met her coming from the hotel as he was on his way there. She told him that she was going to a down-town store to execute a forgotten commission, and he insisted on accompanying her, although she assured him that the Forsyths were expecting him.

Since the scene in the picture-gallery he had been so meek and abject in her presence that Barbara began to congratulate herself on the success with which she had borne her part, and to feel that she could relax her vigilance a little.

The relief with which she saw the time of their departure approaching reflected itself in her face and manner, and Trenham was not slow to see it.

"You are very glad to be getting home again?" he said a little wistfully.

"Yes," she admitted, "I am very glad. It only requires a long absence, such as mine has been, to make one appreciate what one has left behind."

"And you think Georgia is more beautiful than anything you saw in Europe?"

"The most beautiful place in the world," she said, smiling. "It is home."

"And yet you told me," he could not refrain from saying, "that Cheswick was the most beautiful home you had ever seen."

"Yes, but it is not mine," she answered. "I can understand what your friend must feel for it, though," she went on. "The place suits him. I could not imagine him living anywhere else. His character impressed me just as those magnificent trees and the lofty, dignified mansion did. Strength and honor seemed to be its ruling traits. You could no more fancy him doing anything small or ignoble than you could imagine a strip of cheap, ginger-bread ornament across the beautiful façade of his house."

She allowed herself for once to speak with intention, and Trenham understood her and was cut to the quick. She had not been dreaming then. She had put the cruellest interpretation on what he had done, and it had killed all the kindness with which she had begun to regard him.

"You have read him aright," he answered. "I have known him for years, and a truer gentleman, a more noble man, I have never seen."

Their talk drifted into commonplace after that. Barbara saw the effect of her thrust and believed that she enjoyed it. But the manner of his reply somehow seemed to detract from her triumph, and she found herself less light-hearted for the rest of their walk.

The Forsyths, good people, supposed meanwhile that matters were progressing beautifully between them, and John could not sufficiently commend himself for the wisdom and skill with which he had at the critical moment taken a hand at the helm.

"I was just in the nick of time," he said gleefully.

His wife agreed with him that something must have happened at the Art Loan that morning. "I could tell it from Arthur's face when they joined us," she said. "Barbara, of course, controlled herself better. Being a woman, she naturally would."

"Yes, she naturally would," assented Forsyth. "Being a woman, she would go through fire and water without winking,—all for the sake of appearances. But if he proposed to her she must have accepted him, for they seemed to get on together uncommonly well after it."

"I hardly think he would propose, would he?—away from her home, and all that?"

"I should think," said Forsyth, "that he would hardly strain at that gnat after all the sawmills he has swallowed. You and I are chaperons enough for him to ask her. It was all done under our very noses, too. Nothing could be more regular."

"I think they must have reached some understanding," his wife conceded, "even if they are not formally engaged. There are several ways in which they could do that, you know."

"Anyhow, it's all up with Lumly," said Forsyth with subdued rapture. "I've beaten you there, Nellie. I've blocked his little game effectually. He can come to America"—he pronounced it with an exaggerated English accent—"as soon as he gets ready. He'll find us prepared for him. We'll give him such a specimen of old time, 'foh de wah,' Southern hospitality as will make his head swim. We'll put the big pot in the little pot and then put them both in the saucepan; but when he interprets all this roseate glamour into an encouragement of his suit and makes his formal proposal for Barbara's hand he'll find a surprise awaiting him that will throw everything else into the shade."

The idea tickled him immensely. "I feel as if I were going to give him the mitten myself," he said delightedly. "I begin to see how you women enjoy jilting us poor fellows. I understand 'that stern joy which maidens feel at lovers worthy of their steel.' I believe I could be a sister to Lumly."

VIII.

THE coming of the Englishman to the city where Barbara lived threw the whole community into a state of ferment.

There was not an instant's doubt in the mind of any one as to why he had come, and Nellie Forsyth was besieged with questions as to his rank, his wealth, and especially as to how far matters had progressed between them.

But upon this point very little was to be got out of her. She looked wise and enlarged upon the beauties of Cheswick, the extent of Lumly's wealth, and the distinction and dignity of his position in England, but averred that Barbara had not confided in her as to what she thought of him.

"I consider him virtually accepted," said old Mrs. McIntosh.

"Surely a person—no, I won't call him a mere person—a personage,—as important as he seems to be would never commit himself by making such a palpable journey as this unless she had given him some encouragement."

"Oh, I take it for granted that she encouraged him," said Mrs. Babcock, "but that means nothing nowadays."

"It would mean something with Barbara," replied Mrs. McIntosh. "If it had been a girl like Ida Chatham, I admit, you couldn't draw any such inference. Ida would have liked nothing better than to hang a distinguished foreign scalp from her belt, and it would have been no fun unless every one knew whose it was. She would have gone any length to bring him over for purposes of identification. But Barbara is a different sort altogether."

They all exchanged glances and smiled. Old Mrs. McIntosh was not in the habit of approving of young girls, but every one knew that Barbara had somehow got on her blind side.

"I have noticed," continued Mrs. Babcock, "how very gay and happy she has seemed since her return. That looks as if she meant to have him."

"Gay and happy?" retorted Mrs. McIntosh. "Nonsense! She's been in the dumps ever since she got back. I've been advising her mother to give her some medicine. I believe she has contracted one of those horrid foreign fevers."

"You think so?" said Mrs. Babcock. "Well, if that's the case it simply proves it. She must intend to marry him. That's a kind of foreign fever that most of our girls contract when they are exposed to it."

The Forsyths gave him a dinner of unusual size and splendor, though Mrs. Forsyth had some difficulty in controlling her husband's desire to make it quite a family affair by inviting all the Windford connection.

"If you want her to refuse him," she said, "you are going the wrong way to work. She would seriously commit herself, under the circumstances, if she came with him to such a dinner as that. She would be obliged to accept him."

"I don't see why," said he. "If I live to be a thousand I'll never master the intricacies of the feminine point of view. I can't understand why Barbara must marry a man she don't want to simply because I invite certain people to dinner. What is there so very fatal about her relations? I wanted Lumly to see what nice people they are. I want him to realize what he is going to miss."

"Well, we will realize what he hasn't missed," said his wife, "if we're not careful. I'm afraid Barbara has made a mistake in letting him come here at all, though I don't see how she could prevent it."

"A mistake in letting him come?" cried Forsyth. "Why, that's the cream of the joke. Are you trying to deprive me of the job of discarding him? After that long and arduous journey, I believe

you would deny me all the little pleasure I am ever to get out of it."

"Every one thinks," his wife went on, "that he is virtually Barbara's accepted suitor. They say he wouldn't have come if she hadn't encouraged him, and if she refuses him they will all think she has behaved badly to him."

Forsyth looked troubled. "I suppose you all have a set of rules governing the whole business," he said, "and I'd better inform myself, or I'll get them engaged without knowing it. I've sent to Savannah for turtles for the soup, but if you think turtle soup would be at all compromising to Barbara there's time to countermand the order. Maybe it would be safer to have a plain, clear soup, of an utterly noncommittal character. Turtles are associated in Scripture with Spring and love-making. You know the verse in the Song of Solomon: 'The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the soup'? I think, on the whole, we'd better not risk it."

"John," said his wife, laughing, "you are too absurd."

"I have it!" he exclaimed delightedly. "I've thought of the very thing. We'll have mock-turtle soup. That will tell the whole story in a really poetical way. It would suggest at the very outset to any observant mind that he was building his hopes on the sand; that his cake was all dough, so to speak. If I were in his place, I should take it as a rejection and go home."

Trenham had accompanied Lumly from New York at the latter's urgent request.

"I've come to introduce him," he explained to Mrs. Forsyth, "to certain people whom I don't know, and to recommend him to a gentleman who doesn't know me."

And Nellie Forsyth, catching the wistful expression in his eyes as they rested upon Barbara, could not refrain from giving him a little encouragement by saying how sorry she was for Lumly. She knew why he had come, of course, but she knew equally well that it was of no use, and "I suppose you do too," she added in a confidential tone that made him spurn the ground on which he trod.

The house was redolent to him of Barbara and the long summer day he had spent with her. The rooms were carpeted and curtained past all recognition; but it was easy for him to divest them of all these accessories; to bring back the darkened recesses; the closed blinds, shutting out the heat and glare of the street; the cool, bare look of the spacious apartments, and the girl in a white dress who had led him captive heart and soul. Again he felt the warm, languorous air enfolding him as a garment; again he saw the grotesque procession of negro boys run shouting along the dusty street; again he heard the girl's low laughter, looked into the unfathomable depths of her dark eyes, and saw the soft, full sleeve fall away from her arm as they laid the cloth together.

Mrs. Forsyth's table was resplendent with silver and glass and radiant with hot-house flowers, but he remembered a time when it had been more beautiful to him in a garniture of white roses. He wondered if Barbara had forgotten that time. He glanced across the table to where she sat beside Lumly, but she would not meet his eyes. She was listening with flattering attention to what the Englishman was saying to her, and Trenham with a little sigh looked away again.

Had he but known it, that day was vividly present with her too. She saw him as he had stood before her, his hat full of roses, his face flushed with the heat, making his laughing apologies for cutting the flowers with such short stems.

She tried to shut her eyes to the picture, to close her ears to the remembered tones of his voice; but she could not. Trenham's face rose between her and Lumly's serious gaze; his voice sounded above the Englishman's quiet talk; and for all the rapt attention with which she seemed to listen to him, when Lumly asked her a question her answer fell wide of the mark.

It was not long, of course, before some one asked the Englishman how he liked America; but this conventional question was immediately swallowed in the larger local query as to whether he had ever been South before, and how he liked the South.

American society is still young enough and self-conscious enough to enjoy hearing itself discussed, and every one pricked up his ears at this to learn what the Englishman would say.

But he replied by asking a question:

"I have been in America before," he said, "several times, in fact; but never in Georgia or the South. Is it so different from the rest of the country that one must have a separate opinion for it?"

"No," said Forsyth. "I'm tired of all this fol-de-rol about 'the South' and 'Southerners.' We're just like everybody else,—no better and no worse. All this patting on the back in the Northern papers about 'Southern enterprise' and 'Southern progress' strikes me as a piece of insufferable patronage,—saving your presence, Trenham. Why shouldn't we be enterprising and progressive, I'd like to know? And why should every advance we make be greeted with open-eyed astonishment, as if we were a company of infants learning to walk? What would you think if I were to write to the *Herald* and go into hysterical raptures over the fact that they could run a cotton-mill successfully in Massachusetts, and that they actually knew how to make nails in Indiana? We come of the same stock as the Yankees, and we had as big a hand as they in making the country originally. Indeed, I think I'm very liberal in allowing them equal credit for the job."

"Don't jump on me," objected Trenham. "I don't write the Northern papers. I always knew you were smart. You certainly do know how to give good dinners."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Meriwether, "of a story Mrs. Peyton told me. You know she was born in Ohio, and when she married Mr. Peyton and went to Virginia her husband's cousin used to tease her good-naturedly about being a Yankee. His wife was a very kind-hearted woman, and she began to fear her husband would hurt Mrs. Peyton's feelings, so she tried to smooth it over one day. 'My husband doesn't mean anything, Mrs. Peyton,' she said. 'He just wants to tease you. He wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. And I always did hear they raised splendid apples in Ohio!'"

"But you *are* different," said Mrs. Forsyth, smiling at her husband,—“just as different as you can be.”

"Tell us how, Mrs. Forsyth," broke in a chorus of people who did not take her husband's point of view. "We should so like to have your opinion."

"Well, in the first place," she answered, "you are provincial. All the older Southern cities I've ever known are just like so many overgrown villages."

"In what respect, Mrs. Forsyth?" some one asked with an air of suspended judgment.

"You know each other so well, for one thing," she answered. "You call each other 'Tom' and 'Dick,' and 'Mary' and 'Susan,' like so many school-children, till you are eighty years old; and you think nothing of sending a plate of wafers or a bowl of syllabub to a neighbor who lives clear at the other end of town. The day after I came to this house Mrs. Windford sent me a waiter of delicacies enough to furnish a dinner. I was so moved that I was on the point of shedding tears over it; but I found that she sends something to somebody every day."

The natives of the place looked at each other inquiringly. "Don't they do that everywhere?" asked Mrs. Berrien.

"No indeed," Mrs. Forsyth replied. "But you have all lived together for so many generations, you feel so sure of each other, that the ties of friendship and kindred are unusually strong and lasting, and they give color to everything else."

"Well, I think that's to our credit," said Miss Chatham.

"Certainly," replied their hostess. "You didn't suppose I was going to tell you any unpalatable truths, did you? I know you too well for that. You are too much accustomed to being flattered and complimented upon all occasions for me to venture upon any home truths, right here on the very ground."

Every one laughed, and she went on explaining to Lumly and Trenham:

"The larger and more influential families," she said, "constitute a kind of 'Concert of Powers.' They stand by each other and have things pretty much their own way. When a son of one of these houses marries the daughter of another, it is as if a Spanish crown

prince had married an Austrian archduchess; it means all sorts of new alliances, offensive and defensive. The social equilibrium is shifted, and society, like the powers, adjusts itself to the new relation."

"People take care," interpolated Mrs. Elbert, "how they discuss a member of one of these families in the hearing of the other, and arrange to invite them together to their dinner parties."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Forsyth. "And you can't imagine how perplexing all this is to an outsider like me. When I came here to live I said my lesson in family connections to John every day, as if it had been arithmetic or grammar. Unfortunately it is not written down anywhere, and I had to learn it by oral tradition, as they taught the Talmud or Free Masonry. I've by no means mastered the subject now. I try not to say anything to anybody about anybody that I wouldn't like to have anybody's first cousin hear. But I feel as if I were walking on eggs, and there's no telling how many I've smashed. I presume each one of you," she went on, looking round at her guests, "has a knife up his sleeve for me on account of something I've said about his relatives; but I can only appease you by offering to sacrifice a cousin, as Mrs. McIntosh did when she unwarily mentioned to a lady to whom she had just been introduced that her daughter dressed like a parrot and walked like a grasshopper. Only," she added, "as I haven't a relation in the State, I suppose you think I can afford to be generous."

She realized that she was monopolizing the conversation, and tried to say something that would draw out Lumly, who was taking no part in their talk, though he seemed to listen with great interest; but the others brought her back to the subject and urged her to go on.

"All this relationship and interrelationship," she continued, "produces a delightful sense of intimacy and a certain independence that fosters individuality and makes the people by that much the more interesting. Every one's standing is so secure that one can safely be oneself. Where everybody knows just who you are and what were your beginnings, it is hardly worth while to give yourself airs, and there is room for that simplicity of manner which only the queen and the chimney-sweep are said to possess, because the social position of each is so well known and so unalterably fixed."

"That's true," put in Trenham. "Even with my limited opportunity for observation I've been struck with the absence of pretence and display."

"That's easily accounted for," said Forsyth. "We have nothing to display. You have to have some material for that, you know. We are like the woman who complained that she could economize as well as anybody else if she had anything to economize on."

"I don't admit your explanation," said Trenham. "One reason why the simplicity I spoke of struck me so forcibly was the fact that

I had been led to expect the opposite. I supposed you were all very exclusive and aristocratic, full of pride of birth and name, and looking down upon all who were born above Mason and Dixon's line."

"One would naturally expect that," said Mrs. Forsyth, "because the family tie is so powerful and permanent. 'A son is a son, though he's got him a wife,' just as much as 'a daughter's a daughter all the days of her life.' Indeed, it is only in a restricted sense that the daughter ever changes her name by marriage. I am known everywhere as Mrs. Forsyth because I didn't live here as a girl; but there are Mrs. Berrien and Mrs. Elbert; they have been married longer than I have, but every one calls them Edith Hall and Mary McIntosh."

"I've noticed that too," said Trenham. "The married women here will not 'answer to Hi! or to any loud cry,' but they will answer equally and indifferently to their father's name or their husband's, with perhaps a trifle more facility in recognizing the former."

"I think the habits of our servants have something to do with that," Mrs. Meriwether contributed to the subject; "they never use anything but our maiden names. Don't you remember, Nellie, that when those Western people went round returning their visits they asked at Edith's door if Mrs. Berrien lived there, and the servants said she didn't, that 'Miss Edith stayed there.' You know," she explained to Lumly, "that the negroes never say people 'live' in their houses, they always say they are 'staying' there."

"I remember those people very well," said Mrs. Berrien, laughing at her own expense. "They were boasting of the number of calls they paid in one morning. They said everybody was out but Mrs. Babcock, and Carrie replied, 'Yes, that's just like her; she's always lurking at home when people come to call.'"

Some one reverted to the subject of the permanence of maiden names, and Forsyth took it up.

"Yes," he said wickedly. "Here's Barbara, for instance. When she marries, as we all hope she will in time, and settles down in her native village, no one will ever know it. She'll be nothing but Barbara Windford as long as she lives."

Every one looked a little aghast, and poor Lumly, who was not used to the audacity of American speech, gazed at Forsyth with an air of mild expostulation that inwardly delighted him. He encountered Trenham's eye and smiled at him openly, while his wife made haste to change the subject.

Old Priam, who was taking in the situation beneath his imperturbable exterior as only an old negro servant can, and who still carried in his pockets certain substantial reasons for remembering Trenham, glanced at him too, with a "we-understand-each-other-air" air that was worth a small annuity to the old man.

The young fellow felt wonderfully encouraged by all this kindly support of his friends. It might all be well with him yet. Perhaps

Barbara would forgive him. If she would only look at him now! Again and again he tried to catch her eye across the table; and again and again she was politely listening to her neighbor on the right or the left,—cool, quiet, imperturbable, while the blood bounded in his veins and he could hardly maintain a semblance of interest in the conversation of the woman at his side.

Mrs. Forsyth went up to Barbara when the women left the table.

“You must really forgive John,” she said. “He is so indignant at the way people are disposing of you, at the way they are taking your engagement for granted, that he forgets himself.”

“My engagement?” questioned Barbara. “My engagement to whom, pray?”

“To Mr. Lumly, of course,” said Mrs. Forsyth.

“Does every one take that for granted?”

“Indeed they do,” was the answer. “I think most of them have gone so far as to set the day. They say he wouldn’t have come over here if he hadn’t been sure you would have him. Of course it’s all nonsense,” she added hastily, seeing the expression of Barbara’s face. “How could you help his coming? That’s what provokes John so. You know he is in favor of the other man,” she added mischievously, and hurried away to avoid the girl’s reproachful glance.

But her words had been like a pinch of alum in a glass of muddy water. All the doubt and uncertainty in the girl’s mind suddenly cleared. Every one thought that Lumly was her accepted suitor. His presence under the circumstances was held to be a guarantee of his success. If she refused him now, her friends would think she had misled him,—as perhaps she had, though all unconsciously. Very well, then, she would be as good as her word; she would stand by her promise, though it was only implied. And if anything more was needed to steady her wavering resolution, it was the knowledge that if she rejected Lumly, Forsyth, and perhaps others, would think it was because she cared for Trenham,—for the man who had showed her that he cared nothing for her.

And all the while Lumly’s grave devotion was a beautiful thing to see.

Had she been a princess of the blood whose hand he sought in marriage he could not have shown her more respectful homage.

He was interested in all that belonged to her; delighted with the old-fashioned Southern city; pleased with the people, their simple manners and their cordial, unaffected hospitality.

“They are more like English people,” he said to her, “than any other Americans I have met.” And if his compliment sounded a trifle patronizing, its sincerity could not be doubted.

He talked with her father and her father’s friends, and she could not but feel proud of the respectful attention with which they listened to him.

If, in turn, when they were together she found little to say to

him, it seemed to her that the fault must be with her own superficial, untutored mind.

The topic that at Cheswick had been of unfailing interest was wanting now; whenever Trenham's name was mentioned she changed the conversation. But, being changed, it languished; there was nothing to take Trenham's place as a subject of mutual interest, and there would come awkward silences between them. But these occasions were rare, for they were seldom alone together. At all other times she was intensely proud of her lover; proud of his distinction; flattered by his devotion to her; pleased by the admiration he excited among her friends.

It had always been her idea, she told herself, that she would marry a man much older than herself, one who would merit her respect, who could command her obedience. Her lovers had all been her slaves; what she needed was a master.

IX.

"BARBARA," said her father, laying his newspaper beside his plate, "I should like to see you for a moment in the library before I go to the office."

His voice was very grave, and there was something in his words that sent her thoughts flying back to the days of her childhood, when she had been dealt with for her sins in that very room, and summoned to the bar of justice, at which her father was both judge and prosecuting attorney, by the same little formula of appointment.

Involuntarily her heart beat faster, and she found herself running over in her mind her recent misdeeds and framing rapid excuses—excuses which in those well-remembered days were constructed more with a view of meeting her father's probable requirements than of measuring up very accurately to the facts in the case.

She followed him in silence, amusing herself with these reminiscences, but when she raised her eyes they met such a new and tender expression in his face that she went to him and kissed him, wondering what was to come.

"Barbara," he began, "for the first time in my life I have been asked for my daughter's hand in marriage. You don't know how it made me feel. You have never ceased to be a little girl to me; but this, more than anything else, has made me realize that my child is a woman."

The girl's eyes fell. She trembled so that she clasped one hand within the other to steady herself. It suddenly seemed such a serious thing, this love-making and marriage. The resolution that she thought so firmly fixed began to waver, the arguments with which she had strengthened it to melt away.

"I have had some reason to think, my dear," her father went on, pinching her rosy cheek to drive away the serious look from her face, "that it is not the first time any one has asked you a question like that; but Lumly's is my first proposal. I'm not used to it, you see, and it has upset me a little."

He waited a moment for her to speak, but she had turned away her face, and he continued more seriously: "I told him, of course, that the matter rested entirely with you; that I should not attempt to influence your decision in any way; but I could not refrain from asking him"—and here he tried in vain to get a glimpse of her face—"whether he had any reason to think you—you cared for him. I was very much pleased with his answer, Barbara. He said that had you been an English girl he would have felt that you had given him reason to hope, but that he had learned during this brief visit to America that the same customs do not prevail in both countries; that young girls here are much more cordial, even intimate, in their manner towards men than they are abroad, and that an American girl can without coquetry say and do many things that might cause her to be misunderstood in Europe. He had, of course, been told all this before, he had read it in books and all that, but as he had never had any personal interest in the matter before it had not made much impression on him. He said that he understood it now, however, and though he had come to 'the States,' as he calls it, full of hope, he would not feel that you were to blame if his hopes should prove to be without foundation."

Again her father paused and looked at her; but Barbara, troubled and perplexed, could not meet his eyes.

Twice she made an effort to speak, and twice her voice died in her throat. She had not looked forward to such an interview as this. When she had imagined the scene, it had taken place between Lumly and herself, not between the Englishman and her father.

She had pictured him as making a somewhat stilted proposal of marriage, decorated with expressions of respect and esteem, after the fashion of certain novels she had read. She had fancied herself as repaying these high-flown compliments in kind, and accepting him in an ornamental little speech which she had prudently prepared in advance. According to her stage directions, Lumly would then kiss her hand, and the interview would come to an end.

If she had not looked upon the occasion as in some way avenging her upon Trenham and satisfying her wounded pride, she would have regarded it with distinct amusement.

But her father's grave face brought home to her the profound importance of this thing she contemplated so lightly. She felt a sudden longing to throw herself into his arms, to tell him the truth, and entreat him to think for her, to act in her behalf.

As for Lumly, she was torn in two ways. One moment she felt as if she would be doing him a wrong to marry him without loving

him, but the next she thought that, having allowed him to come to America, to pose as her suitor before her friends, and formally to ask her father for his consent, she could not subject him to the mortification of a refusal. He was different from her other lovers; it had been often hard enough to say "No" to them; but to this man, so grave, so dignified, how could she dare to do it?

"I do not know," her father was saying with ever-increasing gravity, "what ground he had for his hopes. The manners of the young have sadly changed since I was young myself, but I cannot believe that your mother's daughter would knowingly mislead any man; nor can I think that your bearing towards gentlemen has ever approached the familiarity that I see and deplore in so many young girls. I am sure that I can trust you, my dear, that you have given him no real cause of complaint."

His words were still gentle and kind, but there was a suggestion of reproof in his tone that made it all at once impossible for her to yield to her impulse to confide in him.

How could she tell him of that interview with Trenham? And how could she explain her motives or ask his counsel without telling him?

In the light of his words the scene that had occurred at the picture-gallery seemed monstrous, horrible,—a crime to be expiated by a lifelong immolation. She felt again like the culprit she had seemed when she had entered the room. She could never let her father know her disgrace. She had gone too far; it was too late to turn back now, however much she longed at that moment to retrace her steps.

Mr. Windford was still talking, and she brought back her wandering thought and listened.

"He spoke like a man, my dear,—like one of nature's noblemen, as I believe he is; and if you do indeed care for him, I shall have no fears in trusting my little girl's happiness to his keeping, and I told him so.

"But," he added sadly, taking her hands in his, "your father's happiness will be seriously marred if the ocean is to separate him from his only daughter. Think well before you decide, my child. It is for this reason that I have not spoken of the matter to your mother. It would grieve her, and there will be time enough to tell her when you have made up your mind."

There was a note of disappointment in his tone. He had hoped that Barbara would confide in him, would ask his counsel, or that by word or look she would intimate what her decision would be. Again and again he had paused to give her a chance to speak, but she did not; and at last, hurt by her continued silence, he rose and left her to her own thoughts, which of late had been far from pleasant company.

It was part of the irony of fate that while he felt wounded that

she had not sought his aid and counsel, he had cut her off from all hope of other advice.

She had always felt that in the last extremity she could go to her mother, who was always wise; but her father's last words forbade her that comfort; and from force of habit,—a habit acquired during the years when Mrs. Windford had been an invalid, and the two had made it their duty to shield her from all cares and perplexities,—she felt that having been thus warned that it would distress her mother, she was in honor bound not to bring this anxiety upon her.

Everything conspired, she thought, to drive her one way. She began to feel as if she were an atom in the hands of fate, and that it was of no use for her to attempt to exert her own volition.

There was to be a party that evening at the McIntoshes, and it had been arranged that Lumly and Trenham should call for her on their way from the hotel.

It was winter at the North, but the autumn still lingered in that favored climate, bright, clear, and warm. During the day a soft, purple haze had brooded over the earth, like the wings of some vast bird; the air distilled a subtle intoxication; and a flock of wild geese, flying far above them, sent down their mysterious musical cry, which seemed to fall about them like the ever-rustling leaves.

Barbara walked between the two men, declining the arm of either on the plea of having her dress to look after; but the American, with the ever-alert courtesy which characterizes his race, was ready at every turn to guide her this way or that.

In spite of herself she felt a thrill at his touch, and after a vain attempt she no longer tried to resist it. She felt that at last accounts were settled between them. He had been so wistful of late that she no longer feared he would misunderstand her, or suspect how sweet she found it to yield to his direction.

And so they talked gayly to each other, while the older man walked gravely, silently by her side, his hands clasped behind him, oblivious, apparently, of her very existence.

The girl wore thin satin slippers, and Trenham, ever mindful of the fact, was picking her way for her carefully, when they came suddenly upon a place in a crossing which some enterprising street waterer had reduced to a puddle.

Without a moment's hesitation, Trenham planted his foot, in its immaculate patent leather, squarely in the midst of the mud and held out his hands.

"Come, Queen Elizabeth," he said, "you'll have to make my shoe your stepping-stone, since I have no cloak."

Barbara hung back for a moment, but he still held out his hands.

"Come!" he repeated imperatively; and she laughed and obeyed him.

He caught her hands, and with a quick, strong motion swung

her clear of the mire; but, once across, her foot slipped and she would have fallen had he not been instantly by her side.

"Thank you," she said rather breathlessly; and then she hung her head, for in that moment she had forgotten all her anger against him, forgotten everything but the pleasure of being near him, of trusting herself to his guidance.

As for Trenham, he stood elated, triumphant. By some secret telepathy of love he had understood her reluctance and read aright her final yielding, and for the rest of the way he walked beside her a conqueror. What did he care now for Lumly? Let him offer her all he had to bestow. He would wait in all patience till the Englishman had had his chance, and then—then he would claim his own.

They walked in silence through the shadows cast by the trees, on whose branches the late leaves still hung, slowly yellowing in the mellow, frostless air.

He could not see her face, nor realize the sudden revulsion of feeling with which she drew herself together and shrank away from him, and he marched to the strains of victorious music, heard only by his ears.

When they entered the brilliantly lighted hall Barbara passed him quickly and gained the shelter of the dressing-room, her cheeks ablaze, her frame quivering with anger at her self-betrayal; for there was no misunderstanding his altered manner. Though he had not spoken, she felt that in some mysterious way he had understood how in that instant she had lost all that she had gained in weeks of careful self-command.

They were already late, and there was no time to be spent even in self-upbraiding; but as fate would have it, when she was ready to go down-stairs Lumly was deep in the discussion of some topic of international interest, and it was Trenham's quick eye that discerned her standing hesitating in the doorway, and Trenham's arm that was held out for her acceptance. She bit her lip with chagrin, but there was nothing to do but to take it and let him lead her down the stairway.

He did not speak, but his eyes sparkled, and involuntarily he pressed the arm on which her hand rested closer to his side.

The silence between them began to grow unbearable to her through its suggestion of some hidden meaning, and she broke it abruptly:

"You seem to be in wonderfully good spirits this evening," she said coldly.

He looked down at her, his cheeks flushing, his eyes lingering on her face like a caress. "I am," he said. "I am happy—happier than I have been since"—he bent nearer her, lowering his voice—"since the day we went together to the picture-gallery."

She could have cried with shame and anger. That he should

dare to remind her of that day, to openly exult in his power over her! If she could by a glance have blasted him where he stood in the splendor and glory of his young manhood he would have fallen at her feet.

Why had she left herself open to a repetition of his insult? Why had she not told her father that she would marry the Englishman, and let him carry back her answer?

The sooner he spoke now, the better; she was ready with her reply.

Her face was flushed with anger, but to the man beside her it was wreathed in blushes. He could not trust himself to speak, lest he should break his promise,—it ought to be so easy to keep it now, and it would not be for long.

It was a relief to Barbara that he did not ask her to dance, but the evening dragged wearily enough as it was; and as soon as she felt that she could leave without attracting attention she intimated to Lumly that she was tired and would be glad to go home.

Lumly professed himself only too glad to go; and once outside the house, the grave, quiet lover suddenly found his lips unsealed, though his wooing was very different from the scene she had imagined.

He spoke brokenly, it is true, with the embarrassed ardor which Forsyth had told her was the best guarantee of earnestness in a lover; but he spoke as a lover only, striving to let her see how dear she was to him.

Barbara was taken by surprise; at this outpouring of his heart all the truth of her nature rose in his behalf. She would not deceive him; indeed, she felt that she could not; such love as his would detect the false ring in what she had to offer.

She would marry him if he wished, but she would tell him that she did not love him as he loved her, as he was worthy of being loved by any woman whom he sought as his wife.

“That is too much happiness for me to expect,” he made answer with a little sigh. “But if I may be allowed to love you,—if there is no one else——”

He hesitated, and the vehemence with which she disclaimed any other affection would have undeceived him had he been a better student of womankind.

But it did not. “It makes me very happy to hear you say that,” he answered. “For if there is no one else, if you do not care for any other man, I may hope that in time you will care for me.”

They walked in silence for a time, and then he began again. “I want to make you happy,” he said. “If I know my heart, I would not let my love for you blind me to what may be for your real happiness. But you have seen something of the world. It is not as if you were a child, just out of school; and if you are sure that your heart is untouched——” He hesitated again; there was something

that he found it hard to say, but she filled the pause by a repeated disclaimer, and he breathed a sigh of deep content.

"I was afraid," he said, "that you might care for Trenham. He is such a lovable, such a noble fellow; and you have been much together. I can hardly understand how any woman who knows him could help loving him. It is inconceivable that any one could prefer me to him."

His words touched her; their humility awoke all her admiration. She contrasted his self-depreciation with Trenham's boastful exultation in his power over her. The fact that Lumly was giving so much, while she had so little to offer in return, made her very tender towards him, and she interrupted him vehemently:

"You do not know what you are saying," she broke out. "He is not to be compared with you,—not for one moment. I will not let you do yourself such injustice. The woman who could know you both and care for him would be—would be no woman."

Her voice was full of passion; it was herself she was arrainging and condemning, but Lumly heard her with joy.

He laid his hand upon hers as it rested upon his arm. "You have taken a great load from my mind," he said. "I felt as if you must care for him, because he loves you so utterly, so entirely."

Barbara started, and he went on rapidly: "I don't mind telling you this; you are too true a woman to think the less of him for it; and he is proud to tell it himself, as if he did himself honor in saying it. I feel as if I could not let you speak disparagingly of him, as you did just now, without letting you know what a manly, what a noble part he has played."

Barbara was silent, every sense alert to hear what he had to tell her.

"It was almost by accident," Lumly continued, "that I came to know—what I had never suspected—that he had loved you since the moment he first saw you; that when he wrote to me about your visit it was only because he hoped that I might in some way add to your happiness.

"As you know, I fell in love with you myself—how could I help it?—and I wrote to Trenham and told him so; told him that I should count upon his assistance, when I came to this country, to try to win you. I told him that I relied entirely upon him and would be guided by what he said.

"At first he thought he would write and tell me that he loved you too, that I must look for help elsewhere. But he did not, partly from reticent pride, because I was his rival, and partly because he felt that he had no claim upon you which would give him any right to bid me stand aside. So he held his peace and determined that he would act fairly by me, let me have my chance of winning you, and then, if you decided against me, he would try his own fate at your hands.

“And then you came home, and he saw you in New York. He was with you for days, the words of love he was too generous to speak trembling on his lips. I can imagine how hard it was for him; I don't think I could have done it myself; and he, poor fellow, looked worn and haggard when I came across, like a man who had been through an illness. It was very fine of him, I think,” and Lumly paused, as if to give her a chance to agree with him. But she kept silent, her heart swelling within her.

“When I came over,” Lumly resumed, “I asked him to come with me to Georgia, still not suspecting how things were with him. He refused, and I pressed him; and at last he told me what I have told you, only much better than I have been able to tell it. I felt as if he had the right to speak to you first, but he has a chivalrous spirit, and he would not.

“But I begged him to come with me; the look in his eyes haunted me, and I promised him that if you refused me I would tell him at once, and he might then speak for himself.”

He stopped; his fingers closed warmly over her hand.

“And so, you see, little one, how sweet it is to me to hear you say you do not love him,—that you even like me better. I cannot understand it; I know I do not deserve it; but I cannot quarrel with my happiness in being allowed to love you, in being permitted to try to win your love,—though I am sorry for Trenham; with all my heart I am.”

X.

LUMLY talked on during the rest of their walk, regardless of Barbara's silence. His happiness was like a quiet stream which flows without a break or ripple.

He spoke of their life together; of all that he meant to do for her happiness; of his hopes for a useful and honorable career, which she should help him achieve, and whose honor she should share.

And Barbara walked beside him as one walks in sleep, hearing nothing that he said.

The tears gathered in her eyes, overflowed and fell, but she did not try to check them; she did not care if Lumly saw them.

“He did love me,” she kept repeating to herself. “He did love me; and for the sake of my foolish pride I have ruined his life—and mine.”

And yet, in the midst of her wretchedness, she would find herself recalling with a thrill of joy every word and look by which Trenham had betrayed his love for her.

It was all past and gone now; but it had been;—nothing could ever take away the happiness of that thought.

All that he had said and done while they were together in New

York came back to her. It was plain enough now, the struggle he had had with himself,—the struggle that she had made so much harder.

She lingered over each incident of their walk to the picture-gallery as a starving man would remember a feast which he had left untasted. She thought with a pang of keen regret of his letters which she had burned in her anger, of poor Poppi's picture which she had destroyed.

He had loved her! He had always loved her! His impetuous parting at the gate the day they had first seen each other; his letters and his flowers, which had met her at every step of her journey; his interrupted confession at the gallery; the words he had spoken that very night, and the look she had seen in his eyes,—he had meant them all; and they were all so many lost opportunities, so many joys which she had wastefully thrown away and which could never return.

There was in her suffering the sharpness of the sorrow which one feels whom death has robbed in remembering every unkind word or look that one has given the dead.

She could never tell him how cruelly she had misunderstood him; he would never know that all the time she had loved him.

She found herself after a time alone in her room. She could not tell what Lumly had said to her in parting nor how she had replied, but she was thankful to be alone.

She wondered where Trenham was at that moment and what were his thoughts. And at that her face flushed painfully.

She knew what he was thinking. He believed now that she loved him; that very night by some lover's intuition he had seemed to read her thoughts, and he was only waiting till Lumly should speak. What would he think of her when he knew the truth?

She hid her face in her pillow and sobbed afresh. He would believe that she had sold herself for rank and wealth, and he would despise her.

She met the household next morning with swollen eyes, which all her bathing could not keep from showing the traces of tears.

The two men were to lunch there that day. They arrived early; the impatience of a fortunate lover lent wings to each.

Lumly was graver, quieter than ever, preoccupied, apparently, with a happiness which rendered him oblivious of everything else; but Trenham regarded the evidence of Barbara's tears with a deep concern which presently turned to ill-concealed joy.

She had been crying, he reasoned, and that meant that Lumly had spoken last night on their way home from the McIntoshes and she had refused him.

He had heard that girls always cried when they rejected a man they liked. Now that he thought of it, he remembered that his sister, when she discarded Jack Holden, had gone about the house

in such a state of moist affliction that his father had interfered and sent her into the country to recuperate.

And poor Lumly looked as if he had lost his best friend. He would be coming soon to keep his promise, to tell his rival that his suit had failed. It would be a very trying interview for them both. For his part, Trenham wished it was over with all his heart. He should do his best to cut it short, even at the risk of seeming unsympathetic. Unsympathetic, forsooth! Under the circumstances his sympathy would be an insult. Suppose the shoe was on the other foot? Suppose Lumly had been accepted, would he want the Englishman to be coming and condoling with him? He would knock him down if he tried it.

Now that he was in for it, the sooner they had their talk the better. If he saw any symptoms of Lumly's approaching confidence he would help him along to the extent of his ability; the decks should be cleared for action at the first indication of an encounter.

Meanwhile, by the unconscious irony of events, at the bottom of Lumly's grave preoccupation lay the reluctance with which he contemplated the interview he had determined to have with Trenham. He had promised to confide in his rival only in the event of his being refused; but he felt as if it would be cruel to let things go as they were,—to allow Trenham to learn the truth only as he could, and by degrees.

He experienced the same desire to put him out of his misery as soon as possible that would have driven him to shoot a favorite horse that was hopelessly and painfully wounded.

He must do it; it would be cowardly to put it off; but how could he summon the courage to begin?

To make matters worse, Trenham for some reason looked so contentedly happy that morning. He had never seen him in such spirits. He had been dejected enough for the last few days to make any bad news seem opportune; but this morning,—of all the mornings of his life, when Lumly was preparing to give him a knock-down blow,—he must needs go whistling and caracoling about the place like a plough-horse turned out in clover. The equine comparisons kept recurring to Lumly with annoying persistence.

Until that disagreeable duty was performed the Englishman felt that he could not know a moment's peace nor enjoy his new-found happiness.

Shortly before luncheon was announced the two men found themselves alone in the library. Mr. Windford had not returned from his office; his wife had been called to the kitchen for that final supervision of the repast which Barbara had told Trenham she never failed to bestow; and the girl herself had left the room to see a friend who insisted upon paying her a visit on the door-step.

Lumly saw his opportunity and suddenly decided that he would have it over then and there. It wouldn't take long to tell what he

had to say, and when it was said the sooner some one came in and interrupted them the better.

"Trenham," he began in a voice that made the young man jump, "you remember our agreement, I suppose,—the promise I made you?"

"Oh, yes," said Trenham encouragingly.

"Well," Lumly went on solemnly, "I thought I would tell you at once." He stopped and cleared his throat. It was deucedly awkward; it was going to be even harder than he had thought it would be. There sat Trenham, as gay as a lark, looking as expectant as if he was going to hear that he had been made governor of a province; and here was his rival, aiming right between his eyes, ready to crush the life and hope out of him with a word.

The Englishman's face grew graver, his manner more preternaturally solemn, while Trenham waited impatiently, wishing in his heart that he knew how to help the poor fellow swallow his dose.

Lumly abandoned his sentence altogether and began again. He must manage to lead up to it a little. He couldn't blurt out the cruel truth without a word of preparation.

"I spoke to Miss Windford last night," he remarked lugubriously.

"I thought so," chipped in Trenham, trying to help him out.

"You thought so!" echoed Lumly, aghast.

Great Heavens! Was the fellow prepared, then? Did he know what was coming? Had he gone raving crazy, that he should be sitting there with that idiotic grin on his face to receive his death sentence?

"Do you mean to tell me——" he began, and then he stopped. Could it be possible that Trenham thought he was going to keep his promise to the letter,—that he had been rejected? If that was the case, it *was* a dilemma. How could he break the news?

"She was very kind," Lumly went on dolefully.

"I felt sure she would be," was Trenham's contribution to the blank which invariably followed one of Lumly's remarks.

"Merciful Fathers!" thought Lumly; "he does think so!"

"She was not unprepared," he rambled on, catching at every straw that could delay the climax.

There was another long pause, and Trenham sighed, wishing he could take the man by the shoulders and shake him till the words rattled out of themselves. Why couldn't he get on with his story and be done with it?

"I had spoken to her father." The Englishman vouchsafed this further item and came to another full stop.

He had had an inspiration. Perhaps it might come a little easier if he told Trenham that though she had promised to marry him she had said she was not in love with him. "Heaven knows I want to make it easy," he said to himself.

"We don't usually do that over here," Trenham graciously explained, "until we have obtained the young lady's consent; but no doubt Mr. Windford thinks none the less of you for your appreciation of his daughter."

They heard a step in the hall, and Lumly rushed ahead. "He gave me every encouragement, but referred me to her."

"Of course, he would do that," Trenham acquiesced.

"And she told me very frankly," Lumly went on hurriedly, "that she did not love me as——"

"We won't wait any longer for father." Barbara's voice sounded in the doorway. "Won't you come out to luncheon, please?"

And the two men stood like schoolboys caught trespassing in a neighbor's orchard and gaped at her and at each other.

Trenham was the first to recover himself. Why should he not? Though Lumly had been interrupted before he had finished, he had told him enough. What did he care for the details? The main fact was what he wanted, and he had it in Lumly's last sentence. She did not love him! She did not love him!! She did not love him!!!

He felt like shouting it through the hall. He wanted to dash into the street and throw up his hat.

Of course he was sorry for Lumly; but he was glad it was over. And it was over, thank Heaven. If Lumly didn't realize that, he would show him. If he tried to reopen the subject he would cut him off as ruthlessly as a telephone girl.

Now that it was over, if only the poor fellow would cheer up a bit. Why didn't he have some pride? His face was positively sepulchral; his manner suggested a graveyard. If the luncheon had consisted of funeral baked meats, he couldn't have mustered a more suitable expression. It was a model in its way, but Trenham thought it was singularly inappropriate now, when he felt like singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" to the limit of his lungs.

As for Lumly, he had experienced that sense of relief at the interruption which one feels in the dentist's chair when the operator is called away to speak to another patient.

It still had to come; it would probably be all the harder when it did come, but he was thankful for even a moment's cessation of his sufferings.

While the thing hung over him he could not throw it off sufficiently to contribute much table-talk to the occasion, and Barbara was equally dumb. But Mrs. Windford and Trenham relieved them of all responsibility. Indeed, Trenham alone would have carried off the occasion with *éclat*.

There was a moment, it is true, when the conversation—with that fatality which always attends conversation when the situation is a little strained—drifted dangerously near to the one subject most to be avoided.

Mrs. Windford, the most tactful person in the room, being also

the most innocently ignorant, was of course the offender: the others were all so painfully conscious of their own glass houses that they could be trusted not even to pick up a pebble.

Mr. Windford had come in, and it was in answer to a query of his that his wife began. "Mrs. Waring was here this morning, and she is perfectly miserable about Frank. That young woman he has been in love with for so long has discarded him, and his mother can't induce him to behave with any spirit or self-respect. He goes mooning about like a whipped school-boy, she says. I'm sure," the poor lady went on, serenely unconscious of the sensation she was creating, "I don't think a girl who would encourage a man as she did Frank and then refuse him is worth pining for. If I were in his place I'd be too much of a man to let her see that I cared."

Mr. Windford had concluded from Lumly's doleful countenance that Barbara had refused him, and he cleared his throat with a resounding "Ahem!" and vainly tried to catch his wife's eye.

Barbara, thinking of what lay in store for Trenham, cast about her desperately for something to say, but could think of nothing but the remark with which the Walrus had relieved an equally awkward situation by a judicious change of subject: "'The night is fine,' the Walrus said. 'Do you admire the view?'"

But Trenham, out of compassion for his defeated rival, to whom Mrs. Windford's remarks must seem confoundedly inappropriate, he thought, rose at once to the occasion.

He neatly intercepted her in a series of reflections which the theme suggested, and wound up with a funny story, at which they were all only too relieved to be able to laugh.

The talk drifted back to a safe channel; but to Barbara the little incident was not without pathos.

When luncheon was over Lumly followed Trenham into the library for a smoke.

The latter suspected him at once of an intention of renewing their unfinished conversation, and began to talk so fast that Lumly could not get in a word. The more the Englishman tried to lead him round to the matter in hand, the more Trenham took the conversational bit in his teeth and galloped off in the opposite direction. He would be neither led nor driven up to the subject, and Lumly in despair looked out of the window, only to see a buggy and pair draw up at the curbing and John Forsyth alight, ready to take him for a drive.

He turned in desperation to Trenham. "We were interrupted this morning," he said, "before I had time to finish what I was going to say. I meant to tell you——"

"That's all right, old fellow," interrupted the younger man, laying a hand affectionately on the Englishman's shoulder. "I understood you. You needn't refer to it again. I know the subject must be painful."

And as Forsyth was ushered into the room Lumly stood regarding Trenham with a miserable gaze, his worst fears confirmed.

XI.

TRENHAM had been purposely omitted from Forsyth's invitation to drive. It had seemed to the latter that his man in the race was not having a fair show, and he proposed to come to his assistance.

Every one in Barbara's circle of friends had taken it for granted that Lumly was her accepted suitor or that he shortly would be, and they played into his hands most obligingly.

Trenham was not even suspected of having similar intentions. He was supposed to be present somewhat in the capacity of trainer,—to hold the sponge, as it were, for the Englishman.

Americans are so accustomed to do their own courting that his office was regarded with intense amusement; and Trenham, being an American, was looked upon with more or less commiseration on account of his anomalous position.

As he was very companionable and a delightful talker, every one was only too ready to call him off from time to time,—to give him a half holiday, as they expressed it; and at all the social gatherings instituted in Lumly's honor Trenham was provided for with equal care in a way that was thought to be most agreeable to him.

At the dinners he was seated by the prettiest girl in the room,—after Barbara; she was invariably placed next Lumly. At the germans, engagements were made for him with all the most agreeable dancers,—except Barbara. He was much in demand at the club; and upon all other occasions he was disposed of with such success that some one remarked that they were not allowing him to earn his wages and would eventually bring about his discharge.

But the Forsyths, knowing in which corner the wind sat, looked with extreme disfavor upon this treatment of the case. In itself the situation presented grave difficulties to them; there was a gap somewhere in the story which they were not able to fill, a page torn out of the romance which held the clue to the *dénouement*.

"I don't think Barbara accepted Arthur in New York," commented Mrs. Forsyth, "even if he proposed to her,—which I doubt. I'm quite sure she did not from the way he acts now. But by this time I should think she would know her own mind, and it isn't like her to keep them both dangling on her string after she has decided between them. She could let one or the other of them know by her manner and let him go along about his business. Some girls would enjoy keeping it up as long as possible, I know, but Barbara isn't that kind of a girl; it's a mystery to me."

"What staggers my intelligence," said Forsyth, "is why Tren-

ham came here at all. Why he didn't cut in first, when he had the chance, and get ahead of Lumly; or why, if he failed to do that, he doesn't wait till the Englishman goes home and then try his luck, is more than I can understand. It looks as if he came along to watch Lumly. If he did, it's the nerviest thing I ever saw. I wonder if Lumly suspects it?"

"But his watching doesn't do much good," answered his wife. "The whole community seems to be in league with Mr. Lumly. I don't think Arthur has said three words to her since he came."

"Well, I'm going to give him a chance to repeat the better part of the dictionary if he wants to," said Forsyth. "They are going to lunch at the Windfords to-morrow, and I'm going to take Lumly for a drive and leave Trenham master of the field. I'm going early, even if my vast army of clients tear out their hair on my office door-sill, and I'll drive all afternoon. Maybe Barbara will think she has to make up for my want of courtesy by taking him to drive herself, —I'll leave that to her; but Lumly shall not interfere with him for one while."

And so the unhappy Englishman was carried off in the midst of his remarks, leaving Trenham behind, the victim, as he correctly supposed, of a serious misapprehension.

For some time the young man sat alone in the quiet room. Mr. Windford had gone back to his office, and the two women, having heard from the servant of Forsyth's arrival, supposed that both of their guests had gone to drive, and gave themselves no further concern about them.

But Trenham was by no means lonely. His thoughts were pleasant company. They recalled another library where he had sat alone through a sultry summer afternoon thinking of Barbara.

She had seemed so remote, so unattainable then; she seemed so near to-day.

At any moment she might come into the room. She would be startled to find him there, but he should not let her escape. At last he was free to speak to her.

Should he lead up to it gently, he wondered, or would the mere sight of her send the words rushing to his lips? His heart began to beat faster. Now that the moment had come, he was unnerved. Suppose, after all, she did not care for him? What reason had he to think she did? Her words in the gallery in New York? But her every act had belied them since. The impression he had received last night? Might that not have been merely his own imagination?

His rosy hopes began to blanch under his searching scrutiny. Oh, why did she not come and tell him?

As if his thoughts had drawn her, at that moment she entered the room, and seeing him, uttered a startled little cry. "Mr. Trenham," she exclaimed, "I thought you had gone."

"No," he said. "Mr. Forsyth did not ask me to drive. I think he suspected that I would rather stay here."

She stood for a moment irresolute; then, "I'll go and tell mother," she said, turning towards the door. "She does not know you are here."

"No," he cried, "I beg of you. There is something I must say to you, and this is my only chance."

The color left her face. Surely Lumly had not told him. What could he have to say to her?

Mechanically she took her seat, but he stood before her.

"My mouth has been shut for a long time," he said. "All the while you were in New York I could not speak because, in a way, I felt that my word was given to Lumly. But to-day he told me what—what has occurred between you, and at last I may tell you that I love you—that I have loved you since the day I first saw you—that I shall always love you, and you only."

She stared at him with astonished eyes. Lumly had told him, and yet he said such things to her! Had he gone mad?

She raised her hand to stop him,—she could find no words to utter; but he went on, sweeping everything aside with the torrent of his speech.

"I have been miserable," he said,—*"miserable. I was in a false position, bound by a chain that galled me. I have been forced to keep silent, while my whole being cried out to you. But now at last I am free. Just a moment ago in this room Lumly told me——"*

"Oh, hush! hush!" she cried desperately. "I have promised to marry him."

If she had struck him a blow in the face he could not have looked more stunned.

"You have promised," he repeated slowly, "to—to—marry him? I don't understand."

"But you must understand," she cried, hiding her face in her hands. "You must. It is true."

He passed his hand across his eyes with the gesture of a man suddenly roused from sleep.

"You have promised?" he reiterated; "but Lumly told me——"

The girl was crying bitterly. There had been some horrible mistake, and she—she, of all persons—must set it right. Oh, the cruelty of it!

"What did he tell you?" she asked.

"He told me," and Trenham repeated the words like a parrot, "that you said you did not love him."

"It is true, I did tell him that." She had taken her hands from her face; she was looking at him with a bewilderment almost equal to his own.

"Then why——" Trenham began, and stopped.

"Then why did I promise to marry him?" she repeated. "You want to know that?"

Trenham did not answer, and she went on bitterly. "Because—because I am a wicked girl," she said defiantly. She could not tell him the truth,—anything but that,—let him think of her as he would. "I did it for the reason that other American girls sometimes marry foreigners,—for the rank, the prestige,—for a possible title."

"Barbara," he said gently, "you are not telling me the truth. There was some other reason; I can never believe that of you."

Her eyes softened, her tears flowed afresh, and again she hid her face in her hands.

"It was because—if you will know—because I—I misunderstood you. I—I thought you did not care. That you were only—that you were playing with me."

In an instant his arms were about her. "My darling!" he cried in a transport of joy. "My dearest! my own little girl!"

For one happy moment he held her close; the next she tried to draw herself away.

"You forget," she said, "that I have promised to marry your friend."

But he would not let her go. "I know," he said. "But that was a mistake. You were under a misapprehension. To think that you could believe that I did not care for you!—that I was playing with you!" He laughed at the monstrous absurdity of the thought. "But now that you know the truth," he continued, "you are not promised to him any more. He will release you as soon as he understands."

"Let me go," she pleaded. "I cannot ask to be released."

His arms fell instantly to his side, but he went on earnestly: "You cannot? Why, Barbara, what else can you do? There is no other way."

"I have given my promise," she answered stubbornly. "I was in earnest; I meant to keep it."

"But, my dear girl," Trenham reasoned, taking her hands in his, "such a promise should never have been made; it ought not to be kept. You must break it. Lumly will understand. He is a man; he would not hold you to it if he could."

"You give me such advice?" she answered,—"you, of all men, who kept faith with him even though you had made him no promise? You tell me to break mine within a day after I have given it?"

"But that was different," he argued. "That was between man and man. It was a question of honor."

She smiled a sad little smile. "And this is between man and woman," she said, "and there is no honor involved? Your distinction does not flatter me, I think."

"But there is a distinction," he replied, "even though I put it so crudely. A woman is always free to change her mind."

"That is a code made for her," answered the girl, "by men who hold both her word and her character lightly. What would you think of him if he were to ask to be released from his promise to me?"

"I should think him——" Trenham began hotly, and then stopped, seeing where she was leading him. "But, Barbara, you know—you must know—that the cases are not parallel."

"Mine is," she replied. "Suppose, instead of being engaged to him, I were in reality married to him. Would you tell me I could change my mind?"

"But you are not married to him," Trenham broke in. "Thank God, you are not his wife."

"But you would have me break my promise simply because it was not made before witnesses and a minister?" she said; "because no one heard it but himself—and God?" she added reverently.

Trenham made a gesture of despair. "This is horrible," he said. "It is awful. You can stand there and tell me that you mean to marry him when you do not love him,—when—when you have led me to think you care for me,—and all because of a foolish promise given under a misapprehension!"

She did not answer, but there was no relenting in her downcast face.

There was even more determination in her quiet manner, in the steadfast lines about her mouth, than in any words she spoke; and yet Trenham could not believe that she could do the monstrous thing she contemplated.

"Then let me tell him," he begged. "You will not break your promise, but he will break his. He will ask to be released,—not you."

"You will not do that," she said, looking at him gravely. "You have surprised my secret from me. I can trust you not to betray it to any one."

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" He wrung his hands in impotent despair. "You condemn yourself and me to a life of pain and wretchedness for such a false, preposterous notion of honor and duty, when your duty lies all the other way."

"It is my unutterable misfortune," she answered sadly, "that I must condemn you to suffer the punishment which I alone have deserved. But it is the penalty you must pay for having loved a woman as blind and foolish as I have been. I hope—in time—that you may forget."

"I shall not," he cried vehemently. "I cannot forget. I would not if I could. I had rather go to my grave loving you vainly, hopelessly, than to be happily married to any other woman. Oh, Barbara, my darling, you do not know what love is. You don't know

what the word means. I could not give you up so easily. I do not believe that you love me."

"Very well," she said quietly; "it will only make it easier for us both if you do not. I did not mean to tell you. I did not mean that you should ever know."

He dropped into a chair beside the table and bent his head upon his folded arms. Barbara stood looking at him sadly for a while; but when he raised his head, ready for fresh entreaty, she was gone.

XII.

LUMLY came home from his drive, an hour or two later, fairly bursting with impatience to finish his interview with Trenham,—to set him right without further loss of time.

During the ride his mind had been haunted by horrible possibilities. What if Trenham should go to Barbara under the impression that his rival had been refused? The very idea put him in absolute misery. He replied to Forsyth's remarks with the most ludicrous irrelevancy, and the latter, thinking his love had driven him into a midsummer madness, prolonged the drive in order to give him an opportunity to cool off.

If it is true that "all the world loves a lover," it is equally certain that all the world laughs at one; and Forsyth was infinitely diverted by the spectacle of the Englishman's sufferings, thinking that he knew the cause.

"The air will do him good," he said to himself humorously. "That's what he needs. I'll keep him out till dark, if it loses me every client I ever had. What are a few paltry cases compared to the high claims of friendship?"

Perhaps there was no man who would have more quickly appreciated the grim humor of the situation as it really existed than Forsyth, if he had understood it. He had recognized how mistaken his townsmen were in their ideas of the amusement they ought to provide for Trenham; but it did not occur to him that he, like all the other members of that amiable and well meaning community, was inflicting torture on his guest under the sacred name of hospitality.

As soon as Lumly could escape from his clutches he hurried to the hotel and inquired whether Trenham had returned.

"Yassuh," replied the African who answered his bell. "He don' come an' gone."

"Gone? Where did he go?"

"Yessuh, he don' lef'. He say he cayrnt wait fuh de night train, 'cause he ain' got time."

"Has he gone to New York?" demanded Lumly incredulously.

"Yessuh," grinned the negro.

"Did he leave no note,—no message for me?"

"Nosuh; he look like he ponderin' 'bout he bizness, an' I didn' like to pester 'im none."

Lumly sat down to the consideration of this problem, but could make nothing of it, and presently he put on his hat and hurried round to the Windfords.

He was shown into the parlor, where he paced the floor impatiently until Barbara appeared.

"Do you know what is the matter with Trenham?" he demanded, as soon as she opened the door.

"With Mr. Trenham?" she repeated, trying to collect herself.

"Yes. I've just got back to the hotel and they tell me he has gone to New York."

"Gone to New York?" She echoed him again.

"Yes. And he has left no note or message. I've a great mind to telegraph to one of the stations and find what is the matter. Did he tell you good-by?"

"I don't think you need do that," she said. "He—he told me good-by. I—I don't suppose it is anything serious," she added lamely.

Had Lumly been less preoccupied he would have noticed how oddly she replied.

"It's altogether inexplicable to me," he went on. "I was concerned about him when I went to drive, but I didn't expect anything like this."

"You were concerned about him?"

"Yes. I may as well tell you. You see, I decided that I would tell Trenham what—what happened last night. I thought it was only fair that he should know it at once. So I tried to tell him this morning, but I made a mess of it. It was uncommonly awkward, and I hemmed and hawed and beat about the bush, and just as I got to the point we were interrupted."

He stopped, but Barbara made no comment, and he went on again:

"As fate would have it," he said, "I was caught in the middle of a sentence. I had just told him that you said—that—that you did not love me." He cast a guilty glance towards Barbara. "Perhaps you think I had no right to tell him that," he apologized. "Of course, it was none of his business and all that; but I felt so sorry for him—I couldn't help it, you know, knowing what he had lost,"—the tender look which accompanied this was lost on Barbara, who sat with her eyes fastened on the floor,—"that I tried to let him down easy. But I made it too easy." Lumly laughed nervously. "He misunderstood me altogether, and I had no chance to explain. He thought that you had refused me, he thought the way was clear for him, and he was as happy as—as a—as a lark." The simile of

the horse in clover still pursued him, but he resisted the temptation to use it.

"I tried to set him right before I went to drive," continued the Englishman, "but it was no use. He would not listen to me; he kept saying that he understood, and I needn't refer to it again; and I went off in a wretched state of mind. It seemed to me that we drove for days, but I couldn't get Forsyth to come home, and all the time I was imagining the most dreadful things were taking place here. I thought he might try to speak to you while I was gone, you know. It would have been dreadfully awkward for you,—and for him too."

Something in her face arrested him. "I suppose nothing of that kind did happen?" he asked. "Perhaps——"

"I think you are making a great deal out of nothing," she said. "Mr. Trenham probably went home on business. It is no unusual thing for an American man to be called away unexpectedly. He may have had a telegram."

"You think so?" said Lumly, only partly reassured. "Still, I think he would have left me a message."

"But it seems he didn't," said the girl wearily. "Don't let's talk about him any more. We can accomplish nothing by it."

"As you say," he acquiesced. "Still—— I'm sorry," he broke off, interrupting himself, "that you don't like him. He is one of my very best friends. I don't know any man for whom I have a higher regard. It would be much pleasanter if you liked him too. Not that it makes much difference now, but in time, when he gets over his—his attachment, you know, I would be glad if we could see a good deal of him."

There was something in the quiet air of proprietorship with which he pronounced the little word "we" that sent a shiver through Barbara.

Oh, if he would only go away and leave her to herself for a time—till she could get used to the idea that from henceforth she belonged to him.

"I did not ask you last night," he began after a pause, coming over to where she sat and taking her hand in his, "any questions about the future, or when you will let me call you mine. But I cannot go back across the water without having something definite to look forward to. I am no longer a very young man, my dear, and I am jealous of every moment you spend away from me; and you will be so far away when I go back to England."

He waited, but she still looked down. She was so tired, so sad, so worn from the struggle she had just passed through with Trenham; why could he not leave her in peace for a little?

In spite of all her efforts, she could not get rid of the unreasonable idea that he was to blame for all her misery. If he had only told her the story about Trenham before she had promised to marry

him; or if, having her promise, he had never told her at all;—but no, she would not say that. Joy for joy and sorrow for sorrow, she would not give up the knowledge that Trenham loved her. It weighed down the scale even against her wretchedness.

“And I must be going to England soon,” Lumly was saying. “Though I am not an American man of business, I have duties that I cannot neglect. I suppose—I know—it would be too much to ask you to return with me,—after a time?”

He stopped. His words had stated a fact, but his tone asked a question.

“Oh, no, no,” she burst out. “I could not. You must not ask it.”

“Very well, then,” he answered patiently,—and in her irritable mood his very patience tried her,—“we will talk of this some other time, if you prefer it.”

He released her hand and began to speak of other things, but she could see that he was disappointed, wounded, and she was miserably conscious that she did not care.

Trenham’s sudden departure created only a temporary ripple in the little circle he had so abruptly abandoned. It was understood that he had told Barbara good-by, and the telegram that she had in her desperation suggested took on such shape and form of reality that in a day or so there were many who could repeat the wording of the message and almost give you the address and signature.

But Trenham’s absence and their new relation only made Lumly more lavish of his presence. It seemed to Barbara that he was always by her side.

“I will so soon be gone, and I will be so far away,” he answered when she suggested that he should devote some of his leisure to the many friends he had made during his visit. “Let me stay with you while I can.”

But the time dragged wearily for her. She tried in vain to grow used to the idea that she had given herself to him. She even began to fear that the sincere liking she had had for him would turn to positive aversion.

His kindness, his patience, his unwearied gentleness with all her moods and tempers only served to increase her petulance, until at last she would lose her self-command and break out with a word or gesture that was positively unkind.

She always repented bitterly as soon as it was over and hastened to make reparation; but reparation meant only encouragement to him to be more tender, more affectionate, more sublimely and unreasonably happy; and this she found hardest of all to endure.

She began to feel as if something must give way under the continual strain she put upon herself if she did not soon find some relief; and in the simple, obvious way in which things happen when one has grown desperate over trying to force them relief came.

The season was lavish of mild, bright days, cool in the early morning and after the sun had gone down, but warm and brilliant in the middle of the day, and upon one of these the Forsyths had planned an excursion to a point of historic interest a mile or two down the river.

They had arranged to make a day of it, and even Mr. and Mrs. Windford had been persuaded to accompany them; but when the morning came, Barbara awoke with a headache of which she gladly availed herself to earn a day's reprieve.

It was sorely needed. Her patience and her self-control were worn to a thread; she felt when they had gone and she was alone in the big house like a person who has taken an anæsthetic, which, while it does not relieve the pain, yet deadens in a measure one's sensations.

For one day at least she could be herself; there was no one for whose benefit she must act a part.

Throughout the morning she occupied herself with the many small duties which the constant presence of guests had made her neglect of late; it was the best tonic she could have chosen; but in the afternoon, feeling the need of relaxation, she went into the parlor and began to play and then to sing softly to herself.

She chose only old songs, simple ballads that had been familiar since childhood; and gradually the music began to interest her; her voice grew louder, fuller, and she forgot herself in her singing.

And so, turning the pages of an old song-book, and trying first this air and then that, she came upon "Auld Robin Gray," and before she was well aware of what she was doing she had begun to sing the pathetic little song.

She had not finished the first verse before the words took hold of her. She had not sung them for years; she had forgotten that they existed; but to-day they seemed to have been written for her. It was her own life they told. It was her own story she was singing in the simple lines. Unconsciously, she threw into the song all the sorrow that had wrung her heart; it was a relief to give it voice. The tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her face, but she did not stop to wipe them away, until, with the last lines,

"But I will do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind mon to me,"

she raised her eyes and saw Lumly standing in the door-way.

Crash! went her hands on the keys. She shut the book. What had he heard? How far had she betrayed herself?

"I got John Forsyth to drive me home early," he explained. "It has been rather a long day for me. Why, child, you have been crying," he said as he caught sight of her tear-stained face. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing. The song was a little sad, that is all."

"It sounded very sweet," he said, "the little I was able to catch. What is it?—something about 'auld Robin Gray,' was it not?"

"Did you have a pleasant day?" she inquired irrelevantly.

"I have just told you," he answered, smiling, "that I was lonely. It is never pleasant to me when you are absent."

"So you did," she said inconsequently.

"I wish you would sing to me now," he went on, seating himself near her. "Sing the song you were singing as I came in. You have not told me the name."

"I will sing you something else," she said, taking up the book,—"something more cheerful."

"But I had rather hear that," he answered. "It was Scotch, was it not? I am fond of Scotch songs, and I know a good many, but I am not familiar with that. Is it one of Burns's?"

"I don't think you would care for it," she replied. "Here is something you will like better." And she began to play the prelude to "Wha'll be King but Charley?"

"You might let me judge for myself," he persisted. "It sounded very sweet as I came in. Why won't you sing it, or tell me what it is?"

She thought his persistence was maddening. She could never sing it to him.

"Because I do not care to," she answered coldly.

He glanced at her quickly. It seemed to him that she had displayed more of what in another woman he would call temper since their engagement than he could have dreamed that she possessed.

But he was very tender towards her in his thoughts. She did not love him yet: that explained many things; and surely his love for her was great enough to make him patient.

"Very well," he said gently.

But to Barbara the two words "very well" had grown into a positive aggravation through their frequent repetition. She knew he would say that. If he would only sometimes say something else. She believed she would prefer "all right," vulgar as it was, for the sake of a change.

In the bottom of her heart she knew that it was her own capricious wilfulness which made the words so frequently repeated so irksome to her. But that knowledge did not recommend them. Why should he be so long-suffering? If it were Trenham, he would tell her she was behaving abominably, that she had no right to treat him so. They would quarrel, and the atmosphere would be cleared. Trenham would—but she must not think of Trenham; the words of the song recurred to her, "For that wad be a sin."

She sang "Wha'll be King but Charley?" and then turned slowly round on the music-stool. She hoped he would ask her to sing

something else; it was so much easier to sing than to talk. But he did not. He began to talk instead.

"I had a letter from home this morning," he said. "I find I shall have to get back sooner than I had thought,—in a very few days, perhaps. I hope you will be sorry to have me go,—a little."

Going! And in a few days! His words were such a relief that it was an effort to keep from showing it in her face. But for the few days that remained she would—oh, she would be kind to him, no matter what it cost her.

"I shall be very sorry to see you go," she said; and for the moment, remembering her impatience, repenting her petulant unkindness, she really believed that she meant it.

"Have you thought at all of what I said the other day?" he inquired, encouraged by her manner.

"About what?" she asked, throwing the feeble barricade of a question in his way in a futile attempt to gain time, though she knew very well what he meant.

"About when I may come back for my wife," he said.

"I'm afraid I haven't," she replied. Then, seeing the disappointment in his face, she added: "We've been together so constantly ever since, you know, that I haven't had time."

To his impatient longing her excuse sounded grossly inadequate. True, they had been constantly together, but he had had time to think of nothing else.

"You have had a great deal of time to think to-day, have you not?" he asked. "You have been alone all day."

"Yes," she admitted, "but I've been very busy."

"That reminds me," he said. "I have forgotten to ask about your headache. It was very thoughtless of me. Is it better?"

She had forgotten all about it.

"Much better," she answered shamefacedly. "I needed a little rest, that was all."

They fell silent for a time, though she tried hard to think of something to say, lest he should recur to the subject she so dreaded. Once she caught herself beginning to ask him if he had had a pleasant day, but stopped in time.

"Can you tell me when you will have time?" He spoke timidly, as if he feared to make her angry; but she answered at once and in a different tone. She had had an idea.

"I will tell you what I will do," she announced cheerfully,—“I will write to you.”

She was greatly elated by this sudden inspiration. She liked to write letters. She wished she could write to him now, instead of sitting there cudgelling her brain for something to say. It would always be easy to find something to say in a letter; there was the weather and all the local news. And then she would not be haunted by that patient, tender look in his eyes; she would not be irritated by

the continual dropping of his "Very well," which was wearing out her forbearance.

As it happened, after her last words, Lumly was silent for a moment, and then answered patiently, "Very well."

XIII.

It is easy in a moment of intense emotion to resolve to sacrifice one's life upon the altar of duty. But it is hard to live, from hour to hour and from day to day, the irksome, unappreciated existence which such high resolutions involve.

Possibly if the martyrs had died of some slow disease in an obscure corner, where their heroism would have been without witnesses, they might have found it impossible to put the flesh so triumphantly underfoot.

As the days lengthened into weeks after Lumly's departure, and the excitement of the strain under which she had lived died out of Barbara's life, such thoughts as these were often in her mind.

She had lost her relish for life, its occupations and its pleasures.

When the first feeling of relief at being left to herself had passed away, her future looked utterly colorless and uninteresting.

In vain she reminded herself that when she was at Cheswick both the place itself and the life for which it formed such a perfect background had been irresistibly charming to her. It seemed to her now that their attractiveness lay chiefly in the fact that she had been very happy there, with a contentment which depended for its existence upon quite other sources than wooded parks and interesting architecture.

She could not rouse herself to any enthusiasm at the thought that she was to be the mistress of this stately dwelling, and she gave up the effort with a sigh of infinite weariness, and fell to wondering whether, if Trenham were to come then and urge his plea, he would find her as inexorably determined as she had been before.

"Perhaps," she said to herself sadly, "it is better for my self-respect that he urged it then and not now,—that he will never urge it again."

Lumly had telegraphed Trenham to meet him in New York, and as he drew near the city the Englishman's thoughts again reverted to his friend's abrupt departure and its probable cause. He had not heard from him since, and he wondered whether he should find him as light-hearted as he had been the last time they were together.

But his first glance at Trenham's face as he got out of the train at Jersey City was a sufficient answer to his question.

His eyes had a weary expression that told of sleepless nights; he was carelessly dressed, and his manner was preoccupied and listless.

"I have a carriage here," he said when they had shaken hands; but once inside of it he appeared to have nothing to say, but sat looking absently out of the window at the busy wharf.

"I left your friends all well," said Lumly cheerfully. "They all wished to be remembered to you,—the Forsyths particularly. They told me to say that they had not forgiven you for running away without bidding them good-by."

"I'm much obliged to them," said Trenham, replying without enthusiasm to the first part of Lumly's remark.

"You puzzled us all," Lumly pursued, "and me more than any one else. But I suppose the telegram was imperative."

"The telegram?" inquired Trenham, looking at him,— "what telegram?"

"The telegram calling you back to New York on business. Miss Windford seemed to feel an unexpressed contempt for me because I did not at once understand how a man could be so at the beck and call of a telegram that he would leave a pleasant party without saying good-by."

Trenham was looking at him in bewilderment.

"I didn't receive any telegram," he said. "Who told you I did?"

"Miss Windford," answered Lumly in equal astonishment. Then he corrected himself hastily. "No, since I think of it, she didn't say you had, she suggested it as a possible explanation of your flight. It was public opinion that made it a fact. Every one jumped at it as a trout would jump at a fly. 'Oh, he had a despatch, had he?' they said; as if that would account for any vagary you might commit. It opened my eyes to the potency of telegrams in America."

Trenham smiled. "I believe they are rather an unrecognized force," he said.

"Oh, I assure you," Lumly continued, "I got the idea that you men of business are entirely at their mercy; that they exercised a tyranny over you which the Czar of Russia might well envy. But if it wasn't a telegram, Trenham, what did bring you home, may I ask?"

Trenham realized too late the sufficiency of the excuse which Barbara had furnished him and which he had recklessly thrown away. "It was—it was—a letter," he said,— "a special delivery letter."

"What kind of a letter is that?" inquired Lumly. "I should infer it was a *lettre de cachet* from its effect."

"It ranks only second to the telegram as a commander," said Trenham, glad to have gotten off so well: "a sort of adjutant, one might say."

"Well," said Lumly, "I can only repeat what I have always asserted, that the Americans are the most governed nation I know."

Talk about freedom and the republic! Give me the tyranny of my own effete monarchy a thousand times over in preference."

They were crossing the river now, and in the pause which followed they could hear the stamping of the horses' feet and the sound of the boat's wheel churning below them. Lumly suddenly recalled his last conversation with Trenham, and smiled as he thought what a boon this utter isolation would have been to him then.

"While I have the chance," he began, "for I am reasonably sure we can't be interrupted here, I want to tell you what I made so many abortive attempts to say when we were in Georgia. I was afraid you misunderstood me,—I expressed myself so awkwardly,—but it is only right that you should know that——"

Trenham laid his hand on Lumly's knee. "Never mind," he said. "I know, I understand. She accepted you. I—I haven't congratulated you, my dear fellow; forgive me. I do now. I wish you joy, with all my heart." But there was little heartiness in his tone.

Lumly looked at him sharply as they sat in the shadow of the ferry-boat. So he had understood, after all, and that sudden burst of gayety was nothing but a magnificent bluff,—all put on to cover the other thing.

Well, it was very well done. It had taken him in completely; but it seemed a useless, theatrical thing to do. It was hardly like Trenham.

How wretchedly he looked, poor fellow. Now that they were out of the gloom of the ferry-boat and rattling through the sunny streets of the city, his face looked positively haggard.

Lumly thought of him a good deal during the next few days. He was not a reading man, and once on board the ship, with pleasant weather, and no acquaintances whom he cared to cultivate, he had ample time to puzzle over Trenham's reason for assuming such a sudden flow of spirits when he learned that the game was all up with him.

Whom did he hope to deceive by it?

"So far as I can see," thought Lumly, "it was all done for my benefit, as the operas at Baireuth are done for the king. Trenham must have known that the performance was thrown away on the Windfords; they didn't even know he had such aspirations."

"I cannot understand why he should have been at such pains to befuddle me," he said aloud, "when he had already confessed to me that he loved her,—plumed himself on it, in fact."

It was winter, and Lumly was pacing the wind-swept deck, with his hands in his pockets and the fur collar of his ulster turned up over his ears. "And I can't see," he went on, "why, when he had taken me in so thoroughly, he did not care to keep it up. Why did he drop the mask as soon as I reached New York?"

He went to the railing and stood looking out over the water, but

he did not see the deep, white furrow which the ship was ploughing in that trackless field. Another riddle had presented itself.

"It's odd that he should have known to the day just when she accepted me," he thought. "I wonder who told him?" he said aloud. "I'm very sure it was not I." He laughed at the recollection of the absurd figure he must have cut during their interview. "I tried to," he thought; "I'll do myself that justice; but I didn't succeed. I behaved much more like a rejected suitor than he did. I should not have blamed him for thinking she had jilted me."

But when his feet touched English soil again he left all these problems behind him in the ship he had quitted. There was plenty to do and to think, now that he was at home again.

There was a certain wing at Cheswick that Barbara had admired. He meant to have it fitted up for her.

He recalled the day that he had shown her through it and told her its history. He remembered everything she had said of it, and how lovely she looked when she said it. To think that he was to fit up the apartment for her own use!

And then there was the pleasant duty of telling his sister the good news. It would be such a pleasure to talk to her of Barbara. She was much younger than he was, but they had always been good companions, and he felt sure of her sympathy.

"I can't flatter myself that I am telling you any news, Millicent," he said as they sat together over the library fire. "I think you suspected why I took that sudden journey to the States."

She smiled into his eyes. "I did," she admitted, "but I am surprised, Edward, notwithstanding. To be frank, I did not think she would have you. I imagined she was interested in that delightful friend of yours, Mr. Trenham."

Lumly looked at her with a troubled expression. "I feared that too," he said, "until I asked her. What made us both think that, I wonder? I thought I had a reason, but you could not possibly have known it."

Miss Lumly smiled. "You are always surprised, Edward, at any indication of my having eyes in my head. It took no mind-reader to see that she liked him. We talked about him a good deal; he was the only acquaintance we had in common; and then Mrs. Forsyth was always getting letters from him which seemed to be intended mainly for Barbara. As soon as Mrs. Forsyth had glanced through them she would turn them over to her, and I noticed that she didn't read them in the dining-room or the drawing-room, where they were handed her, but put them aside till she could find an opportunity to slip away to her room with them."

"You are a very observant young woman, Millicent," he said. "I didn't see any of those things."

"Well, it makes it all the more charming that she should prefer you," she answered brightly. "I was very fond of her. I shall be

so glad to welcome her here as a sister, Edward. Have you told mamma?"

"Not yet," he answered absently. "Since you speak of it," he went on, "I do remember that she seemed to like him very much when she was here. We talked about him a great deal. It appears to me, now, as if we talked of very little else. But this winter at her own home she seemed to have an aversion for him. What do you suppose made her change her mind?"

"Perhaps it was your presence, my dear, that threw him into the shade."

Lumly shook his head. "No, no," he objected. "It was more than mere indifference. She told me once that she didn't care to discuss him."

"That sounds as if they had quarrelled," suggested Miss Lumly. "Had they had a chance? Had she seen him after she got home and before you came?"

"Yes, they were together in New York for quite a while. How well you seem to understand her, Millicent. Where did you get your intuition?"

"Set a girl to catch a girl," laughed his sister. "We're made of the same clay, I suppose, even though we live on different sides of the water." Then, with a glance at his thoughtful face, "What difference does it make why she dislikes Mr. Trenham, so long as she likes you?" she demanded. "That is the important point. You are as bad as mamma when I have a cold. She instantly begins to wonder how I caught it, until I have to remind her that she utterly loses sight of the thing that interests me,—how I am going to get rid of it. When shall you go over to be married, Edward? Won't you take me with you?"

"I don't know," he answered dully. "She did not name any day. She said she would write me."

He sat in a troubled silence. What his sister had told him suddenly brought back his old problems and set them before him in a new light.

If Barbara and Trenham had had a misunderstanding in New York, what could it have been about? Trenham would have told him of any ordinary quarrel, he felt confident.

In his own rather slow way the Englishman had an analytical turn of mind. If he were given time, he was apt to reason things out very accurately.

"It could hardly have been a lovers' quarrel," he argued with himself, "because Trenham was careful not to tell her that he loved her. True, he kept up a constant fire of books and flowers and messages during her absence; but he had not spoken of love, except so far as these things spoke for him; and after he received my letter he was even more guarded. Stop,—might not that have been at the bottom of the misunderstanding? Was it not very likely that he

suddenly became rather reserved and formal in his manner, and that she resented it?"

Lumly took his cigar from his lips and, leaning forward, flected the ashes on the hearth.

"I believe I have my finger on one end of the thread," he said to himself.

But having gone thus far he suddenly drew back. This thread that he held in his hand,—where was it leading him? Had he not better let it go before it drew him any farther along a path he might be sorry to follow?

But the mind is like an inquisitive child: when it asks a question it will be answered.

He tried to put it off. He occupied himself with the repairs in the south wing; he spent a great deal of time with his sister; he even tried to interest himself in a novel; but it was of no use.

If at no other time, in the quiet of his own room, when night had dropped her mantle over Cheswick, the question would come back to him. The thread which he held might be said to have twisted itself into an interrogation point, till he was driven to follow it to the end.

"She was piqued by the change in Trenham's manner," he said, "and then—I came. She is a truthful girl; she told me she did not love me."

His mind was far in the lead now. During the hours when he had put it aside it had not been idle. He knew what it was to have his subconsciousness—or whatever name one chooses to give that independent intelligence—work out in his sleep a problem that had troubled his waking hours, and present the result as his stenographer might hand him a clear type-written copy of a letter whose substance he had only outlined.

Little things that he had passed unnoticed at the time, or which, having noticed, he had forgotten, he found arranged before him in logical order, like a brief of evidence.

"The morning after Barbara accepted me," he said to himself, "Trenham struck me as being unusually gay. What could have occurred to put him in such good spirits?"

Did he not remember their walk with Barbara the evening before,—how very gracious she had been to Trenham, while he walked by her side almost unnoticed? How gayly and happily they had talked together! Could he forget the jealous pang with which he had seen his rival lift her over the muddy crossing? No wonder Trenham was happy.

"And next morning," Lumly continued, carrying on his argument, "I went to him with my awkward speech and doleful countenance to tell him that she said she did not love me. How could he help believing that I had been rejected? No wonder he was transported at the thought."

And then—and then—his mind, always in the lead, was fairly dragging him after it—then he had gone with Forsyth for that interminable drive, and Trenham had taken advantage of his absence to speak to Barbara and had learned the truth from her lips.

Lumly remembered very well that during the drive he had been dreading that just such a catastrophe was taking place; and on his return, finding Trenham gone, he had even asked Barbara if something of the kind had not happened, and she had told him—no, she had not told him. He would do her justice; she had not answered his question.

Well, it was clear enough at last. He had reached the end of the thread. No, not quite the end. There was still one question more,—Barbara? Did she indeed care for Trenham?

Granted that she liked him, granted that she would resent any change in his manner in New York; admitted that she was distressed at having to tell him the truth that was so bitter for him to hear,—but did she love him?

That indefatigable and officious servant, his subconsciousness, was ready to remind him of her petulance, her coldness towards him—her accepted lover; her refusal to name any day for their marriage. But to all these arguments he had one overwhelming answer. When she knew the truth, when she was sure that Trenham loved her, why did she not break off her engagement with him?

She was too kind, perhaps; too tender-hearted. Was that what she meant when she said she would write him after he reached England?

He felt a sudden tightening at his heart. How could he wait till the letter came? And how, when it reached him, could he bear to break the seal?

He never knew how he managed to endure the suspense of those days. When at last the letter did come his hands trembled as he tore it open; the thin sheets rattled in his shaking fingers. But from first to last there was no hint of a broken engagement in it.

It was clever, girlish, even affectionate. To his starved heart the little half-tender sentence with which she signed her name at the end was a thing to gloat over, to read again and again, to carry next his heart, and to kiss when he was alone in his room.

How could he know what it had cost her to write it?

He had not realized how hopeless he had become till he felt the almost overpowering revulsion of this relief. He did not know how he had dreaded the tidings that letter might bring. He sat down and answered it with a heart overflowing with rapture.

She was his! She was his! And perhaps even now in his absence, as the old song said, her heart had grown fonder. Perhaps even now she was beginning to love him.

XIV.

A DOUBT once raised is a troublesome ghost to lay, and Lumly had by no means silenced his.

But other letters came. Barbara had evidently no idea of breaking her promise, and he told himself that he had no right to doubt her.

The work on the south wing took up a great deal of time, for he superintended every detail, and was exceedingly hard to please, the workmen thought.

He consulted his sister's taste at every step, though he did not always take her advice. Late one afternoon, after looking for her in vain in her accustomed haunts, he heard the sound of voices in the music room, and, pushing open the door, came upon her sitting at the piano surrounded by a group of children from the village.

She had been singing to them, to their great delight, and Lumly stopped in the door-way to listen to a babel of voices clamoring for their special favorites.

"Gi' us 'Bonnie Dundee,'" vociferated Johnny Brent.

He was a shaggy urchin in whose name she had renounced the devil and all his works at his christening; but he demanded the song, because in his unregenerate little heart he took an unholy delight in hearing her sing, "The toon is weel quit o' that deil o' Dundee."

"Why do you like that song so much, Johnny?" she asked with a dawning suspicion.

But the boy was wary. "I dunnot know, miss," he made answer. (Johnny's parents came from the North.) "Happen it's th' foine tune thot I loike."

It was Johnny who had such difficulty in mastering his catechism that Miss Lumly in desperation stooped to bribery, and stimulated his intelligence by the gift of a pair of shoes.

But for all that, when the bishop came to examine the class he was perfectly dumb.

"Oh, Johnny," she expostulated in a whisper, "what did I give you to learn it?"

"Yo' gi' me a pair o' clogs, miss," responded Johnny aloud in his broad Lancashire.

The bishop heard him and smiled. "And what did you learn, my boy?" he asked indulgently.

"'To walk i' th' same aw th' days o' my loife,'" answered Johnny with a sudden rush of memory.

Her brother listened with pleasure as she sung the stirring air. Her voice was not as sweet and rich as Barbara's, he thought, but it was clear and true, and the secret of its charm for her audience lay in her perfect articulation; for the love of music is seldom sufficiently developed in children to make them care for songs without words.

When she had finished the song, another, a more imaginative child, called for "Castles in the Air," and Lumly wondered what it was that held the small face in its look of rapt attention,—the picture of the "bairn who sits pokin' in the ash, glowerin' at the fire wi' his wee, roun' face," or only a budding cynicism which relished the philosophical statement that "hearts are broken, heads are turned, wi' castles in the air."

The girl turned round when the song was done, and saw her brother smiling at her from the door-way.

"Now run away, children," she commanded; "I can't sing any more to-day."

And the small creatures retreated in decorous confusion, sidling past each other, with their fingers in their mouths, awed into sudden silence by the presence of the master.

But when they had gone he found he had forgotten what he came to ask. The dusk was creeping in at the long windows, and he began to feel tired.

"Sing something more," he said, as he dropped into a chair near the fire. "Those Scotch songs are quaint and you sing them well; they suit your voice."

"Have you any favorites?" she asked as she fluttered the leaves of the music-book. "Do you enjoy profanity, like Johnny Brent; or do you prefer fairies, like Mary Ware?"

"I'm not particular," he answered. "Or, stay,—do you happen to know a song that has something about 'Robin Gray' in the last line?"

"'Auld Robin Gray?' " she answered. "I've known it all my life."

"Then sing that," he said.

She struck a few chords and began:

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside.
To make the crown a poun', my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the poun', they were baith for me."

The simple melody dropped into a plaintive minor key.

"He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa' :
My father brak' his arm, my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me."

Her clear, girlish voice went on with the pathetic story. The wreck of Jamie's ship, the struggles to support father and mother, and "auld Rob's" importunity. How her father "urged her sair," and her mother "didna speak, but she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;" and how at last she yielded, and

"They gied him my hand, though my heart was at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray he was gude mon to me."

Then came the story of Jamie's return, as she was "sittin' sae

mournfu' æ night at the door," and his glad cry, "I've come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

She sang the last verse with a very tender appreciation of its pathos.

"O, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say!
 Ae kiss me took, nae mair; I bade him gang awa'.
 I wish that I were dead; but I'm nae like to dee;
 O, why do I live to say, 'Wae is me' ?
 I gang like a ghaist; I carena to spin;
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is a kind mon to me."

The room had filled with shadows as she rose from the piano and came towards him.

"It's a sad little song, is it not, Edward?" she asked.

But he did not answer. He sat with his face resting in one hand so quietly that she thought he was asleep, and she stood and watched him for a moment with a new look in her eyes. Sitting with his head bowed and his shoulders bent, he looked old.

"Poor Edward," she said to herself with a little sigh, "he has led a lonely life; I am glad he is going to be so happy," and she went quietly out of the room, closing the door softly behind her and cautioning the servants not to disturb him.

The morning looked in at the windows of Cheswick and found him still sitting there. His head no longer rested in his hand; it was thrown back, and his eyes looked wearily before him, seeing nothing.

Presently a servant opened the door.

"One of the workmen wishes to speak to you, sir," he said.

Lumly looked at him but did not answer, and the man repeated the request.

"Tell him," said Lumly, "that I cannot come."

"But he says that they can't go on," the man persisted in an apologetic tone, "till you show them where they are to cut the window."

"Tell them," said his master apathetically, "that I do not care."

And the man, giving a deprecating cough behind his hand, withdrew.

"If I write to her," Lumly was saying to himself with miserable iteration, "she may not understand. If I go, I shall see her again. I shall see her again!"

When he announced his determination of returning to America his sister tried to dissuade him from taking another voyage in cold weather, but he was determined.

"Perhaps," she suggested timidly, "you will bring Barbara home with you?"

Something had gone wrong. Some terrible thing had happened, and she did not dare to ask what.

He did not answer, and she went on: "I thought perhaps you

stopped the work on the south wing because it would not be finished in time."

He turned his face away. "There will be plenty of time," he said,—“plenty of time.”

He had not at all planned how he should meet Barbara or what he would say to her, but any one less preoccupied than he would have revolted at the commonplace, trivial way in which he was forced to ring her door-bell and formally send up his card.

But he did not notice that. There was only one thought in his mind: to give her her liberty in the gentlest way that he could; to undo the wrong that he told himself he had done her.

She came into the room with a face which she had forced to smile, but at sight of him she forgot the little speech of welcome she had prepared.

"What has happened?" she asked, going up to him. "Is anything wrong?"

"Yes," he answered; "but it is not too late to set it right."

And then he told her, his love shielding her from all blame, making little of his own unhappiness and much of what he had made her suffer.

When she began to cry he tried to comfort her, but she would not hear him.

"I must be a very poor, shallow creature," she sobbed, "to have known you and yet not love you. I don't see how I can help it, and I despise myself that I don't."

He left her, when his story was told, without seeing any one else. The task he had set himself was only half done, and he was feverishly impatient to finish it while his strength lasted.

He found Trenham little changed when they met in New York, and he could not but smile at the curious fatality by which it happened that the young man looked as wretched when he was about to hear good news as he had been absurdly happy on the eve of a bitter disappointment.

"I've come to keep my promise in good earnest at last," the Englishman began.

Trenham looked at him blankly. Was Lumly going to go over that every time he saw him? He was like the awful man in the "Ancient Mariner."

"Don't you think we can afford to drop that now?" he said.

"You can't," answered Lumly; "though perhaps I might."

"I don't understand you," said Trenham.

"It is a very simple thing," Lumly went on. "I have found out by accident that there has been a mistake; she does not care for me. Indeed, I always knew that; but I have learned that she cares for some one else; and I—I have released her; that is all."

The two men looked at each other, and Trenham grasped his hand in silence.

And so Lumly went home to Cheswick,—to the south wing that was never finished.

When he had gone, Trenham felt as if death had intervened to set Barbara free. With Lumly's face in his memory he could not even be glad.

He would not go to her or write to her,—not yet.

And then suddenly, one night as he lay awake, thinking of her, the words of her broken confession came back to him: "I—I thought you did not care,—that you were only playing with me."

He started up. Merciful Heavens! Suppose she were to think that now! Lumly had gone to her and set her free; perhaps he had told her what more he intended to do. She might be waiting for him now, and wondering why he did not come.

The idea took possession of him. He could hardly wait for the morning before starting to go to her. He managed to get to Jersey City an hour before the train left, and paced the platform impatiently, climbing into the car the moment the gate was opened in a sudden panic lest the train might start without him.

Once under way, he tormented the conductor past all endurance because they were a little late, and bought out the entire stock of the enraptured train agent in a vain attempt to find something to make the time pass.

But the journey ended at last, as all journeys will, and he found himself in the Windfords' parlor and heard her step outside the door.

"Barbara!" he cried, holding out his arms. "Barbara, I have come!"

But she drew back, her face crimson.

"Oh, how could you?" she said. "How could you?"

His arms dropped to his side, and he stood, conscience-smitten, before her.

"I feel as if he had died," she went on. "I cannot forget his face; I think I shall always see it."

"I know," Trenham interrupted her; "I understand." And without more words he picked up his hat and meekly took himself back to his hotel.

But alone in his room, with the day before him, the longing to see her grew too strong for him, and he made his way back to her house.

"Only let me speak to you," he wrote on the card he sent up to her. "I shall not annoy you or distress you in any way. I have come to say good-by."

But the servant returned with a slip of paper in her hand.

"Do not think me unkind," it said, "but I cannot see you,—not now. It would be better if you forgot me; I do not deserve to be happy."

Trenham slipped the note in his pocket and left the house.

"She might have trusted me," he said to himself with a touch of bitterness.

He went gloomily down the street, his hands in his pockets, his head bent, seeing nothing before him until he reached the corner, where he collided violently with a man coming towards him from the cross street.

"Hello, Trenham!" said the latter. "Where did you come from? I thought you were safe in New York, or I should have been on the lookout for you as I rounded the corner."

It was John Forsyth, and the two men shook hands, though there was little warmth in Trenham's greeting. He would have given anything to have gotten away without meeting any one he knew.

"Where are you going?" Forsyth persisted.

"To the hotel," said Trenham.

Forsyth's eyes twinkled. "Well, you might have reached it in time," he commented, "if you kept on long enough; but it would have been rather more direct to have gone the other way. However, you're on the road to my house, which is better."

Trenham demurred, but Forsyth had his way and carried him home with him perforce. There his wife by skilful questioning managed to draw out a part of the truth.

She told her husband as soon as Trenham had gone, and Forsyth listened in sympathetic silence.

"That is tragedy," he said when she had finished,—"nothing less. I don't know how you feel about it, but for my part I shall never be able to think of Lumly without feeling as if I had helped to commit a murder."

"Yes," said his wife. "It is as bad as bad can be, and one of the worst things about it is that his sacrifice seems to have been without effect. It has not purchased any happiness for Barbara or Arthur, for she is determined not to see him."

"I don't want her to see him," said Forsyth. "I don't want them to be happy. It would be like dancing over a grave. They ought to suffer as well as Lumly."

"But he wanted them to be happy," Mrs. Forsyth answered. "It doesn't do him any good for them to suffer."

"But it does me good. It satisfies my sense of the eternal fitness of things."

"Well, I must say it is asking a good deal of Barbara and Arthur that they must be wretched to satisfy your sense of fitness. I thought perhaps we could find some way out of the difficulty for them,—that you might suggest some way of helping them."

"I tell you I don't want to help them," answered her husband stubbornly. "I wouldn't if I could. I can't think about anything but Lumly and his big empty house and all his broken hopes. Barbara ought never to have accepted him. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"Arthur had hopes, too," Mrs. Forsyth persisted plaintively, "and we did all we could to encourage them." She paused for a moment, and then went on with a little sigh: "I suppose it doesn't matter whether he is happy or not; but it's very well for us that he didn't wash his hands of the whole affair when we were in trouble."

Forsyth groaned. "I declare, Nellie, it's too bad of you to be perpetually throwing that in my teeth. Every man has his price, I suppose, and you are mine. But I give you my word, if Trenham had helped me to a seat in Congress, or given me a fortune, I'd rather throw it in his face than have a hand in this."

"I suppose it will all turn out right in the end," Mrs. Forsyth went on, "but I can't bear to have Arthur go home feeling as he does. There's no telling what may happen before he comes back again. And then, how will he know when to come back? Oh!" she interrupted herself, leaning forward in her chair and grasping her husband's arm, "I can foresee a dreadful complication. He won't know how long to wait, and of course she can't tell him,—and, don't you see?—if he waits too long she will think he has forgotten, or is angry, or——"

"I see," said Forsyth, puffing savagely at his cigar; "it's a beautiful predicament they're in. This love affair has had ups and downs enough to fill a three-volume novel. They have a faculty for getting themselves into more different kinds of trouble than any couple I ever heard of."

"I tell Arthur," said his wife, "that most of it has been due to his impulsiveness."

"No," Forsyth contradicted, "it has been the result of accident every time. Fate has made a plaything of them from first to last."

They sat in silence for some time, and then Forsyth inquired, "Did she absolutely refuse to see him at all?"

"Yes," said his wife. "And I can see that is what hurts him, and it makes me feel that if he goes away now he'll be too proud to come back. He'll wait for her to take the first step, and she never will."

"Why won't she see him, do you suppose?" pursued Forsyth. "She could do that without committing herself, you know."

"I know, but she won't."

Forsyth leaned back in his chair and blew a wreath of smoke from his lips.

"I have an idea," he said.

Mrs. Forsyth looked at him incredulously.

"I believe she won't see him because she's afraid to," he pursued.

"Afraid to? Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of herself. She believes that if she sees him she will break down,—give in, you know."

"Do you really think so?" demanded Mrs. Forsyth breathlessly.

"I'm sure of it. And my idea is that if we could bring them together accidentally,—let them seem to stumble upon each other in some way,—it would be all over in a minute."

"Oh, John, I could kiss you."

"Do it if you like. I don't mind."

They went to work to contrive an accidental meeting like a pair of conspirators, or rather like two stage managers. Forsyth objected to all his wife's schemes because, he said, they left so much to chance that it would be an accident if they ever came off at all, and she discarded his because they were so transparent that an infant could see through them.

Mrs. Forsyth got a moment's inspiration out of one of Bang's stories that she recalled, in which a pair of estranged lovers are trapped into sitting beside each other to hear Calvé sing "*Cavallaria*."

"We could hardly afford to engage Calvé," she laughed, "but we might get that cheap opera company that was here last summer;—it was the intermezzo that brought them round, you know."

But Forsyth wouldn't hear of it. "If we can't be original," he said,—“if we have to get our ideas out of the magazines, as Mary Jones gets her dresses out of the fashion monthlies, I'll throw over the whole thing.”

"But some of the designs in the fashion monthlies are very good," Mrs. Forsyth persisted.

"They are not good enough for me. This scheme shall be made to order from my own plans and specifications."

"You'll have to be in a hurry, then," said Mrs. Forsyth. "He is going home to-night. You haven't much time for your plans."

"He'll have to stay over," said Forsyth. "I'm going to manage the thing on a scientific basis. Did you ever hear Dr. Burgoyne's method of treating a man for dementia?"

"No."

"Well, he found out that the last thing the man did before he lost his mind was to hear a sermon on reprobation and election——"

"I'm not surprised at the result," interpolated his wife. John Forsyth was a Presbyterian and she was not. He went on as if he hadn't heard the interruption.

"The doctor ordered the patient's wife to send for the man who preached that sermon, no matter where he was; then he told her to take her husband to church and put him in the same pew where he sat before, and make the minister preach from the same text and take back everything he said,—every word of it."

"How did it work?" asked Mrs. Forsyth with languid interest.

"I didn't hear," said her husband; "but the principle is sound, and we must try something like that now. These people are just a little off, you know; all lovers are more or less distracted. I've thought of taking Barbara to Europe again, but that would be ex-

pensive; and I really believe they fell in love at that famous Fourth of July dinner of yours."

"I know they did," said Mrs. Forsyth.

"Well, then, all you've got to do is to duplicate that dinner. It will be some trouble to get up the weather, but perhaps we can manage it by setting a large gas stove behind each piece of furniture. Then take up all the carpets, pull down all the curtains, dismiss Dilsey for the day, bury one of Priam's near relatives, and——"

"Oh, John!"

"Well, it will cost a great deal less than going to Europe," he rejoined in an aggrieved tone. "You're unreasonable, Nellie."

But in the midst of their discussion Trenham appeared to say good-by.

"You're surely not going now," Mrs. Forsyth exclaimed in dismay. "I thought you would at least wait for the evening train, —it's a much quicker and pleasanter trip, you know."

"Yes," said Trenham. "But I must go now."

Mrs. Forsyth hinted that there was something in the air; that they had a plan on foot for his benefit; but he only shook his head.

"It's no use," he said hopelessly.

They stood for a moment in dejected silence, listening with indifferent ears to the sounds that came through the open street door.

It was still winter at the North, but the spring had come in Georgia. Her breath was in the scent of the yellow jessamine that trailed in a golden shower from a vase on the tall mantel shelf. Her soft touch stirred the curtains at the window. She had thrown a veil of misty green over the bare trees outside, and from one of them she poured forth her voice in the riotous song of a mocking-bird.

Presently they heard a step in the hall, and Barbara's voice exclaimed, "I found your door open, Nellie, and I came in."

Mrs. Forsyth fled through one door and her husband through another. She had the presence of mind to explain as she disappeared that she heard Dilsey call her, but Forsyth stooped to no such subterfuge: he simply left.

But Trenham did not see them go.

He turned towards Barbara as she entered the room. "I am going away," he said. "Won't you tell me good-by?"

"Going?" she asked, with a little break in her voice.

And then, as Forsyth had predicted, it was all over in a minute, and she was crying contentedly on his shoulder.

As is the manner of men, Trenham amused himself, years afterwards, by telling his friends what a wily woman his wife was, and how she and Mrs. Forsyth conspired together to break the cook's arm and poison the butler's mother that Barbara might capture him by laying the cloth for dinner.

THE END.

CUBA.

ALTHOUGH Cuba was settled more than half a century before the earliest settlements in the United States,—in Florida, Virginia, and Massachusetts, which have become empires in population, enterprise, and resources,—mentally, morally, and physically it may still be considered virgin soil. Tens of thousands of acres of the richest land in the world have never yet recognized the foot of the husbandman or the furrow of a plough, and hundreds of thousands of acres of the grandest timber forests are in such a primeval condition as to be unconscious of the tread of the lumberman or the sound of the axe or saw. And yet these native forests have been the birthplace of the proud Spanish navy for hundreds of years, even when it boasted omnipotent power and claimed universal dominion for the throne of Spain.

From 1724 to 1796 Havana was the great nursery of the Spanish navy. One hundred and fourteen Spanish vessels were launched and equipped there in that time, with an armament of four thousand nine hundred and two guns.

With a soil known to be unsurpassed in richness and fertility, it does not require the experience of an agricultural expert to verify the statement that the soil of Cuba is adapted to all products that will grow in the temperate and torrid zones, the climate being that of the temperate zone from November until April, and of a torrid character for the balance of the year. Cereals, however, do not thrive there, though maize, or corn, is cultivated to a limited degree.

Sugar, tobacco, and coffee are the leading crops of the island. Sugar is the most generally cultivated and the most valuable, though at one time coffee-planting was the more prominent industry. The appliances for the production of sugar have been brought to great perfection, and have been introduced on all the larger plantations at an immense cost. In a single year the crop is statistically reported to have exceeded one million tons, and it has been estimated by experienced planters that if all the land in the island adapted to the growth of the cane were utilized for that purpose, the island could supply the entire Western Hemisphere with sugar.

The imports of Cuba for the year 1896 were of the value of sixty-six million one hundred and sixty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty-four dollars. The exports for the same year were ninety-four million three hundred and ninety-five thousand five hundred and thirty-six dollars. With the influx of population from the United States which the near future will assure, and the improved methods that characterize our Anglo-Saxon energy, the transformation of Cuba from its present condition towards the height of its

possible prosperity will be one of the wonders of the age, and may in the next generation be classified with the tales of the Arabian Nights.

It is not in its unsurpassable soil alone that Cuba is preëminent, nor in its adaptability for sugar, coffee, and tobacco culture. It is likewise rich in its forests of *lignum-vitæ*, cocoa, mahogany, lancewood, cedar, and palm trees, and in its abundant mineral wealth, consisting mainly of copper, iron, salt, and bituminous coal. It has also very large quantities of chapapote, which is superficial in position and is claimed by many to be asphalt or the equivalent thereof, though it very imperfectly meets the requirements of asphalt; but the genuine asphalt (equal to that of Trinidad or Neuchâtel) is obtained in certain localities in limited quantities. The Bay of Cardenas is one of these; until very recently asphalt has been dredged from the bottom of that bay and regularly shipped to the United States.

There are no ferocious animals in Cuba, nor are there any insects whose bite or sting is fatal. Even the scorpion and tarantula, though their bite and sting cause much pain, are incapable of inflicting fatal wounds.

There are upwards of two hundred species of birds in Cuba, many of them of tuneful song and exquisite plumage; and the fish are of great variety, delicious flavor, and beautiful color.

Cuba lies between $23^{\circ} 10'$ and $19^{\circ} 50'$ north latitude. It is never afflicted with equatorial heat. During the summer the thermometer rarely rises above ninety degrees, and during the winter months—from November to April—it seldom falls below fifty. Seventy-five degrees might fairly be considered the mean temperature for the year.

During the summer solstice Cuba generally has visitations of yellow fever and simpler malarial fevers; all of these are not infrequently in an epidemic form. This fact is indisputable, but it is equally indisputable that such conditions may be controlled; that they are to a great extent if not entirely due to indifference to or utter neglect of the laws of health and proper sanitary precautions. This fact has so frequently been demonstrated—in the arrangements of soldiers in camps and in the thorough disinfecting of plague-stricken cities—that there is no “loop on which to hang a doubt” about the matter.

When, during our civil war, General Benjamin F. Butler was placed in command at New Orleans he found the yellow fever holding high carnival there; but he neither temporized nor compromised with it: he disinfected that city and its environs; he grappled with the fever; he strangled it; he stamped it out; and since that time it has not reappeared in epidemic form in that city.

We know that after our soldiers did their magnificent fighting at Santiago and its vicinity, and after Admiral Cervera's squadron

had been destroyed by the skill and pluck of our naval heroes, the yellow fever became so aggressive in our camps that a very large portion of our army had to be recalled for recuperation and preservation. Then when Santiago was fully surrendered to us, and American authority and American system took control of that city and district, the yellow fever turned pale; it lost its grip.

This was the official report in October:

“The health of the United States troops now in the province of Santiago has considerably improved, not more than ten per cent. being on the sick-list. Most of the cases of indisposition are merely light malarial fevers. Yellow fever has been practically stamped out of the city by the systematic cleaning process put into operation. For several weeks Major Barber, who is at the head of the Street-Cleaning Department, has had six hundred men engaged in carting away the filth of generations and burning it at one or other of the crematories. General Wood has shown great executive ability in bringing order out of the chaos that ensued after the departure of the Spaniards.”

This purifying process, carried through the length and breadth of the island, will make its entirety as salubrious as is the English island of New Providence or any other health resort; and when the natives become infiltrated with our humanitarian process and familiarized with the highest achievements of progressive enlightenment there will be no home more desirable than Cuba, no spot where the ultimate problems of civilization can be more successfully solved.

Joseph A. Nunez.

IN THE NIGHT.

I DREAMED last night my Love was dead:

The dreadful thing was this,—
Not that my lips would feel no more
The kindness of her kiss;

Not that my feet the weary years
Would go uncomraded;
Not that of all my love for her
So much was left unsaid;—

But, sickening, I remembered how
I had been false to her!
“Oh, God,” I cried aloud, “*she knows*
I have been false to her!”

Charles G. D. Roberts.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON LAWYER.

MONTAGU WILLIAMS was called to the bar in 1862, and within the following twenty-five years defended more prisoners than any other living advocate. His "Reminiscences" include many curious and amusing anecdotes, a few of which we give:

A flowery barrister of the Western Circuit once thus addressed the jury in a case of child-murder: "Gentlemen, it appears to be impossible that the prisoner can have committed this crime. A mother guilty of such conduct to her own child! Why, it is repugnant to our better feelings. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, suckle their young, and——" The learned judge interrupted the eloquent barrister: "Mr. F——, if you establish the latter part of your proposition, your client will be acquitted to a certainty."

This reminds us of a pleader before Lord Ellenborough. "My lord," he began, "it is written in the Book of Nature——" "What book?" inquired his lordship, taking up a pen. "The Book of Nature." "Name the page," said his lordship, dipping his pen in the ink to note it down.

For many years Mr. Williams was junior to Sergeant Ballantine, who "was a great verdict-getter, sometimes successful in the most desperate cases." One of the most extraordinary examples of want of natural feeling came out in a case in which Ballantine and Williams appeared, and in which some Hebrews figured conspicuously. The sergeant had been trying in vain to damage a witness by cross-examination, when a Jew by his side remarked, "You don't know the man; I know all about him. Ask him, sergeant—ask him if he ever had a fire." Under this person's promptings, the witness had to confess to arson and then to robbery. The sergeant was about to sit down, but the man at his elbow said, "Stay a minute, sir. Fraudulent bankruptcy."

Ballantine, who thought he had extracted about enough from the witness, replied, "Oh, that's a mere trifle." "Never mind; ask him, sergeant," was the retort. The sergeant then put the necessary question. The witness, becoming on a sudden virtuously indignant, replied, "Never, upon my oath; never. I swear it!" Ballantine, turning round to his prompter, said, "What do you mean, sir, by giving me false information?" "It's true, sergeant, it's true," the man responded eagerly; "I swear it, and I ought to know. I'm his cussed old father!"

The rack of cross-examination is sometimes useful in extracting valuable information, but it is a terrible engine and sometimes unscrupulously used. In the hands of clever counsel it may easily

prevent substantial justice from being done. A case illustrating the injustice which may be done to the innocent was one of sheep-stealing. Mr. Williams pleaded an alibi, which was pooh-poohed from the bench. A verdict of "Guilty" was returned, reversed twelve months later in an almost unexampled manner. A prisoner was convicted at the same court, the Middlesex Sessions, of stealing, and being asked by the judge if he had anything to say, to the astonishment of everybody replied: "Nothing about myself, my lord, but something about you. A year ago you condemned an innocent man, and he is at present undergoing penal servitude. Mr. Williams, my counsel, was counsel for him. It was I who stole the sheep that were driven from Hornsey to the Meat Market. I am he for whom the innocent man was identified. Look at me, sir; look at me, Mr. Williams." The latter perceived at once that the man was speaking the truth, but again the judge adopted the "pooh-poohing" policy. However, the Drovers' Association brought the case before the Home Secretary, and after convincing proofs had been furnished a "pardon" was granted to the man who had been wrongly condemned. The innocent victim received a small pecuniary compensation, but he had become hopelessly insane.

Dickens has drawn the London pickpocket to the life in his sketch of the Artful Dodger. These precociously vicious youths are generally of small stature, with their eyes near together and a keen look about the face. Mr. Williams was called upon to defend a typical specimen of the class on a charge of watch robbery. The case was as clear as daylight, and the counsel regarded it as hopeless. Not so the little rascal who was chiefly concerned. "Go on, sir," he said to his legal representative; "go on. I want you to do my case, and I beg you to do it, sir. I shall get out of it. You'll win, I know you will; you've done so twice before for me." Sure enough, the impudent young dog was acquitted, whereupon he literally danced in the dock, and shouted out to the counsel: "I told you so! I told you so! You never know what you can do till you try." Then he bowed to the judge and walked triumphantly out of court.

A story bearing upon the ingenuity of the London thief relates to the late Sir James Ingham. A charge of watch robbery was preferred by a gentleman against an individual who had travelled in the same carriage with him from Bournemouth; but in the end it was found that the watch had not been stolen, but left at home by the prosecutor. To mollify the innocent man, Sir James said: "It is a most remarkable occurrence. To show, however, how liable we all are to make these mistakes, I was under the impression when I left my house at Kensington this morning that I put my watch (which I may mention is an exceedingly valuable one) in my pocket, but on arriving at this court I found that I must have left it at home by mistake." While business was proceeding an old thief at the back of the court went out, jumped into a hansom cab, drove off to

Sir James Ingham's residence, and by representing himself to be a *bonâ fide* messenger obtained possession of the watch, which has never been heard of since.

Count de Tourville, who was well known in London society, was taken into custody upon an extradition warrant, charged with having murdered his wife in the Austrian Tyrol. The countess was a wealthy English lady, and in order to obtain possession of her money her husband pushed her over a precipice in the Stelvio Pass of the Austrian Tyrol. The prisoner's first statement was to the effect that death was due to an accident, but afterwards he represented that the lady had committed suicide. Fresh facts, in addition to these contradictory statements, coming to light, the count was arrested. It was proved that upon De Tourville's return to the hotel after the murder marks of blood were visible upon his fingers, and that his hand was so swollen that he could not wear his glove. He had accounted for these circumstances by saying his hand had come in contact with the stones. When the body of Madame de Tourville was discovered it was found that her hands were both swollen and bruised. It was further shown that after the unfortunate lady met her death De Tourville had deposited a number of articles about the spot to lend color to the statements he proposed to make, that his wife had a fall and then that she committed suicide. Mr. Williams could do nothing in this case, and ultimately the accused was extradited and put upon his trial at Vienna. He was found guilty and condemned to death, but the sentence was subsequently commuted to one of penal servitude. He died in prison. If half the statements in the *acte d'accusation* were true, De Tourville was a criminal of the deepest dye. Among other charges, it was alleged that he poisoned his first wife by putting powdered glass in her food and drink, that he had killed his brother-in-law by shooting him, and that he had set fire to his house with a view to kill his only child, through whose death a large sum of money would come to him. Such monsters must, we suppose, be defended, but it would be most unfortunate for the community at large if they were suffered to escape.

By his forensic skill and eloquence Mr. Williams obtained many verdicts in favor of his clients. On more than one occasion, it is to be feared, the prisoners were unworthy of the mercy shown them, and were unquestionably guilty. The able advocate himself refers to one verdict he secured which he always regretted. It was in a murder case on the Midland Circuit, and the wretch saved from the gallows seems to have been one of the most despicable of human kind. When a poor, miserable, broken-down tramp, he had been charitably taken in by his victim, a comely widow of forty, who kept a wayside inn. After she had given him shelter and had heard his pitiable story she was moved with compassion, and agreed to let him stay as a handy man about the house. In course of time their rela-

tions grew to be more intimate, and as the agent for the widow he went to collect her rents. One quarter-day he returned late at night, the landlady having remained up alone, in order to provide him some supper. Next morning the poor woman was found murdered under circumstances of the most horrible brutality and everything of value in the room had been stolen. Suspicion pointed strongly to the manager as the author of the outrage. He was arrested and sent to the assizes. Mr. Williams defended him, and after a quantity of evidence had been taken he was acquitted. That same night, after drinking heavily, he passed down the High Street of the town, and holding out his right hand exclaimed, "My counsel got me off, but this is the hand that did the deed." Mr. Williams remarks that as a man cannot be tried twice for the same offence, to his perpetual regret this ruffian remained at large.

Another instance in which justice was defeated wore a ludicrous as well as a serious aspect. It was a case of stolen property, a Jew being the delinquent. A Jewish solicitor instructed Mr. Williams, and when the latter expressed an opinion most strongly adverse to the prisoner the little solicitor burst out laughing. "Not a leg to stand on, eh? Ha! ha! We shall see about that. Be early in court, my boy, the early bird, you know. *Nil desperandum* is my motto." Next day the case came on at the Central Criminal Court before the recorder, Mr. Russell Gurney. When the jurymen were called there were found to be thirteen in the box. One of them, a melancholy man dressed entirely in black and looking the picture of misery, rose and said that he was to blame. He had been summoned for next day, but he had lost his wife, and would rather serve now to distract his attention if one of the others would retire and attend for him on the morrow instead. This was done, and the case proceeded. The man in black took the oath on the Old Testament and was sworn with his hat on. The prisoner pleaded "Not guilty," but the evidence against him was of the most damning character, and a verdict was expected at once. However, it was seen that there was a disagreement, and the jury retired. At three o'clock the following morning, after spending about thirteen hours in their room, the twelve men dragged their weary steps into the box, and the foreman announced a verdict of "Not guilty." The solicitor to the accused absolutely danced with delight. "Not a leg to stand on," he exultantly exclaimed to the counsel, and then hurried the prisoner from the dock. Mr. Williams was staggered at the result of the trial, and chancing to come upon one of the jury in the lobby of the court he asked him the reason for the extraordinary verdict. "Lor' bless you, sir," the jurymen replied, "it was that miserable-looking chap as lost his wife. There never was such an obstinate, disagreeable fellow born. From the first he said he had made up his mind that the prisoner was not guilty, and he said he would never consent to a verdict the other way. When we went to the room he put his

great-coat down in a corner, curled himself up on it, and commenced reading the newspaper. When any one spoke to him, he said he wouldn't answer unless they'd come over to his way of thinking. The worst of it was, sir, we had nothing to eat or drink, but this obstinate chap kept eating sandwiches and drinking brandy and water from a great flask he had brought in his pocket, and when we asked him for some he burst out laughing and said he wouldn't give us a mouthful between us. Well, sir, what was the good of our sticking out? There we was, and the recorder had said he wouldn't discharge us, so we should have stopped there and starved. One by one gave in until we all agreed to 'Not guilty.'" Next day the melancholy jurymen was seen to come out of the solicitor's office, attired no longer in black, but in a light tweed suit, such as a tourist affects, and with a merry, self-satisfied twinkle in his eye.

G. Burnett Smith.

IMPERIALISM.—AN ESTIMATE.

IMPERIALISM is far from a new idea, yet it may fairly be said to have assumed within the last few years a more precise and definite meaning in our language and a more assured place in our political ideas than it ever had before. As the word is understood to-day, it may be defined as a national policy by virtue of which one people undertakes the control, government, or management of other peoples primarily with a view to the safety or advantage of the controlling nation. It need hardly be remarked that this question of advantage is not, as a rule, dwelt upon by the nation which adopts the policy of imperialism, for in every case the benefits that may be expected to result for the people controlled are the considerations put forward by the advocates of such a policy. The fact, however, remains that in all cases the advocates of a policy of imperialism find themselves compelled to fall back upon the argument that it is a policy which pays or will pay in the end as the only one that will reconcile the mass of their own people to the burdens which it entails. Such are, in fact, the arguments that are used to-day in this country by a large proportion of the advocates of colonial expansion, which is, of course, another name for imperialism. They are, it must be allowed, perfectly valid arguments, if we can assure ourselves that their basis is a sound one in fact. Every nation has a right to seek its own safety and advantage if these can be secured without injury to others, and much more if they can be combined with advantage to others; the principal defect of the argument, as commonly presented, would seem to be that too little attention is given to the question of substantial advantage. The question, "How does the ledger account stand with reference to an imperialistic

policy?" is one which is at least of interest, and may conceivably be of importance to ourselves at this time.

Experience is the final arbiter of the wisdom or folly of the policies of nations as it is of individuals, and it may be useful at this time to ask what testimony experience has to give as to the advantages of an imperial policy as contributing to the wealth, safety, or greatness of those nations that have adopted it. We have not far to go for illustrations, because two European nations have steadily pursued such a policy during the past fifty years at least, applying to it what may be termed the methods of the modern imperialism. These two nations are France and England. Many of the results of the policy are already well known in both cases. The vast increases of territory claimed, and in some sense occupied, by these two nations as imperial possessions are patent to everybody who glances at the map; the increases of warlike armament, both naval and military, consequent on the policy are notorious; the increased activity of their commerce and the greatly extended sphere of their interests cannot be denied; and, finally, the additional points of contact and the increased liability to friction caused by far-reaching territories and complicated national relations are, as might be expected, among the most marked results of the policy.

Taking first the experience of France as being at once more simple and uniform than that of Great Britain in the field of imperialism, let us briefly examine it under the three heads of its contributions to the wealth, safety, and greatness of the nation. Modern French imperialism may be said to date from the conquest of Algeria, between the years 1830 and 1840, as at that time the result of a succession of wars had been to leave her only a few scattered shreds of the imperial possessions, both in Asia and America, which had once threatened to cast those of Great Britain into the shade by their extent and value. France is accustomed to speak of her "colonies," but, as a matter of fact, she has no colonies. Once, and once only, it would appear, she really established a colonial population, in the case of Canada, but the time seems to have passed when it was possible for her imperial policy to be modified, and it may be complicated by questions of a large French population settled in distant parts of her empire. Algeria, which she has now held for half a century and more, contains only about one French resident in every sixteen of the population, and those chiefly at seaport towns, and in no other of her so-called colonies is the proportion anything like so large. Like all her other possessions at a distance from France, therefore, Algeria is held, not as a home for the surplus population of France, either present or prospective, but for purely commercial reasons. As with Algeria, so it is with her later and vastly greater possessions in Africa; so it is with Cambodia and Cochin-China; so also with Madagascar. None of these are wanted for colonies, but all are looked to as in some way likely to add to the wealth of

France, to contribute to her safety, or to minister to her influence and greatness. What, then, is the verdict of experience on the subject?

The first point for inquiry may fairly be that of the simple ledger account, and the question to be asked must be, "Have these possessions been a paying speculation for France or are they likely soon to become so?" The question as to the past is easily answered by an emphatic "No." Algeria, the nearest to France of them all, the country that made Carthage great and rich, the country that prospered and was wealthy for centuries under Roman rule, has not contributed anything considerable to the wealth of the inhabitants of France in a period of more than half a century of occupation. As Algeria was acquired by conquest, and the process of conquest is nearly always an expensive one, it would be scarcely fair to expect that the national ledger should show a credit balance in the earlier years of possession. Therefore putting aside the question of the cost of acquisition, which was undoubtedly heavy, it is important to note that ever since the conquest was completed and the possession assured there has been an annual loss to the French treasury amounting to several millions of francs: that is to say, the revenues derived from Algeria do not now and never have at any time been equal to the cost of maintaining French rule in the country. On the other hand, it is but fair to admit that by her fiscal arrangements France has monopolized a large proportion of the commerce of the country, so that of an annual commerce valued at about one hundred and twenty million dollars, less than one-tenth goes to foreign countries. In this way there can be little doubt that the possession of the country actually pays France considerably more than she loses by the unfavorable balance on government account. In this respect, however, it must be admitted that of all France's imperial possessions Algeria stands alone. The Indo-Chinese possessions of France, about as large in area as France herself and containing a population of nearly twenty millions of natives, were acquired for the most part about twenty years ago, and have constituted a heavy annual drain upon the treasury of France ever since. The attempt made in the East, as in the Mediterranean, to monopolize the commerce of the country has not been successful, as, in spite of a tariff which has gone far to paralyze trade, nearly two-thirds of the commerce still goes to foreign countries. It is calculated that this part of her empire costs France annually an actual outlay beyond receipts of fully twelve million dollars.

It is almost needless to say that what is true of French Indo-China is much more emphatically true of her more recently acquired possessions in northern Africa south of Algeria and in Madagascar. Up to the present time both have been a source of great expense, from which hardly any gain has resulted. It may be said, however, that the French empire in both countries is in but the first stage of

its development, and that the future will, even on a strictly financial basis, justify the policy. The lessons of experience, so far as France, at least, is concerned, do not appear to encourage the expectation to any great extent. Year by year results in her eastern possessions become worse rather than better, and it is difficult to see why the policy which results in stagnation and loss in Indo-China should prove a success either in central Africa or Madagascar, where the conditions are certainly less favorable to begin with.

There remain, however, the advantages to accrue to France in the form of additional safety and augmented greatness. If vastness of territory can in any way be said to constitute national greatness, it may be admitted at once that France's policy of imperialism, carried out systematically during more than half a century, has been successful in this direction. Within this period the imperial possessions of France have increased by fully three millions of square miles, with a population estimated at about thirty millions of persons; thus, while her territory has been extended about sixteenfold, her population has been nearly doubled. If greatness, therefore, is equivalent only to size, the policy of imperialism has certainly been effective in making France great. It cannot, however, by any stretch of language be said to have contributed to her safety. Financially it is year by year draining her resources by continual deficits of revenue to meet expenditure; it is compelling her to keep large bodies of troops in distant parts of the world and to maintain a large naval force at long distances from any natural base of supplies, and it is exposing her at many points to contact with native rebellions in her possessions and to serious complications with foreign powers upon her widely extended frontiers.

Such have been the results to France of her policy of imperial extension during nearly sixty years. It cannot be said that the ledger account shows favorably, for, even allowing the largest profits from her Mediterranean possessions, it cannot be doubted that her people are as a whole growing poorer year by year as the result of empire. It cannot be alleged that she is safer from external attack, because troops of France in Cambodia, Madagascar, and central Africa are not available for home defence, and men-of-war on distant stations add nothing to the security of the coasts of France. That she has grown great in size is indeed unquestionable, but with this additional territory have come a hundred additional risks of internal mismanagement and external complications calculated to render her mere extent a subject of constant anxiety and of more than doubtful congratulation.

What, then, it may now be asked, of Great Britain? Her example has been the moving cause of France's imperial policy; her success has made her the envy of other nations, and is evidently the cause of no little satisfaction to her own people. What, then, let us now inquire, does that success amount to? What have been its

causes? Are they of a kind that can be secured by other nations by following her methods? It must be admitted at once that the history of nations has no example to show of imperial expansion so rapid, so world-wide, or so apparently profitable as that of Great Britain during the last hundred years. A little more than a century ago by the loss of her American colonies she was left with only the Canadian territory on this continent, while her hold upon Asia consisted of the precarious possession by a great trading company of widely severed patches of territory in the peninsula of Hindostan. She had formally taken possession of the great island of New Holland and had begun to use a single harbor on its coast as a place of punishment for criminals, and she also had possession of a few islands in the West Indies and elsewhere of little extent or apparent importance. To-day she claims nearly one-third of the land of the globe as part of her empire, and her claim is not disputed.

In applying once more the ledger method to the imperial policy of England we are met by a difficulty which does not apply to the case of France. England's empire consists of three different classes of territory besides the original islands of Britain: these are her colonies, her Indian Empire, and her great protectorates. Of the first class it may be said with confidence that it pays at present and appears likely to pay still better in the future; of India it may be said that in the past it has been a vast source of wealth to England, and that in the present it is still commercially highly profitable, but that causes are at work which may impair if not wholly destroy its value to her in the future; of the protectorates generally it is true that they are a source of expense to the country as a whole which is not balanced at present by any commercial profits accruing to the nation.

The great colonies of Britain have been in many respects the most remarkable success of the century. Three causes have mainly contributed to this success,—the character of her people, the rapid increase during the century of her population, and the unprecedented development of the means of communication during the period. The first of these is responsible for the readiness with which England's colonists have left Britain to find homes in new countries; the second accounts for the large surplus population which within a period of eighty years has established several new communities of the dimensions of young nations; while the third has so rapidly developed their resources as to render them not only wealthy themselves, but an increasing source of wealth to England herself.

So far as that part of her empire is concerned which consists of her great self-governing colonies, the ledger balance is now in England's favor and is year by year likely to become more so. Her generous policy of giving much in the struggling days of their first establishment, and asking for no return but such as the ties of natural kinship and gratitude might prompt them to make in closer

relationships of trade and commerce, has fully justified itself. Speaking roughly, there are to-day of British colonists in Australasia, South Africa, and Canada about eleven millions of persons, considerably more than one-fourth the population of the British islands themselves; they cost England nothing whatever to govern and practically nothing for protection; while the bulk of their trade in all cases except that of Canada goes naturally to the mother country. Even including Canada, whose close connection with this country naturally diverts much of her commerce from England, the trade of all the great colonies, which last year amounted to upwards of one billion of dollars in value, went to Great Britain in the proportion of more than two to one compared with all the rest of the world. These colonies, it may also be remarked, are, in spite of their distance from England, a source of strength and not of weakness to the mother country. It is true, they involve the employment of a large naval force, but not more than the extent of British trade and commerce in those distant seas would necessarily involve if they were in the hands of strangers, and both Australasia and Cape Colony have voluntarily contributed from their revenues to the cost. And for the rest, not a British soldier is maintained in any one of the colonies of Australasia and but a handful in Canada or in Cape Colony.

The imperialism, therefore, exercised by Britain with respect to her great colonies is one which makes large returns for the original cost of their establishment, and, while it entails no burden on the British tax payer to-day, promises to be a source of increasing wealth and of added strength and safety to England hereafter. But, after all, it is hardly imperialism in any proper sense of the term. England does not govern her colonies at all, and except in their relations to foreign nations they are as entirely self-governing as England herself. It is at least doubtful whether there is room on the surface of the globe for any other nation to repeat the experiment of England's colonial policy.

The problem of the British Empire in India is also unique. Springing from a mere trading company, it has developed, mainly through force of circumstances that can hardly find a counterpart in any other part of the world, into a great empire containing nearly three hundred millions of inhabitants habituated by the experience of centuries to foreign rules, individually poor but in the aggregate possessed of great wealth. As a problem there is nothing more interesting than India, its people, and its future, but as an example for other nations it is of little value, from the fact that its people, its country, and its conditions are unlike all others. China, indeed, has points of resemblance, but greater points of difference, and should it—as seems by no means impossible—be the fate of China to fall into the hands of foreign nations and to be made the subject of a distant imperial control, her new rulers will find that new methods

must be applied and new difficulties encountered and overcome to which the British Empire in India has offered no parallel. In the past India has poured great wealth into England, and even now, when the responsibilities of power are far more fully recognized than they ever were in the irresponsible days of the Company's rule, the government and defence of India are paid for out of the revenue of the country, while by far the greater part of a commerce amounting to upwards of six hundred million dollars a year passes through the hands of England. The very enlightenment and success of the imperial policy of Britain in India, however, may lead to such changes as may put an end to much of its success as a connection of profit to the governing country. In the very nature of things the present system cannot last. Already there are many indications that the new generation of Indian natives will not long submit to be governed by an alien people without a struggle, and the results of such a struggle may well be to sweep away from England the last remnants of the once vast profits of her Indian Empire.

The great protectorates of England remain to be considered. These consist of vast tracts of territory in Africa extending from the Nile in all but unbroken sequence to the boundaries of Cape Colony, and great island possessions in the Eastern Archipelago and the Pacific Ocean. They embrace half of Borneo, the best portion of New Guinea, and groups of islands scattered far and wide over the ocean. It is no exaggeration to say that not one of all these possessions is profitable to England at present. Experience has taught her many lessons by which she diminishes their cost; necessity, extending over generations, has provided her with an almost hereditary class of administrators, to whom her methods seem to be a second nature, and yet the cost of those great dependencies is year by year vastly in excess of either the public revenue or the private profits they can show. For the present, therefore, it is clear that the great protectorates, even in the experienced hands of British administrators, will not successfully stand the test of the ledger account; yet it may be said that this is only the first stage of a speculation that will eventually be the producer of great wealth. This was true in the case of the great colonies of Australasia. For many years they were costly to Britain, but undoubtedly that cost has long since been repaid to the mother country, and it is difficult now to foresee a limit to the profits that may arise from their possession. There is, however, a great and essential difference—too apt, perhaps, to be lost sight of—between a real colony settled and not merely dominated by a foreign country, and an imperial possession in which the imperial people must always be strangers and masters of the vast mass of the population. In such a case they may civilize and elevate the people to some extent; they may develop the latent resources of the subject country, and for a time may even, by unusually good management, draw trade profits more than enough to counter-

balance revenue losses, which in one direction or another may confidently be looked for; but the time will come when the imperial yoke will be resented, and at that point the advantages will cease. The racial sympathies and natural gratitude which may be insured in the case of real colonies and may become a perpetual bond of union between them and the mother country, lending strength and safety as well as profit to both, can never be secured with a wholly alien population, and will certainly not stand the strain of separation. In this way the evidence would seem to point to the eventual failure as a commercial speculation of every phase of modern imperialism which does not include settlement on a scale large enough to leaven the whole population. Under these conditions imperialism may lose its inherent vice of selfishness, and so may reap the reward of a permanent success: under any other the lesson of experience would seem to be that the nation entering upon the career of imperialism may look for the satisfaction which goes with the bestowal of advantages upon others, may hope for the enlargement of its sympathies and the development of its experience, but will also do well to make up its mind to forego either permanent empire or large profit from the adoption of such a policy.

Owen Hall.

BRAINERD'S IDOL.

WHEN the little dramas of life are played, nine times in ten the spell of them is less potent upon spectators than upon participants, who, to their own undoing, are often very much in earnest. In the affair of Brainerd, for instance, the hero found everything real enough, but the audience, though at times perplexed as to the plot, was unanimously sceptical. I can vouch for the fact, because I was the audience—parquet, balcony, and gallery; and from first to last I was never under the illusion. Not that any credit attaches to the escape from its influence, stupidity being mightier than wisdom in saving some of us from blunders.

Brainerd was managing editor of the *Daily Echo*, and by far the hardest worker on the staff. He was somewhere in the thirties—nobody knew just where, for he was a quiet fellow, not given to autobiography. He had a few weaknesses which made him lovable in his rare hours of leisure, and one great passion which ruled him at all times. And that passion was for news. It made him toil fifteen hours a day without complaint, and sometimes it made his subordinates curse the day he was born. He was generous with his money,—with everything, in fact, except forgiveness for derelictions of duty by which news was lost, and indulgences by which news once obtained was omitted from the *Echo's* pages. Because I had

the honor of serving as his assistant, my desk was placed in his room, and perforce I was a witness of many sorrowful scenes of justice done or petitions rejected. It was with one of the latter sort that the play began about eleven o'clock one night, when three visitors were ushered in. They were well-dressed, prosperous-looking men, clearly enough strangers to a newspaper office, for they huddled together as if for mutual protection, and glanced curiously about the room as if expecting to see queer sights. Perhaps they thought the press was somewhere about, or the trap for poets, or the office cat rotund from a diet of manuscript: nobody can tell just what notions members of the great public the newspaper serves may have concerning the interior of the news-mill. They had come, the spokesman explained, to secure the suppression of a story. Two youths, striving for glory as men about town, had made a foolish wager; one of them had carried out its terms; and now both, with eleventh-hour repentance and earnestly desiring escape from the publicity they had courted, had sent the delegation on a round of the newspaper offices. The speaker made his plea smoothly and with some eloquence, but Brainerd was unmoved.

"We have the story in type," said he quietly, "and we shall print it. Our rule is inflexible. I cannot disregard it in this instance."

"But in view of the circumstances——"

"I have considered them."

"Oh, come!" said the spokesman persuasively, "let me urge you to reconsider. If it's a question of money, we'll——"

"What's that?" said Brainerd. He did not raise his voice, but the tone of it might have warned the other that he was on dangerous ground.

"Any reasonable amount——"

Brainerd was on his feet in an instant, but then the second of the visitors broke in with pacific intent:

"Don't misunderstand my friend. His meaning, I take it, is this: You are in the business of buying and selling news. The article in question represents a certain expense to you. Now we are ready to reimburse you for this expenditure, or, if that is not sufficient, to become purchasers of the article at your valuation. We don't want to try to bribe you, or to suggest anything of the sort. We simply make what we imagine to be a business proposition."

"Exactly!" said Brainerd. "I'll answer your proposition. The *Echo* is in the business of buying and selling news. We pay dollars for stories like this; we sell them to the people at the uniform rate of two cents a copy. There isn't money enough in this town to buy this story for private use.—Hogan, show these gentlemen to the elevator."

He spoke very calmly, but none of his hearers mistook his meaning. To be sure, the spokesman tried to mumble an apology, but the other two half led, half dragged him out into the corridor, where

Master Hogan, lying in wait for the party, greeted them with a leer and the spoken hint, "Dis way to de toboggan chutes." He was an artist in his line, was Master Hogan, and a lover of a row, which he could scent afar off. Being, moreover, keen of ear and unburdened by scruples, there were few rows in that office of which he was in ignorance.

Brainerd dropped into his seat, lighted a cigar, and for a time pretended to be busy with the proofs before him. Then of a sudden he whirled his chair about and faced me. That was always his way: his wrath found words long after the cause of it was past.

"By the Eternal!" he cried, "did you ever hear of such insolence? What did they think we were, anyway? Did they suppose their dirty money——?"

"Well, I guess they know now," I interposed. "You didn't leave 'em a ghost's shadow of doubt."

"I hope not. Hang it, though—— I wish I'd said more. I ought to have skinned 'em alive."

"You did enough," said I. "They'll never make the mistake again. They won't come here a second time with a request to kill a story. I'll vouch for that."

"And I'll vouch for something more," said he. "If ever we get a yarn about any of that fashionable set, man, woman, or child, I'll print it, though they come on their knees and pray for mercy."

And with that he turned back to his desk and buried himself in his proofs. An hour slipped away quietly enough. Telegraphic queries from correspondents arrived and were answered, the foreman of the composing-room came in and debated a question of makeup, a brace of the city staff made reports of matters in which Brainerd took especial interest. But these were interruptions of the every-hour sort, and merely helped to assist the managing editor back to his normal frame of mind. Presently Hogan shuffled in, and, seeing that Brainerd was busy for the moment, entertained me with a pantomime. He appeared to have an imaginary foe in chancery.

"Well, what is it?" asked Brainerd, looking up and detecting the boy in the midst of hostilities.

Hogan shuffled up to the managing editor's chair and leaned confidentially towards its owner.

"One's of 'em's back," he announced in a stage whisper.

"Who? What do you mean?"

"One of 'em I bounced."

"So?" said Brainerd. "Show him in."

Hogan, his countenance broad with the smile of anticipation, moved towards the door.

"Here, you!" he said briefly.

The visitor entered and crossed the room. Seemingly his mission was not hostile, for he doffed his hat and bowed amicably to

Brainerd. He was the one of the three who had said nothing, and I had not scrutinized him very closely. Now, however, I looked at him with more interest. He was a good-looking young fellow, with light hair and drooping mustache.

"Well, sir, what can we do for you?" Brainerd queried.

"You mentioned the fact a little while ago that you were—er—er—a dealer in news?" said the visitor questioningly.

"Yes."

"I may infer that you pay for items?"

"Certainly."

"For articles prepared or—er—er—for intimations of facts?"

"For either," said Brainerd. "Often a tip is all we ask."

"And the—the remuneration?"

"Depends upon the value of the matter. The better the item, the better the pay."

"And the source of your information is not revealed?"

"No, sir. We're as silent as the grave. Indeed, we're more so: we don't put up monuments."

"Ah!" said the visitor.

"If you have anything to dispose of, come to me," said Brainerd. "I'm on duty 'most any time from one P.M. to three A.M."

The visitor took a card from his pocket, laid it upon the desk, and bowed himself out of the office. Hogan dogged him to the elevator shaft, and stood scratching his head in perplexity while the car bore the stranger to the ground-floor. I dare say the boy felt personally wronged by so slight an outcome from so promising a beginning.

"Mr. Algernon Ross Perry," read the managing editor, picking up the card. Then, turning to me, he added: "I've an idea, Tom, something may come from this. If the chap turns up while I'm out, treat him well, and have him wait for me. I'd give a good deal to get a footing in the *Constitution's* especial field."

Now, be it recorded, the *Constitution* was the *Echo's* bitterest rival. It was the oldest journal in the city, and probably the most prosperous. Age certainly had not impaired its vigor, and while we of the *Echo* loyally claimed superiority in the matter of general news, we could not but admit, though grudgingly, that the enemy was superior in some respects. The other fellows assuredly did excel us in securing tidings of events in which "society" figured either decorously or disgracefully; and this superiority was hard to be borne, for we knew well enough that the masses may objurgate the classes and yet be most eager for gossip of all their doings. And at the head of our editorial page was the motto "For the People." It was sorely grievous to be balked in putting our principles into practice.

Within a week Perry had an opportunity to justify the faith Brainerd put in him. He came to the office late one night, and held

a whispered consultation with the managing editor. Five minutes later there was a stir in the city room, with swift despatching of reporters; and in the morning the *Echo* carried on its first page a third of a column, in all the emphasis of double leads, announcing a gift of fifty thousand dollars to one of the city's pet charities. It was exclusive; no other paper had a line about the donation. Brainerd said little, but his eye shone, and he rubbed his hands and chuckled whenever he thought of our friends of the *Constitution*. And when Perry came again, Master Hogan greeted him as a man and a brother.

A few days later Mr. Perry gave further proof of his nose for news. Some of the younger men of the well-to-do set were voting the old club dull and heavy, and planning a new one, very gorgeous, and not to be over-ballasted with cast-iron regulations. The *Echo* devoted a column to the project. It was not a tale to thrill a nation, but it was well worth printing in a city no larger than ours. The *Constitution* ignored the matter on the following day, but in its second issue referred to it in a spiteful editorial paragraph. Whereat Brainerd chuckled again, knowing that the enemy's wound smarted.

An engagement or two, a squabble in the choir of a fashionable church, and two or three other trifles of human interest formed the list of Perry's contributions in the next fortnight. Meanwhile, by virtue of his repeated midnight descents upon the office, he was getting acquainted with us. More than once he tarried for a chat with the managing editor, and bit by bit Brainerd enlightened me as to his motives in dipping into journalism.

"Oh, he's all right," the chief declared. "He's just tiding himself over a little financial stringency. You see, most of his money's in industrials, and the hard times have made some of 'em bashful about dividends. This notion of doing business with us has been a godsend to him, I guess; for his people, supposing they'd fixed him above the need of work, didn't bother to teach him to do anything. I expect he'll drop out as soon as his stocks pick up; and it'll be a pity, for he's got the true instinct. I only wish there were more like him over there." And the managing editor nodded regretfully in the direction of the city room.

"Well, his misfortune is our fortune," said I.

"Surely. And incidentally we're making the *Constitution* wear crape about twice a week. I've a suspicion he'll hit upon something really big before he quits us."

Now this suspicion was fated speedily to be confirmed. A husband and wife, discovering that they had taken each other altogether for the worse, and passing from complex bickerings to simple assault, decided to cool their mutual wrath in the divorce court. Perry getting an inkling of the facts, the regular staff did the rest. On the morning of the day the suit was filed the *Echo* had a long and accurate account of the domestic differences of the pair. The article

made a stir, for the persons concerned were generally named well up in the catalogue of "those present" at social functions. Many sets of teeth were gnashed, but nowhere so clatteringly as in the office of the *Constitution*. All of which we learned, and were justly happy.

The affair of the divorce established Perry in Brainerd's good graces, though it must be said that he did not secure another "beat" of similar importance for a long time. He managed, however, to pick up a good many pleasing bits of information. As he modestly said, a fellow couldn't help hearing things; and as Brainerd gladly secured the "tips" and paid well for them, there was general satisfaction with the little arrangement. To be sure, Perry had one fault; he could not be induced to visit the office until late at night, and his tardiness made trouble. Argue as we might, he was not to be lured into earlier appearances.

It chanced of an evening when very little was doing in our shop—and such evenings come now and then in the offices of the best regulated papers in the smaller cities—that Brainerd and I were discussing Perry and his midnight calls. But it was threshing over old straw, and there was little satisfaction to be had from it. Presently Brainerd got up with a yawn, looked at his watch, turned back to his desk, shuffled over the papers piled high upon it, and from the depths of the confusion fished out a brace of tickets.

"Hullo, Tom," said he, "this is the night of the amateur opera. Suppose we run over and see an act?"

"Gladly," said I, rising with an alacrity born of desire for diversion of any sort. The theatre was near by, and in five minutes we were in our places in the parquet. The performance was creditable, I believe, but, as it happened, both of us found more of interest in the audience than in the doings beyond the foot-lights; for the house was crowded, and made a brave show. Indeed, had the roof fallen I fear the city would have been forced to secure an entirely new supply of notables. I whispered something of the sort, but my companion made no answer; so I turned to emphasize a repetition of the remark, though probably it was not worth the trouble, but still Brainerd was unheeding. He was staring at a box on the right, tenanted by a party of five, a plump matron, two girls, and two men, one elderly, the other banefully youthful. They were well-groomed people, good to look at, but, to my notion, hardly deserving of the rapt attention he was bestowing upon them.

"Oh, come!" said I, "what ails you? Get back to earth, will you?" And I prodded him with my elbow.

"Eh? What is it you're saying?" He kept his eyes fixed upon the box.

"Nothing to be repeated twice," I answered a bit sulkily. "Do you know the folks yonder?"

"No." After all, this was the expected reply; for Brainerd's

acquaintances were limited to those he met in the way of business. It surprised me when he spoke again a moment later.

"She is a beauty," he said, but more, I'll be bound, to himself than to me.

"Which one?" I asked,—“the girl in blue?”

"No, no," said he impatiently, "the other, of course. Man, are you blind?"

Tastes may differ in anything, from neckties to creeds. At any rate, "the other" would never have captivated me. She was handsome certainly, a slender young woman, brown-haired and clear-skinned, with good features and fine eyes. Yet she was not beautiful,—at least, not according to my standards. Brainerd said no more, but during the rest of the act he hardly took his eyes from the object of his adoration. And when the curtain fell he sat as if bound to his seat.

"Shall we go back?" I queried.

"Yes; we'll have to;" but he made no move.

All about us was the hum of voices as the audience improved the time for gossip. A line of men filed up to the box on the right, our friend Perry among them. Him I pointed out to Brainerd, who rose rather suddenly and announced a readiness to return to the office. He seemed oddly preoccupied while we walked along the street, but at the door of the *Echo* building he halted for an instant.

"I wonder who your charmer is?" said L. "We'll have to ask Perry."

"She is the loveliest woman I ever saw," said Brainerd gravely. "She should be an inspiration to any man, an inspiration to bring out the very best that is in him." And with that he marched up the steps, as if he had exhausted the subject.

A little before midnight Perry came in and drew a chair close to the managing editor's.

"I happened to learn that the president of the First National had a stroke this afternoon," said he. "You can get the particulars, I fancy."

"I'll send somebody to the house," said Brainerd listlessly. His usual vim appeared to have vanished.

"Rather a serious case, I understand," Perry went on. "His age will be against him. He's nearly seventy."

"So?"

"Yes; sixty-eight, they say."

At that hour a reporter should have been despatched at once, for the banker's residence was in a remote part of the city, but Brainerd seemed to lose sight of this very practical feature of the case. He twirled a lead-pencil in his fingers and was silent and inactive.

"I couldn't glean any details," said Perry after a pause.

"So?" Brainerd repeated.

"I saw you at the amateur show," I remarked. "Good house: they'll clear a neat penny."

"Yes; everybody was there."

"I noticed you in one of the boxes 'tween acts," said I, with keen appreciation of my craft.

"Oh, Major Sherwood's, I expect," Perry answered carelessly. "Yes, I paid my respects to his party."

"Daughters of his?"

"One was."

"The one in blue?"

"You must have had your eagle eye with you," said he with a smile. "Yes, the one in blue was Miss Sherwood. The other was Miss Forrest, who is staying with her till her father—Miss Forrest's, I mean—gets back from Europe. The family belongs here, but since the death of the mother, three years ago, the daughter hasn't been about much. In fact, she has been with relatives in the East a good deal of the time."

"She's pretty," said I.

"Well, opinions vary, but I rather think so," said Perry judicially. "She's certainly a very nice girl. Now, as I've no more information to impart, I'll be jogging along," and bidding us good-night he sallied forth.

"Well, Brainerd," said I, "what's to be done with that tip?"

The managing editor pulled himself together. "I'll attend to it," said he, and, jumping up, hurried to the city room. When he returned he said not a word of Miss Forrest, but plunged into his work, as if glad to find something to do.

It surprised me somewhat that Brainerd for many days made no reference to the young woman, though, as a little reflection might have shown, there was slight cause for wonder. He was a busy person, and idle hours are needed for the firing of a lover's frenzy. It is no privilege of mine, however, to insist that Brainerd was in love. Those who knew him declared him singularly unsusceptible to feminine charms. They even made jokes about it, dubbing him "The Human Iceberg," and the like. Perhaps they were right. Perhaps Miss Forrest had appealed to him as a picture might appeal, or had merely roused him by some subtle play of soul sympathy to strive to bring out the very best that was in him, as he himself had phrased it in that outburst of confidence which seemed doomed to have no repetition. Yet there were two or three things, mere trifles all of them, capable of other interpretation. For instance, the managing editor of the *Echo* fell into the habit of running out for an hour of an evening to see an act at the theatre, now restored to the uses of road companies of professionals, or to look in at a concert. There was no music in Brainerd, and he never could tell what the musicians played, but of a sudden he seemed to dote upon concerts. As a rule, he came back to the office and rushed into his work

in his matter-of-fact way, but once or twice his return was followed by a reverie, which may have been delightful, but which did not expedite the business of the *Echo*.

Then, too, there was a queer incident of a much corrected proof. Brainerd had been toiling away at something for half an hour, hunching himself over his desk, as was his habit when the matter in hand was particularly difficult. Then he darted out to the composing-room and darted back, as if in a tremendous hurry to make up for lost time. Presently he whipped about in his swivel-chair and gave Master Hogan an order.

"Fetch me a revise of the society stuff," said he sharply. "Tell 'em to rush it."

Hogan shuffled off at speed, but came back empty-handed.

"They're resettin' it," he explained. "It'll be up in ten minutes."

Brainerd sprang up and strode out of the room. Hogan, favoring me with a meaning wink, followed. If there was to be trouble, he proposed to enjoy the spectacle. A little later he returned and tossed a bundle of proofs upon my desk.

"Mr. Brainerd wants you to look 'em over," said he grumpily. His tone was enough to prove that he had been disappointed: there had been no row.

I ran my eye down one slip, and another, and another, made a correction here and there, and picked up the fourth. Right at the top was a blurred tangle of printer's ink and pencil-marks the like of which it had never been my privilege to behold. Hardly a phrase of the original had been left unchanged. No wonder the foreman had elected to reset rather than correct. Indeed, at first glance it was hard to tell more than that the article dealt with an afternoon reception given by Mrs. Sherwood and her daughter in honor of their guest.

Brainerd found me still surveying the proof, for I did not hear his step. He flushed a little under my glance, though he said, with a fine attempt at unconcern,—

"Oh, that blundered in here, did it? It's of no account. I fixed the thing out in the composing-room;" and taking the slip, he tore it in a dozen pieces.

"It must have been pretty bad," I ventured.

"Atrocious!" said he quickly. "There's got to be a reform in that society column. Tea-fights may not be the most important affairs in the universe, but that's no reason why we should butcher 'em and then pickle the fragments."

"True for you," said I; but I didn't ask why none of the other items in the column had shared in the improvements lavished upon the description of Miss Forrest's reception. After all, it was not my business.

Perry, meanwhile, had been thriving in his trade, although he

had not hit upon another story equalling the divorce. His value to the *Echo* was unquestioned; for lately the *Constitution*, spurred to fresh enterprise by keen competition, had been making a pretty fight for the lead. It was, therefore, with something akin to consternation that Brainerd heard his announcement of a projected trip to Europe.

"Yes, I'll be off in a month or two," said Perry. "I guess my lean year is nearly ended. One of the companies I'm in has declared a dividend payable in a few days, and another, I hear, will follow suit. Then I'll be foot-free."

"Happy mortal!" said I. "You may not have perceived it, but it's a fact that I've been envying your manner of life in this town. And as for Europe—why, I have to get along with dreams of the same."

"Dreams beat reality sometimes," said Brainerd. It was an odd remark from so practical a fellow.

"Eh? Oh, yes, I dare say," observed Perry vaguely.

"Nevertheless, going about as you do should be pleasant," said I.

"Well, it is for a while. Only when you begin you have to keep it up. And anything you have to do comes to be work. You become lazy, or cynical, or alcoholic, or you run away. Really, the last's the best plan. You'll meet new people, and for a few days you can pretend that they're perfect, and freshen your faith in human nature. Of course, you'll find the flaws after a little."

"Then you believe that—bar one's own womankind, of course—there's a flaw in everybody; that there's nobody surely above reproach?"

"That's my experience."

"But not mine," said Brainerd gravely.

"Which means, for instance," said I maliciously, "that there are people in this city so nearly perfect that you can't conceive of them figuring unpleasantly in any story you may have to print in the *Echo* newspaper?"

"Precisely," he answered.

"Well, your acquaintance must outclass mine," said Perry, rising. "I congratulate you—but I wouldn't have thought it."

I believe it was in Brainerd's mind to offer a little explanation of his position after our friend's departure, but the coming of a telegraph-boy changed his intention. And so I missed something which might have been at least instructive.

The newspaper mill ground smoothly for the next few days, and then came—disaster. Somehow, somewhere, a cog slipped. Nobody knew of the accident at the time, but the next morning not a newspaper man in the city was unaware of its results. Dividing my time between coffee and printed pages, I glanced from the *Echo* to the *Constitution*, my copy of which lay on the breakfast table. There, from the enemy's first page, in all the horror of the blackest

of heads, the thing was staring me in the face. A young man of good family, crazed by remorse for a small defalcation, had cut his throat. And the *Echo* hadn't a line about the case! The *Constitution* appeared to have left us lean pickings for a second-day story. I feared it hadn't missed a single revolting detail.

I found Brainerd at the office, very composed in manner, very grave, and very taciturn, as was his wont when there were vials of wrath to be uncorked and uncertainty as to the culprit. In a sentence or two he curtly told me that the city editor was making an investigation, and that he hoped for a report in an hour or less.

There was a knock at the door presently, and in walked Perry. It was his first daylight venture into the shop, and I gave him a hearty, if surprised, greeting. Brainerd nodded him to a chair.

"I thought I'd drop in and see how you looked without the electrics going," said the visitor. "Well, I can't call either of you cheerful." And he glanced keenly from one of us to the other.

"We're enemies of the race," said I. "Read the *Constitution*?"

"Oh, that's the trouble, eh? What'll you do about it?" Perry had caught the spirit of the place, and in a measure understood our gloom.

"Ask the captain," said I.

"There has been outrageous neglect of duty," said Brainerd. "When the fault has been determined an example will be made."

Perry pulled at his mustache, as a good many men do when they wish to stimulate mental activity.

"I'll tell you what I'd undertake," he remarked after a pause,—"that is, of course, if you won't think me meddling with your affairs."

"Go on," said the managing editor.

"I'd try to get a story—as good or better—for to-morrow."

I laughed outright, and even Brainerd thawed a little.

"Why, that is merely our regular endeavor," said he. "Our chief business in life is to strive to make the *Echo* the best paper in the city every day in the year."

There were more tugs at the mustache. Then said its owner, "You may think a horse is doing his prettiest, but sometimes the whip'll make him go faster."

"Look here, Perry," cried Brainerd. "What's up? Have you got a story to offset that suicide?"

"No; can't say that I have."

The managing editor's face fell. "I wish we could hit upon one," he said despondently. "I'd pay well for a chance to even up with the *Constitution*. Yes, I'd go as high as a hundred,"—which, by the scale of the *Echo*, was a wildly extravagant offer.

Again there was a pause, broken by Perry.

"I haven't a story—now," said he slowly, "but I may be able to capture one; that is, if you'll advance me the hundred on the

chance. If I fail, I'll return the money to-morrow. If I succeed, you won't begrudge the cost. I wouldn't ask for prepayment, except for the fact that, pending remittances, I'm broke, and there'll be more or less expense involved."

"What's the line?" asked Brainerd.

"I'd rather not attempt to explain, for I'm not sure what will be the outcome. There may be no outcome at all. If there isn't, I pay back the hundred. If you don't care to trust me——"

"Oh, I trust you," said the managing editor hastily. "But this idea of buying a story 'sight unseen,' as the boys say, is novel. Suppose we shouldn't agree as to its importance: there's the rub."

"Well," said Perry, "this much I'll promise: it will cause as much talk as the suicide, and I guess more. And, pardon me, but I'd like to hear your decision as quickly as it's convenient for you to give it. If I'm to undertake the job, I'll have to put some wires in working order."

Brainerd hesitated, and no wonder; for, as has been set forth, the price offered was likely to cause consternation in the business office. Just then, however, while he hung in the wind, an early copy of one of the afternoon newspapers was brought in, and on its first page was a long account of the suicide. That ended his indecision. He filled out a slip—I noticed that he tore it from his personal check-book and not from the pad of orders on the *Echo's* cashier—and handed it to Perry.

"For heaven's sake, don't fail us," he added.

"I'll pledge you my best efforts," said Perry; and he hurried away, looking mightily pleased at the turn affairs had taken.

Naturally enough, Brainerd and I hazarded some conjectures about the manner of yarn our ally was to produce. In some way or other I was possessed by a theory that a duel was to be fought. Brainerd did not share in this view of the probabilities, but he honestly confessed that he hoped I was right.

It was not to be expected that we should hear from our friend until late in the evening, but when the clock struck eleven we began to be anxious. At twelve the anxiety had become feverish. If Perry failed us, the morning's *Echo* would be woefully dull and humdrum. The managing editor had a trick of tearing paper into small pieces when he was nervous, and now the floor about his chair was white with fragments of a dozen sheets; and I, having twice thrust the paste-brush into the ink-well, was growling like a bear deprived of his dinner.

Master Hogan entered, gave a letter to Brainerd, and started to go out again with more than his customary celerity, for he had a fine sense of times when it was unprofitable to linger.

"Who brought this?" asked Brainerd sharply.

"A dude—I dunno who he was. He didn't wait or say nuthin', 'cept that was for you," and the boy slipped into the corridor.

Brainerd tore open the envelope, smoothed the pages of the letter, and began to read. There was a strange look on his face, which might have meant several things, but which certainly offered no hint of satisfaction with what met his eye. Not until he had reached the end did he look up. Then said he, very steadily,—

“Tom, this is Perry’s story. He and Miss Forrest eloped this afternoon. They went to Zenith and were married. It is undoubtedly exclusive.”

“Whew!” I ejaculated. “Eloped? Went to Zenith? Why the deuce——?”

“Zenith is just over the State line; no license is needed there.”

“But, man alive!” I cried, “why didn’t he warn us? Perry an eloper! And with Miss Forrest.—Holy Moses!”

Then I pulled up short, for I chanced to remember Brainerd’s adoration of that young woman, and to reflect that he had had an important, if indirect and unintentional, part in proving her thoroughly human.

“It appears that they have been engaged for some time,” he went on, flushing a trifle, but speaking in a level tone. “Her father was unalterably opposed to the match; absolutely forbade it; in fact, started home from Europe to prevent it. Here’s a personal note Perry sends with the yarn: He says: ‘A million thanks for the hundred, which made it possible for me to be, as I am, the happiest of men. Her father is due to arrive to-morrow, but he will come too late. If it hadn’t been for your kind assistance, though, I couldn’t have arranged this surprise for him; for I hadn’t money enough to pay car-fare to Zenith, let alone feeing the minister and providing for a modest honeymoon. I can’t say that I shall be delighted to see myself in print, but I suppose the thing would have leaked out sooner or later, anyway. And so I’m reconciled to furnishing the *Echo* with a beat.’”

“That’s good sense,” I commented approvingly; “and, what’s better, it’ll enable us to give the *Constitution* our dust to-morrow. What sort of shape is the story in?”

Brainerd’s hands twitched, as if with a yearning to rend the manuscript; but then the man professional triumphed over the man natural.

“Here! you read it,” he said as he tossed it upon my desk. “Head it up and mark it ‘First page,—must.’ I’ve something else to do.”

But the something else must have been of no pressing importance; for, looking up in the midst of my task, I saw the managing editor staring blankly at the big map on the wall. And of a sudden the thought came to me that sometimes it may be safer and more joyous to see the ending of a play, even a comedy with a wedding as a conclusion, from the body of the house than from the stage itself.

William T. Nichols.

PERCEPTION OF THE PICTURESQUE.

APPRECIATION of the beautiful in nature comes only to a people enjoying some degree of freedom from anxiety about the means of living and possessing some degree of culture. On a visit to one of the poorest districts of Ireland I had pointed out to me, as a sort of curiosity, a cabin before whose door the indwellers had planted and continued to care for a few common flowers. All around general penury had frozen out all taste or care for such ornamentation. In this particular case the woman had been a servant with "the quality" and had saved a trifle, and good-natured Patsy, though inwardly despising her whims, indulged her in them.

I once visited some rustic friends dwelling on the banks of the Avon, in Scotland. Their house stood in close proximity to the ancient forest of Cadzow, whose gnarled oaks (relics of the Caledonian Forest) attract artists in search of subjects for "studies" from all parts of Britain, while the stream, charming through all its course, is at this point wildly picturesque and beautiful. My hosts were most solicitous that I should enjoy my sojourn. When I proposed a stroll through the forest and along the tree-crowned heights overhanging the river, "Na, na," said the guidwife; "if ye like to see bonnie sights, gang down to the auld gardens o' Barnclint, whaur ye'll see ewe-trees and boxes clipped into the brawest shapes—birds, and beasts, and Adam and Eve before the Fall. Eh, but they're natural and beautiful!" Indeed, a taste for scenery, especially in its sublimer aspects, is one of the latest to develop. Every one who has read the touching episode of La Roche in Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" must have perceived that the philosopher (David Hume) was more impressed by the gentle loveliness of the vale in which the pastor's house stood than by the sublimities of the Bernese Alps amid which it was cradled.

A people's eyes—even those of a somewhat cultured people—seem to require to be coached before they perceive the natural beauties or grandeurs presented to them. Sir Walter Scott performed this operation for Scotchmen, and for untold thousands besides. Before the appearance of "The Lady of the Lake" Scotchmen gazed on their native mountains and cliffs, on their lakes, rivers, glens, and passes, as impassively as the cattle that found scanty pasture among them. Englishmen were even worse. To them the whole thing was simply "horrid" and "ugly." A Captain Burt, who spent some years in government service in the Highlands after the suppression of Mar's rebellion, fills two goodly volumes with letters to his friends, consisting of little more than lugubrious jeremiades over the dismal "ugliness" of the region to which he was

condemned, with its huge, unshapely, barren mountains, its gloomy ravines, and its bleak expanses of heath-covered moorlands and desolate, lonely lochs. Dr. Johnson, we know, was scarcely more appreciative.

It may surprise some readers to have it recalled that even Burns, who has been designated, *par excellence*, the "Bard of Nature," neither in his poetry nor his letters shows any appreciation of the picturesque in nature. From his farm at Mossiel he commanded one of the finest views in Scotland, embracing Ben-Lomond, Ben-Venue, and the other mountains keeping watch around Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and the exquisite Firth of Clyde with its numerous lochs winding away northward among the lonely pastoral hills of Argyleshire. Above all, Arran, with its grandly romantic mountain-farms, was daily before his eyes, as well as the giant mass of Ailsa, rising sentinel-like, sheer and solitary, out of the water where the firth merges into the Irish Sea. Yet not once will you find him making mention of this noble land- and seascape so constantly in his view. In his northern tour he traversed for twenty-two days some of the grandest scenery in the Highlands, yet nowhere do his writings testify to any adequate appreciation of it. "I write this," he says in a letter to Robert Ainslie, "on my tour through a country where savage streams tumble over savage mountains, thinly overspread with savage flocks, which sparingly support as savage inhabitants." This is all—absolutely all—he has to say to his friend and former travelling companion regarding the natural aspects of a region which now attracts thousands of admiring visitors every year from our own and other lands. In a subsequent letter to his brother Gilbert he speaks of the scenery much in the same strain, while he is very specific in particularizing the mansions of the great in which he was hospitably entertained. He kept a brief diary during his tour, and, so far as my memory serves, two words only in that refer to the grandeur of the scenery he had witnessed and the impression it made on him.

Yet no poet evinces a keener sympathy with natural objects to which he could attach an individuality, and which he could associate in any way, even by analogy, with human interests or feelings. Not only have the wounded hare, the homeless mouse, the mountain-daisy, the "ourie cattle," and the "silly sheep" elicited stanzas of the finest sensibility, but he speaks of the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," of "Afton, flowing gently among its green braes," of "the burnie wimpling through the gowany glen" or "cooking underneath the braes," and so on, not only as if he loved them, but almost as if he conceived them to be conscious of his affection. It is just because he invests them in some measure with the feelings and sentiments of humanity that he thus loves them and sings them.

Did space permit, I think I could show that even the ancient Greeks, with all their keen sense for the beautiful in the human

figure and for proportion, symmetry, and grace in architecture, and with all their perfection in sculpture, had no real perception of the picturesque or sublime in scenery. Æstheticism is one thing, naturalism is quite another.

How does the matter stand with our own land? Not many years ago I met with intelligent, fairly-read people in Philadelphia who were unconscious of the charms of the Wissahickon. Baltimore has but lately awakened to the knowledge that she possesses a gem of the same kind. But America is clearing herself of the discredit of being blind to the beauties so richly scattered over her land. Mauch Chunk, the Luray Cave, Virginia's Natural Bridge, and Harper's Ferry (grand and beautiful as the most famed scene in Scotland) are attracting larger and larger streams of admirers yearly, while the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone are proving formidable rivals to Switzerland and the Tyrol. This growing perception of the claims of our own country to our admiration is one of the most unequivocal evidences of our advancing civilization.

J. Hunter.

CHINESE PHYSICIANS IN CALIFORNIA.

FEW Americans condescend to regard the Chinaman seriously. He is considered a hopeless barbarian, so absolutely wedded to tradition as to be incapable of progress. He is debarred by statute not only from the right of suffrage, but even, in most cases, from the privilege of acquiring a residence in America. He reciprocates the national prejudice against him, and clings steadfastly to the customs of his native land.

His ways of life are a study for the curious, who refuse to admit that his intellectual activities are worth mentioning. As a subordinate miner, a workman on railroads or irrigation ditches, a market-gardener, or a laundryman, John Chinaman has been a success in California ever since the gold discovery. Every one is willing that he should carry on whatever menial occupation he cares to undertake, but on the rare occasions when he aspires to something better he at once becomes a butt of ridicule or an object of hatred.

Upon this basis is the accepted estimate of the Chinese physician, the only professional man who has invaded our shores from the Flowery Kingdom. There are many Chinese physicians in San Francisco and other cities of the Pacific Coast. A few have established themselves in Eastern cities. Newspaper writers in search of a sensation make the most of the Chinese doctor, and invest him with a fictitious interest. They describe him as a star actor among the odd and curious scenes of Chinatown, that foreign city within the limits of an American municipality. They thread narrow alleys

and climb dark stairways to find him in his secluded den, and relate thrilling stories of wrinkled mummies who felt their quickly-beating pulses and wrote prescriptions for sharks' fins, or spiders' eggs, or dried toads and lizards. These fairy tales go the rounds and are read by thousands who shudder at their imaginary horrors.

The truth is that there are genuine Chinese physicians who practise a system of purely herbal medication. And there are quacks who pretend to be Chinese physicians and impose upon the credulity of their fellow-countrymen and of tourists. The latter class are doubtless much more numerous than the former, and furnish material for the fictions mentioned. They do not attempt to ply their vocation among the whites, but wisely confine their "practice" to their own people. But when an inquisitive white man hunts them up they are usually willing to humor him in his preconceived opinions, especially if he is willing to pay something for being humored.

Li Po Tai was the first of the Chinese doctors to leave his countrymen and to go boldly among the whites, advocating his system of medicine and establishing a lucrative practice among Caucasians. He came to San Francisco in the early days of the gold excitement, and lived there for nearly half a century, dying in 1893. The returns from his practice for many years before his death amounted to seventy-five thousand dollars a year. From one hundred and fifty to three hundred patients consulted him every day, and people came to him from all parts of the United States, including New York and other large Eastern cities. He maintained an extensive Oriental establishment during his life, and left a large fortune to his family at his death. Thousands of people freely asserted that his herbal remedies had cured them of obstinate chronic diseases after all other means had failed. These facts are beyond dispute.

In Los Angeles at the present time is incorporated a firm of Chinese physicians following Li Po Tai's methods. Its principal members and stockholders are two Chinese physicians, a nephew and a son of Dr. Li Po Tai. Both were educated at the Imperial Medical College at Peking, and both also received training at Li Po Tai's sanitarium in San Francisco. Both speak English readily, and their practice is exclusively among English-speaking people. Los Angeles is a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and has some three hundred and fifty physicians. It is commonly understood that, with the possible exception of one or two firms of "advertising doctors," this firm of Chinese physicians has more patrons than any other physician or combination of physicians in the city.

Nearly the entire population of Los Angeles consists of recent comers from the East. Therefore it will not do to argue that they are deficient in intelligence. As a rule, the poorer and more ignorant classes cannot pay the rather high charges demanded by the Chinese doctors, and one finds among their patrons well-to-do people,

many women, business men, capitalists, and a few professional men, —lawyers, journalists, and even physicians. For the most part they are persons suffering from chronic disorders who have "tried all the other doctors" and consult the Chinamen as a last resort.

The office of this firm is upon one of the favorite residence streets of the city. It is a spacious and handsome dwelling, surrounded by lawns and flowers. Huge signs of blue and gold proclaim the names, titles, and attainments of the doctors, and are the only indications to distinguish the house from the scores of pretentious homes along the street. On entering, the visitor is received by an American attendant and shown into one of a suite of parlors or waiting-rooms. These are tastily furnished in the American style. Upon centre-tables are late copies of the leading periodicals. The visitor rests and reads until the physician is at liberty to receive him. Then he is ushered up a flight of stairs and into the doctor's office. This, like the rooms below, is light, airy, and well furnished. Rows of Chinese medical books, elaborate diplomas in gold letters upon purple satin, and strange charts representing the Chinese ideas of the anatomy of the human body, hanging upon the walls, give something of a professional air to the apartment.

The doctor sits at a little table in the centre of the room and motions the caller to a seat opposite. The head of the firm is a man nearly fifty years of age. His features are of a different mould from those of the every-day Chinaman whom one meets upon the streets and suggest a different lineage. One is reminded that among the teeming millions who dwell in the Flowery Kingdom there are many strains of blood radically distinct from each other. This man has a strong and intelligent face, a bright, keen eye, a pleasant smile when speaking, and a very musical voice. His attire is similar to that of the ordinary Chinaman, but of unusually costly material, silks and satins trimmed with velvet and made with delicate needle-work. A skull-cap protects the head, the front of which is shaven, as is customary with the Chinese. The doctor wears a queue. Upon his feet are silk slippers with wooden soles.

Nearly all visitors receive a "pulse diagnosis," or examination of their physical condition, which, together with the doctor's opinion, is given free of charge. The prospective patient rests each wrist in turn upon a little cushion on the table. The doctor places three of his long, flexible, tawny fingers lightly upon the wrist and notes the pulse for a period varying between three and five minutes. During this examination he turns his head away and is evidently absorbed in a concentration of all his mental faculties upon the pulse and its indications. Usually he inquires the age of the person under examination and whether he or she is married or single. These are the only questions. Without further examination he renders an opinion of the nature of the disease, its causes, and the probabilities of a cure.

The Chinese believe that the condition of each of the vital organs is indicated by the pulse. They define at least twelve different pulses, and claim to be able to distinguish them by the beating at the wrist. Whether the observer believes these claims or not, he is often astonished at the results of his examination, and leaves the room with a profound respect for the wizard who has "told me everything." These physicians have unmistakably a wonderful acuteness and accuracy in diagnosis. Whether it is based upon some form of chicanery or upon science, it is certainly successful. In China the profession of medicine is often hereditary, and the gift of diagnosis is practised for many years with untiring assiduity. It may be analogous to the sixth sense which the blind sometimes possess, by which they thread the crowded streets of cities alone or even ride bicycles. American physicians, who deride the philosophy of Chinese medicine, admit the skill of the Chinese in pulse diagnosis and the possibility of their possessing valuable professional secrets in this respect.

If the inquirer concludes to become a patron, the doctor writes an odd-looking prescription in India ink upon a large square piece of thin paper, which is handed to a Chinese attendant summoned by touching an electric bell. The visitor is bowed out of the office and returns to the reception-rooms; the doctor touches another electric bell, which announces his readiness to receive another patient. If desired, the prescription is prepared on the premises, or the patient may take the herbs home and prepare them there. In the former case he waits for half an hour while the herb tea is "cooking" and is then invited into still another pleasant and cheerful apartment, where he is seated at a little table and the bowl of herb tea, a glass of distilled water, and a porcelain dish containing raisins are placed before him. The herb tea is the medicine, the raisins may be eaten to modify its bitter flavor, and the mouth may be rinsed with the cool water. This, however, is not to be swallowed in any quantity, as the medicine must be taken as hot as it can be borne: cold water is supposed to counteract its beneficial effect.

The taking of a first dose of Chinese medicine is an ordeal which can be better imagined than described. It is invariably a bitter decoction. If the patient prefers, the herbs are given him in square pasteboard boxes holding about a pint each and he "cooks" them at home. A Chinese prescription contains from ten to sixteen varieties of herbs, flowers, nuts, gums, barks, and roots. More than three thousand species are classified and used as medicine, but of these only some six hundred are in general use. Whether the patient takes the remedies at the sanitarium or at home, he is requested to present himself every day before the doctor for another pulse examination, so that every change in his condition may be noted and the prescriptions may be varied accordingly. The Chinese are clever chemists in the line of pharmaceutical preparations, and pre-

pare many medicines for their own use in the form of pills and powders; but these are employed by the Chinese physicians in treating the ailments of white people only to a limited extent. The reason given is that the simple, hot decoctions of the fresh root or plant are the best form, because the most readily assimilated into the system.

One dose of medicine a day is the rule, except in extreme cases. A Chinese doctor rarely promises a cure in less than three months. His terms are from eight to fourteen dollars a week. He places his patients upon a rigid diet of plain foods, and absolutely forbids cold water, coffee, fresh fruits, and fried or roast meats. A little tea is allowed, but no alcoholic stimulant whatever under any circumstances. Tobacco is also forbidden. The herbs used are all imported from China. No poisonous herb and no mineral substance is permitted to be used. With a single exception, no substance derived from an animal is used. That exception is the horn of a certain species of deer, which is ground into a powder and sometimes given with the herbs. This is rarely used in the treatment of white patrons, but the Chinese believe that it gives great strength. Ginseng is employed in many prescriptions, not for any specific action, but because it is supposed to strengthen and reinforce the action of all the other ingredients. Millions of dollars' worth of this drug are exported from this country every year to China, but the finest comes from Korea, that grown in America being of a cheap and inferior quality. Many of these herbs are very expensive. A variety of cinnamon used costs eight or ten dollars an ounce. A single dose of a preparation for alcoholism costs thirty dollars: needless to say that it is not often prescribed. Whatever may be the devious practices of Chinese doctors among the ignorant of their own race, those who prescribe for white people observe the utmost neatness and cleanliness, and adhere strictly to their rule of employing only non-poisonous herbs.

The Chinese assert that their system of medicine was founded on vivisection practised upon criminals condemned to death more than three thousand years ago; that its fundamental principles were then established, and have not been changed to the present time; that ancient medical books, written centuries before the Christian era, are still studied in the great Imperial Medical College at Peking, and that time-honored secrets in their profession are handed from father to son for many generations. With our knowledge of Chinese character and history, the autocratic forms of Chinese government, and the disregard for human life even now prevalent among the Chinese, we may readily believe that criminals were vivisected as claimed. A desire to preserve the lives and health of the rulers and nobles would of itself have been a sufficient incentive to such short-cut paths to a knowledge of anatomy and of the action of medicinal substances upon the human body.

The Chinese physicians mentioned as practising in Los Angeles give scores of references among their patrons in that city which upon investigation have been found to be genuine. Those who permit their names to be used make no concealment of the fact that they have patronized Chinese doctors. Many others, not caring to answer questions or to be exposed to ridicule, decline to be "interviewed." Some are loud in their praises, and freely assert that the Chinese system of medicine is more rational, more thoroughly in accord with nature, and more successful than any other. "I am sorry," said one of these, "for what I know of Chinese medicine; sorry to think that these degraded heathen can do things with their herbs which our own doctors, with all their skill and knowledge, cannot do." In one case, which may be mentioned as an illustration, the wife of a wholesale druggist had come to Los Angeles from a city in a neighboring State to be treated by Chinese doctors for the opium habit. She had acquired this by taking morphine as a medicine during illness, had reached a point where she could neither stop nor continue taking the drug and live, and had derived no relief from various antidotes and methods of treatment. She was cured by the Chinese herbs. There could be no question of her sincerity in this statement.

In California Chinese doctors are not recognized by law, and the judicial records of the State show that they have often been arrested and sometimes fined for the illegal practice of medicine. In his later years Li Po Tai, the pioneer, had powerful friends, such as Senator Leland Stanford and Governor Mark Hopkins, whose influence and friendship protected him, but in the early part of his career he was subjected to much persecution. In Los Angeles some unsuccessful attempts have been made to enforce the law, but at the present time the Chinese doctor feels the pulses of his patients and concocts his elaborate prescriptions practically without hindrance. It is a curious phase in the history of medicine.

William M. Tisdale

MENDICITY AS A FINE ART.

BEGGARS in Homer's day disputed with dogs the scraps that fell from the rich man's table, but classic times were far from favorable to mendicity. Ancient lawgivers had no sympathy for the man who could but would not work, and the bright young scamp ambitious to become a master beggar found his path beset with difficulties. He dare not practise his vocation in Egypt; there, if convicted of slothfulness, he was offered the choice of working or of being put to death. In Greece and Rome he was liable to flogging or slavery in the mines or galleys; he was even debarred from receiving a share of the largesses distributed by such emperors as Nero

and Tiberius. As for the ancient Germans, they plunged their idlers into the thick of their marshes and left them to repent their sloth while starving to death. Against such adverse circumstances the beggars had little chance to develop their natural gifts, and mendicity languished accordingly.

Constantine the Great, by liberating the Christian galley-slaves and establishing almshouses and hospitals for their reception, inadvertently bettered matters for the beggar fraternity. Many of the manumitted ones did not take kindly to such institutions. They objected strenuously to friendly surveillance, which to their minds smacked too much of their former servitude. Perfected freedom was what they wanted, freedom to wander at will, to come and go as they would, to do as they pleased without the least restraint.

So, declining Constantine's offer of a home, they refused to settle down into uneventful pauperism, preferring to beg their livelihood while travelling about the country. The scars made by the blows and chains of their captivity they turned to account while demanding alms, finding them wonderfully inducive of sympathy.

Mendicity experienced a prompt revival, begging suddenly grew exceedingly profitable, and the ranks of the liberated slaves were swelled by a host who had never served an apprenticeship in the galleys. Of course, they had not the slightest right to public sympathy, but as they were accomplished liars, this mattered little. They told harrowing tales of fictitious imprisonment and reaped their full share of alms.

But the thing was overdone. The beggars became so many that at last, instead of being looked upon with compassion, they were regarded only as a nuisance. Constantine's successors grew tired of them and revived the laws which reduced vagabonds to slavery and vassalage, a setback which swept the beggars from the land and for years retarded the development of mendicity as a fine art.

But mendicity was to have its renaissance as well as painting and letters. No wonder the beggars thrived and waxed numerous during the latter part of the Middle Ages! The Church commanded almsgiving; popular fallacy strangely confounded squalid penury with holiness; and the populace was so ignorant that it could be gulled by the flimsiest trickery.

Then, too, organized charity was unknown. In many places it was customary to issue begging permits to those the authorities looked upon as the deserving poor. Similar documents were given to needy students, and several religious orders were supported entirely by eleemosynary contributions. Begging permits could be forged readily, and clever rogues made much by displaying false credentials.

Other forces were at work to strengthen the power of the vagabonds. Early in the fifteenth century a strange race made its appearance in Europe, a race destined to play a prominent part in the history of mendicity. The newcomers differed greatly from the

peoples whose territories they invaded. Swart of skin, speaking a tongue outlandish to European ears, and with straight black hair straggling over eyes gleaming with wondrous cunning, they inspired awesome regard by their knowledge of occult arts and their skill at fortune-telling. In 1417 a little band of them made its advent in the neighborhood of the North Sea, a year later another tribe visited Switzerland, and in 1427 they roamed about Paris in considerable numbers, their kinsmen having by that time invaded both France and Italy. Still later they landed in England.

Whence came they? Nobody knew. The story they told of their origin is strangely romantic, one of those pretty fables a credulous age accepted as truth.

In bygone centuries, they narrated, their forefathers lived a quiet, uneventful life by the waters of the Nile, troubling their heads little about the outside world. The monotony of this existence was broken one day by the appearance of three strangers asking for shelter—a Jewish carpenter accompanied by a sweet-faced woman and a smiling babe. But instead of hospitality the visitors received only scorn; Jesus, Mary, and Joseph were driven elsewhere to seek welcome. This ancestral sin demanded expiation, and the descendants of erring sires were doing penance for it by seven years' wandering in foreign lands.

This highly moral but mendacious tale was believed not only by the common people, but by several princes as well, and the Gypsies were given permits to ramble the country unmolested.

For professed penitents it must be admitted that these Eastern rogues—for Orientals they undoubtedly were, though Hindoos probably, not Egyptians—took existence pretty easily. Their knowledge of horseflesh was remarkable, their skill as beggars astonishing, and these two accomplishments, added to their adroitness as fortune-tellers, netted them considerable income. Their personal habits were not nice, but their easy-going out-of-door life proved wonderfully attractive to European vagabonds, who soon entered into unholy alliance with the newcomers for the express purpose of fleecing the unsophisticated. Sometimes native rascals would cast their lot with Gypsy tribes; more frequently they formed themselves into independent bands somewhat resembling trades-unions and governed by rude tribal laws patterned on those of the Gypsies.

They even developed a language of their own, a jargon which had the Gypsy tongue as its basis, but contained many cant words peculiar to itself and varied according to the locality in which it was spoken. In France this secret language was termed *Argot*; in Spain, *Germania*; in Germany, *Rothwälsch*; in Italy, *Gergo*; and in England, *pedler's French* (in modern English cant).

In France a veritable beggar kingdom sprang into existence. It was an elective monarchy, and its rogue of a king swelled his exchequer by levying taxes on his disreputable subjects. His able

lieutenants, known as *cagoux*, collected revenue in distant parts of the domain and enforced the penalties for non-payment of tribute, adding to these duties the task of instructing youthful mendicants on all the subtleties of their art. Directly beneath the *cagoux* in rank was another class of officials, composed of decayed priests and students whose smattering of learning gave them some standing even among beggars. These were the *archisuppots*, the mendicants' counsellors-at-law, who taught recruits the beggar tongue, *Argot*.

The rank and file of the beggars were divided into distinct classes, each following some particular form of mendicity to which strict attention was demanded. One had to be a specialist and stick to his own line of business; the general practitioner was accorded no recognition.

The subjects of the King of *Argot* kept no chronicles; consequently our knowledge of the beggar dynasty is somewhat limited. Three kings, however, managed to make names for themselves in history: *Ragot*, a Solon in rags, who founded the monarchy and drew up a system of laws for its government; *Anacreon*, who, wrapped in a mantle of a thousand pieces, collected alms while riding an ass through the streets of Paris; and a monarch who is known to us as the King of Tunis. The latter reigned for three years only, and was broken on the wheel at Bordeaux because his ideas of personal liberty differed from those of the French government, whose minions happened to be stronger than his own.

At stated periods the French beggars held a general parliament at *Sainte Anne d'Auray* in Brittany, where means were discussed for the advancement of mendicity in all its branches. What a gathering it must have been! What a fantastic, nightmare-like assemblage of rags and tatters!

From an artistic point of view the scene had many merits. *Salvator Rosa* could have done it full justice pictorially, and *Callot* would have revelled in the grotesque types it embodied; but only suppose an honest bourgeois could have had a vision of it in his sleep!

As a background, imagine clusters of miserable hovels, dome-shaped and low, like the snow-houses of the Eskimos, mephitic dens scarce fit for brutish habitation, much less suitable as lodgings for human beings. In and about these rude dwellings swarmed the beggar king's subjects. Here were those whose hideous deformities excited the envy of their companions who possessed no such natural gifts for exciting compassion. There one might see false cripples, with crutches discarded for the nonce, stepping out bravely as the best of men. Youths whose faces still bore marks of refinement, despite the record of evil living written upon their countenances, bandied obscene jests with burly swashbucklers, deserters from the army, or disputed ridiculous theological problems with drunken old reprobates whose shaven crowns betrayed their former connection with the priesthood.

Bands of little children ran hither and thither, fighting joyously among themselves, playing jokes on their elders, blaspheming in shrill treble voices, and getting into all sorts of mischief. Usually these juvenile rascals went half naked in droves along the highways, playing the part of poor orphans; but during the parliament their canting tones were laid aside and there was little pitiful about them.

Such were the King of Argot's subjects. That he should have been able to rule seems marvellous, particularly when one takes into consideration the fact that he was liable to deposition if he incurred the ill-will of his henchmen.

As long as it consisted solely of beggars, the kingdom prospered, but eventually thieves were admitted, and it experienced a downfall.

In 1656 the Hôpital Générale was established. Those whom need and not desire had driven to begging were given a refuge within its walls, while the police interested themselves so actively in the other mendicants that their organization was soon disrupted.

Some coöperation still continued to exist, however, and only recently the organized charities in Paris discovered a daily newspaper, the *Journal des Mendians*, published solely for the benefit of those who practise mendicity. In this unique sheet appear notices of all weddings, baptisms, funerals, and other ceremonies at which alms may be collected. When wealthy families are mentioned, their names are given in bold-face type; if they are known to be charitable, in still larger capitals. Personal weaknesses of almsgivers are treated of in a separate column; thus one individual will give freely if addressed with great deference, while another can be wheedled into generosity if spoken to as Monsieur le Comte. The editor of this unique newspaper—which, by-the-way, is an expensive one, for it sells at a franc a copy—is a former printer; the publishers are an ex-lawyer and a once well-known merchant.

While French beggars were running things pretty much to suit themselves their *confrères* across the Rhine were growing very unpopular. No one was safe from their importunities; they even had the temerity to bother Dr. Martin Luther. But the great reformer had his revenge: he fulminated a tirade against the mendicants which must have injured their business, and which to-day gives us valuable information concerning the beggar fraternity of the sixteenth century.

In 1475 the Swiss authorities lost patience with the beggars and arrested a great number of them, who were locked up snugly in the jail at Basle. An exhaustive examination of the prisoners followed, and, fortunately for us, there was a man on hand who thought the testimony sufficiently important to take it down fully. This was Johann Kneibel, the chaplain of the Basle cathedral, whose chronicle is still preserved. Some years later an unknown literary man, an expert in roguery and at least an amateur in mendicity, took Kneibel's manuscript and from it compiled a curious little book, the

"*Liber Vagatorum*," in which the beggars are carefully classified and advice is given the reader how to treat each particular type. This is the earliest work of its kind of which we have any record; it was written probably about 1509, and the first edition was printed at Augsburg. A copy of the "*Liber Vagatorum*" fell into Luther's hands and struck him at once as something "which filled a long-felt want." He knew what it was to be cheated by professional beggars, whom he looked upon as emissaries of the evil one; so he hailed the book with joy and gave it the seal of his approval by editing a new edition, which appeared at Wittenberg in 1528.

His reason for so doing is characteristic: "I thought it a good thing that such a work should not only be published, but that it should be known everywhere," he writes in his preface, "in order that men may see and understand how mightily the devil rules the world. I have myself of late years been cheated and slandered by such tramps more than I care to confess."

The vicinity of a church was the place to study beggars in Luther's time, as indeed it is to-day in Spain and Italy. Every approach to the sacred edifice was lined with them. Shivering fellows displayed themselves stark naked,—people were not squeamishly modest then,—crying for alms on the plea that they had fallen among thieves and been robbed of their worldly all. They shook as if from cold, but it was nettle-seed purposely applied, not frosty winds, which made their flesh quiver. One class of mendicants affected the falling sickness, pricking their nostrils with straws until the blood came, and frothing at the lips by aid of soap concealed within the mouth. Women who simulated raving madness were led about in chains; pretended lepers sounded a mendacious warning with their rattles; wenches who knew not shame shammed pregnancy; wretches smeared with deceptive salve, which made them look as if nigh to death, lay in the pathway; blind harpers chanted songs of foreign lands they had never visited. There were those, too, whose garb and cockle-shell seemed to denote the pious pilgrim, but whose only desire was for material riches; and those who professed themselves baptized Jewesses, and asked for money as the reward of their conversion.

All these cunning impostors pitted their wits against the world to make a living. They were clever actors who played lowly rôles in the drama of life and whose prosperity depended upon how well they deceived the public. But there was one class of beggars who degraded their art by an abominable striving after realism. These were the inhuman scoundrels who stole and mutilated little children, palming off their hapless victims as their own progeny, and thus coining profit from the injuries they themselves had inflicted. This inhuman practice, it seems, is not entirely unknown to the nineteenth century. Only recently a St. Petersburg newspaper described the capture of an eight-year-old girl by South Russian beggars. The

child was taken to an out-of-the-way cellar, where her face was seared with blazing pitch, which blinded as well as disfigured her for life. Her fingers were then disjointed, and afterwards her feet were cut to make her limp.

The Gypsies landed in England during the early reign of Henry VIII. The usual consequences followed their coming. Everywhere they were received with open arms by the common people, who looked upon them as conjurers who contributed to the general amusement; but within a dozen years from their arrival they had organized the English vagrants into dangerous bands, each with its meeting-place and its working district.

Albion's lawmakers in alarm devised barbarous punishments for mendicity; but ear-cropping, branding with hot irons, and flogging were powerless to stop the growth of the beggar tribe. The closing of the monasteries swelled its ranks, and in Elizabeth's day Irish mendicants flocked to the suburbs of London.

St. Giles, where in Norman times lepers had begged for alms, became a favorite lodging-place for the mendicants. There they heaped together in miserable lodgings like ants in an ant-hill. To the profits of daylight begging they added the results of nocturnal robbery, and their presence became a constant menace to peaceful citizens. Attempts to limit the number of the beggars' lodging-houses proved futile, and these dens, the character of which was so vile that it can hardly be imagined and cannot be described, continued to increase until well into the present century.

Archenholz, writing about 1784, wonders at the number of beggars he found in the London streets, and relates that a friend of his donned a ragged coat one day and bribed his way into a mendicants' club in St. Giles. "He found a great deal of gayety and ease, and nothing that bore the appearance of indigence save the tatters that covered the members. One cast his crutches into a corner of the room; one unbuckled his wooden leg; another took off the plaster which concealed his eye; all, in fine, discovered themselves in their natural forms, recounted the adventures of the day, and concerted the stratagems to be put into execution on the morrow."

The St. Giles beggars were made the subject of official investigation by a committee of the House of Commons in 1815, from the minutes of which one learns that some of these gentry managed to make as much as eight shillings a day.

The simplicity of American life during colonial times and the early days of the Republic prevented the development of mendicity in this country. The pioneers of the art were most of them shipped back to Europe under the laws which made skippers responsible for the character of their passengers, and native talent was as yet undeveloped. But, as population increased, conditions changed, until to-day it is possible to study a great variety of beggars, foreign as well as domestic, without going outside of any of the large cities.

Before the present immigration law went into effect English beggars frequently toured this country, mapping out their route before they landed, and bringing money with them to pay expenses in case their venture proved unprofitable. Such visitors to our shores are no longer permitted to land.

The American beggar is fully up to date and very ready at concocting pitiful tales, but, all things considered, America, despite the generosity of its people, is not the best field for the practice of mendicancy. Until recently Rome was a paradise for beggars, and fortunes were made there by the most skilful. But in the summer of 1897 the police started a crusade against these mendicants, arresting over six hundred of them during the month of July.

On the whole, China seems to be the land where at present mendicancy thrives the best. There it is recognized by the government, and its followers are never interfered with by the police. In Peking there exists a beggars' guild ruled by a king and queen, and there the beggar's education begins during his early childhood. Should a European chance to complain to the authorities of the beggars' importunities, he is answered, "Well, why don't you give them what they ask?"

My advice to would-be mendicants is that they stain their faces yellow, shave their heads, grow pigtails, save up their money, and go to Peking. There—if they succeed in ingratiating themselves with the native artists—they may attain eminence as masters of their art, and incidentally learn a number of tricks quite unknown to European adepts.

Francis J. Ziegler.

HIS HONOR.

THE Senorita Guadalupe Alvarez was discovered by the six Orosco sisters, and they, having fed, housed, and clothed her, reported her case to the Spanish Benevolent Society.

The senorita, with her dark eyes gleaming out at a deputation of benevolent Spaniards from the shadow of a black shawl that she wore over her head in lieu of the mantilla of her native land, was found to be young,—not yet eighteen,—handsome, grave, and tranquilly helpless. She had come up from Mexico to San Francisco to support herself, she said, in her liquid, soft-cadenced Spanish. No, she could speak no English, only "'Ow dee doo" and "Hawl aboard." These useful specimens of the English language she had acquired on the steamer, and she pronounced them with a studied strangeness of accent and a stately, unsmiling pride.

She had heard, she continued with her unmoved Indian gravity, that women supported themselves in the States, and she had come to

do so, and brought her maid, Pancha,—she indicated with a queenly gesture a squat, brown half-breed girl crouching in the corner,—who had not even enough English to say “Hawl aboard.” She herself could sing to the guitar and she could do drawn-work and—“What else?” she echoed in slightly disdainful query. Nothing else, certainly. She was the daughter of the late Don Miguel Alvarez, grandee of Mexico, a descendant of the Montezumas, the child of kings. She was now poor, but, nevertheless, it was not meet for the daughter of the Montezumas to do the work of Pancha; and she looked at the six Orosco sisters and the benevolent Spaniards with a glance of complacent, calm pride that made them feel that they had never before realized what it was to come into contact with the impoverished descendant of kings.

The benevolent Spaniards might have retired abashed before the magnitude of the undertaking if it had not been for the Senora Cabrillas. The Senora Cabrillas was the eldest of the Orosco sisters, and, being a Mexican, had a fellow-feeling for her lonely country-woman. She too had once been helpless, poor, and without the solace of the English tongue. This latter disadvantage had, however, been overcome in the course of a twenty-years’ sojourn in California. It had been a great struggle, but in the end the Senora Cabrillas had conquered and now spoke English with a proud, unhampered fluency and a rich picturesqueness of phrase.

So the Senora Cabrillas and her sisters—with the benevolent Spaniards, desiring to be vaguely generous, massed in the background—took in hand the case of the Senorita Guadalupe Alvarez. They impressed upon her gently but firmly that there is not an overwhelming demand in San Francisco society to hear black-browed, impassioned-looking young Mexicans sing “La Paloma” to a guitar. They also sadly admitted that in the Roman Catholic churches a fortune is not to be made by singing one solo every Sunday morn. But when Guadalupe drew forth from her scanty kit the lengths of lace-like drawn-work so dexterously wrought upon fine linen, the Orosco sisters sent up a cry of admiration and thanksgiving, and declared that henceforth all would be well.

They bore away the drawn-work and sold it to charitably disposed ladies with plump purses and rich-rolling Hibernian patronymics, and disposed of it at bazaars for churches called after musically named Spanish saints. They worked up the business in such a masterly manner that before the winter rains had ceased the Senorita Guadalupe and the silent, Indian-faced Pancha were making drawn-work for half fashionable San Francisco, and the Orosco ladies felt sadly that their protégée would soon not need their aid in the interesting endeavor to make the two ends of her income meet.

One day it fell out that the Senorita Guadalupe was called in to take an order from Mrs. Brian O’Hara, that lofty lady of the mighty girth, whose mansion crowns a conspicuous hill-top and whose name

is rolled with obsequious respect upon the city's tongue. Mrs. O'Hara unfolded the linen and began to explain, and then—alas, could go no further, for neither had the language of the other. The interview would have come to nothing if Mrs. O'Hara had not be-thought her that her son Tom was somewhere in the house, and that Tom, who had once been sent down to Mexico to be kept out of mischief in San Francisco, had there, in the desperation of his ennui, learnt Spanish.

Tom was sent for. He came reluctantly—a robust, well-groomed, heavy-featured young man in costly, smooth-setting raiment. He was a trifle out of temper at the summons, but when he saw the finest dark eyes he had looked into since he sailed from Mazatlan he became at once polite and smilingly alert. Those velvet eyes, shot with the gleam of sleeping fires, caused a sudden, soft agitation in the heart of Thomas O'Hara, a heart heretofore a stranger to such sensations of distressful sweetness.

That was the beginning of it. Tom O'Hara carried several orders for his mamma to the house at North Beach, where, in a dingy up-stairs room, the senorita and Pancha bent over the lengths of linen weaving their delicate webs. When his mamma's orders came to an end, Mr. O'Hara dissembled darkly and took orders from fictitious characters which he created and elaborated with the skill and cunning of an embryo novelist.

Could Mrs. O'Hara have seen the piles of drawn-work that accumulated in the hidden recesses of her son's wardrobes and bureau drawers, she would have been quite as surprised as the Senorita Guadalupe herself. But this august lady was engrossed with serious and important matters. Tom was her only son. In the natural course of things he would inherit his father's millions. And Tom was a good fellow, the best-natured fellow in the world,—unfortunately, one might say, too good-natured. Tom had never done anything but be agreeable, and stupid, and dress well. His parents had given up thinking that he would ever be anything. Their hope was now that he would *not* be anything: it was so much the safest.

If Tom would just be dull and amiable it would be all right. But there was no counting on that. It was only a question of time when Tom, phlegmatic, idle, rich, and so deplorably good-natured, would do something irredeemably foolish. The O'Hara parents firmly believed in the adage about Satan and the idle hands, and Tom had no more to do than those young gentlemen so scornfully described by the Psalmist, whose occupation was to "grin like dogs and run about through the city." He had never really cared for any woman, but when his parents thought that this state of heart-whole blessedness might at any moment cease to be, and that their young Hylas might be borne off triumphant by the nymphs, they were filled with fond alarms. Their one hope and desire was that he would marry some nice, high-handed, managing girl—some one

whom he could love placidly and fear inordinately. There was nothing short of a crime the O'Haras would not have committed to bring about this happy event.

So when that distinguished belle and beauty, Beatrice Drury, turned her eyes and her attentions upon Tom they felt relieved and hopeful. Not that they liked Miss Drury so much. Even though the young lady was a Roman Catholic, and her father had been a pioneer, they felt that she was not what they could have wished had Tom been a model, hard-working, peace-giving son. But if she was unlovable, vain, and perhaps not as strictly regardful of the truth as they could have desired, yet she was, beyond a doubt, able to manage Tom, and that was the chief point in the case.

Miss Drury naturally viewed the question from another standpoint. She characterized Tom in her thoughts by many good, marrowy, Saxon words which, if not kind, are strongly descriptive. She said he was a "clod," a "boar," and a "lump." Her fancy had lightly turned to thoughts of Tom upon her return from Europe. Miss Drury, with the consciousness of her beauty weighing heavily upon her, had resolved not to waste it upon the desert air of San Francisco, but to take it to Europe and show the effete monarchies what Helen of Troy was like. But Helen of San Francisco, though passing fair and the daughter of a pioneer, was not an heiress. Her father, while he had a large enough income to give his daughter the prettiest of frocks, the latest fads in jewelry, and a carriage in which to drive luxuriously about the city, would leave her no well-invested millions. So, with hurt chagrin, Miss Drury realized that owing to the limitations in the family exchequer it was quite impossible for her to buy a duke or a lord, and some second-rate domestic article must content her aspiring soul.

In elaborating herself to the highest pitch of fashionable perfection Miss Drury had changed her first name from the commonplace, undignified Bessie of her baptism to the regal Beatrice of her effulgent girlhood. It now seemed to her that her second name should be changed too, and the best person to do that, she reflected, was Mr. Thomas O'Hara. She cogitated some time about it before she made up her mind, her head resting on her slender, heavily-jewelled hand, the thick, down-drooped lids hiding the dreamy meditation in her eyes. Her bashful maiden reverie was full of thoughts of Tom. She thought how stupid he was, and wondered what his income would be, and if it wouldn't, after all, be best to have a stupid husband who would simply sit about and spend money and adore one.

Her mind made up, Miss Drury lost no time in opening the campaign. She boldly took the field and cut out Tom from her feeble and dismayed rivals with masterly promptness and despatch. The gentleman was not averse to being courted by this flattering young lady, who told him in many subtle, covert ways how handsome and

clever he was. His parents looked on in uneasy anxiety. They recognized Miss Drury's dexterity; they applauded her refined audacity; they hoped for her success. Tom alone was ignorant of the forces working for his overthrow: "regardless of his doom, the little victim played."

Everything was progressing harmoniously, Miss Drury's strategic combinations were concentrating for the culminating effort, when a change was suddenly observed in Tom. It was abrupt and disconcerting. Of a sudden he became distraught, preoccupied, uninterested. He no longer sought the society of the handsome Beatrice, and his floral offerings at the shrine grew less and less. Something had happened. Miss Beatrice with serene, suave countenance and narrowed, indifferent eyes, watched quietly for a space, to be sure, then went forth to find out what it was. It took her three days—devoted to paying calls and attending teas and receptions—to do it. At the end of that time all the facts of the case lay in her hands. A Mexican, living on North Beach, had reft her Thomas from her—a Mexican who made tea-cloths and pillow-cases. Miss Drury disguised her scorn of this inexplicable aberration, said a few scorching words on the subject of the mental deficiencies of Mr. Thomas O'Hara, and then proceeded to make a toilet of the most dazzling and gorgeous description.

Arrayed in her newest gown, all crisp and rustling from the French modiste, Miss Drury entered her coupé, gave the coachman an address at North Beach, and, leaning back on the black silk cushions, was rattled across town. As the carriage rolled along through the streets of the Spanish quarter, people stared at the fine equipage and the fair-faced, unsmiling lady within. Such a carriage and such a lady were unusual sights in the byways about North Beach.

The coachman himself was puzzled at the address given him, and grew more so when, as the carriage ascended a sloping street, with the red and lacerated flank of Telegraph Hill rising bare and bleak above, the strap was pulled, and the glistening, rustling, silken-sheathed, violet-perfumed figure opened the door, alighted, and picked a delicate way into a dreary tenement, with a blue-roofed balcony skirting the front and a long line of washing hanging over the hand-rail.

The Senorita Alvarez was not surprised to see her visitor. The Senorita Alvarez had kingly Indian blood in her veins, and it prevented her from ever being surprised. Moreover, many such rose-lipped, lily-white ladies, with liquid eyes and purring voices, sought her out to give her orders for drawn-work. Pancha set a chair, and the visitor, her breathing slightly quickened from the ascent of the narrow staircase, looked at the Mexican with veiled curiosity. The first glance reassured her. The girl had remarkable eyes, but the high cheek-bones and widely cut nostrils showed her Indian blood

and were not pretty. Miss Drury felt exhilarated, self-confident, and coolly audacious.

She had come, she said, speaking in somewhat halting French, to give an order for a tea-cloth. The *senorita* responded in the same language, and with suspended scissors gave ear to the description of the desired article. The conversation did not end here, but, expanding, deviated from drawn-work, darted about among the well-known names of the *senorita's* patronesses, and then came up with a slight jerk on the name of Mr. Thomas O'Hara. Miss Drury, unruffled and serene, had brought it there and kept it there with a persistency that was a trifle marked. Only a slight vibrating agitation of the bunch of shaded violets that decked her corsage betrayed that she was not as perfectly composed as the immobility of her shell-tinted countenance suggested. She did not look at the *senorita*, which was the reason she continued so glibly, not seeing the daughter of kings noiselessly stop her work, lean back, and stare with a peculiarly fixed intentness of gaze.

Miss Drury, gayly and with little occasional breaks into ripples of light laughter, said a good many carelessly friendly, one might almost say confidential, things about Mr. O'Hara. The *senorita* made no response, and it must have been her discomfiture before this chilly silence that caused Miss Drury to do anything so tactless and unfriendly as to intimate with clear-edged sharpness of utterance that Mr. Thomas O'Hara was a gentleman of capricious fancy and deplorable principles. The *senorita*, perhaps not understanding, responded to this with a sudden throaty sound of interrogation.

Still unheeding, Miss Drury continued, speaking more rapidly now and with a noticeable quickness of breathing. She alluded to Mr. O'Hara's aristocratic prejudices and rooted determination to marry in his own set. She spoke of his matrimonial ambitions with an intimate knowledge of his wishes and hopes which would certainly have surprised that amiable young man. Then, pausing for a bashful second, she went so far as to admit that she herself was the lady whom he really desired to lead to the altar.

The *senorita*, with a sudden movement, gave a second sound, lower and with a growling animal suggestion in its inarticulate hoarseness. Something in it made the visitor pause, and the two women silently eyed each other with arrested, motionless menace. It seemed to rouse Pancha, who rose from her corner and approached her mistress with a noiseless, padding step, like that of a panther. As she stood behind the *senorita's* chair her breathing was audible in the silent room.

Miss Drury was not frightened, not quite realizing the full meaning of that heavy silence, with its undercurrent of harsh-drawn breaths. She brushed her crisp, silken skirt preparatory to rising, and as the finishing touch spoke of the *senorita* herself, her nationality, her position. She rose here, turned her head as she adjusted

the fall of lace over her shoulder, and said—without choice of phrase or useless delicacy of language—that the *senorita* was, for that matter, only a Greaser, and as for her friendship with Mr. Thomas O'Hara—she pulled the lace and laughed—well, she supposed she didn't want to make a scandal, but, of course, men like Mr. O'Hara didn't marry Greasers; he was only amusing himself. She, for her part, tried not to believe all that she heard, but it was rather hard not to, as everybody else did. Miss Alvarez had been fortunate in finding so generous a friend as Mr. O'Hara, but his generosity under existing circumstances would certainly not go as far as marriage, and Miss Alvarez, if she had any sense of decency—

She did not complete the sentence. The Mexican, rising suddenly to her feet with a smothered cry, made a furious lunge at her with the scissors in her hand. Pancha reached out and caught the descending hand with the long steel point gleaming between the fingers, and Miss Drury, leaping back from the murderous onslaught, struck the closed door, which, bursting open with the force of the blow, let her go reeling and staggering backward down the stairs. As she fell she struck against the rail, and, clutching it, looked up, blanched and terror-stricken, at the savage figure above—a dark, avenging goddess pouring out in the fury of her passion a flood of unintelligible Spanish invective. Then the restraining hand of Pancha interposed, drew back this lurid vision of anger, and shut the door. Miss Drury, gathering herself together, crept down the stairs, and emerged into the afternoon sunlight pale and large-eyed.

Alone with Pancha, the *senorita* paced up and down her room, still shaken with tumults of wrath, her bursts of anger finding vent in sudden mutterings and spasmodic ejaculations. So engrossed was she in the turmoil of her emotions that she did not hear steps on the stairs, voices, a knock on the panel, nothing, till the door was pushed open and entered unto her the six Orosco sisters, bearing small gifts, beaming with love, and running over with tender inquiries for their adored protégée.

As their glances swept the room and its occupants they stopped and looked about in puzzled inquiry. The delicate webs of drawn-work lay tossed and trampled on the floor; the spools of thread had rolled into the corners of the room; the scissors lay open near the threshold. Pancha sat silent in her corner, eying her mistress with furtive apprehension. And this lady! The Orosco sisters stared aghast. Her dark skin was pallid; her eyes shone like smouldering embers under the shadow of brows thick as edges of fur. Her nostrils were expanded like those of a young horse of the pampas. She shook and stammered and choked as she tried to explain.

Subsiding into chairs, the Orosco ladies sat and heard it all, heard with murmurous, broken ejaculations the insults that had been heaped upon the daughter of the Montezumas, heard the most dreadful and unseemly things said of the esteemed, the admirable *Senor*

O'Hara. The senoras had been watching this little love-affair, tending it with sedulous, fostering care, dreaming of the happy day when the daughter of the Montezumas should be led to the altar by the gallant Senor O'Hara.

And now to hear such frightful things! The senoras all wept. But the Senora Cabrillas declared it was a baseless calumny, that Mr. Thomas O'Hara was a noble young man, whose actions were inspired by a spirit of the loftiest chivalry. The evil intentions imputed to him she brushed aside with unbelieving hauteur. It was the lady—said the Senora Cabrillas, who had not lived twenty years in California for nothing—it was the lady who had invented the story in a spirit of jealousy and malice. Her sisters wiped their tears and stared, awe-stricken, at this woman of a vast experience.

"Yes," said the senora, nodding at them with an air of pugnacious defiance, "you may be sure; it is the lady, and she wants him for herself. She is——"

A knock at the door cut short further revelations as to the depths of female perfidy to which the Senora Cabrillas had penetrated. Six mellow feminine voices chorused "Pasa vo," and the portal, swinging back, disclosed the figure of Mr. Thomas O'Hara.

There was a profound, solemn silence. Mr. O'Hara, who generally found one or two of the Orosco sisters when he called on the senorita, was not prepared for this assembled family concourse, and, blushing with manly disquietude, stammered his greetings and then turned to the senorita. But he stopped bewildered before the sombre indignation of the eyes that usually shone so softly upon him. The senorita's forbidding, fiery glance dismayed Mr. O'Hara even more than the steady, investigating stare that the Orosco sisters fastened so ruthlessly upon him. He turned from one to the other in distressed embarrassment.

"Why—what—what are you all sitting and staring at me for, like half a dozen Patiences on monuments?" he said with feeble gayety.

The Senora Cabrillas cleared her throat, and spoke with slow, judicial gravity.

"It is, Senor O'Hara, that a lady has made calumnies of a so great unpleasantness about you, and has observed such matters to our much admired Guadalupe, that anger has prostrated her senses. We disbelieve, senor, these repeatings of the lady. We know your noble heart," the senora ended with fine magnanimity.

"Calumnies against me! A lady!" ejaculated the visitor in overwhelmed bewilderment.

"It is now that our most dear Guadalupe is still suffering from her recent enragement. The heart is quite—*déchiré*," said the senora, with a pensive shrug of her shoulders, and indicating her own cardiac region with a directing finger-tip.

Mr. O'Hara, wheeling about, looked in piteous inquiry at the

black-browed Guadalupe. She returned the look with level-gazing hauteur, and said in Spanish, slowly and with extreme majesty,—

“Your friend the Senorita Drury has been here. She has told me many things of you.”

“Beatrice Drury? Down here? I don’t understand. What has she told you? What could she tell you to make you angry with me?” cried the young man in a frenzy of despairing perplexity.

“She has said here to Guadalupe, the daughter of the Montezumas, that she was a Greaser,” proclaimed the Senora Cabrillas with the hushed solemnity befitting the mere repetition of this word of doom.

At the sound of this execrated appellation, fraught with insult to be wiped out by blood alone, the Orosco sisters all burst out together in Spanish:

“She called her an Indian and a Greaser!”

“She said American caballeros never married Mexican señoritas!”

“No: she said caballeros like the Senor O’Hara never married Greasers!”

“Ah, the wicked cat! Senor O’Hara, it was jealousy. You, señor, in your manly ignorance, do not know what it is—the jealousy of women.”

“She’s a wicked, deceitful girl,” said the gentleman of manly ignorance; “you mustn’t believe anything she said.”

“Did I not tell you,” cried the senora, rolling a glance of challenging triumph over the assemblage, “the señor was a man of noble heart? He says Senorita Drury speaks falsities when she would say that his dispositions towards our esteemed Guadalupe are of a wicked and unreligious kind.”

“Of course she does,” said Mr. Thomas O’Hara, rallying to the vindication of his character with impetuous zeal. “If she said anything like that, she’s telling lies: that’s all there is about it. No one could—could think more of the señorita than I do.”

“Is it not so, my sisters?” cried the declamatory Senora Cabrillas. “He admits it here to us, of how deeply he thinks of the dear Guadalupe. And she says, this wicked girl, that American caballeros never desire to marry Mexican señoritas.”

This was too much for the sisters, and again they broke out in animated, staccato chorus:

“She said you were a wicked man, señor.”

“She said you did not truly love our good, our respectable Guadalupe.”

“She said you would never, never think of marrying her.”

“That you were making a scandal.”

“That it was but the badinage, the amusement of idle minutes. That you had no love, only cruelty to break the poor Guadalupe’s heart.”

“It’s all a pack of lies,” cried the exasperated señor, terrified by

the picture of himself called up by the Orosco ladies' words. "There's not a syllable of truth in it. Guadalupe must know that."

"I said so. I declared it to our estimable Guadalupe when I found her here just now in her state of so recent enragement. I have said to her before, 'My child, rest in peace; this noble caballero loves you from the deeps of his heart. He comes here only that he may one day lead you by the hand to his esteemed mother as his choice from the many maidens who surround his path.' And it has been as I have said. Praise to the saints! Smile upon the senor. He pines in your displeasure."

Mr. Thomas O'Hara, bewildered, dazed, happy, turned and looked with eloquent eyes at the silent figure with down-drooped, pensive face. The Senora Cabrillas touched her hand. She moved, looked up, and let her full, dark glance rest upon Tom O'Hara, who felt suddenly that he floated on waves of rapture. She made a murmurous sound of hesitating reluctance, evidently to signify that she was not all pacified.

"You have heard him," said the Senora Cabrillas, pushing her gently forward. "He says it was false, that he loves you, and desires you to be his wife."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. O'Hara, vivaciously emphatic; "that's it exactly. Oh, Guadalupe, don't you believe in me?"

The senorita, thus apostrophized, paused for one tremulous, irresolute second, then held out her hand and let it light softly in Tom O'Hara's. As his fingers closed on it she blushed richly over her dark face, and turned away her head like any other little girl who did not resemble a Spanish princess or boast of the blood of Aztec kings. Mr. O'Hara, in the presence of the six staring witnesses, then kissed the warm, brown cheek, and the Orosco sisters began to clap their hands like people at a play.

It was a brilliant betrothal. To celebrate the great event they brought out the two bottles of champagne that Guadalupe had from her father and that Pancha kept in the bottom of a trunk. Then the company pledged the health of the *fiancés*, and after that the Orosco sisters escorted the future bridegroom down the stairs. Out in the street, under the shadow of the blue-roofed balcony, there was more lingering for renewed congratulations, and then Tom O'Hara turned and, facing the sunset, walked towards home. He was still dazed and hardly knew how it had all come about, but there was a great sense of lightness and joy at his heart. When he recalled the feeling of the warm hand crushed inside his own, the light of love in the darkly-shining eyes looking into his with a tender, new shyness, he felt like a god descended among men. The Orosco sisters stood in a picturesque cluster and watched him out of sight, their romantic hearts swelling with pride and happiness. In the window above Guadalupe too watched him in a silent ecstasy of love.

Geraldine Bonner.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



**The Daughters of
Babylon.** By Wil-
son Barrett and
Robert Hichens.

When two such workmen as Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens collaborate, we are justified in expecting something unusual. We have it in *The Daughters of Babylon*, a tale of the Jewish captivity.

As a matter of course, Mr. Barrett's portion of the work is well done, and it is to his stage experience that we are indebted for the dramatic intensity of the tale; his work in this book is even better than that in *The Sign of the Cross*, which, like *The Daughters of Babylon*, was published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Mr. Hichens has again exerted the faculties which made the *Green Carnation* the talk of the reading world; some portions recall the keen psychological insight manifested in *An Imaginative Man*. In fact, the whole book is a revelation to those who have become accustomed to look upon collaborations as necessarily lacking in some important particular.

The Daughters of Babylon is of double interest just now, in view of the fact that Mr. Barrett is making a tour with a dramatization of the story, and is expected shortly to appear in the United States.



Mr., Miss, and Mrs.
By Charles Bloom-
ingdale, Jr.

Few writers are better acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men than is Mr. Bloomingdale, who is known to many readers as "Karl," of the *Philadelphia Press*. His experience in newspaper work has been of great advantage to the author, who has been enabled thereby to obtain his facts at first hand, and to do full justice to the men and women of whose lives he writes so interestingly.

Among the stories may be mentioned *An Unfinished Tale*, *The Man Who Reformed*, *An Unproductive Romance*, *The Man in the Case*, *The Wind-up of Bohemia*, *John Martin's Wife*,—but all are worth considerably more than a cursory perusal, and even the best-intentioned comparison is odious.



**The Taming of the
Jungle.** By Dr. C.
W. Doyle.

Although Mr. Kipling has made us acquainted with the lower animals of the great Indian jungle, he has touched only cursorily upon its human inhabitants, with whom—always excepting *Mowgli*!—*Kaa*, *Bagheera*, and the *Seonee Pack* are at deadly strife,—the endless struggle for existence.

Dr. Doyle has chosen his characters and incidents from the lives of the people of the Terai,—“the great tract of jungle that skirts the foot-hills of the Himalayas, in the Province of Kumaon,” as he describes the land. Of the people he says that “they pass lives of Arcadian simplicity among scenes

that surpass Ida and Olympus in beauty, and which vie with the glades of Eden, as Milton and Tennyson described them . . . they conform, as might be expected, to their environment. Life among them is found at first hand: their loves and hates are ingenuous, and present social aspects that must vanish before the march of civilization."

It is of these loves and hates that Dr. Doyle writes, taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by a long residence in this part of India. He is a native of Landour, a small station almost in the shadow of the Himalayas, and was at school at Mussoori, an adjoining station. His subsequent education was obtained in Calcutta, London, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen. Dr. Doyle practised medicine in England for a time, but is now resident in California. His literary work is rapidly gaining recognition, and one cannot but hope that *The Taming of the Jungle*—Lippincott—will soon be followed by a worthy companion.



The Wind-Jammers.
By T. Jenkin Hains. Under this somewhat odd title, the author contributes a collection of meritorious short stories, dealing with the lives of those who live on or about the sea. Mr. Hains thus explains the title in the third tale of the series, *Off the Horn: a Tale of the Southern Ocean*:

"Rough, hard men were the 'wind-jammers,' as they were called, who earned the right to live by driving overloaded ships around this cape [Horn], from 50° south latitude on one side to 50° south latitude on the other. With the yards 'jammed' hard on the back-stays, they would take advantage of every slant of the wind, until at last it would swing fair, and then away they would go, running off for the other side of the world with every rag the vessel would stand tugging away at clew and earring, sending her along ten or twelve knots an hour toward the latitude of the trade-wind.

"Men of iron nerve, used to suffering and hardship, they were, for they had to stand by for a call to shorten sail at any hour of the day or night. Their food consisted of salt-junk and hard-tack, with roasted wheat boiled for coffee, and a taste of sugar to sweeten it. Beans and salt pork were the only other articles to vary the monotonous and unhealthful diet. As for lime-juice, it existed only in the imagination of the shipping commissioner who signed-on the men."

Altogether, the sixteen tales which comprise this collection are well worth reading, and the book is a worthy successor to *Captain Gore's Courtship*, Mr. Hains's earlier production, which appeared in Lippincott's *Lotos Library*.



Infatuation. By E. M. Croker. "Maria's Misfortunes" form the theme for *Infatuation*, the latest of Mrs. Croker's popular novels. Maria's chief misfortune consists in her dependence upon a tyrannical aunt; her "infatuation," a faithful love for a worthless cad. A story ever old, truly; and yet, ever new. Nor does it lose interest at Mrs. Croker's hands,—though such an assurance is all but gratuitous.

Infatuation is the February number of *Lippincott's Select Novels*, and is deserving of a high place among its predecessors in that series. It is published in two bindings,—paper and cloth.

A Trooper Galahad. By Captain Charles King.

Captain King is again in his element—the great South-west—in *A Trooper Galahad*, the latest long story from his pen. The pursuit of a band of outlaws furnishes the flavor of war for this tale; one at first rather misses his old friends, the Indians, but soon becomes reconciled to their absence, during the long chase through what was “frontier” at the time of which the tale is written. The interest of the story is in no way marred by reminiscences of *The Deserter* and others from the pen of the same author. In fact, one rather likes the remaking of old acquaintances among the characters. So the book is distinctly enjoyable, and it will be read by multitudes,—even by those to whom fiction in general is of but slight interest.

A Trooper Galahad was first issued as the complete novel in a recent number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, the publishers of which now offer it in regular book form.

The Altar of Life. By May Bateman.

The scene of action in this novel vibrates between England and India, and, it is almost needless to say, the “fast” Anglo-Indian society has supplied both plot and characters for the book. But at this point, the resemblance to the proverbial “seventh-commandment novel” ceases, and Miss Bateman sets herself to show that “. . . the noblest paradox of all is, now as ever, the love of man for woman and woman for man.

“This may be helpful or hindering, permanent or elusive, divine or human,—since each love in itself contains the elements of what is transitory and eternal,”—as the author phrases her theme. It is much to her credit that, starting from this stand-point, she has built up a strong story, which rings true in every sentence.

Miss Bateman makes her *début* in this country with *The Altar of Life*, which is the January number of Lippincott's series of *Select Novels*. She is well and favorably known in her own country, however, and a bright future for her on both sides of the Atlantic can safely be predicted, if all her work comes up to the standard of this book. Issued in two bindings,—paper and cloth.

A Text-Book of Physics. By J. H. Poynting and J. J. Thomson. Illustrated.

We have here a treatise upon *Sound*, the first of five volumes in which these well-known scientists have planned to cover the whole field of Physics. The other volumes are *Properties of Matter*, *Heat*, *Magnetism and Electricity*, and *Light*; they are to be issued—by the J. B. Lippincott Company—at regular intervals.

It is the avowed purpose of the authors that these text-books shall be “chiefly for the use of students who lay most stress on the study of the experimental part of Physics, and who have not yet reached the stage at which the reading of advanced treatises on special subjects is desirable.” To this end, only the phenomena of special importance are treated, and the mathematical methods are of an elementary nature. This feature renders the work available to the multitude of students who are not far enough advanced to use properly the works of other great physicists, such as Helmholtz and Lord Rayleigh.

The ten chapters into which the volume is divided treat of The Nature of

Sound and its Chief Characteristics, The Velocity of Sound in Air and other Media—Reflection and Refraction of Sound, Frequency and Pitch of Notes, Resonance and Forced Oscillation, Analysis of Vibrations, The Transverse Vibrations of Stretched Strings or Wires, Pipes and other Air Cavities, Rods—Plates—Membranes, Vibrations Maintained by Heat—Sensitive Flames and Jets—Musical Sand, and The Superposition of Waves; a copious Index enhances greatly the value of the work. Of the illustrations, one can say only that they are worthy of association with the text, which is at once readable in style and lucid in explanation.



**Principles and
Methods of Teaching.**
By Charles C.
Boyer, Ph.D.

"A Manual for Normal Schools, Reading Circles, and the Teachers of Elementary, Intermediate, and Higher Schools,"—to quote from the sub-title.

Following the initial section—which treats of Psychology, thus laying the foundation for the succeeding portions of the book—comes the elucidation of the Principles of Instruction. A plan for Methods of Teaching is elaborated in the third section, which is, indeed, the major part of the volume. The plan as outlined by Dr. Boyer includes the minutiae of a course of Object-Lessons, of lessons in Reading, Writing, Spelling, Composition, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Drawing, Manual Training, Physiology, Physical Culture, and Singing, embracing the whole scope of the average school curriculum. Not the least valuable portion of the volume is the list of Reference Books for Collateral Reading, by means of which the work planned by the author may be exhaustively supplemented in detail.

Of Dr. Boyer's qualifications for the task he set himself, there can be but small need to speak. That he fills ably the chair of Pedagogics in the famous Keystone State Normal School (Kutztown, Pa.), is a sufficient guarantee of his experience as a teacher; while the great success of his earlier works is a living proof of his ability to write acceptably upon his speciality.

Both author and publishers—J. B. Lippincott Company—are to be congratulated upon this work.



**Letters of Walter
Savage Landor.**
Edited by Stephen
Wheeler. With
Portraits.

The editor here presents a collection of public and private letters, written by Landor between 1838 and 1863; they throw much light upon the private character of this gifted man, than whom few have more persistently or with better success eluded classification by ordinary standards. The popular verdict has always been adverse to Landor, both as a man and as an artist; indeed, it is not to be denied that his life—on the surface, at least—was distinctly unpleasant, and that it was marred by many sordid and disagreeable episodes. Still, the fact that, beneath the outer shell of imperious irascibility, behind a nature impracticable almost to the verge of grotesqueness, men of such varied opinions as Southey, Francis, Julius Hare, John Forster, Dickens, and many others, recognized a character of innate nobility, is surely an index to the man as he really was. And it must be confessed that their judgment is amply confirmed by the personality revealed in these letters.

Of those on public subjects, little need be said, except that they embody earnest opinions upon many of the burning public questions of Landor's times.

They are chiefly valuable as showing that, while their writer may often have been mistaken in his facts,—sometimes even in his deductions from facts unimpeachable in themselves,—his pen was always at the service of the weak and oppressed. The first letter—which was addressed to Daniel O'Connell, M.P.—is dated September 25, 1838; the last, May 17, 1855.

To the majority of readers, the private letters will be the more interesting. Written to Mrs. Paynter, a friend of his boyhood, or to her daughter Rose,—now Lady Graves-Sawle,—they are instinct with a tenderness for the ties of friendship, with a great natural kindliness, which does much to explain the secret of Landor's hold upon those whose forbearance he must often have sorely taxed. There are portraits of Miss Rose Paynter, to whom the majority of the letters are addressed, of her sister, and of Landor himself,—the last taken from a sketch made about 1840.

Altogether, both editor and publisher—Lippincott—are to be congratulated upon having brought out a volume which will be influential in fixing, once for all, Landor's place among men.



Photography: its History, Processes, Apparatus, and Materials. By A. Brothers. Illustrated.

The volume here presented by Mr. Brothers—than whom none is more competent to write on this subject—is an exhaustive treatise upon every phase of the photographic art. And, though one is often tempted to exclaim against the prevalence of “book-photography,” even the most exacting caviller will grant that this volume must soon become a necessity to every photographer, professional or amateur.

The author has divided his book into five parts: Introductory, Processes, Apparatus, and Materials Used in Photography, as well as the Applications of Photography, and certain truly Practical Hints. In the Introductory, we find an interesting Historical Sketch, and instructive chapters on the Chemistry of Photography, the Optics of Photography, and Light in Photography. An especially interesting section is that on Radiography, where the *X-ray* apparatus is described. In fact, the whole range of the subject has been treated minutely and comprehensively.

The illustrations are particularly interesting, especially the full-page plates, which are reproduced from photographs. Among them, the half-tone copper etching of Melrose Abbey, reproduced from a photograph taken in 1844, may be particularly mentioned, as may also a colored print, *The Chess Players*, reproduced by the heliochrome process, in which only three impressions are needed to produce the most elaborate color scheme. But the book—published by the J. B. Lippincott Company—must be examined to be fully appreciated.



Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. By A. de Burgh. Illustrated.

Elizabeth of the ill-fated house of Wittelsbach; by the favor of God and the love of Francis Joseph, Empress of Austria—few royal personages have excited more interest and sympathy in the minds and hearts of the whole civilized world. And justly so; for, with the single exception of Victoria of Great Britain, none has so deserved the respect and homage of humanity.

The author of this charming memoir—published by the J. B. Lippincott

Company—has here collected much valuable material, embracing the whole life of Elizabeth, from her girlhood to her assassination and burial. The book treats of Elizabeth as Princess, Empress of Austria, Queen of Hungary; as a Woman, Philanthropist, Friend, and Mistress, Student and Reader, Architect, Sportswoman, Traveller; of her griefs and trials; of her whole life, in fact, including the events which rendered her practically a recluse during the latter years of her life. The illustrations are eighty in number, and include portraits of many people most prominent in the life of Elizabeth; there are also numerous views of her various residences, including those of the Achilleon, her palace in Corfu. The pictures of Elizabeth herself are interesting in the extreme, representing all periods of her life, from girlhood up to a snap-shot taken at Kissingen only a few months before her death.

After reading of the personality here revealed, one cannot but wonder, with the bereaved Emperor, "That a man could be found to attack such a woman whose whole life was spent in doing good and who never injured any person. . . ."



This volume is devoted to the elucidation of the author's system of Mnemonics, which science he defines as that "which treats of the practical application of systematic acts and methods bearing upon the cultivation of a Natural or Uncultivated Memory." We find chapters on Memory

Objects, on Fundamental Processes and Methods, on the Memorizing of Numerals, Foreign Languages, Sentences and Speeches, Poetical Compositions, Personal Names, and Unfamiliar or Unknown Things or Events; the application of Mnemonics to the Study of Sciences has also a chapter.

Professor Wadamori's system is distinctly a new departure in the cultivation of memory, inasmuch as it not only makes use of the "association of ideas,"—the basis of all memory-systems,—but formulates the principle of "transformation," whereby an impression to be memorized is brought—strictly by rule, thus eliminating any unnecessary effort of the memory—into logical connection with the associated idea by means of which it is to be memorized. His explanations are lucid and logical, and the system seems to be feasible, even without teacher other than this volume,—indeed, numerous testimonials from users in Japan testify to the work he has been enabled to do during the last few years.

The author is now in the United States and has recently submitted to some very severe tests of his ability to memorize by his system familiar and unfamiliar objects and names. One hundred and twenty digits were memorized in less than thirty minutes, and were repeated both forward and backward. Twenty-five unfamiliar words—such as *Eureka*, *Miantonomoh*, *Salaam*, *Embonpoint*, *Magnificat*, etc.—were memorized and repeated without perceptible effort and with but one error, the whole test occupying but fifteen minutes. The names and ages of those present were also acquired with seeming ease. Professor Wadamori should find a wide field for his system, which he is introducing to the American public.



1899... 35th ...1899
 ANNUAL STATEMENT
 OF THE
TRAVELERS
 INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1 000 000.**ASSETS.**

Real Estate	\$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank	1,510,000.17
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, Real Estate	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,087.95
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies	251,120.97
United States Bonds	14,000.00
State, County, and Municipal Bonds	3,814,032.58
Railroad Stocks and Bonds	6,658,373.37
Bank Stocks	1,066,122.50
Other Stocks and Bonds	1,462,300.00
Total Assets	\$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department	\$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department	1,389,372.80
Present value, Installment Life Policies	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest	400,000.00
Total Liabilities	\$21,209,625.36

Excess Security to Policy-holders \$4,105,817.10

Surplus to Stockholders \$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**

Life Insurance in force	\$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898	16,087,551.00

Insurance on Installment Plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898	1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898	\$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	22,464,596.75

TOTALS.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898	\$2,633,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-President.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

A TRUE FRIEND.—Fuddy.—“Norbin is a pretty sick man, I guess. He has changed doctors not less than three times in a fortnight.”

Duddy.—“I know. They are all friends of his, and in case of his death he is determined nobody shall know for certain which one of them it was who killed him.”—*Boston Transcript*.

THE DANISH LANGUAGE.—Julian Ralph, who made a tour of the European continent, found it difficult to master the Danish language. “The Danes,” he wrote from Copenhagen, “are not satisfied with the alphabet. They have invented a twenty-seventh letter, which is an O with a mark run through it, diagonally, from north-northwest to south-southeast, and this amazing letter comes in most of the words. They are so proud of it that they paint it, all by itself, in heroic size on the front of the second stories of the tram cars.

“I always used to think that when a British or Russian or Swedish prince came here to get a wife all he had to say was, ‘Wjill yjou mjarry mje?’ But I didn’t know a great deal of Danish then. In fact, I only knew the word ‘tandstikker,’ which means ‘rancid match.’—at least I think so after using those matches all over the world. Since I have come here I’ve not only discovered the O with a skewer through it, but I find that the language is so impossible that the Danes themselves have given it up.

“They spell Copenhagen Kjopenhaven, Kiobenhavn, Copenhague, Coepenhavn.”

WHAT HE SAW.—The bright boy’s mother is cultivating his bump of observation:

“Now, Johnny,” holding up a picture-card, “shut your eyes and tell me what you saw on this card.”

“A cow, a barn, a horse,” rattled off the bright boy glibly.

“What else?”

“Nothing.”

“Oh, yes! Think, now. What did you see behind the cow?” referring to the trees in the background.

A moment’s reflection.

“Her tail!” shouted Johnny ecstatically.—*Pearson’s Weekly*.

A SCOTCH JOKE.—At Scotch weddings some years ago it used to be the custom to batter the hat of the bridegroom as he was leaving the house in which the ceremony took place. On one of those occasions a newly married couple, relatives of the bridegroom, determined to carry out the observances of this custom to the letter.

The bridegroom heard them discussing their plans, and despatched a messenger to the carriage, which stood waiting, with his hat some time previous to his departure. Then, donning the hat of the male relative who had plotted against him, he prepared to go out to the carriage.

No sooner had he got to the door than his hat was furiously assaulted and almost destroyed. He walked out of the house amid the laughter of the bystanders and entered the vehicle. Then, taking the battered hat from his head, he threw it into the hands of its proper owner, exclaiming, “Hey, Mr. Dougall, there’s your hat!” and donned his own, amid the cheers of all present. Mr. Dougall was the unhappiest-looking man in Scotland for some time after that.—*London Telegraph*.



**RAMBLER
BICYCLES**

"the 20 year old wheels."

\$40

is the 1899 price, the very lowest
the RAMBLER price can go—
this is bottom.

NO bicycle is worth more,
none at a lower price is RAMBLER
grade.

Agencies everywhere.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.
Chicago. Boston. Washington.
New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.
Cincinnati. Buffalo. Cleveland.
London, Eng.

GET
A
CATALOGUE

TEUTOBURG FOREST.—The Teutoburg forest, where Arminius defeated Varus and put an end to Roman progress in Germany, is a wooded, mountainous region, located partly in the principality of Lippe and partly in Prussia, extending at first, under the name of Egge, in a northerly direction through the territory of Pendenborn to Driburg, then northwest to Bevergern, five miles east of Rheinne, on the Ems.

THE PRIVATE PIG.—The number of pigs kept by the colliers and artisans of the north of England fluctuates with the price of coal and yarn. In good times every collier keeps a live animal of some sort, and, though dogs, guinea-pigs, cage birds, and homing pigeons are attractive, his fancy animal is usually a pig. He admires this on Sunday afternoons, and groups of friends go round to smoke their pipes and compare pigs and bet on their ultimate weight. They have private pig shows, with subscription prizes. Each animal is judged in its own sty, and it is interesting to know that the evolution of an almost perfect pig was due to the innate sagacity of the Yorkshire pit hand.

The sties in which these animals live are very rough affairs, often made of a few boards nailed over railway sleepers, but it is interesting to learn that when the author was acting as a peripatetic judge at the colliers' show he found young pigs as blooming and healthy as possible, and that, small though the colliers' back yard is, he always contrives that his pig-sty shall be thoroughly ventilated and look towards the south. Architects of costly home farms often house the unhappy pigs under north walls and condemn them to rheumatism, cold, and sunlessness. Yorkshire produces not only the best pork, but has long been famous for the best cured hams in the world.—*London Spectator*.

WORSE.—Professor.—“Sorry to hear, Jorkins, that your wife has left you.”

Jorkins.—“She might do worse.”

Professor.—“Worse?”

Jorkins.—“Yes. She might come back again.”—*London Fun*.

HOW TO BE POSTED.—A supposititious conversation in the *London Academy* between a journalist and his solicitor gives an amusing picture of the manner in which some people, not literary, regard books and bookmen. The dialogue runs as follows.

“Literary men,” said Tregarthen, “have a curiously exaggerated opinion of their importance. Do you suppose that I don't think for myself? Because I do, pretty continually. And why should I pay six shillings to this friend of yours—what is his name?—to do my thinking for me?”

“But don't you feel any curiosity when you see the advertisements of a new novel, with a taking title, say, Anthony Hope, or Hall Caine, or H. G. Wells, or—”

“Certainly. And if I do I take the opportunity when I am invited out to dinner of asking the girl next me to tell me about the new novel. Girls can generally give you a good idea of the last new novel. And when she has told me about it I am extremely glad that I haven't wasted my time by reading it. I manage to get a pretty good notion of current literature that way. Now and then I read a book,—I admit that,—but that is only when I take a girl in to dinner who tells me of a plot that doesn't bore me to death.”

“Then you depend entirely on the most incompetent of critics?”

Tregarthen ate his cold beef in silence for a few moments.

“Girls are not so silly as they look,” he said.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists;
all sorts of people use it

WHEN Spring comes, almost every one wants to get out and rake leaves and dig in the earth. There are dignified men and women who have admitted that they wanted to make mud pies.

But what's the use of making flower beds, and weeding and watering, if your seeds fail to come up, or come up poor and spindling and never bloom? It is the "know how" that is necessary, together with reliable seeds, that will cause your garden spot to bloom perennially, and prove a constant source of health and pleasure. You must begin, of course, with your soil—its quality and preparation—and then the seeds best adapted to your climate. Miss C. H. Lippincott, 319 S. Sixth Street, Minneapolis, Minn., is the pioneer seedswoman of America. She will send you the daintiest catalogue published, devoted exclusively to flower seeds, from which you can select a choice collection for your garden at very reasonable prices, if you will write and ask for it. If it does not contain all you want to know, you can write to her and she will be very glad to give you further information. She grows her own seeds, and they are reliable, so you need never have the experience of learning that your Spring gardening is all for naught, after it is too late to plant again.

STRANGEST IN THE WORLD.—The strangest clock in the world is owned by a Hindoo prince. Here an ordinary clock-dial is a huge gong. Beneath, scattered on the ground, are heaps of artificial skulls and the various bones of human beings, twelve in all. When the hands mark the hour of one the number of bones necessary to a human figure come together with a snap, the skeleton, by invisible mechanism, springs to its feet, seizes a mallet, strikes the gong one blow, and then returns to its pile and falls to pieces. At noon or midnight the spectacle presented by the bones uniting to form twelve skeletons is described as very awe-inspiring.

SOROSIS AND BREAD.—At a meeting of Sorosis, at the Waldorf-Astoria, Mrs. Jennie Lozier Payne, a talented member of that well-known women's club, said that the first thing in importance for a woman who would interest herself in practical methods for cultivating the art of home-making, is a knowledge of purchasing and cooking food.

It is a fact that too many women intrust those important functions of house-keeping which most directly affect the comfort and health of the family to those least interested in the family's welfare.

In these days of adulterated foods it is the imperative duty of every house-keeper, no matter what her social position or number of servants, to know for herself the character of quality of whatever comes upon her table.

There have been several cases recently reported where whole families were seriously poisoned by the use of alum baking powders which had found their way into the kitchen through the zeal of a grocer's clerk. A timely visit to the pantry would have prevented these occurrences.

The effect of the continued use of alum in food is to produce dyspepsia, gastritis, and many nervous affections and irregularities of the heart's action. The danger to the public from alum baking powders is recognized as so great that some States have already passed laws prohibiting the sale of such alum powders unless they are branded so as to warn their purchasers. Restrictive laws of this kind are not, however, general as yet, and where alum baking powders are not branded as such or their sale prohibited by law the house-keeper must, if she regards health, use her ingenuity to keep the poisonous articles from her kitchen. She will find it better to avoid the use of new or doubtful brands until they have been analyzed. The purity of all powders may be suspected if sold at a price lower than the price of the best standard brands. We know Royal to be a first-class cream of tartar powder, and if consumers make sure that this brand is supplied to them by their grocers they will be certain of a pure, healthful article. Every one knows the healthful quality of cream of tartar. It is derived from grapes and makes a pure, clean, wholesome baking powder. There is no hesitation in recommending the Royal brand to all who are in doubt as to the article they have been using, inasmuch as the United States government tests have placed that brand at the head of all the tartrate powders.—*Medical Journal*.

READING THE SIGNALS.—The captain of one of the big schooners that bring ice from the Kennebec to Washington tells a story of an Irishman he shipped. Pat wanted to get from Washington to Norfolk, and had no money. His story excited the sympathy of the ship-master, who finally agreed to let him work his passage.

Pat was willing, but densely ignorant of all things maritime, and no real sea duty fell to him until the vessel was sailing down Chesapeake Bay with a fair wind and plenty of sea-room. The captain then told Pat to take a turn at lookout forward, and instructed him to report promptly anything he might see. It was a clear night, and soon after the lookout took his position he sang out,—

“ Ah, captain!”

“ Well, Pat?”

“ There's something out here foreinst the boat.”

“ What is it?” said the captain, to test Pat's seafaring knowledge, the lights of an approaching steamer being visible.

“ I raly couldn't say for shure, sur,” says Pat, “ but I sushpect it's a drug-store. There's a red and a grane light.”—*Washington Post*.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

The Excellence of SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.

only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal. **LOUISVILLE, Ky.**
NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

Solid Life Insurance

**Incorporated
1847**

**Purely
Mutual**

**Assets
Exceeding
\$34,000,000**

**Surplus
Over
\$4,000,000**

Consists in the payment of death losses out of the premiums paid by members, and embraces also the payment to members during their lives of certain sums which they have saved.

The last-named function is an important one, as the wretchedness of an old age of poverty is second only in its terrors to the condition of widows and children deprived of their support.

It takes nothing from the prudence of life insurance for others to have insurance for one's self.

Modern adaptations are such that one may protect his family and himself in a single contract involving no greater cost than to forego a part of the interest on the premiums paid.

Here is an actual result :

POLICY No. 15,986

Issued July 16, 1874, on the life of Edward J. Anson, Jr., of Grand Rapids, Mich., was a Twenty-Year Endowment for \$2000.

The gross premiums were (\$96.84 x 20)	\$1936.80
Dividend allowed in reduction of premium	537.43
Net cash payment	1399.37
For twenty years' insurance and an endowment of	2000.00

You may learn what you wish (no obligation imposed) by addressing

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE

921-23-25 Chestnut Street

"SIR," said the master of Balliol in his parting address to a distinguished alumnus, "your fellow-students think highly of you, the tutors and professors think highly of you, I think highly of you, but no one thinks more highly of you than you do yourself."

A FORGOTTEN POET.—The centenary of Thomas Haynes Bayly passed unnoticed in this country, but there are rumors to the effect that some celebration was attempted in his native town, Bath. He was born there on October 13, 1797. He wrote many dramas, which are dead, and a number of lyrics, which now and then reappear out of the limbo to which they were long ago consigned. "I'd be a Butterfly" and "Oh, No, We Never Mention Her" are still recalled by some loyal delvers into the past of minor verse. Mr. Andrew Lang likened Bayly's songs "to the strains of a barrel-organ, faint and sweet, and far away," but has addressed him nevertheless in these urbane lines:

"Farewell to my Bayly, farewell to the singer
Whose tender effusions my aunts used to sing!
Farewell, for the fame of the bard does not linger,
My favorite minstrel's no longer the thing.
But though on his temples has faded the laurel,
Though broken the lute, and though veiled is the crest,
My Bayly, at worst, is uncommonly moral,
Which is more than some new poets are at their best."

New York Tribune.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—The old story about the French marquis who opined that the Almighty would think twice before damning a gentleman of quality doubtless finds an echo in all genuinely "armigerous" bosoms, but there is another tale in Evelyn's Diary which puts what I believe to be the English position as pointedly as the other does that of the ancient regime: "March 10, 1682.—V. told a friend of mine who accompanied him to the gallows and gave him some advice that he did not value dying of a rush, and hoped and believed God would deal with him like a gentleman,"—i.e., with courtesy and consideration. Everybody would admit that breeding has not a little to do with gentle instincts, but three generations may be trusted to do as much as thirty.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE FARMER WAS READY.—A well-to-do Georgia farmer invited a merchant friend to dine with him. The merchant was known for his crankiness, and had once or twice tried to shoot people for imagined wrongs. The farmer had considerable business dealings with him, and they were on the best of terms. However, the farmer always kept a wary eye on him.

Several days after the dinner at the farmer's house the merchant said to him, "I can't account for the queer feelings and impulses I have occasionally. For instance, the other day when I was dining at your table it suddenly came into my mind to kill you, though I had nothing in the world against you. I had a pistol in my pocket at the time, and once I had my hand on it, when the strange feeling passed from me."

"Don't let that bother you," said the farmer. "I knowed all about your fallin's in that line, an' I wasn't asleep when I saw your hand go to your hip. My son John was standin' in the hallway back of you with a shotgun levelled at you, an' you just did save your bacon by changin' your mind. Ef you hadn't, he'd er blowed daylight through you!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

DO THIS



ACTUAL SIZE.

Price, \$1. 10,000 miles and repeat. **Dust-proof, water-proof, positive action.** Parts cannot become disarranged. Cannot register falsely unless actually broken. No springs. No delicate parts.

Veeder

PUT a
CYCLOMETER on your wheel. It is as useful as your watch. One measures distance, the other time—both are essential factors of every business or pleasure trip. To every cyclist the Veeder Cyclometer is a necessity.

Its merit has eliminated competition. 90 per cent. of modern cyclometers are Veeder Cyclometers.

BOOKLETS FREE.

VEEDER MFG. CO.,
HARTFORD, CT.



ACTUAL SIZE.

"Trip" Cyclometer. Price, \$2. The small indicator can be set back to zero like a stem-winding watch, after each trip, without affecting grand total on the large register. Same positive action as the other famous model.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

THE Tribune Almanac was first published in 1838 under another name. It has appeared every year except one, since that date, continuously confirming and enhancing its original claim to the confidence of the country. In recent years its size has been extended to meet the requirements of a growing population, with a greater complexity of interests, and now contains a much more varied assortment of topics. By rigid compression and expert management, it yet remains compact and portable, while extraordinarily comprehensive. We observe that the 1899 number contains the Constitution of the United States; the salient features of the Constitution of New York; the Charter of the Greater New York; a complete history of the War with Spain, including the Treaty of the Joint Commission in Paris; and the Monetary Systems of the world; full returns of the elections in the several States and Territories; electoral and popular vote for each President since the election of George Washington; the War Revenue Bill; a complete summary of Acts passed to date by the present Congress; History of the Annexation of Hawaii; and many miscellaneous topics.

THE WAY OF FATHERS.—“That’s just the way with fathers,” complained Bobby. “When my wheel was new, an’ I liked to work at it, paw always pumped it up, an’ now I got tired of the work so has paw.”—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

MAGICAL CLEVERNESS.—Dr. Conan Doyle must have some of the peculiar aptness of Sherlock Holmes, the detective who walks his pages. But, as *The Bookman* tells us, he refers his idea of the character to an old professor of medicine at the Edinburgh University.

This man would sit in the patients’ waiting-room, with a face like a red Indian, and diagnose the people as they came in, even before they had opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms and he would give them details of their lives.

“Gentlemen,” he would say to the students standing about, “I am not quite certain whether this man is a cork-cutter or a slater. I observe a slight callus or hardening on one side of his forefinger, and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb. That is a sure sign that he is either the one or the other.”

His deductions were very dramatic.

“Ah,” he would say to another man, “you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now, gentlemen, how did I know that? He came into the room without taking off his hat, as he would go into an orderly-room. He was a soldier. A slightly authoritative air, combined with his age, shows that he was a non-commissioned officer. A rash on his forehead tells me he was in Bermuda and subject to a certain rash known only there.”

AT BOMBAY all the Hindoo sentries salute any passing black cat, thinking it may possibly be the soul of an English officer.

TEN YEARS OF REBUFF.—Anthony Hope wrote for ten long discouraging years before the slightest recognition of his work came to cheer him. He worked with passionate enthusiasm all the week, and, as a great lark, Sunday afternoon had tea with his quiet English sisters, consuming toasted muffins and the mildest type of rectory gossip. Thus he lived and toiled, and not until “The Prisoner of Zenda” made its author famous did he ever attend the most innocuous form of literary gatherings.

When the “Dolly Dialogues” had gone into many editions and was the talk of the town, an admirer, acquainted with Mr. Hope’s anomalous inexperience, arranged that he should meet a very vivacious *élégante*, as nearly like Lady Dolly as London society could afford. It was very funny to see the diffident Mr. Hope, his face wreathed in bashful smiles, drinking in the lady’s gay chatter and evidently in an ecstasy of pleasure. It was having his characters vivified with life before his eyes.

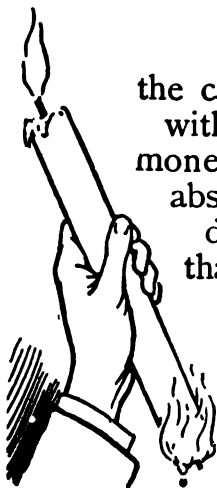
The novelist is a tall, slender man, whose shoulders are slightly stooped, his head decidedly bald, and manners reserved, yet delightful, by reason of the profound deference he pays to the opinions and remarks of other people.—*Boston Traveller*.

A BRILLIANT IDEA.—Clerk.—“Mr. Muldoon, we have an order for hard wood kindlings, but the hard wood is all gone.”

Mr. Muldoon (dealer).—“Sind ’em saft wood.”

“They will notice the difference, because soft wood burns too fast.”

“Be jabbers, thot’s so. Wet it.”—*New York Weekly*.



You're burning

the candle at both ends, when you use soap with **Pearline**—throwing away some of the money that **Pearline** saves. The easy work, the absence of rubbing, the quickness, is all due to the **Pearline**. **Pearline** does all that the soap is meant to do or can do and more besides. Soap doesn't help and isn't necessary.

Soap is simply extravagance, so is too much **Pearline**. 607

Pearline — no soap.

TWO EXTREMES.—MANKIND SEEK THE "STAFF OF LIFE" IN PECULIAR PLACES.—Mankind have run into two extremes as regards wheat flour. The **Grahamites** have ground up the whole grain, smut, silex, coat, beards, and all, believing that the human stomach needs rasping and scratching to keep it in a wholesome condition. This, so far from being the case, has weakened the nerve powers of the stomach and alimentary canal, producing indigestion, dyspepsia, and chronic diarrhœa.

The other extreme has been owing to a demand for white flour. These people have taken off not only the thin outer husk, but have stripped the grain of its mineral salts, phosphates, and gluten, thus making a white flour to please the eye, while it starves the body; one utterly unfit to sustain human life; a flour of which the chief ingredient is starch, producing a bread on which a dog would starve.

The **Franklin Mills Company**, of Lockport, N. Y., have produced a flour free from these objections. They simply remove the thin outer husk of the grain, and grind the entire wheat into fine flour, thus retaining all the nourishing properties of the wheat.

Those who want good, wholesome bread—bread which is, indeed, "the staff of life," should procure the "**Franklin Mills Flour**, a fine flour of the entire wheat." Your grocer can supply you with this flour: if he will not do so, order direct of the mill.—*The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Review*.

DUMAS AND HIS MONEY.—**Dumas** the elder was not in the habit of counting his money, but did once, leaving it on the mantel while he left the room for a few minutes. When he returned and was giving some instructions to a servant, he mechanically counted the pieces over again and found a louis missing. "Well," he said, with a sigh, "considering that I never counted my money before, I can't say it pays."

AN attempt to acclimatize ostriches in South Russia has proved successful. The ostriches born in Russia are much less sensitive to cold than the imported ones, and their plumes are equally good.

BALLADE OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

He lived in a cave by the seas,
 He lived upon oysters and foes,
 But his list of forbidden degrees
 An extensive morality shows.
 Geological evidence goes
 To prove he had never a pan.
 But he shaved with a shell when he chose.
 'Twas the manner of primitive man!

He worshipped the rain and the breeze,
 He worshipped the river that flows,
 And the dawn and the moon and the trees,
 And bogies and serpents and crows.
 He buried his dead with their toes
 Tucked up—an original plan—
 Till their knees came right under their nose.
 'Twas the manner of primitive man!

His communal wives at his ease
 He would curb with occasional blows,
 Or his state had a queen, like the bees
 (As another philosopher trows).
 When he spoke, it was never in prose,
 But he sang in a strain that would scan,
 For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
 'Twas the manner of primitive man!

ENVOY.

Max, proudly your Aryans pose,
 But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
 For, as every Darwinian knows,
 'Twas the manner of primitive man!

ANDREW LANG.

QUEER ANSWERS BY PUPILS.—Some exceedingly ludicrous answers to examination questions by young pupils are recorded in the *Boston Traveller*. "In a training school for girls," says the journal, "one maiden said that a robin had web feet, and that a sparrow had eyes on both sides of its head to enable it to see around a corner." In political and legal lore the pupils were all at sea. One said a "bill" is permissible when it is allowed to pass the first time; it is retrospective when it has to be considered again. Charlestown was said to be a naval arsenic. Children, too, give some queer definitions. Backbiter was said to be a flea. Blacksmith is a place where they make horses, because you can see them nailing the feet on. A horse is an animal with four legs, one in each corner. Ice is water that went to sleep in the cold. Little sins are cracked commandments. The nest egg is the one the hen measures by. The four seasons are pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar, and stars are the moon's eggs."

5 CENTS. 5 CENTS.

Price has been reduced on the original old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, so that it can now be bought at 5 cents for a full-sized bar. Quality same as for last 33 years, "BEST OF ALL." Ask your grocer

for it. No one has *ever* found fault with its quality, no one can *now* find fault with its price. It stands, as it has for 33 years, in a class by itself, as to quality, purity, and economy, but is now in class with common brown soaps as to price.

It is the original Electric, and is guaranteed to be worth four times as much as any other soap ever made. For washing anything, from the finest lace to the heaviest blanket, it is without a peer.

DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"For eighteen years or more I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap, and could not do my washing without it. I have never found anything to equal it for making the clothes white, sweet, and clean without injuring them in the least, like many other soaps. I can always depend upon it.

"Mrs. B. F. THOMPSON, Webster, N. H."

"I have used your Dobbins' Electric Soap for many years, and am often asked how I manage to do my washing with my poor health, and my answer is, because I use Dobbins' Electric Soap. I would not be without it, and I always recommend it to my friends.

"Mrs. AMIE LEWIS, Cleveland, O."

"I saw your Dobbins' Electric Soap advertised in a weekly paper, at five cents a bar. Heretofore I have always paid ten cents a bar. I liked it so well that I had to have it even at that price. In fact, I thought it was cheap at that price, as I could do more and better work with one bar than with two bars of any other soap I ever tried.

"ELLA E. CUTTER, Thompson, Ct."



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

PAPER CURRENCY OF NORWAY.—Norwegian paper currency is printed on cinnamon-brown paper, and the bills are about the size of the "shinplasters" used in the United States in the time of the civil war. These bills are rarely seen in this country, for they circulate little among the common people from whom emigrants to America are drawn.

DIPSOMANIACS in Sweden, when put under restraint, are fed almost entirely on bread steeped in wine. In less than a fortnight they loathe the very look and smell of liquor, and when liberated generally become total abstainers. In Russia a similar treatment is followed with good results.

WHEN the strings of two violins are in exact unison and one string is bowed, the other will begin to vibrate.—HELMHOLTZ.

KHYBER PASS.—The Khyber Pass, the northwestern gateway of British India, and one of the four chief passes which unite our possessions with Afghanistan, is the narrow winding defile, wending between cliffs of shale and limestone rock six hundred to one thousand feet high, which runs through the Khyber range, the northernmost spurs of the Safed Koh Mountains, between Peshawur and Jelalabad. Its highest point is three thousand four hundred feet above the sea, on the ridge connecting the Khyber with the Safed Koh range, and forming the watershed of two small streams, the one flowing northwest to Jelalabad and the Kabul River, the other south-southeast towards Jamroo, the last British outpost, ten and a half miles from Peshawur. The pass lies along the beds of these torrents, and, especially in July and August, is subject to sudden floods. The gradient is generally easy, except at the Land Khana Pass, but it is covered with loose stones, which become larger as the head of the stream is reached.

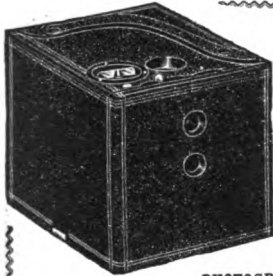
To the north of the defile lies the Khyber range, to the south the Bara spur of the Safed Koh divides it from the Bara valley, the river of Peshawur. The mountains which shut it in vary in height from six thousand to seven thousand feet. Here and there on the vast promontories of rock which run out into the defile rise Buddhist dagobas, monuments of the time, a century after Alexander the Great, when the "great doctrine" of Sakya Muni reigned throughout Northern India. Here and there "written stones" bearing Greco-Bactrian inscriptions are to be seen in the mountains, while dolmens of unknown origin disposed in rings resembling the stone circles of Stonehenge rise at the entrance of tributary gorges.—*London News*.

AN INSINUATION.—Mrs. Ginger.—"How dare you talk to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. And you call yourself a lady's maid, do you?"

The Maid.—"I was a lady's maid before I worked for you, ma'am."—*Boston Transcript*.

MOST COSTLY LEATHER IN THE MARKET.—The most costly leather now in the market is known to the trade as "piano-leather." American tanners years ago discovered the secret of making Russia leather, with its peculiarly pungent and lasting odor, but the secret of making piano-leather is known only to a family of tanners in Thuringia, Germany. This leather has but one use,—the covering of piano-keys. A peculiar thing about it is that the skins from which it is tanned are prepared almost entirely in America. It is a particular kind of buckskin. The skin of the common red or Virginia deer will not make the leather, a species of the animal known as the gray deer, and found only in the vicinity of the great northern lakes, alone furnishing the material. The German tanners have an agency in the West, which collects the skins of this deer from the Indians and the half-breed hunters, who supply the market. When the skins are returned to this country as piano-leather, they cost the piano-manufacturers from fifteen to eighteen dollars a pound. The world's supply of this invaluable and necessary material is supplied by the Kutzenman family of tanners, who have six establishments in Germany, the largest in Thuringia.—*Washington Star*.

ROCKING-CRADLES for babies were used by the Egyptians many centuries before Christ. Among the pictures copied by Belzoni is one of an Egyptian mother at work with her foot on the cradle.



THE BUCKEYE CAMERA

1899 MODEL.

FOR FILMS OR PLATES.
MAY BE LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

✱ PRACTICABLE, COMPACT, PORTABLE ✱

FOR FILMS ONLY.

FOR BOTH FILMS AND PLATES.

3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Buckeye, \$6.00
3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Buckeye, 1899 Model, 8.00

3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Special Buckeye, with one holder, \$9.00
4 x 5 Buckeye, 10.00
4 x 5 Special Buckeye, with one holder, 16.00

... We recommend the NEW AMERICAN FILMS for Hand-Camera Work ...

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR ALL, an elementary text book. Price, paper, 25c.; postage, 3c.

CATALOGUE of all kinds of cameras and all requisites for photography mailed on application, FREE.

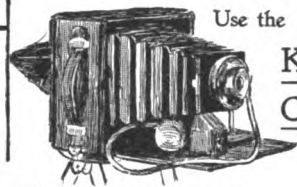
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
45, 47, 49 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

"It's All in the Lens"



Our Lenses are Famous



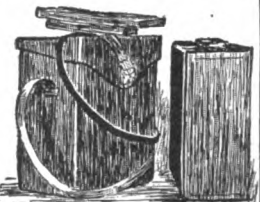
Use the

Korona
Cameras

The Korona 11-B as ready for business.

These cameras are made in various styles and sizes and are all equipped with our celebrated lenses.

Prices Low.



The Korona 11-B, with Carrying-case.

A catalogue for the asking

Gundlach Optical Co.

761 So. Clinton Street

Rochester, N. Y.

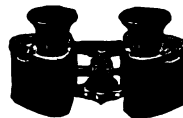
PRESS CLIPPINGS.

The sayings of the Press on any topic of interest. We read practically all the daily and weekly newspapers of the country, and supply clippings to class- and trade-papers, public and professional men, business and supply houses.

The New England Newspaper Bureau,

146 Franklin Street Boston.

REPRESENT A PAPER and make \$2 a day at home during leisure hours. Specimen copy and full particulars, 10c. "THE AMERICAN BUILDER," Chicago.



NEW FIELD AND OPERA GLASSES

These glasses, called Triöder Binoculars, have eight to ten times the power of the ordinary construction. They are compact, convenient, durable; invaluable for use at the theatre, by Army and Navy, at regattas and race-meets, while travelling, or on plains and ranches. For sale by all leading jewelers and opticians. ✱ Send for catalogue.

C. D. Goerz,

52 E. Union Sq., New York.

Head Offices: BERLIN-FRIEDENAU.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

87

HOW BROWN GOT REWARDED.



BROWN.—“Well, I declare! I believe that dog's following me. He seems to be lost. I've a good notion to take him home.

POMMERY CHAMPAGNE

ON ITS MERITS THE CHOICE OF THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
OVER ALL OTHER BRANDS.

NEWS COMES FROM CALIFORNIA THAT THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT, WHICH RECENTLY MADE AN INVESTIGATION OF THE LEADING CHAMPAGNES, SELECTED POMMERY ON ITS MERITS AS THE BEST, AND AWARDED ITS AGENTS THE CONTRACT FOR SUPPLYING THE TRANSPORTS SAILING TO MANILA AND HONOLULU. THE TRANSPORT GRANT, WHICH RECENTLY SAILED FOR MANILA FROM NEW YORK, AND THE SHERMAN, ABOUT TO SAIL, HAVE ALSO BEEN SUPPLIED WITH POMMERY.

POMMERY "SEC" AND "BRUT" FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

CHARLES GRAEF & CO.,

Sole Agents for the United States, 32 Beaver St., N. Y.

ROYALS LIMITED

BETWEEN
New York and Washington

Lv. NEW YORK 3 P.M. | Lv. WASHINGTON 3 P.M.
Ar. WASHINGTON 8 P.M. | Ar. NEW YORK 8 P.M.

Parlor, Dining, Observation,
and Café Smoking Cars.

Finest Service BETWEEN THE Two Cities.

CRITERION
TRADE MARK

ACETYLENE GAS
GENERATORS
AND
ACCESSORIES

FOR GENERAL LIGHTING

*Light
any building
anywhere
better and
50% cheaper.
Perfectly
Safe and
Automatic.*

ACETYLENE is the coming light—suitable for any building anywhere. Cheaper by 50 per cent., better and cooler—it does not vitiate the atmosphere. Criterion Generators possess many points of excellence over all others; are more economical in operation, avoiding waste. Generators of any capacity. Search Lights. For particulars address
J. B. Colt & Co., Dept. U,
3, 5 and 7 West 29th St., New York;
189 Lasalle St., Chicago, Ill.; 131
Post St., San Francisco, Cal. Closing-out Sale Stereopticons, Focusing Arc-Lamps, etc., at half-price.

*All goods sold by us
are fully guaranteed.*

HOW BROWN GOT REWARDED.—Continued.



"It's a good thing I was so near the station. I'll have him on the train in a jiffy. Maybe I might get a thunderin' big reward for—"

Japan Tea


NATURAL UNCOLORED LEAF.

Possesses invigorating strength, delicacy of aroma and delightful flavor.

Formosa Tea is acknowledged, the world over, as being the best of all oolong teas.

Every pound guaranteed. Do not steep more than three minutes.

PURE WATER!



What is so important as health? impossible without pure water. It postpones age and its infirmities.

THE SANITARY STILL is simple, economical, and effectively produces distilled (the only pure) water. Our \$10.00 Still has twice the capacity of others, and is only Still recognized by U. S. Govt. Send for booklet.

THE CUPRIGRAPH CO., 115 North Green Street, Chicago.




Dinner Set Free
(112 or 126 pieces, decorated or plain)
or **GOLD WATCH**

With only 30 Pounds of Sun-Sun Chop Tea.

S.-S. Chop is packed in One Pound Airtight Decorated Trade-Mark Tin Cansisters to preserve the Fine, Rich, Delicate, Aromatic Flavor and Great Strength. Warranted to suit all tastes. If you want to test this Tea, send this "ad" and 15 cents, and we will mail you a 1/4 lb. of S.-S. C. Tea.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Great American Tea Co.
31 and 33 Vesey Street,
P. O. Box 289. New York City, N. Y.



The Merit

of absolute **PURITY**, fine **BOUQUET** and moderate **PRICE** has brought

Great Western

to the first place in American Champagnes, and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs, and cafes.

The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
SOLE MAKERS,
Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by Wine Dealers Everywhere.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

HOW BROWN GOT REWARDED.—Continued.



"Darn it! but he's frisky—"



FEDER'S Pompadour Skirt Protector

Covered by U. S. and Foreign Patents.

When Buying
ready-made suits and skirts,
insist on having them bound with
Feder's Pompadour Skirt Protector

The best stores sell them.
Each skirt so finished bears this
label sewn thereon.
Every dry goods merchant in
the country will tell you that this
guarantee is absolutely good.

J. W. GODDARD & SONS,
(Est. 1847) 98-100 Bleeker St., N. Y.

THIS SKIRT IS FINISHED WITH
FEDER'S POMPADOUR
SKIRT PROTECTOR.
GUARANTEED to wear
as long as the skirt.



LADIES

If you desire a
Transparent, Clear,
Fresh Complexion,
free from **BLOTCH,**
BLEMISH, ROUGH-
NESS, COARSENESS,
REDNESS, FRECKLES or PIMPLES, use

DR. CAMPBELL'S
Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers
AND **FOULD'S MEDICATED**
ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

Ladies all over the world who are social
successes, pronounce Dr. Campbell's Safe
Arsenic Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap the
best toilet preparations ever offered for
clearing the complexion and developing
the form and figure.

The only real true complexion beauti-
fiers in the world. Wafers, by mail, 50c.
and \$1.00 per box. Six large boxes, \$5.00;
Soap 50c.

Address all mail orders to
H. B. FOULD, 214 Sixth Ave., New York.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

LADIES ZANZEMELLO CURES FEMALE DISEASES. Trial free. Agents wanted. ZANZEMELLO O., Milwaukee, Wis.

 **\$9.50 BUYS A HIGH GRADE VICTOR SEWING MACHINE**
Adapted to Light and Heavy Work. Reliable and Finely
Finished; Guaranteed for 10 Years. Write for 32 Page Cata-
logue. Attachments Free. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Address
Dept. 616, VICTOR MFG. CO., 295-297 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Prepared with
SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

My Assertion.

An undesirable growth of hair on the face, neck, or arms can be removed quickly and future growth prevented. I know whereof I speak, being a **regular physician** and having had **years of experience** with women's troubles. **My success** has led me to publish this announcement for the benefit of those living remote from New York who are suffering the untold annoyance of superfluous hair, and many of whom have wasted time and money in useless preparations.

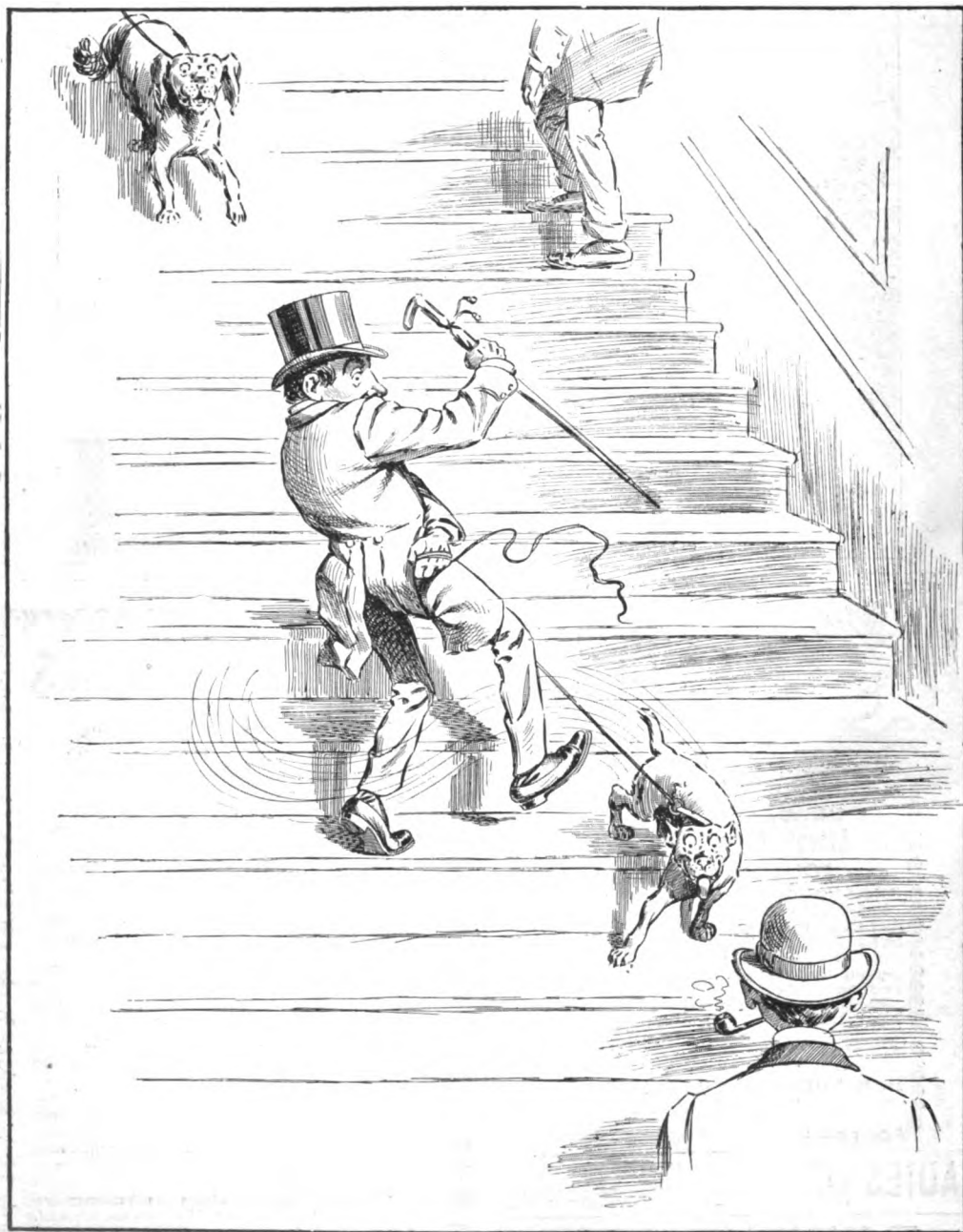
Harmless and Effectual.

If you will **sit down to-day**, write me, I will reply to you telling you of the best treatment of superfluous hair I have ever used, and, if desired, will not only **promise to keep the undesirable hair from your skin forever**, but will give the same attention to your matter by **correspondence and proper treatment** as if you were to come here to my parlors. Being a woman, I know the delicacy of matters like this, therefore **give you my assurance** that correspondence will be held strictly confidential.

Address, enclosing two stamps for sealed reply and brochure. Mention *Lippincott's* in writing.

Mrs. ANNA M. CROSS, M.D.,
No. 3 West 20th Street, New York.

HOW BROWN GOT REWARDED.—Continued.



“Come here, what the deuce—

THREE FAVORITE FLOWERS



SWEET PEAS Over forty named varieties of Eckfords, best American and European named sorts.

PERFECTED ROYAL SHOW PANSIES Over one hundred colors and markings.

NASTURTIUMS Over twenty varieties. Every known good sort.

I mail One Package of each of the above for

6^c

ONLY SIX CENTS and the address of two friends who grow flowers. This bargain offer is made to acquaint new buyers with my seeds. I also send free the daintiest catalogue ever published, devoted exclusively to flower seeds, and a copy of *Floral Culture*, which tells

How to Grow Flowers From Seeds

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

The Pioneer Seedswoman, MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT, 319 South Sixth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

WE TAKE THE RISK

and ship anywhere for examination, and guarantee safe delivery.

We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world, selling to the consumer exclusively. We have conducted our business on this money-saving plan for the past twenty-six years.

The best evidence that we can give that our work is standard, and that we undersell all others, is the steady increase in volume of business. Our line consists of

Reckaways, Surreys, Traps, Phaetons, Stanhopes, Driving Wagons, Top Buggies, Open and Top Road Wagons, Wagonettes, etc.

We manufacture over 40 styles of single and double harness. Remember, we ship anywhere, and guarantee everything.

SEND FOR LARGE FREE CATALOGUE.

ELKHART Carriage and Harness Mfr. Co.,
ELKHART, INDIANA,
W. B. PRATT, Sec'y.

In buying seeds "economy is extravagance," because the cost of cultivation wasted on inferior seeds always largely exceeds the original cost of the best seeds to be had. The best is always the cheapest. Pay a trifle more for

FERRY'S SEEDS

and always get your money's worth. Five cents per paper everywhere. Always the best. Seed Annual free. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1/2 doz. Packages of Blaine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Blaine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.

BLUINE CO., Box 8, Concord Junction, Mass.

The Wabash Railroad

is the only line running Reclining Chair Cars (Seats Free) from NEW YORK to CHICAGO and from BUFFALO to DETROIT, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY.

Four Trains Daily from Buffalo to the West.

The Famous "CONTINENTAL EXPRESS" leaves NEW YORK, daily, at 1 P.M.; BOSTON, daily, 9:30 A.M.; Arrives DETROIT 6:50 A.M.; CHICAGO 2:40 P.M.; ST. LOUIS 6:52 P.M., the following day, and KANSAS CITY the second morning at 7:15.

Stop-over privilege from one to ten days at NIAGARA FALLS on regular tickets.

Palace Sleeping Cars and unsurpassed Dining Car Service on all trains.

For information, sleeping-car reservation, etc., apply to
H. B. McCLELLAN, Gen. East'n Agt.,
387 Broadway, New York.

POULTRY PAPER. illus'd, 20 pages, 25 cts. per year. 4 months trial 10 cts. Sample Free. 64-page practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers. Book alone 10 cts. Catalogue of poultry books free. *Poultry Advocate*, Syracuse, N. Y.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

Small Fruits, Grapes, Shrubs, Climbing Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Hardy Plants, Paeonies.

LARGEST AND CHOICEST COLLECTIONS IN AMERICA.

BEST NOVELTIES

Descriptive Illustrated Catalogue free.

ELLWANGER & BARRY, MOUNT HOPE Rochester, N. Y.
NURSERIES,
Fifty-ninth Year.

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

HOW BROWN GOT REWARDED.—Continued.



"Heavens! and—"

WE LEAVE IT TO YOU



If it does not come up to your expectations, return it at our expense. This couch could not be bought in a retail store for less than \$27.50; we offer to send it to you and let you judge. Surely we must have confidence that what we claim is true when we are willing to make such a liberal offer. This couch is extra size and extra quality. It is 6 ft. 6 in. long, 30 in. wide. Full gondola shape. Kaiser Plush. Seventy Springs in seat, head and edge. Hand deep biscuit tufted (not machine). Buttons guaranteed not to fly out. Stuffed with fine tow and moss. Samples of material and coloring free on request.

The beautiful couch shown in this illustration we offer to ship on 20 days' trial to all who give satisfactory references, and if after that time you are suited with the couch send us..... **\$14.90**

A \$4.00 PRESENT. The handsome silk wide hemmed border, shown in illustration, and easily worth \$4.00, we will send as a present to each purchaser of a couch. This represents a big rebate.

We have couches of all prices. Last year we sold over 10,000 of our \$9.75 couches. Our new spring 1899 catalogue of all kinds of couches and general furniture free on request.

J. LOUIS SCHULTZE'S SONS, 1051-1053 Milwaukee Avenue, CHICAGO. Established 1857.



56 PIECES FREE

Full-Size, for Families.

There is no fake about this; send your address at once. Every person answering this advertisement can get a Handsomely Decorated Set, absolutely free—we mean it. There is no trick, no juggling with words, nothing but what is honest. Our offer is in black & white, no misrepresentation of any sort; everybody can receive & take advantage of it, & we positively will not go back on it no matter what it costs us. We wish to put our paper on top, & will do anything to get it in the lead quickly. It is one of the best & most interesting Fashion, News & Story Papers in existence. You can prove all we say, the absolute TRUTH, if you will send mailing, addressing & packing, & we will send you the paper for three months free. Every one can have their choice of Breakfast, Dinner or Tea Set Free. All Sets carefully boxed & packed at our expense.

us 10c. silver or 15c. stamps to cover expense of postage.

POPULAR FASHIONS, NEW YORK CITY, DEPT 50 A, P. O. BOX 2617.



HYPNOTISM UNVEILED

Free to Everybody.

The modern man must have light as well as freedom. The world has grown tired of mysteries. The day-dawn of the twentieth century is already piercing into the caverns of knowledge. Among the sciences unveiled by this new radiance there is none so marvelous, so fascinating and so powerful as that of Hypnotism. All the magic and occultism of olden times, all the mesmerism, clairvoyance, mind reading and faith curing of latter days are embodied in the one fact of knowing

HOW TO HYPNOTIZE! Who would not covet such a wonder-working power! And yet it is open to all who wish to acquire it. The greatest Hypnotist of the century has just issued a Treatise covering the whole ground of his science, and will send it while the edition lasts absolutely FREE to ALL who apply. The book is profusely illustrated and makes plain to everybody how Hypnotism insures health, competence and social repute, how it cures disease, conquers pain, wins reluctant affection, makes happy homes and gives endless recreation in public or private,—in fine, how it proves an honorable and lucrative calling. If you desire all this precious knowledge you have only to send for the book. It costs you nothing. It may be the chance of your life. If you are wise and send for it today you will not be TOO LATE. Address, **PROF. L. A. HARRADEN, STATION 50, JACKSON, MICHIGAN.**



MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED FOR EXCHANGE
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

GOLD \$5,000,000 for distribution. Shares \$2. a month. Safe as a Bank. Send 5c for Bulletin. A. H. Wilcox & Co., Station A, New York.



THE
PIONEER LIMITED

Leaves Chicago at 6.30 p. m. daily
VIA THE
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY
Arrives St. Paul at 7.50 a. m.
" Minneapolis at 8.30 a. m.
The Only Perfect Train in the World.

HOW BROWN GOT REWARDED.—Concluded.



He did get a "thunderin'" big reward.

THE HOUSE OF PAN.

A ROMANCE.

BY

ANNA ROBESON BROWN,

AUTHOR OF "ALAIN OF HALFDENE," "A FELINE FATE," "A BEGGING LETTER,"
ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1899, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1899.

THE HOUSE OF PAN.

CHAPTER I.

THINGS VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

"L AUTREC!"

"Yes, cap'n."

"Where's the wind?"

The man addressed looked to the right, and beheld a patch of gray, moving sea covered with fog; he looked to the left, and saw the same. Raising his head, he stared upwards: the same gray mist rolled heavily between him and the sky. His answer came with a sigh,—

"There ain't none."

"No sign?"

"By all the signs, this'll last another twenty-four hours. There ain't no tellin'."

"And where are we?"

The tired, sun-burnt old face brightened into a smile as he replied: "Som'ers on the chart 'twixt St. Lawrence and the Chesapeake. Jes' where, not knowin', can't say."

A melancholy note or two of laughter came from his companion's lips, and then silence reclaimed them. The fog weighed heavily and seemed to crush all motion out of the sea, so that the dory in which the two men drifted barely moved upon the water. Only the presence of an occasional bunch of sea-weed told them that they drifted forward in the grip of current and tide. Presently the younger man, who lay, wrapped in oil-skins, in the bottom of the

dory, began to talk, but more from the wish of some diversion than from any hope of comfort: "How can they have lost us? Didn't we shout and call for half an hour? Why didn't they put out after us? They could have picked us up in ten minutes."

"With the tide runnin' like thet? No, cap'n. You dunno these here fawgs and tides. When you git adrift in a bank at turn o' tide there ain't no use yellin'. You've jes' got to sit and take it, and praise the Lord there ain't no squalls."

"But they must have heard our shouts."

"Fawg," said the elder man emphatically, "shets down on the water like a coffin-lid. A man can't make head nor tail of any yellin' he may hear, and he don't know which pint to make for ef he should. Bless you, I've been in this here before."

His companion made no answer: there was, indeed, none to be made. In this fog-bank, dawn and noon presented only varying degrees of gray dusk; but by guess the time of day might have been some hours after noon. Silence reigned on the face of the sea, broken only by the faint murmur of the ripple at the boat's side and occasional cold and distant water noises. The splash of unseen spray on unseen reef brought vividly to mind the extreme peril of their situation, and the tilt of their boat on the shoulder of some wave smote their hearts with a sudden fear. The younger man, perhaps because he was younger, made a miserable attempt at gayety in the face of starvation; the elder offered no such pretence, but sat staring doggedly ahead.

"It should be supper-time, Lautrec," observed the former, wiping his wet forehead with his wet sleeve. "It strikes me that we've made very few preparations in that line for this picnic. Your opinion may be different, but in mine a suck of wet oil-skins and a mouthful of tobacco do no credit to my Paris-bred palate. It may be sustenance, Lautrec,—Heaven grant it may be,—but it is not dining."

"You'd better not talk so much," rejoined the old sailor; "talkin' makes a man hungry."

"How do you know? The gentle art of intercourse was omitted in your composition, Lautrec. How can one keep cheerful with such a comrade? I think I shall come up on deck and look about me." So saying, he raised himself and prepared to throw aside the oil-skins, when the sailor leaned across and pushed him roughly back into his former position.

"You lay still," Lautrec commanded gruffly. "Was ever sich a fidget? You done your turn watchin', now do it sleepin', like a sensible seaman." His voice dropped into a growling bass. "Man," he said, "this ain't no quiltin' frolic. You better make peace with the A'mighty, as it's more'n likely this here dory's to hold your dead carcass."

"Picturesque cargo!" murmured the other, and lay still, his eyes

searching the gray sky. Then, finding silence oppressive, he recommenced his chatter:

"The adventure is novel, and if I ever get out of it alive I shall wear it gayly with other gewgaws. In Paris, now, they have no such chances at sea, and mesdames love the thrill of danger. Suppose we cheer the feast with song, Lautrec?"

"Comme passent les feuilles au vent,
Passent nos beaux jours:
Vivent les étudiants!
Vivent les amours!"

With this ditty on his lips, the irrepressible young man shook himself free of his covering and sat up. Lautrec, a grim and strong elderly figure, with a wooden face tufted with gray hair and beard, sat listlessly upon the thwart. The boat, a heavy fishing-dory, drifted quietly, trailing one useless oar. There was another interval of silence; then the young captain spoke in a different voice,—

"Lautrec, by your knowledge of this coast and these currents, can you give no guess at our whereabouts?"

The other traced a sort of invisible diagram on the thwart with one finger.

"Nowt to help," he replied at length. "It's like countin' the lines in a cobweb. We mought be five miles off shore, and then ag'in we moughtn't. We haven't stayed anywheres, nor gone anywheres, as I can see."

"Any use to shout again?"

"You kin if you like."

The young man cast a despairing look upon all sides; then, leaning on the thwart, he shouted out into the fog with all the strength of his lungs. He had done this so often before in the course of these slow, hungry hours that he listened with indifference, as though the cry for help was a mere form. But this time it seemed to him that a faint sound came out of the distance in answer to his cry. He turned, with a movement so rapid as to sway their boat. But Lautrec had not stirred.

"Echo," he remarked indifferently, and renewed the doleful tattoo of his jackknife on the thwart. The other called again, and listened with an indescribable anxiety. The pause after his own shout was cleft by a clear, distinct halloo.

"Thet ain't no echo!" exclaimed Lautrec. He shut up his knife and changed his position with alertness. The young man's face had paled, but a flame of hope sprung up in his eyes.

"Come, take thet there thwart for an oar," cried the sailor; "we must make towards 'em. Yell again, and see where they be."

This time the answering shout brought with it on the air the faint dip and creak of many oars.

"Set to!" cried Lautrec with a sudden excitement. He laid the long oar upon the water as if it had been a scourge, and his comrade, awkwardly laboring with the thwart, saw with satisfaction that the dory moved briskly forward. On all sides the fog had momentarily lightened; the patch of sea widened, and, touched with yellow, began to streak and curl with little billows. Lautrec looked skywards and nodded.

"Wind too," he said. "Luck's turnin', cap'n."

The other nodded his reply and set to work more fiercely. The distant noise of oars gave place to unmistakable tokens of human presence. Voices broke out of the fog; the calls became halloos and interjections and even laughter.

"More'n one of 'em," Lautrec commented. He cried a stentorian "Boat ahoy!" and rested on his oar. In a moment there swept out of the fog, not twelve yards away, a long dory manned by half a dozen men. The swiftness and suddenness of this appearance struck the castaways silent with surprise, and that moment brought the rescuers alongside, gripping the dory with wet, brown hands. After the dreadful silence, this sight and sound of human faces and speech, the cheerful grin on the dark faces, and the fact that the eager questions thrown at him were in French—all this gave the captain a strange, dreamy feeling, and he half believed this vision to be the delirium of starvation at length come upon him. To Lautrec, despite his French name, the flood of questioning was unintelligible, and it was the younger man who spoke first.

"Have you anything to eat?" was his first demand. "Can you take us to your village? Is it far? Whereabouts are we?"

A man who seemed to have some measure of authority over the rest, Gascon from twinkling eyes to expressive shoulders, burst into horrified exclamations, and hauled up from the bottom of the boat a bag of hardtack, which he handed over. Lautrec fell on his share in voracious silence, but the younger man's curiosity went so far as almost to overcome his hunger. All the while he ate he surveyed his rescuers and chatted with them.

The boat before him held six Frenchmen, a fact which, though unusual, was not improbable when he considered their nearness to the Canadian border. The boat's prow was taken up with wet tackle and a shining pile of fish, one or two still flapping helplessly. The fishermen were savagely dressed; one man wore moccasins and leggings of tanned skin, fringed Indian fashion; several of them had necklaces of bears' claws about their throats and other incongruous adornments. The fact that puzzled the castaway was the distance of this boat-load from any recognized French settlement; but then the presence of a schooner near by might explain that.

"My name is Farquhar," the young man replied to various inquiries. "I hold the rank of captain in the Federal army, and I have served under General Washington."

This information appearing to convey but little to his questioners, he continued: "Will you take us to your ship? You shall be well paid."

The Frenchmen replied briefly that it was their intention to take the castaways home at once, but for the rest "monsieur" must decide.

"Monsieur?" repeated Farquhar.

"Nothing could be decided," replied one of the Frenchmen quietly, "until monsieur's wishes were known. Meanwhile would monsieur the captain help to transfer the catch to the smaller boat?"

"What's he jabberin'?" asked Lautrec, who had by this time dulled the edge of his hunger.

Farquhar turned to him with a comical look of dismay. "What he says," he replied in English, while the men began coupling the boats together, "makes me fear that we may be, if possible, worse off than before. These men propose to take us to a certain chief or——"

"Black Roger, to put it straight," Lautrec finished. "Well, it ain't unlikely. They're a hard set, and no mistake. I know that sort,—onchristian talk, onchristian doin's."

"Well, we will wait and see," said Farquhar with philosophy. "Having eaten, I, for one, feel better."

"I dunno what good it does you to put hardtack into your stomach and then go overboard," remarked Lautrec gloomily; "besides bein' a waste of hardtack."

He resettled himself sullenly in his place, while Farquhar, who saw no profit in antagonizing their present rescuers, set willingly to work and helped the men transfer the burden of fish from boat to boat. Then, at the coxswain's invitation, he took his place at the oar and pulled with the rest in the indicated direction through the scattering fog and before a flying wind.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF PAN.

THE plight into which Captain Wayne Farquhar and the old sailor had fallen was one not unusual on that northern coast of swift tides and sudden fogs. Farquhar had been in Quebec, and had set sail for Boston on the first vessel which left Point Levis after the expiration of his business. The ship had put in shore for some cause or other, and it was in the act of rowing back to her that mist bewildered the soldier and his companion. Ten minutes in those racing currents did their business, for in the vigor of his effort the oar broke in Farquhar's grasp. For some moments the sounds on the

invisible ship inspired them with hope, but the tide soon dragged them beyond reach of these into the midst of a heaving sea and a horrible silence. They had passed the long hours of that night in guiding the dory's bow so that it might rise head on to the tumbling billows, and that task by the aid of one oar had meant a strain of fearful anxiety. By dawn the sea had subsided, and the two men were able to relax their efforts without momentary peril.

Had Farquhar been asked, he would have sworn that such an adventure was improbable, though less improbable, he might have conceded, than their rescue. As for Lautrec, he had sailed many years between New Orleans and Cape Breton, and he knew that against fog and tide man had no weapons but patience and philosophy. No danger in which these two had part was incredible; the wonder lay in the fact that they were still alive after the black horror of that night. To meet wave after wave, the dory staggering under each successive blow, to know that on the quick eye, the strong dexterity of arm one's life depended, to fight this desperate battle, drenched and blinded, hour after hour, was a thing which only Lautrec or his like could have attempted.

Lautrec was a Yankee skipper of a type that has since been swept to the extreme borders of New England. Literal, stoical, of an uninspired bravery that lacked all heroic fire, of a rigid creed and a most unconvivial devotion to the bottle, his was a nature tough and grim, uncolored by any tint of the romance of seafaring, obstinately long-suffering, yet capable of rising in a crisis to blood-thirstiness. Upon his principles, wrath, or pleasure no man could depend for an instant; upon his steadfast effort one might depend till doom. To the elder man there was something bewildering in the buoyancy and ardent quickness of the younger. He felt a dim impression of liking for the dashing Federal captain, who puzzled him at every turn. This, then, was the manner of man now at work in the world; of this stuff was the young government to be made, —a creature full of spirit and expedient, and yet, to Lautrec's contempt, unreasonably squeamish. What a lookout for the nation—so thought the old sailor—if the younger generation was to object to dealing with captive Indians in the manner of the Indians themselves! He himself, in his younger days, when passing the islands in his sloop, had heard shrieks which told of a captured fisherman roasting at the stake; and yet the captain had exclaimed with disgust when Lautrec described the vengeance taken on the tribe, and the blowing of its chief to pieces with gunpowder—an execution which, in Lautrec's opinion, displayed merely a reasonable justice. And now, Lautrec went on in reflection, if these strangers who had come out of the fog were really papistical pirates, as seemed most likely, it was ten chances to one this young man might object to braining one or two of them with a boathook. This idea that they had fallen into a trap was so firmly fixed in the sailor's mind that he felt no

relief at the rescue and entertainment, but sat revolving the bloody possibilities of escape.

Farquhar meanwhile, if he shared this uneasiness, showed no touch of it. At every fresh oar-stroke, as the fog-masses broke away glacier-like, or floated majestically on the water like huge white birds, his face grew happier, and the first sunbeam that struck him across the shoulders was like a friend's touch. At first they had seemed to pull in open sea; but now the dispersing fog revealed their haven, a scene so beautiful that Farquhar called to Lautrec to take note of it. The afternoon was very considerably advanced, and the sun, low in the western sky, flooded the receding fog-bank with warm, level gold. To their left lay one or two rocky islets; to their right, cliffs sloped about what seemed the entrance to a small fiord. Beyond these cliffs rose mountains, bristling with pines; on either hand of the fiord the forest extended from the hill-tops to the sea. All things seemed to glow in the recovered glory of the afternoon. They passed a brook whose waters threw themselves from the cliff in a brown whirl of foam; they passed a deep and quiet inlet upon whose surface the trees stood reflected as in a mirror; and they came out finally upon the very entrance to the fiord itself.

Farquhar glanced to right and left,—to the glittering ocean which half an hour before had been to him so hideous, to the warm mist in the hills, and to the cliff-bound gorge which they were approaching. And then his gaze was caught by an object much less beautiful, but which at once put everything else out of his head. On the hither side of the slope, above where it dropped sheer to the sea, set in a plateau-like space and facing seawards, stood a good-sized stone house. It was square and two stories in height; smoke curled from its chimneys; the sun glittered on the panes of glass in its upper windows; the roof was high and sloping; a red curtain or what not flashed from an open casement; a low stone tower was detached from one end of the house; and yet Farquhar had much ado to believe the evidence of his eyesight. For in this desert place, on this desert coast, the size and apparent importance of this place made it an astonishing apparition. He asked the man beside him if that was their destination, and having received an affirmative would have asked further, but prudence checked the question. The men volunteered no information; the sight of their castle, or eyry, or whatever it might be, seemed to strike them with impatience to gain the landing-place.

As the boat drew nearer and nearer the details grew on Farquhar's eye; he made out the rough stone of its construction and the path which twisted from its hidden doorway down through the trees to the water's edge. Then the boat's keel grated on the pebbles as he was still staring at the extraordinary mansion, the men made fast, and he was once more free to set foot on solid earth. He was con-

scious that he would have done so with more thankfulness had there been no stone house set upon the cliff.

The manner of their landing was speedy and business-like. Three men dumped the day's catch upon rough bark cradles and disappeared with it round a corner of the shore. The remaining three made fast the dory and then turned up the path to the house, the leader smilingly waving Farquhar to follow.

As he started to obey he felt slip into his palm the rough hilt of a jack-knife, and Lautrec's voice whispered in his ear:

"There's only three of 'em, not too many ef you take 'em unawares. One cut will do it, lad, and then there's the boat down there with the oars and a bit o' hardtack. Take that there chap. These Frenchies won't stand up. Do now!"

Farquhar looked at him and then at the open blade of the knife in amazement.

"Jes' one slash!" urged Lautrec, and he made an ugly gesture with his thumb. Without a word, the younger man shut the knife, thrust it into the sailor's hand, and walked briskly up the path after his guides. Lautrec stood for an instant as if undecided, and then slowly followed, shaking his head; to his mind the situation was as good as lost.

It would be hard to say if curiosity or uneasiness had the larger share in Farquhar's thoughts as he climbed the steep path, threading his way in and out among the pines. He had a fine zest of the chances of life and their possibilities of adventure, and here was he embarked on one that promised much. Yet the probability that his life was endangered, and that in some way merely brutal, was not absent from his thoughts, and made him note everything with particularity.

The path finally emerged on a little cleared space before the house, which presented no new features and seemed entirely deserted. Quitting his sailor companions, Farquhar's guide opened a heavy door and ushered in the two castaways without ceremony. They stood in a hallway which offered matter for much speculation. It was square and large; the ceiling was beamed, but these beams were not of rich mahogany or polished oak, but of felled trunks bearing long shreds of untrimmed bark. In the right-hand corner was the carved newel post of some handsome stairway, but the stair itself, little better than a ladder, disappeared through a square hole in the upper story. On one hand was a great fireplace, in which a log still smouldered; above this hearth was an object at which Farquhar stared in a conflict of feelings. Supported by a stone slab which stood for mantel was a stone bust of great antiquity. It was the upper fragment of what had been a statue of the god Pan, shaggy and goat-horned, bearing in one hand to his lips the traditional pipe. The left arm had been broken at the shoulder. The carved visage was full of a wise mockery, an expression half-elusive, half-playful,

wholly masterful and striking. The presence of this piece of discolored marble, presiding over the hearth of a mysterious house in this unknown country, raised Farquhar's curiosity to excitement. He gazed at it, wondering, until his scrutiny made out this inscription cut rudely into the stone-work above the bust: "This is Ye House of Pan." On the stone below he beheld, cut in like manner, these words of Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

When he could detach his attention from these singular words he was aware of other incongruities. A carved chest, for instance, of Holland make; a chair or two, carved and gilt, were placed side by side with the roughest furniture of untrimmed pine and birch nailed together; a piece of rich tapestry swung before a doorway; there were the skins of beasts upon the floor, and from a pair of antlers on the wall hung a long necklace of bears' claws. The castle of some marauding robber baron of the Dark Ages might have resembled this. The more the young man beheld, the more puzzled he became.

In a moment or two their guide, who had left them alone in the hall, returned, and led them up the ladder-like stair into a room of good size, furnished chiefly with two pallets of straw and a huge cupboard colored with armorial bearings, which though tarnished were still decipherable. This article Lautrec regarded with suspicion. "What did the feller say?" he demanded of Farquhar, when they were once more left alone.

"He said he would bring us food, and when we had eaten and rested their master would receive us," replied the soldier quietly. Lautrec gave a "humph" of utter disbelief, and striding over to the door shook it angrily. Being unlocked, it needed no such treatment to cause it to open with ease, upon which Lautrec uttered another grunt of suspicion and sat down sullenly.

Meanwhile Farquhar had wandered to the window. Here he looked upon the same attempt which he had all along noted to imitate old-world fashions in rough and savage materials. A space had been cleared in the pine forest between the house and the steep hillside; here sand had been laid for pathways, and rows of little fir-trees planted, which imitated and in a measure caricatured the high, clipped hedges of an old French garden. In the centre a rill of clear water flowed into an artificial basin lined with round white pebbles and ran out again into the forest. Beside this a stone seat had been placed, quite rough, yet of an odd shape, as though the designer had in mind the reproduction of some well-remembered spot. Wild as this place was, belted with dark forest, an unclimbed mountain cutting the clear sky beyond, the murmur of unploughed seas before, there was something in this poor shadow of a garden to warm the heart. As Farquhar looked, a woman's figure appeared round the corner of the house, crossed the open space with a linger-

ing step, and vanished among the trees. What there was cheering in this was hard to say, yet Farquhar turned back, lightened and set more at ease, as if the sight of that young figure, though he had seen no face, tended to put his doubts and suspicions at an end.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARQUIS DE RUFFE.

As Farquhar moved from the window Lautrec's voice broke in upon his meditation.

"Ef they come at us now, cap'n, you'll fight, won't ye?" said the sailor anxiously. "We're inside this place now for victuals or tomahawks, as the sayin' is; and it looks to me pretty much like—but there, you'll fight, won't ye? though you wouldn't help settle them pirates down to the beach."

"I assure you I shall defend myself if necessary," replied the soldier with a shrug of impatience; "but I don't agree with you that these men intend us harm. I have seen no evidences of piracy; not a weapon, and not a shred of Jolly Roger."

"What d'ye call that?" demanded Lautrec, pointing with a stern finger to a faded oil painting of the Madonna and Child which some one had wreathed in vine-leaves. "Bean't they law-breakers, likely, who break laws in Holy Writ—'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image.'" He finished the commandment impressively, still waving the accusing finger. "Did you ever hear about that there Inquisition? Them was bloody doin's, and it's likely they ain't bettered in Maine. What's the use o' popish images, ef not for popish work?"

He seemed convinced by his own reasoning, but Farquhar only smiled. "If you have no better grounds——" he began, when Lautrec cut him short by striding across the room and slapping his hand on the faded armorial device of the press already described.

"What was he doin' hereabout with this stick o' furniture?" he cried in the tone of one who offers an unanswerable argument. "What's any madman doin' in the wilderness with furrin' folderols like this here? How'd he git it here? What's the use on it—keepin' salt fish in, winter-times?" He hit the press with his big palm once more. "You mark me," he proceeded solemnly; "this here's been stole on the high seas, and the man what stole it ain't likely to do better by you and me, bein' a Frenchman."

The climax sent Farquhar into hearty laughter. Before he had recovered himself the door opened and their smiling friend the coxswain reëntered, bringing a simple provision of meat and bread and a bottle of wine. He set these before them, assured Farquhar that

he would soon return to conduct them to his master's presence, and departed. Lautrec sat staring at the food for an instant; then the bottle catching his eye, he uncorked it, held it to his nose, sniffing suspiciously, and then, pouring a finger-length into the mug with which he had been supplied, threw back his head and tossed down the wine. "What stuff's that?" he inquired contemptuously; "blueberries and water?"

"Bordeaux, good Bordeaux," answered Farquhar, drinking in his turn, "and of no mean quality."

Lautrec turned the bottle discontentedly in his hand.

"There ain't one good drunk in the quart of him," he grumbled. "Hadn't they no Hollands?"

On his part, Farquhar felt a new provision of strength after this meal, and became impatient to learn more of his host. The mountain-slope had grown black and one or two stars were out before the Frenchman returned, and, remarking that "monsieur" awaited them, led the way down the stair. The two followed without speaking, and Farquhar heard the sailor ostentatiously opening and shutting his knife as they went across the hall, past the stone Pan, into a smaller apartment and a dazzling glare of light.

The room served to all appearance the combined uses of dining-hall and study, for beside the table bearing the remains of a meal Farquhar noted a press holding what, for the time and place, was an unusual number of books. Tapestries, barely hiding the rough walls, were illumined by the light of several tallow-dips and a spluttering pine torch. Directly facing the doorway, in an attitude of attention, were two persons, of whom one, the man, was seated in a large chair, while the other, a woman, stood beside it, holding to the carved griffin on the back. The two faces were thus turned full and gravely upon Farquhar, who saw in them much to heighten his interest.

It was in truth well-nigh the same face under different conditions. In both were the thin, straight nose, the delicate mouth, the round, curved chin, the deep brown, heavy-lashed, heavy-lidded eyes. But life had set two different stamps upon this same metal. The young woman's hair fell in warm brown curls upon her shoulders and the lace of her tucker; the man's, the same in texture and color, strayed in a few thin locks on his prominent temples. The girl's face was of a fuller and tenderer oval than the man's, her color fresh, her smile frank and sweet. The man's face was seamed with fine wrinkles; his eyes drooped and blinked before the glare, and when raised glowed with fiery, fantastic light. His cheek was the hue of parchment, his hand thin and wavering; he had a trick of torturing his bloodless lips by biting and twisting them, as if there was that within which he must not let escape. One certainty, however, struck Farquhar forcibly; and that was, that whoever these persons might be, he had no personal violence to fear from them.

The scrutiny had on both sides proceeded in silence; for if surprise showed itself on Farquhar's face, it was not absent from that of his host. The master of this unaccountable mansion had expected perhaps a couple of rough mariners. When the tall, easy figure of the Federal officer appeared in the doorway, stamped from the handsome features to the shapely hand with the marks of gentility, he was for the instant as nonplussed as his guest. It was the guest, indeed, who broke silence by saying in good French,—

"I believe, monsieur, we owe your men our lives."

"I am glad," said the other in the same tongue; then with a sudden twist to the phrase, "that they have rescued a countryman."

"If monsieur is French," answered Farquhar, bowing, "I fear I cannot lay claim to that honor. I have spent many years in France, it is true, but I am an American officer, and my name is Farquhar."

The host, who had supported his chin on his hand during this speech, suddenly turned to the girl beside him with a gleam of cordiality and humor. "Mon Dieu, Edoualise!" he cried, "I think we have made a mistake. You heard Monsieur Farquhar." He stretched the thin fingers across the table towards the young man. "I beg you ten thousand pardons. This is some mistake of Vidon's. I never thought to inquire further into his castaways. 'Rough fellows,' he told me, 'and, he doubted not, cut-throats.'"

"And I," cried Farquhar, bursting into unembarrassed laughter, "have been thinking myself the prisoner of pirates."

The host joined in his mirth with a high-pitched hysterical laugh, which somehow acted effectually to check Farquhar's. He then presented his companion, who had stood eying each in turn with suspicion, but whose suspicions were entirely allayed when monsieur bade him welcome in so much English, and suggested that his greeting might be made the more complete over a glass of Hollands in the kitchen.

"For I fancy my Bordeaux is thin enough," he concluded, "for the throat of a mariner."

"You're right, young man!" was Lautrec's answer, in a veritable explosion of relief. He followed his cordial guide Hollandswards with alacrity and without a doubtful glance.

As the sailor left the room "monsieur's" face became suddenly clouded.

"This was too bad of Vidon, Edoualise," he declared petulantly, motioning Farquhar to a seat at the table. "Monsieur should have dined with us. I am annoyed, very much annoyed, to have been so misled."

"There is surely no harm done, my brother," replied the girl, in the voice of one accustomed to soothe. "Monsieur quite understands, I think. Perhaps he will tell us how he came to be cast away?"

It was evident to the guest that this direct question was addressed

him for the purpose of changing the subject. The idea of his involuntary inhospitality seemed to work unhappily upon the host's mind, for a spot of red glowed in his cheeks as he bit his lips and drummed his fingers on the board. The odd excitability in the manner of this man was cause enough to Farquhar for the swift glance with which the question was accompanied, a glance that seemed at once to claim sympathy and demand obedience. He began forthwith upon his narrative, and by the time he had finished monsieur was bland again.

"You say you lived in France before serving in the American war?" he asked, fixing his bright eyes on the soldier's face. "Did you make friends there? Whom?"

"I spent all my early life on the Continent, and many months in Paris," said Farquhar. "There I made many acquaintances by the aid of my friend, Charles d'Aubémont——"

He was interrupted by a high-pitched exclamation from his host. "He knows Charles, our Charles, Edoualise!" he cried, half rising in his eagerness. "And did he never speak to you of me, Monsieur Farquhar?—never of his cousin?"

A light broke on the soldier. "It is not possible?" he cried. "Yet it must be so. You are the Marquis de Ruffé?"

"Yes, monsieur," said the other, with a change from eagerness to dignity that was startling. "I am the Marquis de Ruffé. And this"—he waved his hand with an impressive gesture—"is the House of Pan."

"The House of Pan?" repeated Farquhar slowly.

The girl's voice broke in, tremulous with entreaty. "Monsieur has not told us how he left our cousin," she said, appealing to her brother, who, however, did not heed her. His eyes opened and kindled with a strange light.

"Yes, monsieur, the House of the great Pan," he replied, throwing up his pale face and speaking with increased rapidity and excitement. "Ten years ago I set sail from France, ready, in the words of your great Englishman, to take 'all knowledge to be my province.' Glorious destiny, is it not, monsieur?" He leaned across the table on both hands, the words pouring from his lips. "What had I to do in a court ruled by du Barry? I, the chosen of the Master St. Germain to give the world the secrets of Raymond Lully! I, the reincarnation in the flesh of the departed, not deceased, Paracelsus Bombastus von Hohenheim! I, the fellow of the great Cornelius, and the greater Trismegistus, true master of the Hermetic order, armed with the arcana of Peter John Faber, from the solution of gold to the elixir vitæ?—Nay, Edoualise, this is the friend of Charles; I may speak freely before him. So I set sail, monsieur, in secret, to escape my enemies, embarking all my goods upon one ship, and here I built the House ruled by the Spirit of Nature, where I may pursue my marvellous discoveries undisturbed, when, armed with

immortal life, I shall tread forever the glorious paths of science—the eternal——”

His voice dropped with a gasp. The pressure of his sister's hand forced him back into his chair, and then slipped the stem of a wine-glass between his fingers. Abstractedly, he raised it to his lips, and remained silent, as if lost in dreams. In that instant Farquhar met the troubled eyes of the girl, and plainly read their message, “You see how he is—divert him!”

There had been in the whole tirade a flightiness and frenzy and incoherence which, with the man's shaking hand and bloodless, tortured lips, told Farquhar far more than his explanation, and left the soldier in a confusion of grave doubts. Above these, however, pity for the woman before him rose in his heart. “Will the chance be soon of my gaining a passage homeward, monsieur le marquis?” he asked carelessly, as if continuing the subject.

The marquis raised his head absently, and seemed to recall himself by an effort.

“Ah, captain, you must not desire to leave us too soon!” he replied with a return to his bland courtesy. “This coast, you know, is desert, and no man should trust himself in these forests, although the Indians, they say, will harm no one. But in a fortnight or so I expect my little schooner from Boston, and she shall be at your disposal. Meanwhile, if you are a man of intelligence,—as who could doubt?—I think you may not find your stay in the House of Pan without interest.”

The spark kindled in his eye, and he seemed about to start on another flight, when Farquhar arose.

“Will you pardon me,” he said, “if I leave you to gain some slumber? I am much in need of rest.”

The marquis seemed disappointed, but his sister interposed with approval of Farquhar's intention, and after an exchange of courtesies the guest departed. He thought the girl's eyes thanked him as he went.

Farquhar, with all Paris, had heard of the Marquis de Ruffé. This young noble, of ancient house, great wealth, and delicate constitution, had become one of the most ardent disciples of that brilliant enigma, the Count de St. Germain. Wild stories of their adventures and experiments furnished the Court with gossip, which had grown to unpleasantly reflect on the shrewdness of the master and the gullibility of the pupil. Louis XV., incited, it was said, by the du Barry, who had no small admiration for the younger mystic, finally forbade de Ruffé to leave the Court for a year. If the command was intended to quench forever the ardors of research it utterly failed in effect, as six months later de Ruffé disappeared. All manner of tales were told to account for this disappearance; it was said he had become invisible, that he had been poisoned by the envious St. Germain, that he had become immortal and retired to

the Caucasus. But when his orphan sister, heiress to one of the richest estates in France, was missed from her convent, when a good-sized schooner had been seen at anchor on the coast of Brittany, not a mile from the Château de Ruffé, then a more practical explanation of the flight came to be accepted. In any case, the man was gone, and, what was more important, the girl was gone, a fact which gave rise to innumerable complications in the succession of de Ruffé-d'Aubémont. Farquhar had not forgotten the gossip and the speculation of ten years back, when as a boy of twenty he had been more or less intimate with members of the same family; he remembered also the assertion that, should certain circumstances arise in the future, a strenuous effort must be made to recover and bring back Mademoiselle Edoualise de Ruffé. These recollections charged his mind with a certain uneasiness. He had long courted adventure, but this was complicated beyond his dearest hopes. Some time passed, despite his fatigue, before these thoughts permitted him to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ALCHEMIST.

It wanted but two hours to noon on the next day when Farquhar dragged himself heavily out of the deep slumber into which he had plunged. His sleep had been so profound that it partook of the nature of a swoon; but when he compelled his stiff limbs to bear him to the window, the golden loveliness of the morning acted on him like a revivification, and it was not long before he dressed and went out into the air. In the brilliancy of such a day, the restless sea dashed with white-caps, the crisp, salt tingle of the wind that sang through the pine forest and charged against the house, there was a great vividness of one's sensations, a bright distinctness upon everything, which served to strip the place of mystery. The gray walls of the house had lost their strangeness, and grown natural as the pines about them or as the mountains beyond.

He found bread and milk and a bowl of wild blackberries set out for him, and having breakfasted he set forth to find some sign of his hosts. Far down on the beach one of the Frenchmen worked, and snatches of his song came up the wind to Farquhar's ears. There was no one else in sight; the house was silent; the hall, when Farquhar entered, was in sole possession of the god Pan, whose mocking smile annoyed him so that it drove him forth again to find some out-door occupation. Following a path, he turned a corner of the house and came upon the little imitative garden he had noticed from his window. Here on one of the stone benches sat Mademoiselle Edoualise. Her presence added the last touch to the incongruous likeness of the place. In that spot which it imitated he

could imagine her seated, splendid in bright brocade and powdered coiffure before her tambour-frame; yet in this desert, with firs for hedge and a mountain brook for a fountain, she sat with flowing hair, patching a suit of homespun.

At his approach mademoiselle arose, greeted him simply, and seemed pleased when he seated himself at the other end of the stone bench. The young man might have fancied it difficult to find any common topic with this exiled damsel; but whether it was her beauty or her simplicity, he found himself before long using the freedom of a friend. His arrival had evidently constituted an event in her life, and she wished to hear more about the adventures preceding his rescue.

"You were in a deadly peril," she said, fixing her large eyes upon Farquhar's. "It made me shudder to think of it. *Mon Dieu!* I know the coast, m'sieu, and the fogs. They come creeping, creeping up out of the sea, like the poisonous gases from my brother's crucible; before one knows they have one about the throat." She gave a little shiver. "Ah, you are fortunate to have escaped! We lost one man two years ago in just such another fog as yesterday's."

There was a vividness and animation in this speech which interested Farquhar. Mademoiselle, then, was not always grave and restrained as he had seen her the night before.

"I think you overrate our danger," he rejoined lightly; "but I am not the less grateful to Fate and to your excellent retainers. I confess I am more used to the saddle than to a dory."

"You are a soldier?" asked mademoiselle in a tone of some eagerness.

"I have been," replied the young man; "but we are now at peace, as you know."

The girl shook her head, sought his eye with a charming frankness, and catching it, smiled like a child. "I know nothing," said she. "It seems to me that when we first came here, I remember, there was a war. But we have heard nothing of it. Armuet, as m'sieu has seen, is a student—and how should I know what passes out there?" She made a little gesture towards the curved line of sea, intensely blue and clear, which lapped the foot of the mountain. "But tell me more, m'sieu. Where had you been?"

Although Farquhar was much more anxious to hear her story than to recite his own, it was impossible to deny her request.

"You have heard of Quebec, perhaps?" he began.

Her eye lit up. "Quebec?" she repeated: "yes, yes. The ship touched there first, long ago. Armuet carried me ashore—I have not forgotten. There was a frowning cliff, and the convent bell sounded all day long as it had done at home. M'sieu lives in Quebec?"

"I was there on a visit. My home is in the country near Philadelphia—in William Penn's country."

She shook her head: evidently she could make nothing of the names.

"I was a lieutenant in the war," Farquhar continued, "and went to Quebec on business for my government. I have told you how the rest happened."

"And you are alone, quite alone, as we are?" she asked in the same eager tone.

"My mother is waiting at home for me to return," he answered, and the question and reply caused him to see in his mind very clearly the home, the garden, and his mother's face.

"I do not remember my mother," mademoiselle said after a pause. Her hands were idle, her eyes dreamy. "I have been here alone with Armuet so long that I have forgotten almost everything."

It was probably to chase away the sudden painful reflection which had disturbed him that Farquhar replied to this remark in a strain of banal compliment, to the effect that solitude had certainly not had any other influence than to add to mademoiselle's charms. He repented this nonsense the moment it was uttered, for she simply looked at him, half-puzzled, half-affronted, in a way that made him ashamed of his artificiality.

"You have not yet told me what brought monsieur le marquis and yourself to this place," he said. "Am I asking too much, mademoiselle? I am still wondering if what I have seen is not enchantment."

"It is not hard to explain," she said simply, bending over her work again. She did not seem to feel the slightest hesitation, and from that instant there was no reserve in her dealing with this new acquaintance.

The girl was ready to talk and he to listen. Half an hour had not passed ere he had learned all there was to learn of the House of Pan and its occupants, and of what had seemed so mysterious he found the simplest explanation.

The Marquis de Ruffé had set sail from France with his sister and a crew of fourteen men from his Brittany estate. Two of these men were accompanied by their wives; a more singular party of emigrants, in Farquhar's opinion, had never left Europe. Storm had driven their ship into this harbor, whose beauty had seized so strongly on the fantastic imagination of the marquis that he decided to make it his home. The ship being fitted with proper tools, a log cabin was hastily erected for the use of the women, while the men and the marquis worked night and day on the construction of their house. Among the peasants brought from home by this eccentric lord were builders and stone-masons; gunpowder blasted them stone from the cliff, and wood was to be had for the chopping. Ere winter set in there was a shelter for their heads, and the vessel had brought an ample supply of provision, in addition to the abundant game and fish. A settlement of fisher-folk some miles down

the coast sold this singular colony a mule and a cow. What bolder and wiser men would have deemed a scheme rash to madness, this serenely ignorant French nobleman had attempted and accomplished, upborne by his passion for science, above the actual hardships and possible dangers.

When house and tower had been completed, the furnace started in the one, and the god Pan set up over the hearth of the other, the Marquis de Ruffé abandoned the fortunes of his colony to chance, and threw himself into the depths of alchemic research without a thought for the comfort or safety of those who had followed him so trustingly. Then it was that the young girl, so strangely taken from the cloister to the wilderness, came quietly to the head of affairs and took command. Every word of the naïve narrative told the listener more than the teller realized. He learned thus that mademoiselle and not her brother administered the affairs of the little settlement, and that it was by her advice that several of their followers had cleared the forest, built rough huts, and tilled the ground for sustenance. Poor as this was, it meant Paradise to peasants who remembered French serfdom and meals of acorns and chopped straw. To them venison, codfish, and Indian corn were luxurious fare, and not one of them after a year's residence in the free forest would have consented to a return home. With the simple fervor of their class, they looked upon the marquis as the giver of this wonderful plenty, and on his sister, "*notre petite demoiselle*," almost as a patron saint. The schooner to and from Boston, with her load of fish, kept them supplied with provisions against the long winter and brought the marquis occasional scraps of news from the outside world. These, however, were few, on account of the strict secrecy enjoined on all the men.

"And you," said Farquhar as the story ended, "are you not often lonely?"

The girl paused, as if some sudden touch of loyalty to her brother made her hesitate. She looked aside as she replied: "Not often lonely. There is the sea, the forest, and the house, much to do and see done. And then, Armuet—you have seen that he is far from strong."

It was this same thought, intensified by pity, which made the young soldier lean forward to look into the girl's face and say sympathetically: "He does not seem strong, indeed. Is mademoiselle anxious on his account?"

"You have noticed it?" she answered, stopping her work again. "Yes, monsieur, I am anxious. For a year Armuet has neglected everything else—the men, his very rest and food—for these researches in his laboratory. He works there night and day. And it seems to me that he is weaker than he was."

Farquhar hardly knew how to reply. After a pause she continued sadly, "He has been at work all night."

"All night?" cried the soldier, recalling the excitable figure of the evening before.

"I took him food this morning, but he would not heed me. I wish——"

She left the sentence unfinished, but a sudden intuition as to her thought prompted Farquhar to suggest: "Perhaps he is less busy now. Shall we try?"

Edoualise rose with alacrity, almost as if he had voiced her own thought, and led the way towards the stone tower containing the laboratory. They stood on the outside, for the sister would not dare enter unbidden. The guest was struck by the ugly grimness of the place. It had been more hastily and less solidly constructed than the house; already falling stones lent it an air of decay. From within came the clank and roar of the furnace, forcing eddies of muddy black smoke through the hole in the roof.

Some feet above their heads was a rude window, through which now and again came a red flash and glare, the noise of voices raised above the din, and the roar of bellows.

Farquhar looked at his companion. Her eyes were fixed on the window with a look of fear and trouble.

"Does he work alone?" the soldier asked.

"No," replied mademoiselle, "Vidon remains with him to keep up the furnace for his crucible. Perhaps he might hear me. Vidon! Armuet! Come to the window!"

Her clear voice must have pierced even the din of the laboratory, for presently the head of the marquis appeared above the window-sill. His face struck Farquhar as ghastly pale, and the thin lips had been bitten till they bled.

"Armuet," the sister begged, "there is food outside the door. Will you not eat? You have tasted nothing."

The pale man leaned out of the window and waved and nodded graciously. The fantastic courtesy of his manner struck Farquhar unpleasantly.

"I am making great advance!" cried the marquis in his thin, shrill voice. "Ah, captain, good-morning! We are coming on splendidly!"

"But the food, brother?"

"All in good time; not now." He bowed to them with his odd extravagance of bearing. "I am nearing my great discovery, my famous tincture, captain. Soon it will be my fortune, my glorious destiny, to give immortal life to men!"

He waved both hands wildly above his head and vanished, while a fresh torrent of jet-black smoke poured out and screened the window from sight.

"He always says that," murmured the girl with a sigh.

"How long has he been at work upon this discovery?" asked Farquhar.

She bent her head. "Fifteen years," she made answer in a low voice.

"He should rest," was the soldier's comment.

"What will you have?" she returned, a world of endurance in her young eyes. "He will not rest, and what he does would break a stronger man. He says it is no matter, for his famous elixir will give him life eternal. I often wonder," she broke out vehemently, like one who has been too long restrained, "of what use to a man like Armuet will be this life eternal, which he is so confident, so very confident, of achieving."

They walked back to the bench in silence, for Farquhar had nothing, in the face of things, to say in comfort.

CHAPTER V.

A GREATER ALCHEMIST.

It was not until the evening meal that the alchemist marquis made his appearance, reeling with weakness and fatigue. The gray hue of his face had something in it so shocking that Farquhar well-nigh exclaimed at sight of it; but he restrained himself and watched the sister with admiring pity. She rose as her brother entered, lent his uncertain step her help to his chair, and then drew back his head till it rested against her shoulder. A long sigh escaped him and his eyes closed for some moments. Then she motioned to Farquhar for a glass of wine, and herself held it to her brother's lips. The wine seemed to revive the marquis somewhat. He sat suddenly upright in his chair, and opened upon Farquhar eyes rekindled with the dangerous spark of excitement.

"Do you not agree with me that Lully was wrong?" he began in a loud voice; "not only quintessential Sol is necessary, but the soul of Mercury?"

"I know nothing of science," interposed Farquhar hastily. "Eat, monsieur; you must be weary."

The alchemist waved food aside impatiently. "The whole question"—he rose with solemnity, resting one hand on the table and waving the other—"lies in the key of the great Agrippa."

The sister gently coaxed him back to his chair and induced him to take a little food. How many times during the progress of that broken meal did Farquhar wonder at the girl, at the quiet voice, the vigilant eye, the cleverness which beguiled the monomaniac from the dangerous subject to safer topics. He found himself seconding her with his best efforts, well repaid by the glance he received from under her thick lashes. As the meal progressed a certain feeling of protectorship grew in him, as if he had been despatched to the aid

of this piteous couple out of the big world of which they took no note.

The first consciousness of this feeling had come to him during a conversation with Lautrec, whom the food and grog had cleared of all suspicions.

"This here what d'you call 'im, marky," observed Lautrec meditatively, "is a poor thin body of a man. To my thinkin' he'd be right well set up by a dose of my old Betsy's yarb tea. A durn poor critter for a Frenchman; and Lord, what a gabbler! But the sister now,"—here Lautrec warmed,—“she's a real nice woman. I'd do most things for thet little girl, I would.”

"She is singularly lonely," said Farquhar briefly.

"She is thet," assented Lautrec heartily, "with nobody but thet brother o' hern. And look here, cap'n, what fool would make a landin' on the wind'ard side of the mountain and an everlastin' chop in thet there bay? I guess 'twas near providential you'n I got dropped onto this settlement, so's there'll be some man or other to take holt in case thet there spindlin' critter blows hisself to pieces with thet donkey engine o' hisn."

It was the same sentiment, differently expressed, which caused Farquhar to take advantage of the marquis's momentary absence after supper and offer a word of help.

"Remember, mademoiselle," he said, "I am at your service. Do not hesitate to call upon me."

She turned upon him, showing all at once a wild distress in her face—her trembling lip.

"I am frightened," she cried; "I am frightened. If he insists on going back to that laboratory to-night it will kill him, I know it will!" She wrung her hands.

"You must persuade him to give it up," replied Farquhar. "I too will do my uttermost——" His sentence was left unfinished, for the pale figure reëntered at that instant.

His sister went up to him and laid an arm caressingly about his shoulders. "Armuet," she said tenderly, "rest to-night. You will be able to do much more to-morrow."

He turned, frowning.

"You cannot understand, Edoualise," was his answer. "This is the crucial night, and I waste time by lingering."

"Every night has been the crucial night!" she cried, dropping her arm.

"Science is not to leave and pick up at will," replied the brother querulously, and moved as if to leave them.

"Dear," said Edoualise entreatingly, following him, "you may make some error in your work if you continue. See how your hand shakes with weariness!"

He smiled triumphantly, but remained unmoved.

"Better perhaps to give up one night now, monsieur," observed

Farquhar dispassionately, "than a week later." It was the first time the guest had spoken, and the marquis glanced at him in surprise.

"I fear I must leave you alone to your wine, monsieur the captain," de Ruffé replied with his odd, flighty courtesy. "Study, you know, is all-important. You must pardon me for my inhospitality."

Edoualise saw her brother about to depart, and plunged desperately into stratagem. "Vidon says there is no more wood for the furnace," she murmured. De Ruffé stopped short.

"No more wood! It is impossible: wood was cut yesterday!"

"You use so much——"

"Vidon is mad! At this critical moment to ruin everything!" His voice rose nearly to a scream. "No! no! captain! Edoualise! My experiment—help me!"

Catching sight, unfortunately, of the logs piled near the hearth, the marquis precipitated himself upon them, loaded himself heavily, and staggered out, his muttered complaints dying out in the passageway. Then a door shut and silence followed. Farquhar turned to Edoualise.

"You see it is no use," said she, and, seating herself, rested her cheek upon her hand.

"Mademoiselle," he replied, really distressed, "I am sure he will soon see that he is too shaken to go on longer without rest."

She shook her head sadly, and the movement gave Farquhar an idea. "I will go to the laboratory and try once more," he said, rising, and was not surprised that she followed him down the passage.

The two waited long before the closed door of the tower without speaking. The lips of Edoualise moved, and the soldier fancied that prayers fell from them. He stood close to her in the dusk, just seeing the outline of her head, the delicate profile clear, against a window which opened to a square of blue, star-filled sky. Within sounded the intermittent roar of the furnace, through which rose now and again some minor, confused noise. A curious, dreamy feeling stole over Farquhar, as if the strange place and stranger companion were things not tangible, but imaginary. He watched and waited, musing. Then at their very ears rang a shrill, exultant cry, followed by a heavy fall and silence.

Farquhar set his shoulder to the door, and the rude fastening yielded. He had meant to be the first to enter, to shield the girl from the danger of some dreadful sight, but she was too quick for him. From the open door issued smoke, a red glare as from the pit, a clamor and chaos of noises; in the midst of the unfamiliar shapes and sounds the soldier paused bewildered, so that Edoualise flashed past him to the place where her brother lay on the floor. He had struck his head upon the corner of a chest; his face was distorted; his legs lay doubled under him, as though he had fallen from weak-

ness. The blow or the fall had rendered him unconscious. Vidon, who came blackened from the forge, carried the helpless body into the fresher air of the house and laid him upon his bed. The sister hung over him; Farquhar forced wine down his throat; Vidon chafed the twitching hands. After a time he appeared to regain a partial consciousness and to lie with more relaxed muscles. There was nothing further in their ignorance for them to do.

"I think," the soldier whispered to Edoualise, "that he will rest quietly now. Shall I go?"

She caught his hand convulsively, and he seated himself quietly once more. They had watched thus perhaps for an hour when the marquis suddenly opened his eyes and spoke in a clear, loud voice:

"Whatever happens, Edoualise must not go back to France! My father commanded it; not to the Court!"

His eyes closed again, and he appeared to sleep. When his quiet breathing became audible, the first ray of relief glimmered upon the sister's face. She made no further objection to Farquhar's leaving her now, so he stole away to throw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed. An instinct told him that he might once more be needed.

How long he slept was hard to tell. There came a wild beating of hands upon the door. The voice of Edoualise, crying for him incoherently, struck on his ears before he was fully awake. Swiftly following, he caught sight of her flying down the passage-way leading to the laboratory.

It might have been an hour before dawn. The dying embers of the furnace guided Farquhar's stumbling footsteps to where a prostrate form lay with a kneeling figure beside it. At the sight he was thoroughly awakened. He knew not what to say, for it was evident the mere embers of his furnace would last longer than life in the alchemist. The man had taken his last reserve of strength to reach this place from his bed, and now lay, with open eyes, gasping, and fumbling weakly with a phial he held in one hand. Farquhar dared not look at the sister, but bent over the dying man instead. The marquis's breathing came very faint and fast.

After awhile his lips moved. They made out the whisper, "The elixir—my experiment—immortal life!"

Farquhar answered: "This is no time to think of your elixir, monsieur, but of your sister and yourself."

There came no reply. Farquhar bent lower as he repeated, "Is there anything you wish me to do, any charge you lay upon me?" The eyes, bent in turn upon Edoualise and Farquhar, brightened a little, and the latter fancied he understood. Speaking low, he said: "I will take care of your sister, monsieur le marquis, as if she were my own. I promise you, on my word of honor."

A faint smile grew on the man's face; he made a great effort to lift his head and speak. Farquhar bent eagerly lower to catch the murmurs:

"Life—my elixir—eternal life!"

He half turned upon his side with a gasp. Farquhar gently laid his hand over the sister's eyes.

The day had fully dawned when he at last persuaded the girl to leave the dead body of her brother. To his entreaties she had replied dumbly with a shake of the head; all the pressing anxieties of the situation had doubtless lent his manner some constraint. Worn out by grief and weariness, she yielded at length, and Farquhar saw her safely in the hands of one of the Frenchwomen, for whom he had sent post-haste. He had intended to leave her to rest untroubled, but counsel with Vidon and Lautrec brought so little light on the various perplexities that he was obliged, some hours later, to send her a message begging her to come and speak with him.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD LETTERS.

MADemoiselle EDOUALISE found the soldier pacing the room from end to end, with an expression in which pity and perplexity struggled for the mastery. When she entered, a drooping figure, the face almost as white as her dead brother's, the eyes dazed and tearless, pity flew uppermost. He handed her to a chair with a gentleness which she hardly noted. She seated herself without speaking, laid her head back as if utterly fatigued, and seemed to drift into a sad reverie. With an effort Farquhar strove to recall her to the present and its necessities.

"Mademoiselle," he began, the flush of earnestness on his handsome face, "you must believe that I do not lightly intrude on you at this time, but I have no choice."

He paused, and she bowed her head in assent.

"I cannot tell you," Farquhar continued, drawing nearer, "how I feel the strangeness of our position. Your plans and your affairs are naturally no concern of mine, yet I must ask you to let me make them so in default of a better counsellor. Mere castaway though I am, sheltered for a day by your hospitality, I am too much a man, mademoiselle, to see you, a lonely girl, in such trouble and not wish to help you. Some one must come to the head for the moment, and there is no one but myself."

He had spoken with the frankness that was his by nature, and it could hardly fail of effect. She raised her head with less listlessness as she replied: "I think you are both right and kind, monsieur. Speak plainly; do not fear. I am, as you say, singularly friendless."

"You will trust me?"

She gave him a long, steadfast look.

"Yes," she said quietly.

Farquhar drew a deep breath, and his face brightened at the word. "Thank you," he cried. "You speak generously and like yourself. Even if you would not render me that trust, I must have gone on trying to be of assistance, and the result——" He broke off as though the thought was unpleasant and took a seat nearer hers. "Now we can talk," he continued more briskly, "as friend to friend, for such we are. In the first place, have you access to your brother's private papers,—such papers as would cast some light on what he intended you to do? I remember only that one sentence of his——"

"I know," she interrupted, and then repeated softly: "“Whatever happens, Edoualise must not go back to France! My father commanded it; not to the Court!”"

"We must be certain," said Farquhar, "before you reject what seems to me the right and natural course for you, that this was no delirious fancy."

Edoualise turned to him a trifle impatiently. "It was a conviction," she said with decision. "I have heard him say a thousand times that I must never go back to the Court of Louis. There must have been some reason, but he would never tell me what."

"If so, then he doubtless kept a record of his wishes, or he was more careless of his sister's welfare than I think."

"Oh, he was not careless," the girl said tremulously. "Armuet loved me dearly, dearly. But if he had such papers I never saw them, unless they are contained in the carved box which stands at the head of his bed."

"Will you get this box, mademoiselle?" asked the soldier; and she departed on the errand.

Left alone, Farquhar stood knitting his brow over the problem. If this fancy, this whim of the dead madman's, had taken firm hold on the sister, there lay many difficulties before the adviser. Yet what a life lay before this child in the wilderness, exiled, solitary, without a protector. She must go home; this was his conviction, and he must persuade her to it, though in direct defiance to the will of the beloved dead. Farquhar despaired at the thought. He entertained the idea of sending for Lautrec, but rejected it almost immediately, and had not formulated any plan by the time Edoualise returned. As she laid the carved box in his hands he asked, "Have I your permission, mademoiselle, to examine the contents of this coffer?"

Edoualise seated herself, replying "Certainly." Without further delay Farquhar turned the key and threw back the lid. Within lay an orderly heap of parchments, which he laid to one side; below them were others, older and yellower, docketed in the same handwriting; on the bottom of the box lay a small leathern case and a roll of louis d'or. The case was found to contain a signet ring cut with the family arms, a brooch or two set with gems, and a second ring

holding a fine diamond, but no sign of paper or testament. Farquhar handed case and money to Edoualise and fell to examining the parchments. The first dozen of these were labelled, "*Lettres de M. de St. Germain*," and when opened proved to be long alchemical treatises full of obscure allusions and mystical references to "Sol and Luna," complicated with bad Latin.

From a word here and there in this mass of unintelligible stuff Farquhar gathered that the friendship of these two had not been without substantial benefits to St. Germain, since he thanked de Ruffé for furnishing the ten thousand ounces of pure silver which was to be the basis of their mutual experiments. Following these were letters of older date. One or two, marked "*Lettres de ma chère mère: Dieu reste son âme!*" were full of tenderness and simple affection in tortured phraseology, with allusions to the "*gentille petite sœur*," who longed for her brother's coming in the Breton château; and again to a certain Amélie, who seemed to be in Paris and to cause the writer some unexplained anxiety. Then came a short incoherent note, the paper all blotted with tears, bewailing some stunning shock of disgrace or grief which had overtaken the little family, telling Armuet that "*Vostre père n'ay mangé, depuis cet heure terrible!*" and calling on the young vicomte to return home. Here the mother's letters ended.

The father's letters began a year or two later and were epistles of a very different character. The spelling was as singular, but the phrases were long and sonorous, the commands dictatorial, the pages full of the haughty precepts of the old-school aristocrat. The young heir was entreated to put the thought, "*La patrie, l'honneur, le roi*," before everything, "*for although Louis*" (so Farquhar translated), "whose forefathers mine and yours defended by their swords to the spilling of every drop of their good blood with a good courage, has thus dishonored us, yet do not believe, my son, though thou art tempted to think us accursed in this coward, that France without a king can ever exist."

There was more of this kind, in which the fervent old Breton poured out his pride of race and his scorn, calling upon his son to remember a certain Hugues de Ruffé, who had withstood Richelieu, and a de Ruffé-d'Aubémont, who had followed St. Louis to the Crusades. Finally there was a sentence or two which, with what had preceded, began to enlighten Farquhar as to the dishonor connected with the name of 'Amélie,' and in the last letter a paragraph much underscored and creased with rereading which took him finally into the core of the matter.

"For in reflecting upon the dishonor of our house," wrote the old Marquis de Ruffé, "and remembering that this dishonor was brought upon us by the very lord who had sworn to be a faithful seigneur to us his nobles, I have come, my son, to fear for the safety of our remaining daughter at the hands of France. And I have

determined, with the help of my prayers, that my little Edoualise shall be spared her sister's fate, or, what is nearly as bad, marriage to one of these recently ennobled Court fribbles, who know the value of an ancient name. Thou knowest, my son, I cannot hope myself to live long enough to guard and keep her. Therefore take this charge of me, thou, Armuet, that never, under what persuasion may be, nay, under the command of the king himself, shalt thou let thy sister be brought to the Court. Better far that she live and die in her convent or in distant lands, ignoring her rank, than trust her innocent youth in yonder vileness. We, under the great Louis, were no saints, God knows, yet a virtuous maid could have walked securely among us. This, then, is my command, my son, that even if they demand her from thee as a ward of France, do thou resist them to the death if need be, shielding thyself under the sacred vows of thy father and seigneur."

That such a command, thus solemnly given, had graven itself deeply on the son's mind there could be no doubt, and, as Farquhar acknowledged, it gave a sufficient warrant for the abduction of the sister. Yet how, under these changed circumstances, to move in the face of an injunction so powerful yet so antiquated, so strenuous yet so unreasonable, he felt unable to decide. He was not at all surprised when Edoualise, laying down the last of the letters, and raising her eyes to meet his, said quietly, "In any case, monsieur, you see I cannot go back to France."

Farquhar took a turn through the room, much perplexed. Many reasons, thoughts, arguments, rushed to his tongue together; the prejudice of the writer, smarting under private wrongs; the altered, healthier state of things under the new *régime*; but the difficulties of his position held him speechless. To advise this girl's opposing the strenuous command of her natural guardians was a task ungrateful and impossible, for which his authority and influence were inadequate.

As in puzzled silence he put back the papers into their box his fingers touched an unobserved scrap. He drew it forth. It was the torn leaf of a diary, on which the date and half a sentence remained. The handwriting was the dead man's, and the date some two months previous. Farquhar handed it to Edoualise, and she slowly read the words aloud: "Jean Maille brings word of Maury's death, three months back, from a rapier wound. They will surely now make further search for Edoualise. Should they discover our whereabouts we must——" Here the writing ended. "Maury was our cousin, I think," said mademoiselle, replying to Farquhar's inquiring glance. "Armuet spoke of him as owning the estate since our absence. I did not know he had died. That means, I suppose, that they desire to find me, does it not, monsieur?"

"I think it does," replied Farquhar gravely; "and you must consider, mademoiselle——"

He was interrupted by quick steps crossing the hall. Vidon, with Lautrec at his elbow, stood in the doorway.

"Mademoiselle, little demoiselle," the steward began eagerly, "something strange has occurred. A ship approaches—a schooner—but it is not the Belle Marie. Indeed, it is no ship we have ever seen, and we cannot tell for what reason it is coming here."

This information fell upon Farquhar's ears like a blow. Without the half sentence on the torn scrap they had just read, the fact might have been meaningless; to what endless possibilities did it now open the door? It was clearly his duty to speak, cost what misunderstanding it might. Edoualise had listened with a flush on her cheek. "Do you think it is likely to be—this, monsieur?" She lifted the torn leaf.

"I think it more than likely."

"And what," she asked, "shall I do?"

"Dear mademoiselle," said Farquhar earnestly, "there is but one thing for you to do. You cannot stay in this desert, and the days are over of which your father writes. You are a rich and noble lady, and this is doubtless a ship sent to conduct you home in all honor. Think, mademoiselle; the dead cannot command the living—it is unfair. Your duty, if you like, is there; you must go!"

She looked at him with an undefinable expression in her large eyes, and answered with sudden haughtiness: "You know I cannot go, monsieur. My father and brother forbade it. But this ship can take you and your comrade home if you like."

He cast her a look and walked to the end of the room. There was a moment's silence until he walked back again. "Have you thought," he said steadily, "that these people may have authority?"

"Have I not my father's," rejoined Edoualise in a low voice, "and Vidon to help?"

"Oh, you are unreasonable," Farquhar broke out. "You do not understand what you propose to do. How can you live in this wilderness?"

"How have I lived thus far? Vidon," she addressed the steward entreatingly, "you will not let these men take me away?"

"I think not, mademoiselle," the man answered, and shut his teeth with a snap.

"The feller thet'll take you anywheres you don't want to go," growled Lautrec, "will have a mighty nice settlin' to do with this," and he showed the hilt of an ugly-looking knife.

"Could it be done?" she asked Farquhar, all her haughtiness gone.

"It might," he answered, wavering, "if——"

"If you will help," she finished beseechingly,—“if you will help me, monsieur!"

He looked intensely upon her face, upon the faces of the other men, and then plunged into the situation.

"I can do no less than help you, mademoiselle," he said, "if it is your wish."

She gave him her hand impulsively: their eyes met.

"Thank you," said she, in the tone of one who desires to make amends. "And now will you please tell us what we are to do?"

CHAPTER VII.

VISITORS.

His decision once made, reason and prudence flung aside, a glow of ardor and excitement swept over Farquhar. He felt that he was about to pit himself perhaps against a notable adversary. Here was the chance for his soldierly and diplomatic qualities, and probabilities of untold adventure and intrigue which thrilled him with a sensation very near pleasure. He stood thoughtfully, for, in despite of this thrill, the wish was strong in him that mademoiselle were out of it; then, pushing away apprehension, he looked upon the three waiting faces. "You must realize, mademoiselle," he began gravely, "that if this ship is bound on any errand regarding yourself, she is undoubtedly provided with authority and means to enforce it. You are the owner and heir to large properties—doubtless a ward of the state, and your arguments will be laughed at. Moreover, what we could do would be little. Our garrison is small and undisciplined; it would be helpless against the crew of yonder vessel."

She listened anxiously, with parted lips.

"There is no time to think this over," Farquhar resumed, "and I see but one plan. When these men land, they must not find mademoiselle here, and she must never have been here."

Her face lit with intelligence; she seized at once on his idea. "I see," she cried. "I shall go at once to Suroc's farm. His wife will receive me; she used to be my nurse." She wheeled upon Vidon imperiously. "You, Vidon, are to tell the others. You understand—I have not been here. They must not speak, not think of me."

"Mademoiselle will hide?" said Vidon doubtfully.

"I must, for as long as may be needful. Meanwhile, I leave monsieur the captain in charge. You are all to obey and serve him. This is as the marquis would have wished, my friend."

"As mademoiselle wishes," said the Frenchman submissively, and turned to Farquhar.

"You had better go at once," the soldier told him. "How long will it take this ship to make anchorage?"

"She will be here in a couple of hours without fail," Vidon replied.

"What more, captain?"

"Go at once with Vidon, mademoiselle," Farquhar urged. "You have but little time and much to do. Every trace of your presence in this house must be removed. Get the other men to help you." On the threshold Edoualise paused and hung her head.

"And Armuet?" she asked.

The three men glanced at one another. Excitement had made them all forget the dead master of the House of Pan. Pity caught at Farquhar's throat as he replied: "Trust us, mademoiselle. All shall be done in honor. You must make your farewells brief, and permit us to do the rest without you." As she moved away without answering, Farquhar saw tears on her cheeks; they stirred him strangely. His voice was rough when he next spoke.

"Choose two men to accompany mademoiselle, Vidon, and send the others to me. Report also how far off the ship is. We must watch her. Lautrec,"—he wrung the old sailor's hand,—“you will see this through?"

"Ay," said Lautrec briefly, "and if there's fightin'——"

"There will be none of that, I hope. You and I are now commanders. I think these men will obey us. Will you go and find out if they have weapons and powder? It is well at least to make a martial showing. One thing more; bear me out in what I say; I shall lie like a trooper."

"I'd be more use fightin'," grumbled Lautrec, "but I'll lie ef I hev' to."

He departed upon his mission, and Farquhar went at once to the room where the dead man lay, candles burning at his head and feet. The soldier stood for an instant looking down at him. There might be deadly wrong in what he was about to do, but for this the marquis was responsible. A dull indignation against the dead smouldered in Farquhar all the while he worked and directed. They dressed the marquis in a suit of black velvet found in a chest; the lace ruffles fell over the long hands quietly folded; his head rested upon a heap of sweet-smelling balsam boughs. In the centre of the hall, under the mocking glances of the Pan, they placed him on a bier of dark pine-branches; then, shutting out the sunlight, filled the place with the wavering light of torches. One by one his retainers gathered round him; the tears fell from their eyes at the majesty of him who had been in life so far from majestic. In the silence Farquhar heard, or thought he heard, anxiety had so sharpened his senses, the calling of men upon the nearing ship, and then the rattle of her anchor-chains. He went to the door and looked out: she was there, a good-sized schooner, just anchoring in the mouth of the fiord. He could see the men on her decks, looking up at the house in groups of two or three.

As he returned, amid a general hush, Edoualise came slowly down the stairway. The men with her were heavily laden, and she

assured Farquhar that the work had been effective. It was hard for him to see her grief; he did not look when she stooped over her brother and set her lips to his forehead. Then she turned away and followed her men firmly across the hall to the door which opened upon the forest. In silence they saw the little party disappear among the trees.

At the same moment Vidon gave an exclamation, and the sound was heard, plainly enough, of a boat's keel grating on the pebbly beach. Lautrec had stepped eagerly to Farquhar's side.

"One shot now?" he asked.

"No, no," cried the other, "by no means! Set the door wide open and wait. They are not, so far, our enemies."

A party of some ten men was now seen approaching the house, slowly and with evident hesitation. Now the path led them out of sight in the pines, and now into plain view climbing up the rocks. As far as Farquhar's imperfect survey could tell him, they appeared to be Yankee mariners, most unwarlike in appearance, and bearing alike on all their faces an expression of gaping wonder. A trifle in advance walked the leader, active in step; something in his figure struck Farquhar as vaguely familiar, although the tension of the moment prevented this idea from taking form. In silence, grouped about their master's body, the six men awaited their visitor's arrival, nor had they long to wait. In a few moments the first man crossed the threshold, and paused in amazement at the silent group, the corpse, the flickering lights, the heavy balsam perfumes. There was something indescribably startling in the whole scene. The men, crowding up behind their leader, fell back and looked amazedly on one another.

The stranger stood staring, and then slowly removed his hat, an example followed by his comrades. Then he drew a step nearer and looked about him.

"May I ask," he said in French, addressing Farquhar, "which is the Marquis de Ruffé?"

Farquhar made an impressive gesture towards the dead. "This," he said significantly, meeting the stranger's eyes, "is the Marquis de Ruffé." And in that breath of speech he recognized the man before him for his Paris friend and comrade five years back—Charles d'Aubémont.

CHAPTER VIII.

D'AUBÉMONT.

THE shock of this discovery and its overwhelming possibilities struck Farquhar dumb, and an instinct of self-preservation made him turn his face aside into the shadow to gain time. The precaution was unnecessary, for d'Aubémont was intent upon the dead

man's face, and Farquhar had a moment to catch and hold some of the wild thoughts which chased one another through his brain. Short-sighted fool that he had been, not to realize the unavoidable difficulties of such an encounter, not to understand that the inevitable feature of such an expedition as Edoualise de Ruffé dreaded was the presence of some relative against whom Farquhar's protection would have seemed mere impertinence! He caught his breath with a suppressed gasp as he reflected on the probable consequences of his position. Here he stood, pledged on the one hand by promise and chivalry, and a dawning, deeper feeling, to lie, trick, and deceive his close friend, a man bound upon a humane errand, an errand that had his sympathy. He glanced at d'Aubémont, whose eyes were still fixed on his cousin, in the wild hope that he might be mistaken; but no, five years had not altered that dapper, slight figure, the small features, the white, small, effeminate hand. It was certainly Charles d'Aubémont, hair a little thinner, mouth a little harder, eye a little less genial, and the air which five years ago had been but a lively, youthful coxcombry, deepened and defined into a distinct vanity and courtier worldliness. Even in that instant's glance the American felt that the past five years had not benefited the Frenchman in character or circumstances.

It was as well perhaps that he had no time to go deeper into the situation, else his nerve might have been shaken. As it was, he met the newcomer's wondering upturned glance with a smile of amused composure, although with a fierce leap of the pulse.

"How long——" the other began; then, meeting this smile, broke off abruptly, paused with knit brows, and then sprang towards him with a sudden radiance of countenance. "Farquhar! Bonne Sainte Vierge!"

"None other," said the soldier, and marvelled that his own laughter could ring so easily.

D'Aubémont fell upon his neck and kissed him on both cheeks, to Lautrec's scarcely concealed disgust. Then, drawing a long breath of astonishment, "'Tis impossible," he began; "I cannot believe my eyes. Oh, this America! I sail for days on a desert coast till I find an island where no island should be, and here a house, where it is incredible that there should be a house, and in that house yourself, whom I had sooner looked for at Versailles than under the roof of my runaway cousin;—and he, poor lunatic, dead!"

"It is easily explained," replied the other.

"And I cannot wait longer to hear this explanation," cried d'Aubémont. "Good friend, I am wild with curiosity. You must delay these obsequies, which would do honor to Notre Dame. But I must first see my cousin. Where is she?"

Thought was suspended for an instant in Farquhar. He stepped into his *rôle* and fitted his armor on him.

"She?" he repeated with a puzzled air. "I do not understand."

"Mademoiselle Edoualise de Ruffé, to be plain."

"There is no Mademoiselle de Ruffé here," said Farquhar with perfect simplicity.

The eagerness in d'Aubémont's face was replaced by a glance of some perplexity and then of sternness. "When did my cousin die?" he asked quickly.

"To-day at dawn," was the prompt answer.

"And how?"

"I found him in his laboratory, stricken over his experiment. He lived but an hour or so after."

"Poor fanatic!" murmured the Frenchman. "And his sister was not with him when he was stricken?"

"No."

Was it possible, thought Farquhar, that the truth herself was arrayed on his side? In the pause that followed the eyes of all present were riveted on the two men. Then d'Aubémont laid a hand on Farquhar's shoulder.

"I must talk with you alone," he said gravely. "There is much about this that is unaccountable."

"The men are making a coffin," replied Farquhar, "and would be glad of help. As you see, the garrison is small."

"I have no English," d'Aubémont explained, "and the skipper, who interprets, is still on board. I am only supercargo, as it were. Command the men yourself, my friend, to do whatever you like."

Farquhar spoke a few words to Vidon: "Take these men and give them grog," he said, "and they will help you dig the grave."

Vidon replied with a "Bien, m'sieu," and conducted the sailors forthwith to his own quarters, only Lautrec lingering behind as they trooped out. Farquhar spoke hurriedly to the old sailor.

"I think this man has no suspicions so far. If he causes you to be questioned, you must bear it out that we have seen no lady here since our arrival."

Lautrec nodded. "And you must go to Suroc's at once," Farquhar continued, "to tell mademoiselle that it is her cousin who has come, and that I entreat her to give up this idea and to return. Let her know, I entreat——"

"Who is this old gentleman?" inquired d'Aubémont's voice at his elbow. "Art thou a sailor?" he asked Lautrec in French.

A stolid shake of the head was his reply, and Farquhar explained: "He is my countryman, castaway like myself, and speaks no French. It is a long story."

"And one I must delay hearing no longer," said the Frenchman. "Is there any corner in this magician's mansion where a man may sit to his wine out of the view of yonder corpse? I do not relish drinking with the dead, although poor de Ruffé is as good a bottle companion now as ever he was in his life."

Liking his part in the drama less and less, Farquhar led the

way to an inner room, where wine and food were set before them. D'Aubémont looked about him on all sides with undisguised wonder.

"At last," he began, carrying a glass to his lips, "I begin to believe in the reality of all this. At first, I will not deny, I looked upon you as a spectre."

"I am not surprised at your surprise," said the other, falling on the food with some appetite, "for my own quite equalled it."

"Come, explain!" cried d'Aubémont, leaning forward on the table. "How came you here?"

Thus urged, and marshalling his powers, Farquhar told a plain tale in a plain way, truthful in every point except the one vital circumstance. He related everything that had befallen in the House of Pan, and all that he knew of it, past and present. Beyond the important reservation he made only one other. He said nothing of the expected schooner, holding to that fact as to the seen link in an unseen chain,—a possible chance and hope and key-note to some yet unformed plan of disentanglement. On his part, with the same apparent candor, and, for all the listener knew, the same real want of it, d'Aubémont told rapidly the history of his little expedition; the chance discovery, through some Boston skipper, of the marquis's whereabouts; the death which made it a necessity that the sister should return to France. And at this point, which Farquhar had been long anticipating, d'Aubémont looked keenly at him over the wine-glass.

"You say the marquis made no mention of his sister?"

"None that I remember," said the soldier imperturbably.

"But you must have known yourself: you never thought to ask?"

"I have been under this roof but thirty-six hours, and I saw my host for two of these at most," replied Farquhar, truthfully enough. "Moreover, I found the man a monomaniac. What did I know of his actions during ten years?"

D'Aubémont pushed his chair aside and rose, the other watching him as he paced the floor.

"It is incredible!" he cried, stopping short in front of Farquhar's chair. "What can have become of her? Can she have died?"

"Very probably. In this desert place what young girl could live?"

"No," replied d'Aubémont, "I will not believe that. Can he, anticipating an arrival, have hidden her somewhere? Madmen are cunning. We might search."

Farquhar grew chilly, but his voice was indifferent enough as he replied, "My dear d'Aubémont, there are very few places in this wilderness in which one could keep hidden a young woman without starving her."

"He would do that," said the other with a shrug; "but then

there would be some trace——” He broke off and appeared to be thinking deeply.

Farquhar had a brilliant inspiration. “Perhaps,” he suggested, “the marquis left his sister in some convent at Quebec or Montreal.”

D’Aubémont shook his head impatiently. “That was our first thought,” he replied. “Every inquiry has been made at both places. And we know she was with him here two years ago. There must be some trace of her.”

“I think you will find nothing,” said Farquhar carelessly.

“I disagree with you. Young women do not vanish as a rule. I shall inspect the house and question the men.”

Farquhar kept silence lest he should let fall some indiscretion, and unwillingly started to accompany the Frenchman on his tour of the house. In his own mind they had but delayed an inevitable discovery. He quite agreed with d’Aubémont that some trace, some unavoidable carelessness, would lead to their betrayal. But as they searched room after room without such trace he grew more at ease. Edoualise had had but few belongings, and her one room, which he entered as a man enters his place of execution, was as bare as stone walls could make it. She had done her work cleverly; there was no sign of feminine habitation in the dusty rooms,—open gaps for windows, the few pieces of heavy old furniture, all empty. After a careful inspection of house and laboratory, the two men reëntered the hall again and stood before the fireplace, d’Aubémont visibly disappointed, Farquhar inwardly jubilant.

Glancing up at the stone head above them, d’Aubémont said: “I remember that Pan. It is of great antiquity, as old as the château. My uncle regarded it as a household god: its disappearance with poor de Ruffé was to us the proof of his existence. Strange, to find it here in this wild place! If it could speak——?”

“It would tell you nothing,” replied Farquhar dreamily. “Mystery lives on his lips; he is inscrutable. For myself, I hate his mocking smile. What are you going to do next?”

D’Aubémont’s failure had affected his spirits to a measure that his comrade thought disproportionate.

He declared passionately that he would not be so beaten, and had Vidon sent for, whom he subjected to an hour’s severe cross-examination. Farquhar sat to one side, humming a tune and inwardly trembling, for although chance had protected them so far, yet he hardly thought the peasant’s self-possession would be equal to this strain. He need not have feared: Vidon had the sullen, dogged persistence of his class, joined to keener insight and comprehension. He displayed, in truth, a positive talent in handling the situation that roused Farquhar to admiration. His story was simple: he had not seen mademoiselle since leaving France; there had been no word of her, to his knowledge, since. All the ingenious torturings of this statement by his inquisitor could wring from him nothing

more and nothing different. In one way he was favored, for d'Aubémont was too heady, too impetuous, to lay traps; he lost his temper, and thus forgot the train of his questioning; and when the ice grew thin Vidon took refuge in stupidity.

"He remembered mademoiselle in France?"

"Of a surety: who could forget '*notre petite demoiselle*'?"

But he asserted unflinchingly that she had not been on the ship while he was there, and to all the rest of d'Aubémont's questions returned the answer, "I do not know."

So far all had gone well enough. D'Aubémont was baffled and annoyed; he dismissed the man, and buried his nose in a mug of wine. Vidon bowed humbly, retreating to the doorway, where he could not forbear sending a glance of triumph at Farquhar, which the latter, secure in the friendship of Fate, most imprudently returned. D'Aubémont caught both glances. He set his mug down furiously and rose.

"You are lying!" he cried passionately; "you are concealing something from me. I saw it."

"My dear d'Aubémont," said Farquhar with great tranquillity, while Vidon sensibly left the room, "you must not call this honest fellow a liar. Your excitement leads you to a mistake. What could be his motive in deceiving you?"

"I saw you exchange glances," d'Aubémont returned, while Farquhar mentally cursed himself first and Vidon after.

"Indeed, you are mistaken," he returned quietly. "My glance told the man that he could go. Your imagination is responsible for the rest."

"Perhaps," said d'Aubémont, and he fell suddenly moody. His eyelids dropped, and the corners of his mouth tightened, signs the other noticed with anxiety. Then, seeming to recall himself, he looked up obliquely and resumed his light-hearted manner.

"Let it go," he said, pushing the bottle towards Farquhar. "You are not drinking, my friend. Try this."

And the soldier, with no very light heart, did as he was bid.

CHAPTER IX.

A DUEL WITHOUT WEAPONS.

THE next morning brought Farquhar no counsel and little comfort. He had gone to bed late after sitting long with the man downstairs; he had drunk with him, chatted and laughed with him, parted from him with a friendly handgrip, and was never once freed of an underlying uneasiness. That his intercepted glance at Vidon had raised some formless suspicion in the other's mind he was convinced,

but how far it extended he had no means of judging. D'Aubémont, for some private reason, was in the "clasp of a strong discretion" wine could not unlock, and no effort of his dexterous companion could induce him to loquacity. This was so unlike the d'Aubémont of old time that it roused a corresponding suspicion in Farquhar—suspicion that there was more in this errand than he had been led to suppose. Reviewing the events of the day in their sequence and by the light of their result, he felt forced to acknowledge that his elaborate fabric of falsehood had been shattered to uselessness by a look. The conclusion was miserable; by the reaction of the morning his own conduct appeared unwillingly dishonorable.

Depressed and heartily puzzled, he dressed and went forth, trying to find in the sweetness of the day some relief to his irritation. Its beauty fell softly upon his heart, and he lingered long by the sea-shore, musing and planning. When the light voice of d'Aubémont recalled him, he turned about with a stouter courage.

The grave of the marquis had been dug in the near-by pine forest. At the foot of a splendid tree they had scraped aside the dry, red needles, and set spades into the mould beneath. A covering of balsam boughs robbed the earth of bareness, and as the sailors lowered the coffin into place, Farquhar looked about, wondering if any lord of de Ruffé had ever lain in a spot more beautiful. He and d'Aubémont stood side by side with bared heads, each silently pursuing his own thoughts. They set no mark to the place—marks being valueless in such a wilderness; and Farquhar thought pitifully how the only creature who had loved the dead man had been debarred from the little ceremony. He had a vision of her, kneeling at the pine's foot with her rosary, arrows of early sunlight striking her hair. Here he was aroused by d'Aubémont's voice, saying meditatively:

"The vault of the de Ruffés at the château is a great place of sculptured marble, cut with hatchments and armorial devices. And he lies here!"

"A more beautiful place, to my thinking," said Farquhar, "and far quieter."

"And so deserted," said d'Aubémont, giving him a sidelong look. "Is it not sad, captain, that there is no one to stand at his grave's head but me, a cousin, and you, a chance acquaintance?"

Farquhar assented.

"After all, the funeral was a diversion," said the Frenchman, yawning, "and this place is of a dulness. Come back with me to the house, my friend, and have another mug of wine. And you have been in the wars since we parted in Paris?"

But the soldier excused himself, and went to take a long, solitary ramble by the shore. He felt the need of solid thought upon the situation, and yet when he returned it was only with the conviction that the following few days would determine how much of candor he owed his old acquaintance. He had seen and felt that

in d'Aubémont which made him instinctively conscious that it would be impossible to resume their old intimacy.

And now there began a fortnight of companionship for these two young men which had the effect of finally altering their relations towards each other; not that these had ever been very close or binding. Wayne Farquhar had known Charles d'Aubémont at a time when youth is ready and indiscriminating. Paris had been the background of their friendship, splendid, seductive Paris, and one young man had renewed his pleasures in teaching them to the other. The colonial had been shy and haughty; d'Aubémont met him with plentiful good comradeship, with no trace of patronage; as a result, the two fell easily into intimacy. But since their separation five years had passed and brought differing experiences. The American had taken a minor part in the Revolutionary drama. On his return from Europe he had thrown himself heartily into the War of Independence. He had learned to go hungry, to sleep hard, to see his horse stagger under a bullet, to hold speech with such men as Washington, Hamilton, Hancock. These grim pages well-nigh obliterated the blue-and-tinsel memories of Versailles. Of d'Aubémont he had preserved the kindest recollections, but the day had come when he required more of a man than that he should be a good laugh. This d'Aubémont was, and it was his whole equipment for the art of intimacy. They had not lived a week together before Farquhar discovered that the Frenchman owned a frigid imagination, a mere modicum of intelligence, and little heart. The generous recklessness which he remembered admiring had been a mushroom growth of luxury; under sterner circumstances it disappeared and gave place to niggardliness of opinion and dealing.

These developments brought the soldier an amelioration of the intolerable position he was forced to maintain. Each small, ungenerous trait which the days drew out of d'Aubémont, every token of indifference towards himself, in a measure freed him from the treachery of which at the outset he could not but accuse himself. To lie thus to his friend, to play the deceitful and traitorous part, was a torture which even the thought of Edoualise little alleviated, and every sign which lessened the obligation of friendship helped to restore his self-respect. Yet, even as they stood, the situation was bad enough.

The Frenchman complained loudly of the loneliness, the desolation, the poor fare; yet he remained in the house, and his ship in the harbor. Towards Farquhar he was capricious, treating him now with indifference, and again with a scowling affectation of superiority that was a harder burden to the pride. All day he lounged in-doors, throwing dice with the captain of his schooner, a creature Farquhar heartily detested; all night he sat over his bottle, now boisterous, now moody, and impatient of either mood in his companion. Why he remained, why he did not sail homeward, Farqu-

har tried in vain to discover; but at the mere mention of his plans the other turned surly, and flung out covert sneers and taunts under which it was hard to keep silent. Often and often Farquhar was on the point of accusing him of want of candor; then, remembering his own position, his cheeks would burn with an almost unendurable humiliation. The temptation to give the Frenchman occasion for open quarrel was hard to resist; but then interposed the vision of Edoualise turned towards him for protection, and he would rein in his momentary anger, annoyance, or disgust. He held to his distasteful task, therefore, hoping that some straw would turn the other's mind to departure or that chance would lay open his real intentions.

Thus two weeks of cloudless weather passed, and d'Aubémont grew no franker, but became daily closer-mouthed, and, under the influence of an intolerable *ennui*, usually went to bed drunk. This habit of his enabled Farquhar to rise blithely, just as the sun showed his face between a cleft of the mountains, slip unobserved out of doors, and take a path through the forest. The pines lay sunk in shadow which the sunbeams had not yet routed, but to the young man the world was golden. Leaving the wood, his way led to the cliffs of the fiord, where a landslide had tumbled rock and trees headlong into the water. These formed a reef or breakwater, where on such a morning a seal or two splashed and barked, dragging their smooth black bodies up the rocks into the sun. Here he turned inland, to where the ledges that rose tier on tier above his head were plumed with tall grasses, and soft mounds of ground-pine grew in the cleft. The path ended in a stretch of broken rock and bare earth, cliffs rising high on either hand; and here, on a smooth boulder, Edoualise sat awaiting him. The mere sight of her figure as he first caught it from down the cleft cleared Farquhar of every touch of self-distrust and sent a thrill of personal hatred to d'Aubémont through his blood. This feeling had defined itself on the day when, at considerable risk, he had conducted her to her brother's burial-place, and kept watch at a distance while she wept her grief out. Since then it had grown, under these romantic circumstances, to goodly dimensions, so that it blotted out past and future, perils and possibilities. On mornings when their guest, as Edoualise scornfully termed him,—for she had no recollection of her cousin to make her charitable,—was sleeping off his drink, these two sat and talked gravely. The girl was never tired of hearing the soldier tell of his own home, his Quaker mother and sisters, and her eyes grew thoughtful at the glimpse of a life so unlike her own. On his part, Farquhar knew that these interviews were more than imprudent, yet he could not forego them. He took the precaution of establishing Lautrec at a turn in the path to keep watch, and shut his eyes to the rest. His love was still too new to be careful; it still tasted deliciously in his mouth; he was still all hopes and tendernesses, an-

ticipations and retrospects. He was young; his memory held no experience comparable; he was not strong enough to put it away from him. Perhaps the apparent success of their scheme had made him careless, or his love had not grown strong enough to be unselfish; it was still mere instinct, occupied with its own delights.

Yet he could give himself little real hope that it prospered. This desert-bred French demoiselle had something of the elusiveness of her household deity, the Pan. She was a combination of trust, confidence, and the most heart-breaking serenity and reserve. Of what she should do, of what her brother had done, she spoke freely, even moralizing with her pretty inexperience; but of herself, her attitude towards Farquhar, stratagem could draw nothing. Her eyes gladdened at the sight of him, but never fell before his; the touch of his hand never made her draw one breath the quicker; in the pauses of their talk, or perhaps when he would speak in lower tones of himself and her, she seemed to withdraw almost to formality. There seemed no touch of passion in her; she was sweet and cool and untroubled; the tenderest things he dared to say never caused a reflection of their glow upon her cheek. He might in truth, he reflected, have been addressing her on the terrace of her château, after the customary arrangements with the marquis. The position which had operated so strongly in himself, the propinquity, the peril, the secrecy, the romance of their meeting, seemed not to touch her nor draw them nearer; and he left her often unsatisfied, despondent, almost annoyed with her that she should respond so little to the warmth of his own feeling.

CHAPTER X.

D'AUBÉMONT SHUTS THE DOOR.

DRINK did not improve Charles d'Aubémont. From indifference he arrived easily at discourtesy, and began to hint that Farquhar was outstaying his welcome.

"I cannot see what you have to do in this wretched place," he would remark, yawning. "My men will put you ashore when and where you will."

"I could not think of leaving you alone here," the guest replied, and then raged inwardly at his enforced hypocrisy.

From hints like these d'Aubémont grew to rougher dealings. He took upon himself airs of proprietorship, began to order the men about, and once in a fit of anger laid a whip across Vidon's shoulders. Now just about this time France herself was beginning to find out that these ants could sting, and de Ruffé's peasants were made of the same clay. Moreover, for nine years they had eaten soup and

fish and venison; they had breasted the seas, and the winter gales had blown strength into them; the old cowed spirit was being shaken out by the hard work, the good food, the freedom of the wilderness. Vidon in France would have dropped under the whip, howling. Vidon in Maine sprang at the nobleman like a cat and laid him at full length.

An hour later Farquhar met him on the beach, shaking his fist and talking to himself. "A blow, a blow, m'sieu, from yonder little creature! M'sieu, the old marquis was somewhat hasty with his fist, and once, I remember, he struck my father for firing a pile of brush too near the château. But what did he then? He gave my father a silver piece, and said, 'See, Vidon, a man never knows where his temper will lead his hands.' That was our own lord, m'sieu, whereas this—is this is but a d'Aubémont, and no seigneur of mine, who dares sharpen his whip on me! The late marquis—God rest him!—never touched a man of us save in kindness," Vidon continued, as Farquhar remained silent. "Poor gentleman, what would he have said? He would have had satisfaction, dear soul, if he had not been at his science. Oh, in France, perhaps, we might stand it; what were we then? Till I came here I never smelt the savor of roast meat. But here—look you, m'sieu, in this place it is every man for himself, and no de Ruffé, much less a d'Aubémont, can rule it with a whip!"

"You are right," said Farquhar, and laid a hand on the steward's shoulder.

"M'sieu," Vidon resumed in a quieter tone, "hitherto I thought with you that it was a thousand pities our little demoiselle should not return in safety to her own people. It is true that this is no place for one like her. But now, I tell you, I would protect her from this d'Aubémont as I would from hell. For I do not trust him, m'sieu, I do not trust him, and this desert, with her brother's men to serve her, is safer than that man."

"Oh, the ship, Vidon, the schooner," cried Farquhar, all his pent-up anxiety finding words, "where is she? Why do we hear nothing? I am convinced that this man suspects us, and every hour is dangerous. Why does the Belle Marie not come?"

"M'sieu must wait," replied Vidon, turned once more into the servant by this spectacle of impatience in another. "She cannot delay longer, and, meanwhile, does m'sieu see no other way?"

"None," replied Farquhar despondently. "I cannot venture to urge mademoiselle to leave her comparative safety for this wilderness. No, we must wait."

A fierce sparkle lit Vidon's eyes. "M'sieu, suppose——" He began eagerly, and then stopped. "Lautrec will listen," he muttered to himself.

Farquhar was inattentive. "Au revoir, Vidon," he said listlessly. "You are not going back to the house?"

"Not while that dog is in it," was the answer; and without

further words the man moved away. When Farquhar returned to the house he found d'Aubémont cursing, for not only Vidon but the other three Frenchmen had disappeared, and the sailor who undertook the cooking was a much less accomplished person.

"Why don't you follow these peasants?" said d'Aubémont rudely. "You are not much more amusing."

"I am not a peasant," replied Farquhar significantly, "as monsieur's tone would seem to imply."

His voice had a certain threatening quality which seemed to strike his host, who made more effort at cordiality that night than for some time past.

Nevertheless, as Farquhar set out to his tryst at dawn his heart was far from light. Something must be done at once: they had waited for this phantom schooner too long. He must consult with Edoualise and formulate some scheme for getting her away,—the need for action was peremptory. Edoualise was a moment or two late in reaching the place of meeting. She came towards him smiling; they looked at each other with every mark of satisfaction at the encounter before settling themselves for their talk.

"How long have you to stay?" was her first question.

"Not very long," said the soldier regretfully. "I fear he went to bed sober last night, and will be asking for me."

"You do not give him enough wine, perhaps?"

"There is not," said Farquhar gravely, "so very much left in the cellar."

Edoualise smiled; meeting her companion's eyes, the smile deepened to a laugh. She was too young and too healthy to be long depressed, and the early morning was so fresh and beautiful!

"We treat our guest hospitably enough," she declared, nodding, "but what are we to do, m'sieu, when the last bottle is empty?"

"Give up these meetings: they are dangerous enough already," said Farquhar shortly.

Edoualise looked away. "I should not like that," said she.

"Mademoiselle," he continued, "the truth is, I am entirely at a loss. I know not what to do if this schooner of yours does not turn up soon: that is the truth. What if it should never come?"

"Jean Maille will never fail us," she cried with spirit.

"But he may be lost, shipwrecked," suggested Farquhar.

"He is too good a sailor." Her tone was one of unshaken confidence, which Farquhar could not share. He remained silent for a time, throwing some pebbles down the cliff and watching them skip from rock to rock.

"I cannot help thinking of the future," he said at length. "Even if your cousin does go away and leave you in peace, I must follow him. What is to become of you alone here? How can I ever leave you? And yet——"

"You have some one awaiting you at home?"

"Yes."

"You must go back, of course, and at the earliest chance," Edoualisse said in a constrained way. "I must not—cannot—keep you longer from those at home who—who love you. You have stayed too long already, M'sieu Farquhar."

"Do you think I am going to leave you," he cried warmly, "after my promise to your brother? Certainly not. My mother would be the last to ask it of me."

"It is your mother, then, who is waiting?" Edoualisse asked in a low voice.

"It is my mother, certainly," he replied, surprised. "Who else?"

"I do not know. I thought——" She murmured confusedly; then, recovering herself with a return to that childish frankness of hers, "I do not know why I asked, but something pained me strangely at the thought of that waiting."

She smiled again, as if the explanation sufficed, and the young man forced himself to smile frankly in return. With her bewildering transition from child to woman, she continued in another tone: "It is hard, m'sieu, for me to say what I am to do. I have been thinking, and I can think of only two things. The first is that I remain here, among my people."

"That is impossible."

"The second is, that I give my people—Vidon, Suroc, Jean Maille, my good friends, all the land and the house, which I suppose are mine. You have told me that Quebec is French, m'sieu—there are convents there without doubt, and the good sisters would receive me."

She spoke quietly, but her speech irritated Farquhar.

"That's equally impossible," he cried in his quick fashion; "not to be thought of."

"But why, m'sieu?"

"The question at present," he went on, passing her inquiry, for the excellent reason that he had no answer ready, "is not so much that as how to get you out of this dangerous position. I am not in favor of waiting any longer for the schooner. Each day is time wasted and adds to our difficulties. You had much better arrange to let Martin and his wife take you through the woods to the further shore. There the fishermen would help you to the mainland."

"But why make such haste? We seem safe enough," said Edoualisse, not at all understanding this sudden hurry.

"There is no time to lose, believe me," Farquhar said earnestly. "We have left your departure too long already. Vidon——"

The sentence was not finished. At that instant a yell from Lautrec echoed up the cliff; Farquhar sprang to his feet and ran to the turn of the path. He saw at once what had happened. He shouted to Edoualisse to run, but the noise drowned his words, and the girl remained on the spot like one enchanted. A man, who must have

followed Farquhar unobserved, had crept beside the path among the thick bushes, and, with the evident intention of slipping away as he had come, had crawled from his hiding-place to gain the path. Lautrec's sharp eye caught sight of his blue jacket among the stones, and in a second he made at him with open knife. Now the eaves-dropper had not bargained for bodily danger, and the glittering blade sent him into a panic. On open ground he might have distanced Lautrec, for he was younger, but a sailor does not run by instinct, and this one started madly to crawl up the face of the cliff. Had Lautrec been a landsman this manœuvre would have dodged him, but as it was he climbed as rapidly as the spy, holding the knife between his teeth. As Farquhar arrived on the spot, the pursued had gained a ledge of rock, paused, and, looking down, beheld the knife in Lautrec's mouth. He shrieked in uncontrollable terror. The sharp blade had scratched the old fellow's cheek, and a drop of blood trickled to his chin. He put a big hand on the rock to draw himself up, for he saw that he had his man in a trap. The spy groped frantically on the wet surface of the sloping cliff, drew himself partly up, and was jerked down again as one breaks a hanging branch. Farquhar saw and grew cold, dreading murder. He made a trumpet of his hands and yelled to Lautrec: "Stop! Don't kill him!"

Lautrec paused with his knife at the fellow's throat, then seemed to think better of it. Edoualise and Farquhar stood side by side, looking up, when the noise of feet turned their attention, and they beheld a little party of men draw near upon the path. At the head was M. d'Aubémont, wearing a disagreeable smile; grouped behind him were some five or six sailors who followed the two on the cliff above with open mouths of wonder. Farquhar's first impulse was to cast about for escape; his next was to step to the girl's side and throw up his head. In the pause he saw Lautrec look down, note the condition of affairs, and, pocketing his knife, promptly disappear among the rocks, leaving his victim much scared and relieved.

As for Edoualise, she had turned a little pale, but gave no sign of fear, and measured her cousin with her eye as if quietly surveying an enemy. D'Aubémont made a sign, and the sailors stepped forward, encircling the pair. Then he said lightly, "I am sorry my cousin thought it necessary to fly from me."

"It was," said Edoualise clearly and steadily, "only in obedience to my father's and brother's wishes."

"Is it possible? I had no idea that I stood so ill with my kinsmen. I had thought that perhaps it was in obedience to the wishes of this gentleman," said d'Aubémont, sneering.

"If my cousin will return to the house and read the letters I shall give him he will understand," said Edoualise composedly, "that I can do nothing else."

D'Aubémont bit his lip, but judged it best for the time being

to keep his temper. "I think if mademoiselle will listen to what I have to tell her——"

"It would be quite useless, monsieur."

"I bring letters from my mother; and there is the king's order."

"I am sorry that I am required to disregard it."

"But that is not so easy to do as you think," d'Aubémont said, dropping the tolerant tone he had used for one of more sharpness. "You are a de Ruffé, and so subject——"

"Yes, monsieur,"—her young voice had an authoritative ring as she cut him short,—"I am a de Ruffé, and I am obeying to the letter the commands of the head of my house. I recognize no other."

"You dare defy the king?"

"I have heard," she said naïvely, "that this country is a republic." As she spoke, she looked at Farquhar with a little, scornful smile which maddened d'Aubémont.

"As it happens," he cried furiously, "I am the present head of the house, and you shall obey me."

Farquhar started to speak, but her gesture checked him. "I think you forget yourself, my cousin," she said with stately reproof, "to use this tone to your hostess. My good men," she continued, addressing the sailors in English, "you have not been badly entertained in my house, I think? You will not make return by rudely forcing me to do what I do not wish?"

Up to this time Mademoiselle de Ruffé had been decided mistress of the situation. Her calmness and beauty impressed the sailors, who began to look at each other, and the sight annoyed d'Aubémont.

"You do not understand my authority or my determination!" he cried angrily, meeting her eye. "You *must* return with me. If you resist I shall use force. Permit me to tell you that I have the royal sanction to present myself before you as your betrothed husband, and my promised wife needs no protector but myself."

"You need my consent before you use those words," cried out Edoualise, flaming and shaking.

"Perhaps," said d'Aubémont, speaking with insulting significance, "mademoiselle does not realize what I overlook in suggesting the alliance."

With an inarticulate cry Farquhar sprang at him, but two sailors gripped him fast. D'Aubémont laughed, and Edoualise turned to Farquhar.

"Please say nothing," she said quietly; "it is useless."

D'Aubémont followed up his advantage by advancing a step. "If you will not follow me quietly," he said roughly, "I must carry you."

The girl shivered, looked wildly around, and bent her head. "If you do not touch me," she replied in a low voice, "I will go."

"I am delighted," d'Aubémont said, bowing, and they set out, Farquhar raging and impotent in the grasp of his captors.

The procession advanced in silence, d'Aubémont first, singing a little song about the Reines des Amours; then Edoualise, spurning the ground with her indignant tread, and lastly the puzzled sailors and Farquhar. When they arrived at the house door, d'Aubémont offered Edoualise his hand with a mock welcome. She passed him as if no one stood there and entered the house alone. Then d'Aubémont wheeled on Farquhar and eyed him.

"You and I," he cried in a choked voice, "will settle our affair later." His tone changed to a sneer. "I regret, captain, that I can no longer offer you hospitality."

So saying, he entered the hall; the sailors let go their hold on the young man's shoulders and went somewhat shamefacedly down to the beach; and Farquhar was left standing on the wrong side of the door of the House of Pan.

CHAPTER XI.

LAUTREC.

THE young man stood a long time without moving. If he had imagined surrender, it was other than this, something heroic, perhaps, or condescending, not the yielding to mere brute force and insult. At that moment Farquhar would gladly have exchanged the wild beauty which met his eye, sea, mountain, and pine-forest, for the means of facing this difficulty in the crowded thoroughfare of some capital of the world. He turned slowly away at last, and his feet bore him mechanically to the shore. How happy he had been! Even past perils had had their zest and excitement; there was, at least, no one to suffer but himself; the present peril was an agony. The schooner anchored in the waterway, where he could see the busy sailors at work, the very stones under his feet, seemed to accuse him, and he fell into bitter self-upbraiding.

It had been entirely his fault, the result of his selfish thoughtlessness. In order not to deny himself the pleasure of their meetings, he had led Edoualise into this danger,—he who had promised to protect her! Farquhar's was essentially a nature tuned to action, which, when pricked by the spur of danger, displayed daring and resource. But when it came to facing a difficulty complicated by defeat, mortification would not let him weigh and measure calmly, and wherever he started he came back to bitter review of the past instead of plans for the future. Thrice he put these considerations resolutely from him, and strove with what firmness he might to think out the remedy; thrice his mind turned from the hopeless task with

weariness, to pass in review his conscience, his fault, his foolishness, and the bitter consequence.

The soldier strayed out upon the rocky beach, dropped upon a convenient boulder, and buried his face in his hands. When one has been secretly flattering himself that he has borne himself in a difficult position with strength, ingenuity, and more than the usual diplomacy, to be brought up at the round turn is a shock, and for the moment unnerving. Farquhar had been sitting for some time, dully absorbed, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. Raising his head he encountered the eyes of Vidon and those of Lautrec.

"How are ye feelin', lad?" asked the latter anxiously. "Kinder down?"

The concern in both faces roused Farquhar somewhat. "Not more," he answered quietly, "than a man may who has made a mess of everything."

"Tain't as bad's thet," Lautrec protested, gruffly earnest,— "not by no means, and you ain't to think it. I says to Vidon, 'Like as not the cap'n's takin' this to heart dretful, and we oughtn't to let him.' And sure enough, you're glumpin' here on them rocks; settin' on barnacles, most likely."

Farquhar smiled faintly, but did not move.

"We wished to talk with m'sieu," said Vidon in his turn, "if he will come with us."

"Willingly," replied Farquhar, scrambling to his feet.

"M'sieu has eaten this morning?"

Farquhar had forgotten breakfast, and said so. "M'sieu must eat at once," said the steward decidedly, as the three men took the path.

"No good thinkin' ever done itself on an empty stomach," remarked Lautrec sententiously, "and there ain't nothin' like Hollands for pullin' a man out o' the dumps."

Farquhar could have told them that his trouble was out of the reach of food and drink, but he felt the good sense of their advice. In one of the log huts attached to Suroc's farm they gave him smoked venison and grog, and he ate heartily. Then Lautrec, who seemed more or less impatient during the meal, led the way back to the shore, the other two following.

As the day advanced its aspect had changed. For a fortnight the skies had been stainless, but they were now overcast with a scud of cloud, close and white, spreading like a flood of little foamy billows. Through this veil the sunshine fell but palely, the mountains were dark and near, the sea had lost its blue serenity and grown uneasy. The incoming tide slapped the rocks as if with petulance. A chilly wind had arisen, strong in puffs. In silence they came to a point of rock whence they could command a view both of the house and the schooner. Here Lautrec broke the pause.

"Cap'n," said he, "you ain't a seafarin' man?"

"No," replied Farquhar, surprised at the question.

"You don't see no foolishness 'bout thet there schooner?"

Farquhar looked. "I see," he said, "what I have always seen and might have mentioned, only that I took it for granted that her captain knew his business.

"And thet mought be?"

"She is anchored outside the harbor, in the grip of the current that runs between the cliffs."

Lautrec uttered a satisfied grunt. "And why do you think he done thet?" he inquired.

"I suppose," the young man replied, "that he feared so narrow a channel."

"Right," said Lautrec, "and with the stiddy westers we've been havin' it hasn't made no odds so far. But to-day—look!"

"She is pulling on her anchor-chains a good deal," replied Farquhar, looking.

"Now tell me what you make o' the sky, lad."

Farquhar studied it, much puzzled.

"I should say it was likely to rain," he remarked, "and I suppose that purple horizon means wind."

"It does mean wind, my boy. Now cast your eye there, where the current runs quickest. What d'ye see?"

Farquhar scanned the place a long time. "Nothing but the reef," he said doubtfully.

"Let me ask you this here one question," pursued Lautrec, weighing his words, while Vidon looked up eagerly. "Ef thet schooner dragged her anchors by any chanst, the wind bein' what it's goin' to be, and she bein' where she is, what's to prevent her goin' to Kingdom Come on them rocks?"

"Nothing on earth could save her, of course."

Silence followed this remark, and then Vidon took up the conversation. "When I was aboard the schooner two days since," said the steward, "I noted—one sees these little things, m'sieu—that her anchor-chains are in poor condition. One of them is well-nigh eaten through with rust, and they have mended the other with rope."

"And we've got it in our minds," Lautrec cut in swiftly, "thet it ain't hard to cut rope unbeknownst, ef you know how, and do it after dark."

Farquhar stared aghast. "Now don't look so," Lautrec said in brisk, business-like tone. "Fer a soldier, you're the derndest soft-hearted critter as ever I done with."

"You are mad," cried the other hotly. "Wreck the schooner? I would never permit it!"

"I dunno thet we'd ask ye," said Lautrec coolly. "Look here, my lad; Vidon 'n I've been a-talkin' this business over, and we're both kinder sick of it. That there d'Aubymont feller hain't no rights in this place, yit he licks Vidon and locks up the young

woman. We want to fight fair, but it's two to one, and they've the gunpowder. Ef we don't, he takes the girl back to the hell they came from, and Lord knows what becomes o' her. There ain't but one way to prevent it, and that is this one. Now d'ye see? Ain't it reasonable?"

"I know all this," said Farquhar impatiently, "but it is impossible. Think of the loss of life!"

"M'sieu is very good," said Vidon with an angry shrug.

"It's self-defence," argued Lautrec. "What's to prevent these men tyin' us up or cuttin' our throats? Nothin' but our legs, and I don't trust mine. And what good could we do the girl? It's her you ought to think of."

Farquhar was miserably silent.

"Weather's with us," Lautrec proceeded, "jes' providential. Ef 'tweren't for the looks o' the sky I'd never have thought of it. And don't ye think it means killin'; more'n likely it don't. Look at them rocks stickin' up everywhere; a baby'd git saved on 'em. But they can't git away without the'r schooner, and when *our* ship turns up in a day or so we've got 'em. D'ye see?"

"M'sieu must remember our rights," Vidon broke in as Lautrec finished. "Our little demoiselle must be protected. And what matter if these pigs are drowned? What have they paid us for good food and drink? Blows, m'sieu. And who asked them to quarter on us? Shall we not revenge ourselves and our demoiselle? M'sieu must see we cannot pick and choose."

"Ye see it's best, my lad," said Lautrec quickly.

"And must be attempted," Vidon put in, "with m'sieu's help if possible; if not, then without."

"You do not understand." Farquhar tried to reason calmly. "It is better we all lose our lives than keep them by such a piece of devilish cruelty. These sailors are not to blame; they do what they are told—they are merely hired. Your plan will not injure d'Aubémont, but may bring hideous death on innocent men who have families dependent on them. Isn't this cruel? Is it not unjust? No, let us make a brave effort to help mademoiselle—with our bare hands if necessary, but not by means like this."

"It is a pity, but we must work without m'sieu," said Vidon coldly.

Farquhar looked imploringly from one to the other. "You cannot, must not, do this, Lautrec!" he cried.

Lautrec coughed. "My lad," he said with some hesitation, "I like ye, but you're too soft. Ef you stay here you'll be scragged, certain. Then what'll your family say? You see how it is."

Farquhar set his teeth.

"Let us go," urged Vidon, ignoring him. "Only two men spend the night at the house, the rest go aboard about sunset. We must get our boat."

"The wind's gettin' up lively," commented Lautrec cheerfully. "It'll be wet rowin' and tough handlin'."

He brought his hand down heartily on Farquhar's shoulder. "Go to Suroc's, cap'n, and think about it," said he. "You'll come round, I know."

Then he joined Vidon, and the two men walked briskly away.

CHAPTER XII.

STORM AND FLIGHT.

It was not long before the aspect of all things gave a plain warning of the change of weather. The light clouds darkened and stratified; long feathers of mist blew up against the face of the declining sun. The landscape changed in an hour from the glow of midsummer to the dull chilliness of late autumn. The wind rose to a violent gale, driving the tide inshore, covered with white-caps. Rain began, fine and drizzling at first, then gushing like water from a spout, and again blown into fog.

The hut where Farquhar spent this dreary day stood in a dense grove of pine-trees. It belonged to one of the peasants, and was a little place roughly built of logs, the roof thatched with a thick layer of red needles. Inside there was a fire built, before which crouched the soldier, moving only to throw another log upon the pile and watch a fresh burst of smoke go eddying out of the roof. In this manner he warmed his body; but he was cold at heart, for each hour his sense of helpless trouble grew on him. He knew the storms of this coast and felt the power of such a one as beat now upon the hut. Here was no tropic squall "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," but a long, strong, swingeing northeaster, lashing the sea to torment and frenzy. It was a matter of hours, swollen waves, and an unrelenting wind. If Lautrec accomplished his purpose,—a thing incredibly cruel,—there was little hope of the schooner in the teeth of such a gale. In his mind's eye he beheld it driven with its human freight into the jaws of the reef, lying there impotent, worried by seas, buffeted by squalls, and breaking piece by piece into the boiling caldron of the flood. To his excited fancy the scream of drowning men already rang upon the wind. He sprang up and rushed to the doorway. A gust of icy rain fell upon his face and calmed him; he saw nothing but driving mist, and heard only the song of the pine branches.

He crept back to the shelter of the fire, and again drank the draught of his misery. As his pity grew for the unconscious sailors, so did his rage at their master; he clinched his fists, tingling to take out his wretchedness upon this enemy. Then self-accusation fell

upon his wrath and quenched it; the image of Edoualise rose again to torture him; the thought of what the darkness was to bring eclipsed her in turn; and so the dull wheel of his misery revolved.

Thus twilight closed in. Outside, the night grew wilder, after a lull at sunset; inside, the fire sullenly protested against the damp wood. As the night drew on (how long the day had been, and yet how swiftly came the darkness!) the fire died to ashes, and Farquhar saw nothing but the intolerable wretchedness of the whole situation. By and by Lautrec came in dripping and cast him a keen glance. "Quite a blaze o' wind," he remarked; "and yer fire's out, lad."

The sound of a voice roused Farquhar, and he looked up dully. "You are not going to do this?" he asked.

"And quite a sea gettin' up," was Lautrec's reply, as he piled logs upon the coals, and, kneeling down, puffed heartily, till they sprang into flame.

Farquhar had the sense not to plead, but hope rose within him as a mighty blast of wind struck and shook the hut.

"Too rough for rowing, I expect?"

"Oh, no," said Lautrec between his puffs, "not to them as knows. Guess we won't get swamped this trip."

Farquhar spoke in a slow, distinct tone. "I hope you do," he said, measuring his words. "I hope to God the sea takes both of you!" Then he buried his head again in his shaking hands.

Lautrec made no direct answer; but when the fire was once more crackling he went to the table, poured some spirits into a mug, and held it out to the other.

"You hain't touched a drop yit," he coaxed. "Do now."

But Farquhar, with a steady movement, pushed the mug aside. "Thank you," he said, and he had much ado to speak for the tight band across his throat, "I don't drink with a murderer."

Lautrec said no more. There was no shade of expression on his face. He took a mouthful of spirits, stood a moment before the blaze warming his hands, and then went quietly out.

Left alone, Farquhar underwent a violent revulsion of feeling. This, after all, was Lautrec, with whom he had shared danger and fear of death, who had from the first manifested a rough affection for him. If the man was ignorant, callous, and savage, was it not to be expected? Another straw was added to Farquhar's self-accusing load, and under it he could no longer sit passive. He rushed out, crying Lautrec's name, but there came no answer, and the wind snatched the words from his lips. Once out-of-doors, a dreadful fascination drew him to the shore. Repugnance and horror whetted the desire to behold all, and he ran forth, stumbling and shuddering.

The night was pitch-dark; the sea's roar filled it up and robbed the darkness of all comfort. Silence and darkness mean heaven to many, but noise and darkness are hell. It seemed to Farquhar as

he ran that the wind blew through his brain and the waves beat on his ear-drums, stunning him, so that he could neither see nor hear nor think. Wet bushes clung about his feet; once he fell, and contact with the soaked earth was almost pleasant, as was the rain on his face. He came to a place he knew, a bunch of alder-bushes overhanging the beach. Into the shelter of the dripping branches he crawled out of the wind's fury and rested a moment. Then he parted the dripping leaves to look out upon blackness, but he knew his whereabouts. To the left above on the bank the house rose; a chink of light showed at the window; and at the sight the young man could easily have wept.

Below him a long spit of rock protected the beach like a break-water; just beyond this spit he saw the schooner's lights tossing violently up and down, rising and falling on the surges. Fool of a captain, he thought, to anchor in a place like that! For some time the candle from the house and the whirling lights on the ship were the only ones which pierced the night. The man sheltered in the alder-bushes peered at them; then he saw another, and became rigid with attention. This came from a lantern carried slowly along the beach. A moment he saw it, then saw it no more; then a blast of wind shook the alder-bushes, and he was blinded by rain. Presently the light appeared again, clear and steady, like a star, not red and baleful as he felt it should have been. It was carried low to the ground, and shielded by the rocks from the view of both house and ship.

Farquhar caught a movement of men about it; faint, indefinite sounds were borne up to his ears in the pauses of the wind. Then he heard a sound like the dragging of a heavy body, then a splash; and his mind beheld, as plain as if it had been daylight, the boat and the two men, set upon that raging sea.

A long, long time seemed to pass. No sign of human life came to the soldier's ears. Had they perished, he wondered dully, two for twenty? He almost hoped it, and then cursed himself for the hope. He was stiff, aching, and shivering, yet he could not leave his post. By and by he began, in a numb sort of way, to think of Lautrec and Vidon as dead bodies tossing in the current. Then there rang out a yell that grew and deepened, fierce and frantic. This was taken up, echoed and reëchoed, by a score of voices; there came a trampling of many feet, the cracking of cordage and spars. The clamor grew and intensified, and as he looked with freezing blood he saw the schooner's lights snatched up, cast down, and whirled away. Suddenly one within flung the door of the house wide, and a broad golden path cut the darkness. He heard d'Aubé-mont's voice in a horrified exclamation, a shout, and three men rushed down to the beach, leaving the door open. In this light appeared a woman's outline, and the sight drew Farquhar towards it irresistibly. He had no very definite idea as he sprang towards

it; he was past thinking. Half-way a man rushed against him, a pillar of salt water gushing at every step. Vidon's voice spoke in his ear, from between chattering teeth. "M'sieu—the Belle Marie! *Dieu soit loué! et notre demoiselle! Vite! Nous sommes sauvés!*"

"Lautrec!" Farquhar gasped.

The steward leaned against the door-post, drawing great breaths and evidently trying for coherence.

"Beyond at the boat. I ran on. M'sieu, la demoiselle! vite! The Belle Marie has been driven by the storm into anchorage a mile distant. I know the way."

The words were like fire and life poured into Farquhar's veins. The two men charged wildly into the peaceful hall of the house, where Edoualise stood white and trembling, and Vidon poured out his story vehemently, cutting his explanation with interjections of haste. He had not ended when another dripping figure crossed the threshold crying:

"Not off yit? Hurry, man! And, you fools, leavin' the door open!" He drew the door to and flung the iron bar into its stanchion. "Now go, go!" he gasped.

Farquhar took the girl's hand. "Come, mademoiselle," he implored.

"The others wait. Martin's wife is with him. Mademoiselle must make haste," urged Vidon, stamping with impatience.

The sound of footsteps coming rapidly up the path turned the girl's hesitation to alarm.

"The Pan!" she cried, pointing to the fireplace; "we cannot leave the Pan!"

Farquhar had lifted the heavy image in his arms, just as d'Aubémont's voice without the door cried imperiously, "Open! It is I." Lautrec threw open the other door and the four rushed at once out into the forest.

Though the fugitives had little advantage in time, they had much in knowing their ground. Vidon led, and Edoualise followed, treading the dark path with a swift and sure step, which much lessened Farquhar's anxiety as he stumbled behind. Five minutes gave them a fair chance, ten slackened their pace to a walk, and so far they heard no sign that they were followed. Farquhar's mind, whetted by action, which ever gave it an edge, and freed from the rust of its indecision, took a sudden activity; once more he gripped the possibilities, the rights and wrongs, with a strong grasp. He thought hard, his feet following behind the others, while his mind leaped ahead.

Meanwhile the little band had increased as it proceeded; several of the men joined them cautiously from the forest. With these companions confidence grew, the storm seemed to be forgotten, and the cavalcade settled into a steady unexcited march. Half a mile passed, they turned once again to the sea, and to Farquhar's inex-

perience lost all appearance of a path and proceeded blindly. But in a short time a light shone out ahead; there was a shout which Vidon answered, and the crew of the *Belle Marie* ran towards them with outstretched hands and hearty greetings. Under cover of the talk and explanation Farquhar sought Edoualise.

"Mademoiselle," he said quietly, "will you take the image? I go no farther."

"No farther, m'sieu?"

He could not see her face in the dark, but there was astonishment in her tone.

"No farther," he repeated firmly. "You are safe now in the hands of your own people; and see, there is Martin's wife herself come to look after you. My work is over here, and there is a duty which I have neglected—God help me!—so far neglected."

"You are not coming with us?" said Edoualise.

"No, dear mademoiselle," replied Farquhar, "I am not coming with you. A great wrong has been done, and I must help to right it if I can."

His voice thrilled, but she was silent.

"All this has been my fault," he continued, after waiting for her to speak. "I have poorly repaid you for your hospitality. But I have done worse even than that, and so I must go back."

"I do not understand," she murmured.

"No, I do not wish that you should. But will you give me your hand in forgiveness?"

Silently she slipped it into his, and he bent to touch it with his lips. Then he placed the stone god in her arms.

"Adieu, mademoiselle," he said in a low voice, and the darkness swallowed him.

Edoualise set down the heavy thing, of which Vidon presently took reverent charge, and walked slowly after the others.

"Cap'n there?" called Lautrec.

"Captain Farquhar does not come with us," she replied in a clear, somewhat cold voice. "He has gone back!"

A silence of amazement fell upon the group, but only for a second.

"The durn fool!" cried Lautrec, and, turning on his heel, vanished, like the other, into the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CHAT BETWEEN FRIENDS.

FORTUNE, which some assert is ever on the side of the unjust, decreed that d'Aubémont should not immediately discover what concerned him so nearly. As he stood before the door, fuming that his cousin's pique should take a form so childish, a call summoned

him to the shore, where he remained occupied for half an hour. The fugitives therefore had safely reached their haven before d'Aubémont, entering the house by a convenient window, found it deserted. This was a shock, although he felt his carelessness deserved it; but there was worse to come. His eye lit on the mantle-shelf. It was bare; the household god was gone; it was no more the House of Pan. To d'Aubémont this loss had a deep significance, as it indicated that the flight was final; it threw a cold fear upon his wrath and quenched it. He had been cursing and storming; now he grew anxious. He ordered a man to Suroc's farm, and another along shore. For himself, he was wet to the skin, thirsty, and fatigued, and although it was important that Mademoiselle Edoualise de Ruffé should be captured, it was more important that M. Charles d'Aubémont should be made comfortable. Having arrived at this conclusion, he threw a log on the hall fireplace, pulled a chair up to the blaze, and indulged himself with one of the few remaining bottles of wine.

"Hein, a dog of a night!" he ejaculated, pouring himself the first glass and listening to the storm. "No one can stray far in this dark; and when she returns, little rascal, we will teach her who is master."

The fire crackled agreeably; the chair fitted his back; as the wine sank in the bottle, so rose M. d'Aubémont's spirits and his annoyance lessened. One thing only was lacking to the situation, and that was company; for he was a social creature, with a mind too barren to furnish a solitary hour.

A step without roused him. To his eager welcome the door opened, and the figure of Farquhar grew out of the night upon the threshold. D'Aubémont's first impulse was an angry one. With an oath he sprang at the door to fling it to, but something in the other's eye made him pause; the outburst dwindled to mere sullenness, and the men eyed each other uncertainly. Farquhar, however, had come hot-foot, armed with a purpose, and he had no time to waste.

"Are any saved?" he began eagerly.

The question confused d'Aubémont, whose wits the wine had touched, and he stood staring.

"I see you have helped," the other continued impatiently, with a glance at the Frenchman's wet clothes. "How many are drowned? For God's sake, d'Aubémont, put aside our quarrel for the moment and answer! Can I be of any use? Is there rope in the house?"

"I don't know what on earth you are talking about," replied the Frenchman with a shrug, "except that all this confirms my opinion that you have lost your senses."

"The ship, man!" he broke out with a cry, half-scornful, half-triumphant. "Ah, then you have not helped?"

"What ship?" asked d'Aubémont, knitting his brows in a puzzled fashion.

"Good God, he asks what ship! Man, are you ignorant that your schooner is in deadly peril, and is fast drifting on to yonder reef. Waste no time; tell me where we may go to save one life, if only one!"

"By St. Louis, I think you are mad, Farquhar!" cried the other, struck in spite of himself by the earnest entreaty in the soldier's voice, the strange fire in his eyes. "The ship is in no danger now that I know of. It is true she broke a cable an hour back, and would have been driftwood but for an extra anchor. She is lying sheltered and safe at this moment, where this devil of a gale can only toss her about."

Farquhar gasped and was speechless; the Frenchman eyed him with curiosity.

"On my soul," he exclaimed at last, "you are the oddest fellow of my acquaintance, Farquhar. Do you mean to tell me that you came back here, within my reach, because you thought those pigs of mariners were in danger?"

He seated himself in his chair with a shrug and continued, as if talking to himself: "That is more like the Farquhar of five years past. Is it possible that there is anything left of him after all?"

The sentimental mood was on him, induced half by wine, half by loneliness; but the words touched the other.

"If you will hear me with patience," said he, drawing nearer, "you will find more of him than you think."

Relieved from the weight of an awful anxiety, Farquhar began to recall his self-reproach in the dealings with d'Aubémont. They could never be friends again, but they had been, and the soldier had a passionate desire to clear the ground, that they might stand man to man in their conflict. His own treachery had been hateful to him from the first; he longed to sweep it away and start fair.

As to d'Aubémont, he was not in love, and he desired companionship above all things. So he shrugged his shoulders carelessly, motioned to a seat, and his anger vanished for the moment, as his good-humor would when the wine was drunk and he had a change of mood.

"Let me tell you first," said the American quietly, "that mademoiselle is safe in the hands of her friends."

The Frenchman sat upright with a violent start. "Mon Dieu!" he cried, "I had forgotten her. Where is she?"

"Safe," repeated Farquhar succinctly.

D'Aubémont sank back in his chair.

"We may attach different meanings to the word," said he slowly. "Where *you* can see her, I suppose?"

The insult stung, but Farquhar had something to do before he resented it. He controlled himself, measuring the other's malice.

"Before we part," he said coldly, "there is an explanation due you. In one matter I reproach myself."

"You are fortunate in the number," interjected the other, drinking.

"I deceived you," Farquhar went on steadily, disregarding the interruption; "but circumstances made it necessary for me to play a part, which no one regrets more than myself."

"This is touching. And these circumstances?"

"I had promised the marquis to help and protect his sister. Mademoiselle reminded me of the promise, and claimed my help against you. She had her father's and brother's authority to resist any attempt to make her return to France."

"Two madmen—bah!"

"I used every argument to make her change her mind, but in vain. I had therefore no choice but to go against my better sense and help her all I could. When I saw that it was an old comrade I must deceive, I hated it the more, but could do nothing else. For this deception, M. d'Aubémont, I now offer my apologies."

He paused. He had been speaking throughout in a cold and stately way, ignoring the other's sarcasm. At the end, d'Aubémont glanced at him and fell into a fit of laughter.

"This is pure comedy," he cried, laughing violently. "Oh, your solemn air—inimitable! My good Don Quixote, I congratulate you on this delightful rigmarole, the best I have heard this many a day."

"And now," cried Farquhar with raised voice and flashing eye, that cut the laughter short,—“now that we stand face to face, and I have no longer a reproach to my honor, I demand instant satisfaction of the insults you have cast at me and at your cousin, a helpless girl and your hostess. You are a coward, m'sieu!”

At the word, he leaned over and slapped d'Aubémont sharply across the cheek. With a scream of fury, the man plucked something from his vest and made at Farquhar, head down, springing like a cat. The onslaught was sudden, but Farquhar was quick. He twisted to one side, and the assailant, carried by his own impetus, fell against the door, which, giving way, precipitated him into the arms of Lautrec, who was on the point of entering.

"Hello!" said the sailor. He hugged d'Aubémont affectionately and seized his wrist with a grip like a manacle. "Be you as glad to see me as all thet? Well, now! All the same, these here penknives is real dangerous, carried round open like thet. You orter be more careful."

He gave the man's wrist a sudden jerk, and the knife fell out of his hand. Then he took d'Aubémont by the collar and shook him till his teeth rattled.

"Let him go," cried Farquhar between his teeth; "I'm going to kill him."

But Lautrec held fast to his victim, scrutinizing him sharply. "Lord!" he broke out indignantly, "if it ain't our luck. You can't fight this feller, cap'n; he's drunk. You better let me take him down to the beach a piece and wash his head for him; it'll do him good."

Farquhar nodded and threw himself wearily into a chair. He heard with perfect indifference the dragging forth of d'Aubémont and his cries for mercy, growing fainter. In a few moments Lautrec returned, exceedingly cheerful.

"I ain't hurt him to speak of," said the sailor, grinning. "He's jes' a little wetter than he was outside and he may have swallered some. He's layin' on the beach there, talkin' French. They'll find him all right in the mornin'. Now what are we goin' to do?"

"God knows," cried Farquhar, and buried his head in his hands.

"I say," pursued Lautrec, "thet we better git back to the Bell Mary, just as fast as we can lick. There ain't no use stayin' here."

"I suppose you are right," said Farquhar sadly. "They will probably burn the house to-morrow, but then mademoiselle could never return here. Yes, Lautrec, let us go back. I will try and persuade mademoiselle to come to my mother, who will, I am sure, look after her."

He turned upon the threshold to take a farewell look at the strange scene of so many strange incidents, and then, sadly enough, set his face once more towards Edoualise. He did not notice until he had gone some distance that Lautrec remained behind.

"What have you been doing?" he asked when the sailor came up.

"Oh, I thought it a dretful pity to leave the bonfire to them fools," remarked Lautrec, falling into step beside him, "so I jes' started it myself. There was plenty o' straw and kindlin's. It'll blaze up real nice in this wind."

Farquhar made no comment. After all, better the House of Pan should burn than that there should be any temptation to draw Edoualise back to this wilderness. She would be angry, of course, and hurt, and her tears would be hard to bear, but just at this moment even that thought left the young man untouched. He was beginning to be conscious that for the present he could feel nothing more.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BELLE MARIE.

A TINY harbor sheltered the Belle Marie. Its waters were so well protected by a thick barricade of pine-trees that when the sea beyond was lashed into a white fury here was comparative quiet. The little schooner rocked securely at her anchorage under bare

poles, defying the storm. It was not until her lights pierced the foggy darkness and the voices of her crew became audible that Lautrec broke the silence in which they had walked.

"My lad," he began, touching Farquhar's shoulder to assure himself of the young man's proximity, "what you was after when you went back to thet there monkey I'll not ask, but I'll tell you some-thin'. You're too soft for this business,—you're too soft. Your head's plum crammed with book-notions, and they ain't no use on this here coast. I had 'em myself onst,—mostly Scriptor,—and I give 'em a fair trial. Well, I nigh got roasted by Micmacs not twenty mile from hereabouts. No, they don't do, you mark my words. All a man wants in this sort o' mess is a good knife,"—he guided Farquhar's hand to the horn hilt of his own,—“and the spunk to use it and keep usin' it. Thet's all.”

Weariness, mental and physical, could not keep Farquhar from a twinge of amusement at this speech.

"If you will tell me, Lautrec," he replied, as they sat on the rocks to await the schooner's gig, "how that knife of yours is going to help us here I should be obliged. Where are we to take mademoiselle? How are we to protect her? What is she to do?"

"Poor little thing," the sailor ejaculated, and his tone brought a lump into Farquhar's throat. The excitements of the past twenty-four hours were beginning to tell on the soldier, and he found a strong effort needful to keep his tone and manner at their ordinary level. He strove with this nervousness, while Lautrec, fixing his eyes on the light that marked the approaching boat, proceeded meditatively:

"You're a likely chap, bean't you, with a tongue in your head? What you should do is to take thet little thing to the first parson we strike—missionary will do ef you can't run across a better—and marry her right off. Then she'll be rightly looked after, 'stid o' runnin' round hereabouts huggin' thet there idol."

"You forget," answered Farquhar with an affectation of indifference, "that mademoiselle may have an objection to that."

"Pooh!" ejaculated Lautrec indignantly; "she hain't got no choice."

"And I," resumed the young man, "may not wish a wife on such terms."

"I wouldn't wish one on any, myself," agreed the candid Lautrec, "but I've noticed thet ef there's a girl about, all this sort o' business with ships and fightin' and Frenchies kinder makes a man want her more'n ef she jest lived on the next farm to hisn."

By this time the schooner's gig had drawn up on the pebbles immediately below them, and ten minutes later Farquhar set foot on the deck of the Belle Marie. He was beginning to feel his fatigue in so extreme a measure that beyond a sort of sleepy wonder at the smallness of the ship—a mere cockle for size—every sensation was

benumbed in him. Vidon came up the companion-way with a lantern and bade the soldier follow him. In the cramped, stuffy, crowded fore-castle Farquhar was shown an empty bunk; flinging off his soaked garments, he wrapped himself in a heavy blanket and was presently asleep.

His slumber was so deep as to resemble a stupor, from which he returned to consciousness, as it were, sense by sense. At first he lay with closed eyes and a curious feeling of being divided from his body, which seemed a log for heaviness; then sharp hunger stirred him to action, and he sat up. His glance went to the port-hole, whence he marked the glitter of clear sunlight on the water; in the same instant the rush of waves past that window and the irregular dip and plunge of the ship's hull told him that they were under way. Anxiety returned with a rush and almost superseded hunger. After dressing, he opened a door and found himself in the galley and in the presence of Vidon, who was busy compounding a mess of salt cod and potatoes.

The steward looked up cheerfully as Farquhar made his appearance. "Come in and eat, m'sieu," he said; "you must be hungry."

"But is all safe? Am I needed?"

"All is safe, and m'sieu has had a long sleep," said Vidon laughingly. "Had we waited for m'sieu to awaken that pig of a d'Aubémont would have caught us assuredly. But Jean Maille is a good seaman; he weighed anchor so soon as the wind permitted. Will m'sieu take coffee?"

"For what port are we making?" asked Farquhar in surprise.

Vidon shrugged his shoulders. "The Virgin knows, and our captain," he replied piously. "Eat, m'sieu. You have fasted enough for Good Friday, and it is not yet Advent."

The soldier fell ravenously upon the food and the strong decoction of herbs and chiccory which Vidon called coffee.

"It is truly a fair wind," said the Frenchman, as Farquhar concluded his meal. "Go upon deck, m'sieu, and see how the Belle Marie walks the waves."

The little vessel, closely reefed, was flying fast before a strong northwest wind. As Farquhar came up the companion-way and out upon the sunshiny deck his eyes met the towering outlines of the mountainous shores they had quitted. He looked for a thread of black smoke among the wooded shores, but there was none in sight. Then he turned away, for he spied mademoiselle leaning on the taff-rail, her gaze bent downward upon the bubbles and breaking lines of foam.

He came to her side and wished her a good-morning. She replied without raising her eyes from the water. They remained side by side for some moments in silence.

"I do not wonder that you are sad, mademoiselle," said Farquhar softly at length. She bowed without speaking.

"But you must not forget," he continued, "that you have with you your devoted friends and servants."

Her eyes met his very sweetly. "I do not forget," she replied.

"May I ask what it is your intention to do?" he asked with much gentleness of voice.

"Do?" she cried, making a sudden little vehement gesture of the hands that reminded him of her brother. "What can I do? God knows! I have left all that means home to me at the foot of those mountains. France is no home, nor America. And these peasants are my only advisers."

"You have forgotten me," said Farquhar steadily. Now, alone with her, it seemed as though his secret must be wrung out of him, as if the dedication of his life were little to offer in comfort. This he felt the more as her smile was so frank and untroubled.

"No, m'sieu," she answered, "but I must also remember that you have your home and friends and ties, and these claim you. I am singularly placed, and, frankly, very much puzzled. You have been a friend, but when we reach civilization again you will have your own place."

"You do not or will not understand," said Farquhar in a voice that vibrated with earnestness and passion. "Have you not seen and felt, Edoualise, that whatever my life may be it will be wholly yours?" He bent eagerly forward to look into her averted face. "Do you not know that there is nobody on earth so dear to me as you are?"

He waited breathlessly, but she did not move. He was conscious of a distinct disappointment. Was this girl's coldness and reserve an integral part of her nature? He had fancied it to be a mere covering.

"You speak of yourself as friendless," he went on, "and if it were not so I should wait longer before speaking. I should atone for my own careless selfishness before daring to say these words. But I see you lonely, and I offer my life to you. Let me protect you, for I love you."

She turned to him with a glance that was wholly bewildered, and with one hand motioned him to say no more.

"I do not understand—— I do not know," she stammered, and then again, "I do not understand."

Their eyes met, and in a flash the bewilderment passed from hers. With a dawning of gladness, of confusion, of comprehension in her face she looked at him with parted lips; and then, as he was on the point of entreating her for speech, she bent her head and moved quietly away. He saw her go down the companion-way, and stood a long time gazing after her. There had been no hurry, no embarrassment in this withdrawal, only a certain gentle dignity; but the lover felt rebuffed.

He was not sorry when Lautrec came to call him. He reflected

rather gloomily that, after all, she had never given him the faintest token that she shared his feeling, and he bitterly regretted his impatience. He told himself that this probably set the climax on his list of mistakes, and it was in no cheerful frame of mind that he went down to the cabin.

The practical discussion which awaited him there, however, served as an excellent tonic. Jean Maille, the captain, was a worthy full of Bréton shrewdness. There was in his opinion but one thing to do. The Belle Marie was not victualled for a return voyage to Boston, and there was nothing for it but to make the mainland as speedily as possible. The nearest available port was a fishing village situated at the end of a tide-river, which might permit the party to gain the nearest large settlement by means of canoes. As d'Aubémont would probably follow them in his vessel, the inland journey seemed safest, in all opinions, for mademoiselle.

It became more and more evident to Farquhar that, whatever happened, he could count upon the devotion of the peasants to Edoualise. One and all, in their rough, personal fashion, they put the thought of mademoiselle before any other.

"What are your own plans?" he asked Vidon. "The house is burned."

"Where mademoiselle goes, I shall follow," said the Frenchman; and when Farquhar added impatiently, "And where will that be?" he replied tranquilly and confidently, "*Qui sait?* Where mademoiselle wishes."

The soldier's mood was to storm at these peasants and at their faith. "A boat-load out of a novel," he grumbled to Lautrec; "out of a legend, rather. Where is she to go? How can they follow her, the fools, with not a head among them to plan for the future?"

"Wa'al," drawled Lautrec, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "you done a lot o' plannin' a week back—there we be. If Vidon wants to give the A'mighty a chanct, I don't see's we've a call to complain. I dunno why it makes a feller feel kinder good," Lautrec went on reflectively, "to git hold o' the tiller ropes. He'll go with the tide, anyways."

There was little comfort in this philosophy. Farquhar fretted, and the Belle Marie sped cheerfully onward over the water. The sun sank by and by, and the waters at their feet were floods of gold. With the sunset the strong wind sank; the sail relaxed; the humming of cordage and creaking of spars ceased. There was still a little wind, light and pleasant, to move the schooner gently onward as the stars came out. Farquhar's hot energy and turmoil vanished as the evening drew on; he began to long for speech with Edoualise again. All the afternoon he had avoided her; but now he came up to her again, where she sat in a sheltered corner. It happened that they two were alone. Farquhar had meant to speak of indif-

ferent matters, but when he stood by her side and looked again into her face he forgot his resolution.

"Edoualise," he whispered, "have you nothing to say to me?"

Her lips parted as if to speak, but instead she turned away her head abruptly. He tried to meet her eyes, but she would not let him.

"Nothing to say? Nothing to answer, mademoiselle? Not a word?" he begged. But still she kept silence. The silence was too much for Farquhar to bear. Her hand lay on her lap; he suddenly stooped, and drawing it to his lips covered it with kisses. Then, just as suddenly, he was ashamed, muttered something incoherent, and rushed away in a passion of self-accusation.

He saw no more of her till the next day. It seemed to him that his mistakes would never end. Sleep was impossible: he spent the night walking the deck, watching the progress of the little schooner past unfamiliar cliffs and desert islands.

With the earliest dawn she had gained the harbor of the tiny fishing village; an hour later Jean Maille himself went ashore to make their arrangements. Farquhar entered into all the preparations with energy and authority; and the active work and exercise began to put him on better terms with himself. There was much to do or see done, and his experience in the Canadian woods proved of value to the rest. It was chiefly due to his exertions that they made ready to start down the tide-river on the following morning.

CHAPTER XV.

DOWN THE SWIFT CURRENT.

THE canoes were beached upon a little half-moon of sand at a turn in the tide-river. Jean Maille had purchased them with a few of the louis d'ors in mademoiselle's possession. It had been arranged that her escort should consist of four, including Lautrec, Farquhar, Martin, and his wife. Vidon had begged to be of the party, but as he knew nothing of canoeing, he would have been more or less of an incumbrance. He was persuaded to join the schooner's crew by being solemnly charged with the care of the stone Pan, which Edoualise entrusted to him. The steward promised faithfully to guard the relic till their meeting, and crossed himself fearfully when he received it.

The seamen of the *Belle Marie* and the fishermen of the tiny village helped this singular expedition to set off. Provisions had been secured for a week's trip, although they expected to reach their journey's end by evening on the third day. Farquhar and Lautrec had seen to arms and ammunition, though the word Indian was not

pronounced in the hearing of Edoualise. The men had all been forced to take such journeys before and were competent voyageurs, and only the presence of women made them regard it as a thing at all important or unusual.

Thus armed and equipped, the little fleet started on its way, Farquhar and Edoualise in one canoe, Martin and his wife in the second, and Lautrec, who handled a paddle with more vigor than skill, in a third. Between the three was distributed the rough camping necessities and sail-cloth tent and frieze cloaks which were to protect the women during night in the forest.

A clear sky and cheerful sunlight and the kindly farewell of those who had come to see them start made the journey's first stage far from melancholy, and so long as the group of people on the bank remained in sight, voices exchanged farewell calls and shouts. Then a twist in the river hid them finally from sight, and the travellers settled down into quiet, bending to their paddles with the long, steady strokes of men who have a journey before them. Lautrec, the least expert, fell somewhat behind, but the other two canoes kept abreast, moving swiftly forward over the shining water.

Farquhar had much to think of and remained silent, fixing his eyes on the band of sunlight which danced at the nose of the canoe and touched a brown curl that strayed from below mademoiselle's folded head-kerchief. The girl leaned back against the shingle which Farquhar had set up as a rest for her and lay with closed eyes. After the strain and turmoil of the last few days, the sorrows and excitements of the last fortnight, this peace and steady, smooth motion and idle silence were like heaven. She was numb and tired. Farquhar's presence seemed to constrain her, and for the whole morning's journey she rested in the same position of listless weariness. Once or twice Farquhar fancied that he caught her glance upon him, but he looked always steadfastly away. He had made up his mind that until she herself reverted to their old attitude of intimate friendship he would say nothing which could recall it.

They camped for dinner under the shade of some large maples, and after an hour's rest set out again in the warm golden afternoon. The tide had turned and now ran in with great rapidity, so that, once in the pull of the current, the canoes made better time. As the sun declined and the river banks narrowed in upon them with shady overhanging branches, Edoualise roused herself from her lethargy. Farquhar's vigorous strokes had left the other two canoes some distance behind, out of earshot, and before long the young man and the girl found themselves talking earnestly and freely together, as many times before. It was hard for the soldier to keep out of his eyes and voice the feeling within him, but he had begun to doubt if there lay in this girl anything which would respond to such a note. Yet she seemed glad to talk to him, to use the old tone of intimate confidence, and to turn to him, simply and frankly, for advice and help.

"I must ask your forgiveness, mademoiselle," said Farquhar, after a pause in their conversation, "for the pain, the trouble, the loss my unthinking selfishness caused you. Oh, I ought to have known better; I can find no excuse for myself. I can only say from the depth of my heart that I am sorry and ashamed, and ask your forgiveness."

"You have it freely; but I myself am not so sure that there is anything to forgive," she answered, trailing her hand in the water.

"And believe me," he continued steadily, "that I understand; I realize what your silence yesterday implied. Again I was hasty and spoke without warrant. After my conduct I had no right to say what I said."

"You regret it?" she asked in a low voice.

"I shall never repeat it," he replied, "until I feel myself better justified."

A constrained pause fell between them: Farquhar kept his eyes steadfastly turned away.

The paddle dipped: the canoe fled westward. By and by the sun dropped out of sight, leaving a gorgeous sky flaming with royal colors. The smooth banks and alder-hedges on either hand gave place to steep, stony, cañon-like walls overhung with hemlocks. Twilight had crept upon the river before Farquhar realized with a start that it was long since they had heard the voices of those following. He must have greatly distanced them.

He rested a moment and sent his voice ringing back, but no answer came. Then he turned formally to his companion.

"You must be tired of that cramped position," said he; "let us disembark and wait under the shelter of those trees. The others will not be long. I have been paddling fast, and they are less expert."

There was a sickle-shaped moon over the river as they drew their canoe into the sedge-grass of the bank. He helped the girl out, and then withdrew a little distance and sat down under the pines in silence. The night descended swiftly, yet he caught no sound of dipping paddles. He made no attempt at conversation, and Edoualise seemed to find the silence hard to break. She wandered along the river edge, looking at the soft reflections in the water. On the opposite bank the firs stood silvered against the dark sky; the river ran smoothly past, murmuring. Vague, sweet odors wandered in the night air; the faint moonlight lay on the open spaces. Some wild creature stirred in the undergrowth and a bat circled overhead.

As Edoualise looked, the horizon became darkened with heavy clouds and lightning flickered upon it. A tension and disturbance fell upon the girl and made her tremble. Her heart beat hot and hard against her ribs, and a confusion of impulses ran irresistibly within her. The forest, the wilderness, the thousand-tongued ripples of the stream, vibrated all together to one tense chord, unheard by her until that moment. What was it? What did it mean? She

knew, without looking, that Farquhar stood beside her, and, turning swiftly, she looked up into his eyes.

Then it seemed as if the night had thrown great arms about them both, and there was no thought in her heart but great joy. After a moment, she moved.

"I did not know—I did not understand——"

"But I understood."

"I think it was the—the silence. How long have you cared?"

"Always. And you?"

"It must have been always."

These few words seemed sufficient. In the pause of happiness that succeeded there came to Farquhar's ears a clear, distant cry. Their faces drew apart, and he shook the echoes with his glad answering shout.

"Ef you be goin' to paddle like a stage-coach," grumbled Lautrec, as he got stiffly out of his canoe, half an hour later, "we mought as well give up campin'. I'm 'bout done. It ain't no way to travel, cap'n."

"The sooner we arrive the better," laughed Farquhar, "to find that parson, you know."

Lautrec looked up sharply. "You're a real sensible feller," was all he vouchsafed, "and I hope now, ef we do git into trouble, you won't be so dead shy of thet knife o' yourn!"

CHAPTER XVI.

TO THE QUIET HAVEN.

MADAM FARQUHAR, as she was called, sat under the maples in the west garden. September had begun to touch the leaves with gold, and the rose-bushes that had bloomed so profusely between the box-hedges were dried and barren. The maple-grove stood only a few paces from the house, which commanded a fine sweep of lawn and the view of rounded Pennsylvania hills, soft and rich as the hills of the old country. As Madam Farquhar sat there bent above her sewing, with the house rising behind her, there was the oddest likeness between them. Like its mistress, the mansion was clothed demurely in gray and white: like her, it was erect and firm, dignified and well-to-do. The two big windows above the white-painted stoop were like Madam Farquhar's large, calm eyes above her snowy kerchief. The white railing around the roof of the house and the urns upon its corners reminded one of its mistress's white cap, starched and fluted. If the same parallel exists nowadays between house and man, one might well wonder if we are not a nation of lunatics, to compare our modern atrocities with those large, hospitable mansions of our forefathers.

The radiant September sunshine enveloped the quiet figure with its peace; and yet Madam Farquhar's heart was far from peaceful. She was a Philadelphia woman and had been a wife and mother during the Revolution, ready for and firm in making all the sacrifices that the words imply; yet even she was beginning to feel the anxiety of this long term of absence and silence on the part of her son. It is true, the war was over, yet a journey to the North was full of unknown chances, and Quebec—to Madam Farquhar's mind—was in the heart of the wilderness. The summer had passed without a word from her boy, and, while realizing that there were plenty of adequate reasons to account for this, yet in her solitary moments the mother was conscious of creeping fear. Not that she displayed it—the women of her day held these anxieties close to their hearts and made no show of them: she came and went in kitchen and dairy and still-room, was as sharp with a careless maid and as stately to a guest as ever. Only when she sat under the maples, "desiring," as she put it, "an hour of silent meditation," this fear would rise black and chilly and turn all the pleasant prospect cheerless to her eye.

It chanced this afternoon that Madam Farquhar's quiet hour was not to be undisturbed. Happening to glance up, she caught sight above the hedge of the woolly head of Solomon, her butler. He came towards her respectfully, and grinning from ear to ear.

"A gentleman come, missy," he explained; "drove all the way from the London Tavern."

Madam Farquhar considered: it was a warm afternoon. "Pray ask the gentleman to have the goodness to step this way," she directed, "and, Solomon, get a decanter of the old Madeira. Polly will give you some of her sugar-cakes. If the gentleman has put up at the Tavern, he will doubtless be glad of a glass."

She was the hostess at once, and hastened, stately and gracious, to meet the visitor. "I bid you welcome, sir," said Madam Farquhar, and down she swept upon the gravel-path in a magnificent courtesy.

The stranger made her a graceful bow, took the seat she indicated on a bench near at hand, and they surveyed each other. Madam Farquhar beheld a young man of elegant appearance. No other, in fact, than M. Charles d'Aubémont, of Paris; while M. d'Aubémont in his turn faced an elderly lady with a wonderfully calm and penetrating eye and regular features like her son's. M. d'Aubémont, whose errand was not wholly agreeable, coughed nervously once or twice, and replied at random in the French language. He had been careful to find out before his arrival that his native tongue was familiar to Madam Farquhar, so that he made no hesitation in using it, and indeed none was needed. The lady's French was a trifle antiquated, perhaps, but perfectly comprehensible. He felt safe in opening the interview by a compliment on her fluency.

"I have been three months in America, madame," said he, "and you are the first American lady with whom I have had the pleasure to talk in my own language."

"I passed many years with a French friend," replied she very graciously, and a pause fell.

There was a something in Madam Farquhar's eye which made the part d'Aubémont had to play harder than he had anticipated. Still, he began, as he had planned, to open the scene with impulsiveness. He leaned forward with a gesture and spoke earnestly.

"Ah, madame," he cried, "I wish I came on any other errand; but mine is a sad one."

"You bring news of my son," said she positively. She paled, fixing her eye upon him, a dreadful picture of anticipation. "He is dead?" she demanded steadily.

"Oh, no, no, no, madame!" cried d'Aubémont, honestly shocked. "When I last saw him he was well—quite well," he added viciously, remembering his wrongs.

The mother drew a deep breath and the color crept back into her face. Her eyes turned from d'Aubémont; for the moment she seemed to have forgotten his presence. But she recalled herself in a little time and bent towards him again, asking:

"Then what has chanced, sir? Is Wayne in need, in danger?"

D'Aubémont shrugged his shoulders and allowed a bitter smile to show itself for a moment. He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped, and his whole manner expressing reluctance and delicacy. He could not, therefore, see what impression he made upon Madam Farquhar's sharp eye.

"I fear it will be worse for a mother to hear than that," he said regretfully. "Believe me, madame, you have all my sympathy. When a mother hears of her son's dishonor——"

"Pardon, m'sieu!" she checked him at the word. "You made use of a word——"

"Which, alas! I am obliged to use, madame. It is the bitter truth!" D'Aubémont shook his head sadly.

She was watching him all the time. "I should be obliged for an explanation," said Madam Farquhar.

"I give it to you, madame. I am a wronged man. Your son is at this moment in the company of my betrothed wife, whom he has stolen from me. Yes, madame, although he knew we were betrothed! He will doubtless arrive here in a few days and bring her to your protection. He may present her as his wife; but let me assure madame that, should he do so, I have the right of justice and shall exercise it."

M. d'Aubémont was righteously vehement. After his speech the lady appeared to consider: then she rose slowly to her feet.

"Will you do me the favor, sir," said she, "to follow me to the house? We can discuss this better there."

D'Aubémont obeyed, wondering. Madam Farquhar led the way briskly through the box alleys to the stoop and from there to her morning-room on the first floor. On the way she paused to give some orders to Solomon, who had just appeared with the Madeira. He set the tray on the table, and Madam Farquhar and her guest sat down to it.

"Now," madam said, with her own hand filling her guest's glass, "I would like a history of what has happened, if it is not too troublesome."

M. d'Aubémont, assisted by the excellent Madeira, plunged into his story. He had the talent of his countrymen for dramatic recital. His tale lacked but one feature,—namely, the truth. Each incident, each interview, each character, was distorted by his desire to display himself as the honorable and injured party and Farquhar as the deceiver.

"And your cousin—Mademoiselle de Ruffé?" said the quiet listener. D'Aubémont waved his hand airily.

"Who can tell? A life in the wilds—among peasants and savages—madame will see that it would not do to receive her into this house. After such a story—va! When she has been taken in hand at home for a year or two—ah, then, perhaps."

"M. d'Aubémont would still keep her to the contract?"

"Ah, for family tradition—duty to the poor child."

M. d'Aubémont let it appear that he was ready for any sacrifice. Once let this determined old lady refuse to receive Edoualise, and he had no doubt of inducing her to return home with him.

"Mademoiselle has property, it seems?" Madam Farquhar asked him carelessly.

D'Aubémont waved away the property in another glass of the Madeira. It was a trifle, he said. Unfortunately, he was too careless: the lady was silent for a long while. When d'Aubémont, grown impatient, pressed her pathetically to lend him her assistance and right the wrong, she smiled courteously,—a condescending smile.

"I have heard you with much interest, sir," she said, upright, her hands resting on the table, "and your accusations against my son are grave: there is no doubt about that. But you understand that I cannot pledge myself to any course until I have heard how Wayne answers them. Therefore, as you tell me I may expect him shortly, I suggest that you remain my guest until he comes, that he may satisfy you himself."

"But, madame!—" D'Aubémont paused in consternation. This was an arrangement he had not bargained for. "I couldn't think of troubling you to that extent."

"It is a pleasure, sir."

"I really could not put you out so much, madame."

"But I really must insist, sir."

"They expect me in town, madame," and d'Aubémont edged towards the door.

"I have despatched them word, sir," Madam Farquhar smiled.

Passing before her guest, she opened the door into the hall. It was filled with negro servants—twenty of them at least, stalwart farm-hands and stable-men—awaiting their mistress's pleasure.

The blood rushed to d'Aubémont's face. "It's an insult!" he said in madam's ear.

She met his eye with perfect firmness. "Pardon me, sir. I have a right to hear both sides. You come to me to accuse my son behind his back. Very well, you shall do so before his face."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before there was a stir and whispering among the negroes nearest the garden-door, an interchange of nods and exclamations, and then voices calling her attention.

"Missy! missy, look!"

"See, missy, Massa Wayne!" cried Solomon eagerly.

Madam Farquhar turned, and d'Aubémont's existence vanished from her mind as though he had never been. Over her servants' heads she saw the gravel-path, and slowly approaching the house in the sunshine, three figures: her son's tall one, a slight girl drooping against him, and an elderly man rolling in sailor-like gait behind. The negroes parted to let her pass: she stepped quietly out upon the stoop, and there stood, meeting Farquhar's eyes and holding them, with joy throbbing in her own. The young man would have rushed forward, but his wife clung to him, and there was, moreover, a certain restraint in his mother's whole figure which from boyhood had checked impetuosity on his part. So he came up the step quietly, put his arms around her without a word, and felt her hands clutch him close and a deep gasp of thankfulness shaking her. But when he disengaged himself and looked into her eyes, they met his calmly enough.

"Mother, this is my wife," said Farquhar. He was standing with one hand upon his mother's shoulder; he stretched out the other and drew Edoualise nearer to them both. The girl murmured some indistinct French, and for a moment found it hard to raise her eyes to those of the elder woman. But she did so, and met that searching glance with a pride and courage in which there was no trace of defiance. For Farquhar there was a second of tense anxiety. He knew his mother's large, self-controlled nature, and her habit of authority: this sudden marriage might well displease her and antagonize her towards Edoualise. Indeed, he had more reason to fear than he knew; but Madam Farquhar's eyes said much. When she spoke to him it was with a certain formal courtesy, almost as of one man to another.

"This is unexpected, Wayne," said she in English. "I know you will tell me the truth. You have nothing to blame yourself for

in this affair? There is nothing in it of which I should have cause to be ashamed?"

"I think I have acted as you would have me," her son answered in the same manner.

"That is all I require," said Madam Farquhar. "You are welcome, my dear," she said to Edoualise in French, and touched the girl's forehead with her lips. Her greeting was not effusive, but there was nothing in it to chill or repel the girl. Madam Farquhar kept her hand reassuringly on Edoualise's shoulder, while she greeted Lautrec in her stately way, and after this all four turned into the house to meet the negroes' good-humored welcome. This, to Edoualise, was more terrifying than the other, and she shrank a little against her husband at the sight of the black faces and woolly heads.

Madam Farquhar had walked to the door of the morning-room. There stood the tables and chairs, the tray, the decanter, and the wine-glasses, but no M. d'Aubémont.

"Where is the French gentleman?" she demanded of Solomon. That functionary did not know; but after some inquiries it was found that in the confusion M. d'Aubémont, prompted, no doubt, by motives of delicacy, had withdrawn. His horses had not been yet taken out, so that he was doubtless by this time well on his way to Philadelphia.

At this information Madam Farquhar smiled gently. She made no further effort to bring M. d'Aubémont to book, and she did not tell her son of the Frenchman's visit till some weeks had passed. The weakness and petty malice that had prompted the visit gave her a contempt for d'Aubémont that even the dignified French letters which arrived in due time from Paris could not in the least dispel.

The correspondence between the Farquhars and the relatives of Edoualise was long and animated, and it was a year or two before her affairs were satisfactorily adjusted. Long before that time she was safe, happy, and at peace in the quiet haven of her home, enjoying a life full of activities. In truth, it is no exaggeration to say that the day which found her a woman of independent fortune was not half so happy to her as that other day when there arrived at their home a Frenchman, tattered, hungry, and forlorn, hugging the heavy stone statue from which, in all his journeyings, he had refused to be parted. Thus Vidon too found a quiet haven near his "little demoiselle," and the god Pan once more presided over the family hearth.

THE END.

A MASQUERADER.

LOVE that came in Pity's guise,
 Could I say him nay?
 Down he dropt his radiant eyes,
 Veiled his pinions gay
 'Neath a mantle gray,
 Hid his bow and arrows, too.
 What was a poor maid to do—
 Love that came in Pity's guise,
 Could I say him nay?

Softly knocked he at the door,
 So I looked to see;
 Love I knew had knocked before,
 But this was not he—
 Pray, who might it be?
 "Pity is my name!" he cried;
 So the door I opened wide—
 Love that came in Pity's guise,
 Could I say him nay?

In my empty heart he came,
 Filled each corner, too,
 Till one day, with look of flame,
 Off his cloak he threw,
 And Love's self I knew.
 With a laugh of cruel glee,
 "I am master here," quoth he—
 Love that came in Pity's guise,
 Could I say him nay?

Love that comes in Pity's guise,
 Who can say him nay?
 Maidens, an' ye would be wise,
 Turn the rogue away,
 Lest ye find, some day,
 Cruel Love your tyrant grown,
 And, like me, ye make your moan—
 Love that comes in Pity's guise,
 Must as master stay.

F. B.

CONFESSIONS OF A BUTCHER.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, we will say, I accepted a position as butcher in a publishing house. I didn't call it that, to be sure, nor was I known by the name, for it was not invented until some thirty years ago by young Dr. Holmes in his "Guardian Angel"—a book which I think I should have accepted if it had passed through my hands, and which I should recommend to the readers of this generation who are anxious for a pleasing novel with the breath of the nineteenth century in its nostrils. If I remember aright, I was called the preliminary sieve. It was my duty to examine all the MSS. that came in, to winnow the chaff from the wheat, and pass the choicest grains up to another gentleman of wider experience and better judgment, who decided which of them should be planted in the literary parterre cultivated by our common employer.

I was not much more than twenty years old at the time and I had done a good deal of miscellaneous reading, but I had never been brought face to face with any literary men, and I cherished for them an admiration which to an old fellow of a hundred and twenty is not without its touch of pathetic humor in the retrospect.

I have grown wiser now, of course. It no longer thrills my heart to catch a glimpse of the great Robinson or Jones, the author of the last popular poem or novel, nor does my centenarian pulse quicken by the infinitesimal fraction of a second if the famous man sits down and talks to me or even intimates that he is willing to take a drink at my expense. Those days are past. But at the time whereof I speak the feeling was a genuine one. Consequently I was delighted at the prospect of being thrown even into a purely official contact with creatures so exalted.

But I soon found that I really had small chance of anything more than a sight acquaintance with the men I admired. The producers of literary wheat had little or no concern with the "preliminary sieve." It was rather the producers of chaff who happened in my way, and the eccentricities and harmless inanities of these people gradually matured in me a gleeful appreciation of the humors of human nature which has never lost its power to charm and comfort.

No crank can be a perfect crank, nor develop all the possibilities of which his delightful type is capable, unless he has at some time cherished the idea that he was born to elevate his kind through the medium of a printed book. I use the noun "he" in the inclusive sense, for what is true of male human nature is quite as true of the female. I do not believe implicitly in the modesty of genius. I have met men of acknowledged talents who were acutely conscious

of their merits, but there is no conceit so overpowering as that of the lesser mind which has had its first taste of print. A young man or a maiden whose poems have appeared in the village paper, or even whose school-time essays have won the admiration of his (or her) class and the praise of "literary friends" (the commonest shibboleth of this type), is raised to a seventh heaven in which he (or she) alone seems worthy to be a tenant.

Such guileless conceit as was displayed in the notes that accompanied the manuscripts forwarded by these innocents!

Here is one that I have rescued from the archives of the past:

"This winter I have written my first and only story: *short, strong, virile, and suggestive*. It is pronounced by an unprejudiced critic infinitely superior to 'Vanity Fair.' In fact, if I were to repeat what is said of it by a learned man of — (naming the author's native village), you would suspect it to be perfect. Having a local reputation for solid writing among the thinking people of this vicinity will insure attention to this first and only light production." (The grammar, alas! is that of the gifted author.)

And then the astonishment, the indignation, with which the authors learned the unintelligible news that their MS., their sacred MS., their masterpiece, had been rejected! Sometimes these feelings took shape in personal abuse of the mysterious "our reader" on whom the blame was always laid in those skilfully worded communications in which it was my partner's duty to break the news of the rejection. "Your reader is evidently some crabbed old bachelor, too bitter and prejudiced to have any appreciation of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful." So wrote a pretty, black-eyed damsel, and, I thank Heaven, she did not seem to suspect me. Or sometimes a more subtle and therefore more caustic attack was made by putting the word reader in quotation marks or decorating it with a vicious underlying dash to indicate that he was a reader on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. One indignant lady proposed to sink her whole fortune in the attempt to prove the imbecility of "our reader."

After pointing out that some of the most learned and critical of her friends had said that certain episodes were equal to anything in Dickens and Thackeray, she imperiously directed us to send her "estimates of cost of publishing the first edition of five thousand copies and of all succeeding thousands." She was much surprised when informed that the firm would not publish even at her expense.

In one of his essays Thackeray discourses at some length on the various impossible people who deluged his editorial desk with letters and proposals. To give some idea of the class, he invents what is evidently meant as a burlesque type of the whole. A lady writes to him at length, deploring the low standard of magazine literature, and suggesting that, as she has recently discovered a beautiful French work entitled "Les Aventures de Télémaque," she would be willing to translate it for the *Cornhill*, not merely in her own pecuniary

interest, but in the interest of sound morals and sound literature. Yet, although the unmistakable Thackeray touch shows this letter to be a burlesque, it is really not one whit more absurd than many of the genuine epistles of which we were in constant receipt. Here is one copied *verbatim et literatim*:

“Gentlemen,—I have ‘The Household of Sir Thomas More,’ by his Daughter, written in the old English style, as published in an old Magazine. I write to ask what it will be worth to me to copy it in modern English, and if you will publish the same. The story runs through about eight numbers of the *Monthly Magazine*. Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience, and greatly oblige

“Yours,
“_____.”

Surely that excellent *tour de force*, “The Household of Sir Thomas More,” a novel written purposely in archaic style, is not so entirely forgotten by the novel-readers of to-day that they will fail to appreciate the humor of this innocent proposition. It is as if some one were to attempt translating “Esmond” or “Lorna Doone” into nineteenth century English.

Another lady had written a novel,—which, of course, was brilliant, original, etc. But “our reader” failed to pass it. She begged us to retain the MS. in our safe till she could dispose of it elsewhere. At the end of a year she wrote an intensely indignant letter in which she accused the reader of having loaned the MS. to his literary friends. She noticed plagiarisms from that masterpiece in some of the most eminent writers of that day. How could they have seen it save through the reader’s treachery? She mentioned especially among the eminent authors Mr. Howells, Mr. Aldrich, and Mrs. Wister,—writers of considerable note when I was in my prime, and probably still remembered by the literary student. One of them was a famous translator, by the way, so that the MS. must have made the rounds of the great foreign authors as well as the native ones. Luckily, it had returned from its world-encompassing journey and was quietly reposing in our safe at the time the letter was received. It was expressed back to the author without note or comment. What was the use of arguing with vanity so fatuous?

There was a gentleman in an out-of-the-way corner of New Jersey who used to write us periodically about a great work in the scientific-romance way. He was an extraordinary crank, and I am sorry I have preserved none of his letters. I remember, however, for my faculties are still unimpaired (owing probably to the fact that I have never used chewing-gum), that he valued the MS. at a million dollars, and advised us to send messengers to treat with him at the earliest possible moment, for there were other publishers on the hot

scent, and we might lose a bargain. These letters came in about once a month. Finally one day a variety was introduced into them. The crank wrote to say that he had seen by our publishers' announcement that we had a work on "Astronomy" in press. He warned us that he had copyrighted Mars and would prosecute us if we attempted to say anything about that planet. His warning was unheeded, however. We never heard from him again. I still have a curiosity to know whether he ever consulted legal authority.

The cranks who dropped in to interview us personally were frequently quite as amusing as those who trusted to correspondence. I remember a benignant old gentleman with snowy hair and a pleasant smile who toddled in to explain the beauty of a new system of phrenology that he had invented. He had discovered that the condition of the whole physical, mental, and moral system was revealed by the bumps on a man's head—even to the slightest particulars.

"Now," said he, drawing up his shirt-sleeves and making a preliminary flourish of his hands, "I can tell by feeling your head whether you are a Catholic, a Protestant, or an infidel, and how many corns you have on your left foot."

I dodged, and when I had recovered my ruffled composure assured the gentleman that I wanted no practical application of his system, especially as I was afraid he might discover by my bumps that I had not the slightest intention of "passing" his MS.

I must acknowledge that once, at least, a crank got the best of me. He was a quiet, Quakerlike party, who lugged into my private office a huge dictionary borrowed from the front part of the store, where books were kept on sale. He was writing a poem, he explained, and was "stumped" for a rhyme to wave. Now he had found the word "lave" in the dictionary, meaning to wash. But unfortunately it was a verb, and unsuited to his purpose. Was there not some figure of speech, some poetical license, whereby he could use the verb as a noun,—*"the lave,"* meaning *"the thing that washed,"*—in other words, *"the ocean"?*

I saw that he had been sent back to me by one of the clerks as a joke. Wishing to pass the jest along, I assured my Quaker friend that I did not consider myself competent to pass on so important a question; but if he would climb up-stairs to the printing office he would find there a proof-reader—a gentleman of absolutely encyclopædic attainments, on whose dictum he could surely rely. With a smile I watched the old man as he went off to follow my directions.

A quarter of an hour later, perhaps, Jarndyce came into my office and wanted to know why I had sent that confounded crank up to him. I assured him that I really considered him the most competent person to appeal to. Even while I was speaking a clerk hurried in from the front store.

"Mr. Butcher," he said, "did you see a Quaker with a big dictionary whom I sent back to you?"

"Yes," I replied; "I sent him up to Jarndyce."

"He left me a few minutes ago," said the latter.

"And what did he do with the dictionary?"

"The dictionary? Why, I saw him walking out of the rear door with the dictionary under his arm."

The tribulations of the Butcher did not always end when a MS. had been accepted or rejected. It was his duty also to look after the books sent out for review, and often an irate author held him more or less responsible for the verdict of the press. Here is a sample letter received from a dear old gentleman long ago laid away to rest. It was his one outbreak into irascibility, so far as I am aware, but the reader will see that it was an effective explosion:

"Dear Sir,—There appeared yesterday in the ——— a most malicious and most slanderous article, purporting to be a review or criticism of my recent book. Can nothing be done to correct or stay the evil which it is intended and is likely to do me—and you too?"

"How came this unprincipled wretch to have a chance to pollute my book? Such a poor, miserable, false pretence of humanity must be too base, too contemptible, even for the household of the devil, otherwise he would not be suffered to be here to shed his hellish venom over a literary production which is far too erudite and good to be appreciated by his shallow, demoniac brain.

"P. BLANK."

William S. Walsh.

MARSYAS.

TO hear Apollo play upon his lyre;
 To struggle bravely, and, not least, to know
 It was a god that caused our overthrow;
 To feel within us the immortal fire;
 What more, forsooth, might earth-born bard desire,
 What more has life, the niggard, to bestow,
 What fate diviner waits us here below
 Than this,—to live, to strive, and to expire?

Thrice happy Marsyas! In the cruel death
 The god, ungenerous in his triumph, gave,
 Didst thou not smile within thy heart to know
 That since he hushed thy music-laden breath
 And hid thy gold-voiced lute within the grave,
 Apollo knew thee for no paltry foe?

Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

THE MEN WHO IMPEACHED ANDREW JOHNSON.

TIME and circumstance have made sad havoc with the men who stood for and against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. That was the greatest state trial in all history, for it menaced the power and character of the executive of a nation. Warren Hastings, whose arraignment was next in importance, was only the governor of India, and the charges were peculation and malfeasance in office. Only political crimes were alleged against the one President of the United States ever called before the bar of the highest court known to any law.

James M. Ashley was a great character in and about Toledo thirty-odd years ago. In the West, in those days, they called every one by his first name. So if you had asked for "Mr." Ashley instead of for "Jim" in the thriving town on the Maumee few would have known whom you meant. He was a typical Westerner, and withal one of the breeziest men and best story-tellers in Northern Ohio; a man of powerful physique, more than six feet high, and weighing two hundred and forty pounds; his face as large and round as a full moon, and his voice like a thunder-clap. In the days when I first saw him his large head was covered with a mass of curly black hair, which he wore long. His face was clean shaven, his shirt front always immaculate, and his dress like that of a well-paid presiding elder on a thriving circuit.

Ohio has always been noted as the State of politics and politicians, and a man who had plenty of sinew, assurance, and voice was very apt under the prevailing atmosphere to become a politician. Mr. Ashley was no exception to the rule. He had every requisite for success. He could in those days be heard farther when making a speech than any man Ohio ever produced, except the late Governor William Allen. In the upheavals of war and the uncertainties which followed it a man possessing Mr. Ashley's qualifications could readily find his way into Congress. In those days there were many temptations for a statesman to express his opinion, and Mr. Ashley had not been in Congress long before he was a notable figure in the lower house. He was the tallest and largest man there, and his raven locks and striking face made him a commanding figure. He talked well and frequently, and upon all questions of reconstruction, which were then the dramatic issues before Congress, he took a radical view and became something of a leader, so far as advocacy went; but when the thinking was to be done, Thad Stevens, Ben Butler, and a few more laid the foundation for all action.

The controversy between Secretary Stanton and Andrew Johnson was one of the most serious a government was ever called upon

to face, considering the time and the conditions which surrounded it. Its settlement threw to the surface many men who have long since faded from public view. James M. Ashley was one of the number. From first to last he was one of the most persistent advocates of the President's impeachment, and made himself so conspicuous that he was given the name of "Impeachment Ashley." He presented the articles of impeachment to the House, and was a foremost figure in all the turbulent scenes which resulted in their adoption.

As the scenes come back to me, I can see what a safety-valve for the overheated animosities of those days was that impeachment trial. It was the battle-field for politicians, which the statesmen of two continents have said must always follow the bloody settlement of any great question with arms.

In the impeachment of Warren Hastings, politics had much to do with his trial, although the charges were for far different offences. Nothing but an over-exercise of power was alleged against President Johnson, and charges of this kind are soon forgotten, especially when they fail. Therefore there is little in common between the two political-legal battles. The conviction of Warren Hastings would have had but little effect in the every-day life of a nation, while had Andrew Johnson been pronounced guilty there is no measuring the effect it would have had upon our people, so recently from the battle-field, and just settling back from a soldier's life into the walks of citizenship. It might have bred the most serious of political wars, where neighbor would have been arrayed against neighbor in the bitterest of strife. It is easy to see all this now, when the country has almost forgotten the phases and dangers of that era, and when nearly all who took part in it have stepped off the boards of active life, and "new names are now sounded and sung of men."

The scene in the House of Representatives when Mr. Ashley presented his impeachment resolutions was very turbulent. Half the members were on their feet at once, and there was confusion everywhere. The South had no men of importance on the floor, and Democratic members from the North were not numerous. The Republican temper ran riot and was master of the hour. Good judgment was not there, nor was it wanted. The political battle, which had lasted almost three years, since Mr. Lincoln's death, had grown fiercer as the controversies of peace grew more important. In the lower house of Congress every man was carrying one hundred and twenty pounds of steam to the square inch, and the gauge almost always indicated danger. These impeachment articles and the wild scenes which followed let off a great deal of surplus caloric; by the time the indictment against the President was ready to go to the Senate there was no danger of an explosion, and the steam gauge only registered about a fair amount of power. Yet the real facts are that the strain upon the public mind which followed the action

of the House to the Senate, and stayed there until the end was reached, was far more dangerous to the public peace than the sputtering, noisy demonstrations in the lower house.

Reflection upon the incidents of this trial brings some queer reminiscences of the men who were connected with that event. I ask myself what has become of them, and the answer is interesting. For instance, not long after Mr. Ashley had played his part in that great game of life, his constituents declined to reëlect him, and he soon dropped out of sight. He engaged in various enterprises, until nearly ten years after his articles of impeachment had failed, when he was made governor of Dakota by President Hayes. His lease of power there was not long; he drifted back into the States and engaged in railroad building. His place in public life has long since been filled by others, and he will go down to history as "Impeachment Ashley."

There were seven managers on the part of the House to prosecute. They were selected as lawyers of distinction. Fortune has played some strange caprices with them, as with others. John A. Bingham heads the list. He was in Congress many years, but was retired in 1873, and was minister to Japan till 1885. He was one of the best debaters in the House when there were many strong men there.

George S. Boutwell fared badly in the hands of President Johnson's lawyers, who roasted him unmercifully. He was secretary of the treasury 1869-73, then senator from Massachusetts, and later a lawyer in Washington.

James F. Wilson, of Iowa, became a railroad lawyer, and was a senator from 1883 to 1889.

Benjamin F. Butler is abundantly remembered. He remained in Congress till 1875, was there again 1877-79, was Democratic governor of Massachusetts 1882-83, and Greenback-Labor candidate for the Presidency in 1884.

These, like General John A. Logan, of Illinois, and Thaddeus Stevens and Thomas Williams, of Pennsylvania, have gone to their final account.

Of the attorneys who defended Andrew Johnson, William M. Evarts was up to that time known only as a lawyer. His speech was regarded as a masterpiece and gave him a national reputation, which thrust him into public life. William S. Grosbeck was once elected to Congress after defending the stubborn President, in whose behalf he made a great effort.

Henry Stanberry, of Kentucky, was the attorney-general in Johnson's cabinet when the impeachment was brought, but resigned to defend his chief. Benjamin R. Curtis, who had been a justice of the Supreme Court, also represented the President, as did Thomas A. R. Nelson, of Tennessee, who was Johnson's personal friend and a lawyer of distinction. These three took very little part in public

affairs after the impeachment trial was over. Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, was to have represented the President, but some differences between them developed, and he withdrew.

The combats between the attorneys were exceedingly spirited during the entire two months and a half that the trial lasted. The nation was thrown into a turmoil. Communities and States were not willing to let the jurymen decide for themselves, and the most earnest appeals were made to wavering senators to vote for conviction. Political insanity ruled the hour. Ben Wade would have been President had Johnson been impeached, and all the aggression of that coterie of strong men who had handled the political end of strife in Congress through the war was bent towards getting rid of the forceful and impolitic man in the White House and installing in his place the rude but able man from Ohio, who was in full sympathy with them. The country will hardly again be called on to endure so great a strain on its forms and laws as the year 1868 witnessed.

I followed the articles of impeachment from the House to the Senate, and from a seat in the gallery looked upon their presentation, the beginning of the trial, and nearly every phase of its conduct. The scene when the Senate assembled as a court of impeachment was most impressive. The galleries were packed to suffocation. Nearly every senator was in his seat. The House was present with its indictment and its lawyers to press it. The attorneys for the defence sat at a big table in the circle facing the Vice-President's desk; the managers for the House sat opposite. Every detail was conducted with great solemnity. When Chief-Justice Chase took the oath from the venerable Justice Nelson he never looked more dignified in his life, and no man ever looked more like a great jurist. The vast audience seemed to hold its breath while the initial act in this great political drama was being enacted. When it was done and Judge Chase took his seat, there was an audible sigh of relief which broke a very painful silence.

The 5th of March, 1868, set up on the road of our national history a remarkable mile-stone. Up to that time only one impeachment trial held a place on the records of the Senate. That was of a United States district judge, and was one of those insignificant events which never disturbed anybody much. But on this day the President of the United States was called to the bar. The legislative and executive branches of the government were in hostile array against each other. Mr. Stanton was secretary of war, and was in a serious dispute with the President. In fact, the controversies had grown so strong and unreasonable that there was great discord, and all the joints of the national machine were loose. Looking back at that time, it now seems wonderful that enough respect was paid to the established forms of procedure to delay action until anger had spent its force and reason regained a foothold. The closest of friends

were divided upon the purpose of the hour: men were either sullen or violent, as their temperaments directed.

The high court of impeachment, though organized on the 5th of March, did not begin its real work until the 13th. For ten weeks those gathered in Washington hung upon every incident of the trial. The House transacted little or no business, and the country at large was demoralized over this great procedure. Tickets of admission to the gallery, which were obtained only by special favor, were sold at high prices by unscrupulous people; but there was no help for it. The newspapers printed graphic accounts of the daily occurrences, and the public fire was constantly fed with most combustible fuel. The South was broken and silent while these scenes were being enacted. It had no representatives in the Senate and no real representatives in the House. The day had not yet come when it could send up its men to deliberate upon the questions of government. Naturally it sympathized with the President, while deprecating his aggressiveness and lack of tact. The North was divided upon the question, and in that fact lay the strength of the defence.

The United States Senate has been regarded as the balance-wheel of the nation; and never was the wisdom of the founders of this republic more demonstrated than in this great state trial. There was never any great danger from the start that it would convict the President, and it is a fact as well known as anything not of record that there were other senators not down on the list who were willing to vote not guilty had they been needed to secure the acquittal. But in those days it was difficult for a Republican senator to resist the public clamor for conviction which went up all over the land. They sat as a jury, taking an oath to try the case according to the law and evidence; but the popular cry was "Guilty on general principles," and the people would have no other result without a controversy with the senator who disobeyed their demand.

It seems strange at this day to recall the fact that there was even a strong movement towards the abolition of the Senate, and the cry everywhere was "Down with this aristocratic body that stands against the will of the people." Perhaps the telegram signed by the leading men of Kansas, which was sent to Senator Ross before the final vote was taken, best illustrates the temper of the moment. It read,—*"Kansas has heard the evidence, and demands conviction."* Hundreds of such messages were sent to senators, and delegations even were poured into the national capital to enforce on them the frenzy of the people and their demand for the unseating of the President. This attempt to influence the action of the high court met with a cool response in most cases.

Long weeks of wrangling and excitement brought the case to the final moment of decision. What a day that was in our history! Washington was crowded with strangers, and the corridors of the Capitol were jammed with people hoping in vain for a chance to

reach the gallery of the Senate. Not one in hundreds could be admitted. Long before the hour of assembling, not only the floor of the Senate Chamber, but the place allotted to spectators, was jammed with a serious mob, anxious to witness the closing scenes of the great trial. Hundreds of dollars were offered for tickets; but few were for sale, even by the most greedy, as every one was anxious to hear the jury polled. The House was present to get its answer to the charges it had preferred, and both those who were there to act and those who were there to see watched every movement and listened to every sound in the preliminaries which led up to the final act. It was not long before all the words had been said and all the deeds done in a momentous event, when the secretary began calling the roll for the verdict. The silence of death pervaded the whole chamber; hundreds of people were keeping tally to see how the record was standing. The roll was called in alphabetical order, and the single A. in the list voted "Guilty." The two B.'s then in the Senate voted "Not guilty." Then eight C.'s voted "Guilty." Then of the three D.'s two stood by the President. There was an audible stir in the vast audience, and a little easing up in the strain as they voted. From this point to the end there was silence as of the grave when "Guilty" was said, but an apparent movement when a Republican voted the other way. So the work went on to the end. When the tally was made up and the requisite two-thirds were lacking the audience breathed more easily and soon dispersed.

Looking over the names of the thirty-five men who voted the President "guilty" on the 26th of May, 1868, and of the nineteen who saved him from the passions of that hour, I am struck with the caprices which fortune and politics have played with them all. Of the former, Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, remained in the Senate until he died in 1884. Simon Cameron, after nine years more of service, resigned to make a place for his son Don, and died in 1889 at the age of ninety. A. G. Cattell, of New Jersey, retired in 1871 and died in 1894. Zach Chandler, of Michigan, remained in the Senate until he went into Grant's Cabinet in 1874. He was then beaten for the Senate by one of those spasms which sometimes shakes the life out of the cleverest of politicians, but came back in 1879, and died in harness. The political life of Cornelius Cole, of California, ended in 1873. John Conness, the other senator from California, retired in 1869, and settled in Medford, Massachusetts. Henry W. Corbett, of Oregon, left the Senate in 1873.

The story of the power which Roscoe Conkling held for so many years, its loss, and his political controversies are recent history. Aaron H. Cragin, of New Hampshire, was reelected to the Senate in 1871, and later drifted into the practice of law in the departments. Charles D. Drake, of Missouri, resigned shortly after President Johnson's acquittal, and was appointed chief justice of the Court

of Claims in Washington. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, long continued to make able and sarcastic speeches in the Senate, where his colleague, Justin S. Morrill, long kept his seat. Orris S. Ferry, of Connecticut, was reelected in 1872, but died in 1875. F. T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, kept in the glare of the public candle in the Senate till 1869, and from 1871 to 1877, and as secretary of state in President Arthur's Cabinet almost to the day of his death. James Harlan, of Iowa, who was Lincoln's secretary of the interior in 1865, left the Senate in 1873. Jacob M. Howard, of Michigan, served till March, 1871, and died a month later. Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, remained in the Senate till 1879, became postmaster-general in 1881, and died in harness in 1883. Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, kept his seat and remained active in politics till his death in 1877. Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, stayed in the Senate till 1876, then became secretary of the treasury, and in 1877 collector at Portland; he died in 1883. Ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, left the Senate in 1869 and died in 1883. James W. Nye, of Nevada, one of the quaint story-tellers of the Senate, retired in 1873 and died in 1876. James W. Patterson, of New Hampshire, retired in 1873. Samuel C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, remained in the Senate till 1873. Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, was in the Senate till 1875, was secretary of war from 1879 to 1881, and then was one of the commissioners to govern Utah under the Edmunds act from 1882 to 1886.

John Sherman has been Cabinet minister, senator, and candidate for the Presidential nomination several times since he voted "Guilty." William Sprague, of Rhode Island, retired in 1875; the vicissitudes of his life, both social and commercial, have been many and serious, but public place knows him no more. William M. Stewart, of Nevada, dropped out of the Senate in 1875, and drifted back to the Pacific coast, but returned in 1887. Not long after Charles Sumner voted "Guilty," Grant succeeded Andrew Johnson as President. The great Massachusetts statesman quarrelled with the great soldier, lost his place as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations to Simon Cameron, entered the Liberal Republican movement, which hoisted Horace Greeley as a candidate, and died in 1874. John M. Thayer, of Nebraska, left the Senate in 1871 and became governor of his State in 1886. His colleague, Thomas W. Tipton, followed Schurz and Sumner into the Greeley movement and left the Senate in 1875. Ben Wade, of Ohio, left the Senate in 1869 and died in 1878. Waitman T. Willey, of West Virginia, ended his public career in 1871. George H. Williams, of Oregon, became General Grant's attorney-general, and later a railroad lawyer. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, remained in the Senate until he was elected Vice-President with General Grant's second term, and died with the harness on. Richard Yates, of Illinois, is the last of the list of the thirty-five who declared Andrew

Johnson to be guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors. He left the Senate in 1871 and died in 1873.

The dread messenger with the scythe has been equally severe with the nineteen men whose votes enabled Andrew Johnson to fill out his term as President and keep in the broad glare of political combat until his death. James A. Bayard, of Delaware, was succeeded by his more eminent son in 1869 and died in 1880. Charles R. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania, left the Senate in 1869 and was returned to the House in 1887. Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, who used to make long constitutional speeches, died in 1872, while still a senator. James Dixon, of Connecticut, the first Republican to vote "Not guilty," left the Senate in 1869 and died in 1873. James R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, long practised and taught law in Chicago. His vote in this case practically concluded his public career. He drifted into the Democratic party soon afterwards, and lived till 1897. William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine, the intellectual giant of the Senate at that time, was strong enough to do what he thought right and maintain his position, but died the next year. James W. Grimes, of Iowa, then the Republican of Republicans in the Senate, gave up his seat in 1869 and died in 1872. John B. Henderson, of Missouri, left the Senate in 1869.

The fact of these Republicans voting to sustain the President one after another caused quite a sensation, and was a damper on those who were anxious for conviction. Thomas A. Hendricks followed them with "Not guilty." He lived in the white heat of politics for nearly twenty years, became Vice-President with Mr. Cleveland, and died at his home in Indianapolis as the second official of the government. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, went as minister to England in 1868, returned to Baltimore to practise law the next year, and died in 1876. Thomas C. McCreery, of Kentucky, remained in his seat till 1871 and returned to it in 1873. Daniel S. Norton, of Minnesota, died in Washington in 1870. David T. Patterson, of Tennessee, was the President's son-in-law, and his wife was the mistress of the White House during all of her father's term. He retired in 1869. Edmund G. Ross, of Kansas, had a very turbulent time in politics after he refused to obey the demand of his State and vote for conviction. He retired from the Senate in 1871, returned to Kansas, became a Democrat, and was made governor of New Mexico in 1885. Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, became chancellor there. Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, drifted into the Democratic party, and died in 1896. Peter G. Van Winkle, of West Virginia, and George Vickers, of Maryland, were the last to vote "Not guilty;" both are dead.

This concludes the list. There were only nine Democrats then in the Senate: Bayard, Buckalew, Garrett Davis, Hendricks, Reverdy Johnson, Patterson, of Tennessee, McCreery, Vickers, and Saulsbury. They all came from Northern or Border States, and

illustrate how near we still were to the prejudices and passions of the war. It took eleven Republican votes to save Andrew Johnson, and many of them came from the ablest men in the party. Read the list: Fessenden, Grimes, Doolittle, Dixon, Fowler, Henderson, Norton, Patterson, of New Hampshire, Ross, Trumbull, and Van Winkle.

Their action was very severely criticised by party organs, and it was not until a few years later, when passion had cooled, that a sober discussion of their action could be tolerated in party circles. Andrew Johnson continued to be a thorn in the Republican side, and his State finally returned him to the Senate to face some of his accusers on the floor of the body that once tried him. His remarkable career ended at his home in Tennessee while he was still in the Senate.

Frank A. Burr.

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.

IT was jest as I'm tellin' you, cunnel," the station-agent said, and swung one lank leg over the edge of the table, whereon a telegraph instrument clicked intermittently. "Cunnel Crawford was standin' jest where you be, and the men was squandered through the station jest like you all, when in comes that other off'cer——"

"What other?" demanded the tallest of the group of officers who stood listening to the agent's leisurely drawl.

"The one from up the line. He went up to the cunnel and he says, 'Cunnel, there's hell to pay up the road.' 'And who air you?' says the cunnel, lookin' him over from head to foot, 'case he were splashed to the eyes, like he'd been comin' through the mud hell-fer-leather. 'Who air you?' says the cunnel, and the other says, 'I'm Major Randolph, of Cunnel Whitby's command.' 'The devil you air,' the cunnel says. 'And what air you doin' here? I thought you was with Whitby, in Merriton?"

"So I was,' the major says, and told how he come to be here. He says a thousand free miners come down on Merriton and skeered the warden so that he took the convicts out'n the mines and agreed to take 'em back where they come from. Then the miners jumped the soldiers, unexpected like, took their guns, and told 'em to light out. The major and some more come here to the junction on the chance of fallin' in with some of you all."

"What on earth did they mean, letting themselves be surprised that way?" asked another of the officers.

"I don't know how it come. The cunnel and the major had some words on that very point, but all I heard was the cunnel sayin', 'Your language air unsubstord'nate, sir.' Then they went into the waitin'-room, and I didn't hear no more till the cunnel asked me the shortest way to Sanderson. The miners that was at Merriton

was comin' down on Sanderson, the major said, and Cunnel Crawford figured on gettin' there before the miners, so's to help out the soldiers that air at Sanderson already. I got a man to go with 'em, and they started about an hour ago by the long way, 'case that road air best. Before he went Cunnel Crawford says, 'If Cunnel Parkinson and his men come here, tell 'em to follow me, and I'll wait at the aidge of Sanderson till they come up.'"

The colonel turned and led the way, the others following him, into the long, bare waiting-room, where two struggling oil-lamps cast a smoky light over blue uniforms and shone in shifting glints on points of metal. A steam arose from dripping blouses and slouched campaign hats, where the silent infantrymen crowded around a tall stove which stood in the centre of the floor. The waiting men cast inquiring glances at the officers as they appeared through the door, and those nearest the group edged closer in an effort to catch what their superiors were saying.

"Orders for me to follow him," the colonel said. "His orders were to join me here, and 'join' means to wait till I got here if he waited all night. Follow him! I've got two years seniority. What business of his was it to make plans and tell me to follow them? I didn't come up here and march three miles through the mud to get to this hole just to be ordered about by my junior."

"But, colonel," said another of the group respectfully, "since Colonel Crawford has gone on, there's only one thing for us to do, isn't there?"

"Yes, I suppose there is. We'll have to go ahead. But I'll not follow Crawford, at any rate. I'll take a feather out of his cap this time. We'll take the shortest road, if it is bad travelling, and we'll get into Sanderson before Crawford is within hailing distance, miners or no miners."

The other officers looked at each other. One nodded significantly at the small force of waiting men and shrugged his shoulders. Then he turned to the colonel and spoke doubtfully. "But, colonel——"

"There's no 'but' about it, captain. I'm going to Sanderson; and I'm going to get there first. Colonel Crawford will report to me. Follow him! I'll make him follow me. Where's the agent? Oh, agent! Terry! Come here a minute, please."

Terry, the agent, was standing in the doorway leading to his office. There was a curious expression in his eyes as he heard the colonel's words, and a suppressed smile about his mouth as he stepped forward in response to the call.

"Is there any chance of a train getting through here to-night?" the colonel asked.

"Nary train, cunnel. The bridges air reported loaded with dynamite, and lots of the frogs has been spiked, so's no train can get through. Leastways, the comp'ny don't think it's worth while to

run the risk of wreckin' a train jest to see if one can go over the line."

"Isn't the railway the shortest road into Sanderson? What's the matter with our going that way?"

"Can't be did, cunnel. There's a big crowd of miners layin' up along the road to get anything or anybody that tries to go over the line, and they'd get you all sure's shootin'. Better try the other way."

"What other way?—the way Colonel Crawford went?"

"No, sir. The short way, the old wood-road along the ridge. That air the shortest if it air bad; and you won't need no one to show you the way."

"You said Crawford had a guide, didn't you?"

"Chick Chambers went with him, but they all stand a mighty good chance of gettin' lost, anyway. Chick don't know the roads any too well, and it's sech an all-fired dark night that most anybody'd get lost."

"Then we'll have to have a guide, too. What's to prevent our getting lost?"

"Oh, there haint no chance of that. There haint no side roads to the short way, and all you got to do air to go straight ahead till you strike Sanderson. The long road comes into town jest about the same place, so's you can meet up with Cunnel Crawford."

Another question or two as to the exact road, and the colonel spoke to one of the officers. A sharp command aroused the lounging men: knapsacks were reslung, leggins laced tighter, collars turned up, and hats pulled down. Along the dripping platform they fell in quickly. The rain drove in slanting lines through the night, and the water dripped with a monotonous splash-splash from the wide eaves of the little station. The red gleam of a target-lamp shone in the mist and was reflected faintly from the steel of the tracks: all else was lost in the gray of the driving rain, save where a muddy wagon-road crossed the railway, a dim, yellow line in the dulled light which filtered through a streaming window.

With rifles sheltered as best they could beneath their arms, the ranks wheeled into column, and at the swinging route step, the first tramp-tramp resonant on the hollow platform, plodded doggedly away into the night and the rain.

The agent stood in the doorway, watching them as they marched on through the mud, until the last files had disappeared beyond the red halo of the target. Then, turning, he went into the waiting-room and closed the outer door behind him. Going to the telegraph table in the inner office he began calling. Presently an answering click-click came over the wire, and he began a message, slowly spelling each word aloud as he worked the key.

"Tell-right-parties-parkinson-and-seventy-five-men-just-left-here-for-sanderson-old-wood-road-along-ridge."

"That'll do it," he chuckled, as the message was repeated from the receiving station; "that'll do it; and Chick air tol'able sure to get lost, too; he cert'nly air."

Out in the rain and the night, on the rugged ridge that stretched away in the gloom, reaching far northward, along a winding wood-road which straggled, twisted, stopped, and then went on again upon the mountain side, the little column of infantry blundered blindly, splashing through unseen pools of mud and water, stumbling heavily over writhing tree-roots and ragged stones, the files disordered, each man for himself, with muttered oaths and imprecations.

Up, up, and up the road went, and they grew weary of climbing. Then it stretched away through the inky darkness of the forest, sloping sharply down the hill-side or again clambering steeply towards the top. On either hand the woods grew, dense and black, with straggling, wind-wracked pines and ragged oaks, patches of broad-leaved sumach and spiny laurel in little clearings, and matted vines which swung from overhead or trailed in tangling net-work across the track. Among the trees the rain dripped from leaf to leaf with a furtive iteration as of stealthy footfalls. Wet, dead leaves slipped beneath their feet, or whirled against their faces, deathly chill. Cold blasts swept out from pitch-black mouths of rocky hill-guts, bearing the long hiss of driven rain.

On and on and on they went. In front the colonel marched, aloof from the other officers, who plodded on together; on the flanks the lieutenants and the file-closers fought with unyielding boughs which stretched across the way; in the ranks the men trudged heavily, in sullen discomfort. Their boots were sodden on their feet, the water dripped from their hat-brims and trickled down beneath their ineffective collars, their feet were heavy in the miry ruts. At first they had muttered comments on the chance of fight, or asked each other in wondering doubt why they did not follow and join the stronger force, but as they drew deeper and deeper into the wood they ceased to talk; the chill and the rain and the unknown way through the night held their tongues. A vague uneasiness crept from file to file; the sudden flurry of a night-bird's wing startled them; the strange night-noises of the forest made them glance from side to side with hurried, shifting eyes. The men, most of them, did not know what their destination was, and most of them did not care.

The wind grew sharper; the rain thinned to driving, stinging mist; shadows fled brokenly across the gray sky; through a long wind-rift in the trees the eastern sky slowly lightened into the first faint gray of a rainy dawn. The road turned down the mountain and grew wider; the dense forest gave place to scattered trees and scraggy undergrowths, sumach and sassafras, brambles and matted vines and rain-beaten weeds. Far down in the valley lights shone through the mist, seen fitfully through chance openings in the trees.

The first set of fours, its corporal leading, moved out across the front in a thready line of skirmishers.

"That's our place: that's Sanderson," said the corporal, pointing with dripping hand to the far-seen lights.

"That's so?" answered his next-file man, with blue and shivering lips. "Wish we were there."

"Be there soon," the corporal replied hopefully. "That is, if we ain't stopped," he added with a grin.

"I wish we had more men," the other said; and they stumbled on through the dripping weeds.

A shoulder of the mountain jugged out into the valley, overtopping the ragged lower slope; a tongue of barren pasture-land climbed up over its edge and ran back to meet the forest, with shaggy growths of scrubby trees on either side. Into this strip the wood-road led, losing itself among straggling clumps of grass and knotted brambles. At sight of the open the men straightened themselves and held their heads erect; the officers began to pull their drenched blouses into shape; there was a suggestion of swing in the movements of the weary troops, and something of confidence in themselves came into their haggard faces. The skirmishers advanced with a certain jaunty caution and an air of conscious daring.

The valley grew and widened to their gaze; far below a winding line of denser mist marked where a river flowed; uncertain shapes loomed through the paling scud and took on sharper outlines. The ruddy lights still twinkled in the gray. The little corporal of the skirmishers turned and waved his hand cheerily towards the welcoming beams, his white chevrons gleaming in the uncertain light.

A single shot flashed from a thicket on the right, and the corporal pitched headlong to the ground.

The echoes fled along the ridge, and through them came the desolate drip-drip of the water on the leaves. The skirmishers stopped, irresolute, with apprehensive glances at the thickets, and a shuddering consciousness of what lay there in the grass before them. A sudden murmur came from where the column halted in the rear. One of the skirmishers jerked his rifle to his shoulder and fired blindly into the thicket.

A ragged rattle of firing answered his rifle from right and left, an irregular flashing here and there, and crashings dulled against the mist. Above the low thickets the smoke-wrack lifted slowly and ravelled out upon the wind.

The skirmishers fell back, firing as they went; one of them stood still, looking curiously at his left hand, over which the slow blood dripped. He opened his lips, as though to speak, and then saw that there was no one by him; he turned and ran after the retreating squad, and a mocking laugh came from out the undergrowth behind him.

The skirmishers dodged behind the scattered trees. A sharp

command came from the colonel, and the men wheeled to right and left with hurried promptness; the column changed to a square, of which one side, the side facing the forest, was missing; in the centre stood the officers and the wounded skirmisher. Around the square ran the snap of closing breech-blocks and the click of rising hammers.

The gray mist rolled and swayed in the valley, the tall weeds bent in the chill wind, and the stirred leaves rustled with heavy drops like the muffled beat of distant drums; the thickets and the forest ranged an impenetrable wall of silence around the waiting square. The long moment of inaction was filled with crowding apprehensions; fingers twitched and straining faces turned towards the colonel in dumb expectancy.

“Fire!”

The dripping air shivered to the blind volley, and the encompassing smoke-cloud writhed upon the wind. Wild and high the bullets flew: aim there was none, and the enemy was unseen.

A voice called mockingly, and the thickets flashed into a tattered fringe of firing. In the front of the square a man sank slowly to the ground, clutching at his comrades with vainly seeking hands. The irregular crash of a second volley from the troops rolled back in shattering echoes from the mist-wreathed ridge.

Hoarse shoutings and the rush of feet answered the fire, and from right and left and front came armed men, running heavily, rifles and revolvers, hammers and pickaxes, swung and brandished above their heads.

The shaken troops were crowded like startled sheep. One wild, bewildering instant of the swirling savagery of hand-to-hand fight, and then a panting, jostling, panic-stricken huddle of men rushed for the shelter of the wood. Here and there the fight flared on; an officer and a dozen men fell back doggedly, firing as they retired; a little squad, covering four who bore two wounded men, emptied their pieces with bitter vengeance.

Within the border of the wood along the muddy road the troops rallied, save for a handful who fled in blind terror beneath the dripping trees. No more firing came from the front: the barren slope lay empty. The officers gathered for a hasty consultation: to go on, or try to go on, was folly, they were outnumbered ten to one; to make a detour was hopelessly impossible. Back over the road they had come was their only way, and back over the road they made their disheartened march, followed by derisive shouts from their triumphant foes.

The mist changed to rain, falling sullenly from a leaden sky, and sullenly, with dragging steps and furtive glances from side to side, marched the column. In the rear two wounded men were borne on rough rifle-litters, and in the ranks were men who wore rude bandages, with dull red, creeping stains.

A new road, unseen when they had passed it in the night, led

down into the valley; through the opening in the trees a little town showed. Almost without orders the troops turned into the new way, rain forgotten, mire unheeded in the bitterer thoughts which filled their minds.

Suddenly from the right there came a hail, and with sullen eyes they saw company after company wheel into the splashing road, with grim-mouthed guns straining in the rear. The officer who marched at the head of the new column swung his sword up in salute to the mud-stained, haggard-faced man who descended the hill to meet him.

"This is Colonel Parkinson?" he asked. "I am Colonel Crawford. We missed the way and had to wait for daylight, but I have now the honor to report to you." Silently the other answered his salute. The question of precedence was settled, but out on the mountain-side, a red stain across his white chevron, the little corporal lay face downward in the sodden grass.

Henry Holcomb Bennett.

VALUES.

THE sea, that is neither thine nor mine,
 Plotted, nor chartered, nor blocked by line,
 The sea, that we cannot smooth, nor hold,
 Nor furrow, nor plant, nor buy with gold,
 With values growing for bits of earth,
 What are the great waste-waters worth?

From icebound shores to fringe of palms,
 From wild north winds to tropic calms,
 From the great Rest Land to the Land again,
 Patient under the yoke of men,
 From the still, calm earth, or east or west,
 Who bids for its sister, the Great Unrest?

Ye may bend the earth; ye may mould it down
 To trodden street or to man-built town:
 The earth will patiently bear its pain,
 But I—I wear nor fetters, nor chain.
 I turn in my tides when the world swings round,
 And I rock the bones of the men I have drowned.
 Ho, ho! ho, ho! Would ye bid for me?
 Go bid for the sun if ye would for the sea.

Marion Manville Pope.

HOW AN EARTHQUAKE LOOKS AND FEELS.

SHORTLY before midnight on the 30th of March, 1898, a citizen of the town of Sonoma, about forty miles north of San Francisco, stepped out of a public house on the village plaza and paused a moment on the threshold to enjoy a perfect moonlight night before wending his way home. Not a breath of air stirred the foliage of the tall Lombardy poplars that flanked the lofty spire of the Methodist church directly across the street, and nature seemed buried in profound slumber.

As he stood there, looking about, the spire of the church began to dance and rock in a most extraordinary way right before his amazed and terrified eyes, and the Lombardy poplars lashed the air as if swept by a cyclone. At the same time the citizen found himself dancing an involuntary jig on the sidewalk, while everything else in the village was apparently dancing, too, in the craziest way. Vague crashings of crockery and the shivering of glass windows startled his ears, and from the bowels of the earth issued a deep rumbling, like subterranean thunder. He turned pale as he realized that he was in the midst of the liveliest kind of a California earthquake.

At the same time, five miles south, a young lady, lying in bed gazing pensively out of her open window, saw a row of lofty gum-trees nod their elevated heads at each other, then exchange profound obeisances with the politeness of knights and dames in a stately minuet. Her scream was heard half a mile away.

At the same time, too, a farmer two miles to the southwest, being awakened by some mysterious agitation, opened his eyes, and to his consternation found himself looking from his bed out into the open moonlit country. The whole side of his house had fallen out.

At the same time, again, I myself, shaken like jelly, awoke to find my wife sitting up in bed, and the room full of children and domestics, huddled together like sheep, white as chalk, and wringing their hands in terror. They had rushed to the chamber of the head of the family—as if he could do anything.

That was a great shake—the temblor of the 30th of March, 1898. As I lay in bed my newspaper instinct led me to note the duration of the shock by the night clock on the bureau. It was just three minutes. It seemed thirty. The shock itself did not continue so long, but three minutes elapsed ere the oscillations caused by the shock ceased. When it is considered that the average earthquake lasts only about ten seconds, the severity of this shock may be realized. During these three minutes the house shook and rattled as if the roof might come crashing down upon us at any moment.

In the morning, when we made a tour of inspection through the dwelling, we found that everything on brackets and shelves on the east and west walls had been thrown to the floor, while most of the articles on the north and south walls were undisturbed. Vases and *bric-à-brac* by which my wife set great store were smashed. The earthquake had kindly cleaned out the parlor chimney for us, though it had unkindly shaken down a pile of soot on a fawn-colored rug before the fireplace and sent broken bricks down out of the flue clear across the floor and under the piano at the other end of the room. As for the mural ornaments of that unhappy parlor, they were a wreck on the floor.

On the morning train to San Francisco I saw abundant evidences of the dread visitation on every side. The roofs of farm-houses were littered with broken bricks from shattered chimneys, windmills and their tanks were down on the ground, and windows without number were shivered. The houses themselves, however, with one or two exceptions, were standing, though some were badly wrenched. The train proceeded slowly, for the track was none too sound, and culverts were crossed with caution. Bridges were approached at a snail's pace, and ventured upon very gingerly. We had a gang of section-men on board in case of necessity, and they were needed, for upon arriving at Sonoma Creek, a salt-water stream eight miles south of the town, the drawbridge, which had been left open all night, was found deranged, and it took the men some time to close it. A few miles farther on we were brought to a final stop at Petaluma Creek, a broad estuary of San Pablo Bay, where the temblor had cut a pretty caper. A heavy steel drawbridge weighing one hundred and eighty tons had been lifted bodily one foot up and three feet aside and dropped down upon the concrete piers, a wreck, with the wheels on which it turned bent out of shape and useless. It took a force of bridge-men ten days to repair that bridge and re-establish railway traffic. Here was the centre of the seismic disturbance. Had that centre been in San Francisco, only twenty miles farther south, one of the most appalling catastrophes of history would have been recorded; for an earthquake that tosses a one-hundred-and-eighty-ton drawbridge about like a feather would have shaken down a good deal of the city and played havoc with its lofty buildings. But the shock was comparatively light in San Francisco, though sufficiently heavy to give its denizens a good fright and smash considerable crockery.

This particular earthquake, while not the severest on record, was sufficiently violent to attract wide notice by the press of San Francisco and adjacent towns. Its area was remarkably limited. The centre of disturbance extended from the east to the west along the north shore of San Pablo Bay, which is a continuation of the Bay of San Francisco, and was only about fifteen miles long by three or four wide. It was in this slender zone that the damage was done,

though the wings of the shock extended a radius of fifty miles round-about. The greatest damage was at the United States Navy Yard at Mare Island, on the east shore of San Pablo Bay. Here a number of buildings were either shaken down or badly cracked, and the loss to government property at the time was estimated at from five hundred thousand to two million dollars: the inside estimate is probably nearer the mark. The cruiser *Charleston* was on the dry-dock at the time, and it was supposed that she had escaped without injury; but when the Spanish war broke out and she was ordered to Manila to reinforce Dewey and incidentally to capture the Ladrone Islands on the way, it was found that she had been slightly damaged, and the expedition was delayed several days in consequence.

Directly in the seismic zone was the Tubbs ranch, on what is known as Tubbs's Island. This is a reclaimed salt marsh, and the land is accordingly soft and none too solid: the passage of a railroad train makes it tremble. At the time of the shock, the foreman of the ranch, J. H. Garrett, was asleep with his wife in the second story of his house. His awakening was rude. First the head-board of the bed fell in upon him; then the foot-board followed suit; the middle suddenly developed a pair of hinges, and the article shut up on the astonished couple like a folding-bed. To cap the climax, the bureau stalked away from the wall and fell upon the heap. Garrett and his wife crawled out of the wreck, rushed down-stairs, and tried to escape by the front door, but it was wedged tight and could not be forced open. They finally made their exit through a gaping hole in the side of the house, and when they emerged into the moonlight a startling spectacle met their eyes. Every windmill was down; a small spraying tank, which had been left before the door, had been moved fifty feet away, as if drawn by a rope. The waters of Sonoma Creek had been dashed over the banks one hundred feet on either side, and a tank full of water had been emptied of its contents without apparently having been moved an inch. The ground on this ranch, and indeed throughout the whole zone of the shock, trembled more or less for several weeks afterwards, and there were occasional shocks for two months, though they were light.

All sorts of pranks were played with wells and springs by this temblor. The artesian wells round about Sonoma were set flowing copiously, and the increased flow continues to this day. Some surface wells were dried up. A previous earthquake, five years ago, moved a spring from my neighbor's ranch across the line upon my own, and here it stayed until this last temblor picked it up, so to say, and carried it half-way up an adjacent hill, where it very soon dried up, despite my strenuous efforts to keep it alive.

A curious feature of all earthquakes is the sinister aspect of the landscape after the shock. A cyclone tears through the country, leaving a trail of wreckage behind it. Here a house is unroofed, and there a tree is uprooted; fences are down, and the scene is one

of disorder. But the tornado has freshened the atmosphere; the sun shines brightly, a zephyr is perchance wafted across the cheek, and the spectacle contains nothing terrifying beyond the remembrance of the whirlwind itself. But the visitation of an earthquake produces quite a different sensation. The landscape is twisted out of shape and looks drunk. The roofs of buildings are littered with bricks and mortar from dismantled chimneys, and the buildings themselves are awry. This house has been wrenched about so that it looks as if some monstrous giant of a fairy-tale had given it a vicious twist; the corner of yonder farm-house has been jammed down so that the hitherto smiling home has the aspect of a vulgar bully with his hat down over his eye. Nature has a peculiar, surly air, like that of a spider lurking in his web in a dark cellar, and seems to be meditating more mischief in the same direction. This appearance is heightened by the heaviness of the atmosphere, which hangs down over the earth like a pall and depresses the spirits. An occasional trembling of the ground sends the heart up into the throat in apprehension of another shock, for the earthquake, unlike the cyclone, gives no warning of its approach. The barometer does not herald it, and the Weather Bureau knows nothing whatever about it until it is all over. This is why earthquakes are so feared. They come like a thief in the night, when least expected.

Animals, however, scent the danger a few moments in advance. Some mysterious sense apprises them of the approaching shock, and birds and beasts alike are terrified. Horses snort, throw up their heads, and glare about in affright; cattle put their snouts to the ground and moan; sheep huddle together and bleat; birds flock to the trees and set up a prodigious twittering. A lady told me that half an hour before the shock in question (or shortly after eleven o'clock at night) she was astonished at hearing the sparrows, linnets, and other birds in the grove surrounding her house break out into general commotion. This, in the middle of the night, was unaccountable until the subsequent shock, after which the alarmed birds quieted down and presumably went to sleep again. It is a pity that man has not some such premonitory sense, but he is helpless.

The sensation of an earthquake at sea is startling. The ship is shocked from stem to stern, and the first impression is that she has struck a rock. On a railway train in motion, the sensation is that the wheels have run over a fair-sized stone, for it is a severe jolt. In the lofty modern office building the affrighted tenant fancies the edifice is swaying back to and fro over the periphery of about half a block, when in reality the oscillation is confined to a few inches, except in severe cases. The effect produced on the human system is never twice the same. The man who smiles at the shock to-day becomes terrified on some other occasion. He never knows beforehand how he is going to take it. Women are always more alarmed than men, and many of them have a feeling of sea-sickness. I never

yet saw a female otherwise than frightened out of her wits during an earthquake, whereas in a disaster at sea some of them are not infrequently cooler than the sterner sex. But there is something about an earthquake especially demoralizing to women.

I was once crossing San Francisco Bay on a ferry-boat when my attention was attracted to a curious cloud which suddenly appeared overhead. It was round and solitary, and resembled a puff of smoke from a cannon just before it finally dissolves into space. While I sat wondering at it, for otherwise the sky was clear, a succession of smooth waves rolled out from shore and passed the boat. Here was another phenomenon. Waves normally roll into and not out from the land. When I got ashore two minutes later I found everybody agog over a temblor that had just shocked the town. I involuntarily looked for the cloud, but it had vanished. That cloud was caused by the earthquake, for never before nor since have I seen one like it. But I have never found anybody to explain to me how the earthquake could have produced it.

An aged friend of mine had a farm a few miles from San Francisco, in Alameda County. It was heavily mortgaged, and being a devout man he used to lie awake nights, fretting and worrying and praying to the Master, as he said, to show him how to get rid of the mortgage, which was eating him up financially and slowly killing him physically. One night an earthquake came along, and when he went out-of-doors in the morning he found his best field turned into a species of bog and unfit for further cultivation for hay or grain. This was the last straw: he seemed to be under the especial displeasure of Providence, and almost gave up the struggle then and there. But somebody told him that the field was now wet enough to raise fine berries, so as a desperate resort he borrowed a few dollars and planted it to blackberries, gooseberries, currants, and rhubarb, and started in as a truck farmer. In a few years (so he told me) he sold over twenty thousand dollars' worth of gooseberries alone off that spoiled field, while to this day his rhubarb is famous in the San Francisco market. In less than ten years he was a rich man and a well-known landowner. Needless to say that he became (or remained) a firm believer in the power of prayer.

But it must not be inferred that the California earthquakes are dangerous. On the contrary, there is seldom any loss of life in these shocks. Thirty years ago several men were killed in San Francisco by falling bricks, etc., but since then there have been no fatalities. There are hundreds killed in other parts of the United States by cyclones where one Californian loses his life by an earthquake. In fact, I believe the total number since the discovery of gold in 1847 is less than five.

Frederick H. Dewey.

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

“AND you are going to be married next week?”

“Yes. For the last half-year we have both known it would be, but it does seem startling, doesn't it?”

“I hope you will be very happy with Helen,” she said. “I know you will.”

“Helen is a dear girl. We men never half deserve the women we get.”

“Wise youth,” she said, smiling. “Have you learned that so soon? You give promise of growing into a fairly good husband just before you die.”

“Don't be cynical, Margaret: there are times when it sets well on you, but it doesn't to-day, when——”

“I don't want to be cynical, Philip, but the idea possesses me. Widows weep so sorely for their husbands because—because it is only in *articulo mortis* that men show what possibilities of decency there are in them.”

“And yet, have I not been pretty decent in this—in this—well—friendship of ours?”

“What a man it is to talk of himself!” she retorted, smilingly.

“But I want to talk of myself, and I want to talk of you, and our past, and of——”

“Our future,” she said, significantly.

“Don't,” he cried; and he put his hand up as if to ward off a blow.

“It should be very happy for us both,” she said. “We are going to marry the ones our hearts have chosen.”

“Margaret!” He possessed himself of her hand.

“Don't, Philip, don't; remember next week, and remember that we promised each other the chapter should close to-day.” She disengaged her hand from his, and clasped it within the other behind her head. Her arms, so, were between her face and the man at her side.

He sat silent for a while, looking at her, taking in all the magnificent curves of her strong, lithe figure, the exquisite moulding of her arms and hands, the graceful sweep of her limbs in the soft gown she wore. Then he turned his eyes for a moment to the window. It was gray and gloomy outside, with a promise of rain in the air. He shivered, and turned again to her. She had not changed her position. He took hold of her hand again, and drew down her arm. She turned her eyes upon him. They were shining with unshed tears.

“Philip,” she said, “have you not promised that the chapter should end to-day?”

He stood up, and looked down into her face, but he did not relinquish her hand.

"Then you do care?" he said.

"I am a conservative," she replied, trying to smile, "and of course I do not like change. Come, let us talk of something else."

"I want to talk of this."

"You are a very obstinate man."

"You are a very strong woman."

"I am as weak as the rest."

"Would that you were weak enough to——"

"Philip, be careful what you say."

"Oh, Margaret, you know what is in my heart."

"Perhaps; but put into words it becomes irrevocable."

"I don't care. I must say it."

"You must not say it. You must not say anything that would make you blush when you look into Helen's eyes. You must not say anything that with calm thought would make you think less of yourself. Don't let me be more loyal to Helen than her betrothed. Don't let me be more loyal to you than you are to yourself."

"Has it all meant nothing to you, then?"

"It has meant much. Our friendship has been very pleasant,—the pleasantest I have ever known. I wish it might have gone on this way,—but——"

"I was too weak to stand the test."

"Listen. When we began to be friends, a few months ago, each of us knew that the other was betrothed. But what of that? We had tastes in common, and found pleasure in each other's society. No harm could come of that. We freely talked to each other of our loved ones. That made us feel secure. Our friendship grew. Helen being away, and Ben frequently absent, we were much together. We furnished entertainment for each other. And the wise old world was shaking its head before we even realized that there was any danger in our association. Well, it has been a pleasant chapter, and we have enjoyed reading it. If there are a few sighs at the end, shall we blame the author?"

"Why need it end?" he asked.

"Now it is ended," she replied.

"Can we not turn back a page?"

"No; in this book we must read right on to finis." She rose. "Good-by," she said.

"Must it be good-by?"

She thought a moment. "Well, no; not necessarily. If you will remember that this chapter is ended, then it is only *auf wiedersehen*."

"But shall we not begin another?"

"Yes, when Helen is here to read it with us."

He bowed and went.

"Poor Philip," she said, as she watched him go down the steps; and with a rush of tears, she cried, "and poor me."

She wept silently, but long, as if her heart was overcharged; then, drying her eyes, she said, "And now I must write to Ben."

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

AN IGNOBLE NOBLEMAN.

THE ranks of the nobility are very far from being occupied solely by the noble. There is, in fact, nothing of base and vile, nothing of weak and frivolous, nothing of heartless and profligate, that cannot be affirmed of some members of a class whose title should be significant only of courtesy, honor, and integrity; and should we seek to put upon record the names and deeds of all the worthless members of this class, the story would far overflow the space at our disposal. But among those who have specially distinguished themselves by profligacy are some whose lives may serve as fitting samples for the whole, and whose stories are sufficiently eventful to be of general interest. Eminent among these was one who played his part upon a stage on which profligacy was the surest road to distinction, the court of Charles II.

The Dukedom of Buckingham was created by James I. for a son of Sir George Villiers, a man whose handsome face, agreeable manners, and courtly accomplishments brought him the highest favor of the king. The son of a simple knight, he was rapidly made baron, viscount, earl, marquis, and finally duke, the highest title in the English peerage, and given the important office of lord-admiral of England.

He ingratiated himself thoroughly with the king and with his son, Prince Charles, whose companion he was in a certain famous journey to Spain, the prince—by no means after the manner of princes—desiring to make love in person to his intended bride, the Spanish infanta. After the accession of Charles I. the influence of Buckingham at court continued undiminished. The chief favorite of the king, he was made prime minister of England, and did all that insolence, incapacity, and lack of principle could do to disgust the people and rouse the hostility of the House of Commons. His principal feat of folly involved the country in a war with France, while he conducted himself in a way to make England ridiculous and France triumphant. Charles, however, with his usual stolid stupidity, clung to his favorite against the appeals of Parliament and the indignation of the people, showing in this that despotic spirit which in the end brought England into rebellion and himself to the scaffold. The complicated knot of politics which Parliament and

people alike were vainly seeking to untie was at length cut by the knife of an assassin, who stabbed Buckingham to the heart at Portsmouth, where he was engaged in preparing a second expedition to Rochelle. He was but thirty-six, and for four years had been virtually the ruler of England.

One traditional episode of his life is more the property of romancers than of biographers. There is no doubt that while visiting France he had the insolence to make love to the queen, but how far she yielded to the charms of his seductive tongue and handsome face must remain unknown. This event has been skilfully utilized by Dumas in the "Three Guardsmen," which turns principally upon a plot of Richelieu's to destroy the queen's reputation, and its checkmate by D'Artagnan, Dumas's most famous hero.

About a year before the duke's assassination, on the 30th of January, 1627, was born the hero of our sketch, the second Duke of Buckingham. There was a second son, Francis, born after his father's death, a handsome, promising, fine-spirited youth, who met a sad fate. In one of the conflicts with the Puritans the young soldier was cut off from his friends, planted himself against an oak-tree in the road, refused to ask for quarter, and defended himself bravely against a group of assailants. Had he been any other than a Villiers, his life might have been spared, but the Puritans were exasperated against all of that name, and pressed on him with murderous rancor until he fell, says Fairfax, "with nine wounds on his beautiful face and body." "The oak-tree is his monument," wrote his servant. The letters F. V. were cut in it as a fitting inscription to the memory of a brave young soldier.

His brother was with him in this conflict, and fled with the defeated army, coming within close range of death in a more ignoble fashion. As Fairfax writes: "They being put to the flight, the duke's helmet, by a brush under a tree, was turned upon his back, and tied so fast with a string under his throat that without the present help of T. R. [Tobias Rustat] it had undoubtedly choked him, as I have credibly heard."

But to go back. After the murder of her husband the Duchess of Buckingham married again and became a rigid Catholic, in consequence of which Charles I. removed her children from her care, and had them educated with his own sons. The young peer inherited the beauty, grace, and fascinating manners of his father, and was by no means wanting in ability and physical courage; but in addition to this he was reckless in disposition and weak in morals, and early displayed the qualities that were destined to make his whole life ignoble.

He studied at Cambridge and afterwards travelled in France, but was soon recalled to England by the troubles that had broken out between the king and his Parliament. Among the pleasure-loving Cavaliers there were none more gay and prepossessing than

young Buckingham. Even the liberal Bishop Burnet praises him: "He was a man of a noble presence; had a great liveliness of wit and a peculiar faculty of turning everything into ridicule with bold figures and natural descriptions." These qualities were to prove of the greatest advantage to him in a coming memorable episode of his life.

While still a boy, he, with his younger brother, fought on the king's side at Lichfield. The Parliament in consequence confiscated their estates, but these were subsequently returned on the plea that the youths were under age. They were sent to travel in France and Italy, but returned on hearing that the king was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, and joined the army of the Earl of Holland, which was defeated near Nonsuch, in Surrey.

Here, as above related, Francis Villiers was slain. His brother took refuge in a house at St. Neot's, which was soon surrounded by hostile soldiers. In this dilemma he displayed the spirit of a warrior. He rushed out on his foes, killed the officer in command, broke through their line, and galloped off unharmed to join the prince in the Downs. The career of Charles I. was at an end. But his son, Charles II., made one gallant dash for the throne. At the head of an army of Cavaliers and Highlandmen he met Cromwell's army at Worcester, fought valiantly, had two horses shot under him, and refused to leave the field until he was forced away in the rear of his flying army.

The Duke of Buckingham and others accompanied him in his flight. Pursuit was keen upon their track and peril imminent. Something had to be done, and done quickly, or the young monarch would be in the hands of those who had executed his father. At an old conventual house, named Whiteladies, the king threw off his clothes and was disguised in a woodman's dress. His hair was cut, his dark face still further darkened with soot, and with a bill-hook in his hands for disguise and defence he was led into a neighboring wood only half an hour before a troop of Roundhead horse dashed up and surrounded the house. The king's followers, who had ridden onward, were overtaken near Newport, but Buckingham with some others escaped. He was hunted sharply, cut off from joining General Leslie, who was still in the field with a troop of Scottish horse, and finally, disguised as a laborer and with a carpenter as guide, made his way to the vicinity of his confiscated estates and took refuge in the house of his aunt, Lady Villiers.

And now the adventurous young duke entered upon a remarkable episode in his history. With his facility in disguise and his powers as a mimic he might easily have escaped to the Continent and joined the fugitive king; but he chose a more perilous and difficult rôle, in consonance with his reckless spirit of adventure. He made his way to London, where he had no hesitation in facing the myrmidons of the law in the most open places. Considering the temper of

the Roundheads, nothing more daring could readily have been conceived, but Buckingham showed himself quite equal to the situation. Disguised as a mountebank, with a "jack pudding" coat and a little hat ornamented with a fox's tail and some cock's feathers, his face now whitened with flour, now covered with a wizard's mask, and a black patch over one eye, he erected a stage at Charing Cross, and in the very face of his stern enemies carried on his assumed profession.

While the other Cavaliers were wandering in exile, Villiers bearded the lion in his den. He hesitated not to enter into colloquy with the Puritans, and with his lively wit was able to bring a sinful smile to the most sanctimonious countenance. He composed satirical ballads, and occasionally sang them in public. To support his new character he sold mithridate and galbanum plasters, while crowds of spectators and customers came daily to his booth, where his facile fancy and mimic power made merriment for the multitude.

One of his performances was surpassingly reckless. His elder sister, Lady Mary Villiers, wife of the Duke of Richmond, a partisan of Charles I., was held under strict surveillance at Whitehall. He determined to see her for reasons of importance, and accomplished his purpose in an extravagantly adventurous manner. Learning that on a certain day she would pass into Whitehall, he set up his stage on the street which she must traverse. As her carriage approached he shouted to the mob that he would give them a song on the Duke of Buckingham and the Duchess of Richmond. His hearers stopped the coach, knowing that it contained the duchess, and determined that she should listen to the song of their favorite mountebank. They even went so far as to force her, the handsomest woman in England, to sit in the boot of the coach and listen to his satirical songs. Having finished, he declared his intention to present the duchess with copies of his songs, and springing from his stage he approached the coach, thrusting his face close up to that of the disgusted lady. Here he removed the patch from over his eye, when he was instantly recognized by his sister, who, fortunately for him, had the presence of mind to conceal her surprise. She even repelled him with bitter and indignant language, but took good care to seize the papers he threw into the coach. Among them was a packet of important letters. As she drove forward, the duke, with the mob in his rear, followed the carriage, "attending and hallooing her a good way out of the town."

A still more perilous adventure is related of the reckless duke, no less than an intrigue with the daughter of the Lord Protector, the wife of the stern General Ireton. This lady, Bridget Cromwell, externally the saintliest of the sainted, but, to say the least, peculiar in character, one day saw under her window a mountebank of fine figure dancing upon his stage with exquisite grace. She sent for the mummer. As may be imagined, he hesitated to comply, but his

love of sport soon prevailed over his prudence, and that evening he called on the lady, no longer in his jack pudding coat, but in a rich dress concealed under a cloak. He was even disposed to take the patch off his eye, but this was too perilous, and prudence for once won the day. We must take Buckingham's word for the particulars of this interview, and his word is not the best of evidence. He declares that Madam Ireton made improper advances to him, which he escaped by declaring that he was a Jew, and that the laws of his faith forbade illicit relations with a Christian woman. She was amazed and disturbed. She had imprudently revealed to him important political secrets. In some doubt as to the strictness of his virtue, she sent for a Jewish rabbi to converse with him. On visiting her one evening the disguised duke found this learned personage awaiting him, full of the spirit of controversy and eager for dispute. This was too much for Buckingham. Things were growing warm around him, and he thought it best to get out of England forthwith. Before going, however, he wrote, with all his native wit, to Madam Ireton, on the plea that she might wish to know to what tribe of Jews he belonged. The lady must have been no little surprised by the revelation.

After wandering for some time on the Continent, Villiers again visited England in disguise, for a new purpose, and with a new result. His great estates, long since confiscated, were now broken up and distributed among Roundhead proprietors. Of the valuable collection of pictures made by his father and deposited in York House, many had been sent secretly to Holland by a faithful servant, sold at a sacrifice, and the proceeds sent to the duke for his support during exile. There were noble works of Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, and other old masters in this collection, which were thus lost forever to England.

York House, one of the most superb residences in England, which had been rebuilt by the elder Buckingham, was bestowed by Cromwell on Fairfax, one of his most faithful followers. Fairfax had a daughter Mary, a little brown body, with but a small treasure of personal attractions. But her father possessed York House. The wandering duke wanted his own again, and he decided to try to recover it by offering his hand—we can say little about his heart—to Mary Fairfax. He had every confidence in his own powers of attraction, and the result proved that his confidence was well founded. He sought England in disguise, presented himself to the girl, won her love and the favor of her father, and was married to her on September 6, 1657.

This marriage exasperated Cromwell, who, as some say, designed Buckingham for one of his own daughters. He had the new-made groom arrested and committed to the Tower, where he remained till the death of the Protector and the abdication of his son. It is of interest to learn that his prison companion was the poet Cowley, a

staunch loyalist, who had been with Charles I. in many of his adventures, and had aided his queen in her escape to France. And it is pleasant to learn, also, that in after-life the peer befriended the poet, and procured him a small estate, sufficient for his moderate wants.

The remaining story of Buckingham is one of profligacy, treachery, glaring infidelity to his wife,—who loved him through it all,—and a mingling of graces and vices that made him one of the most striking figures of the dissolute court of Charles II. As described by Dryden, he was

A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy.
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That every man with him was god or devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert:
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.

The poet has told the story of Buckingham's life so well in epitome that we need but run over the details. With the restoration of Charles II. all the duke's possessions were restored to him and new honors heaped upon him. He was made lord of the bed-chamber, member of the Privy Council, and afterwards master of the horse and Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire. His stately presence, his manly beauty, his wit and courtly grace, made him a general favorite, while no beau of the city could surpass him in the elegance of his attire. His biting wit was visited upon all. Even the king, who was diverted by his sallies, did not escape the shafts of his ridicule.

His scandalous intrigues were surpassed by those of no member of that corrupt court. One story of the many must be related. A licentious beauty, the Countess of Shrewsbury, discarded one lover, Thomas Killigrew, for another, Buckingham. Killigrew grew furious, spoke indiscreetly, was in consequence attacked one night, presumably by Buckingham or some of his creatures, and received a sword thrust through the arm. The publicity of this affair aroused the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had hitherto been blind to what all the court knew. He challenged Buckingham, and at the encounter, it is said, his wife held her paramour's horse, disguised as a page. Shrewsbury was killed, and his wife freed from all restraint. It is

an excellent commentary on the morals of the court of Charles II. that no one but the queen and the Duchess of Buckingham appeared shocked by this tragedy. Villiers gloried in his depravity, and wrote poems to his "Mistress," with whom he lived for years, and for whom finally he discarded his wife.

Buckingham, in the words of Butler, the author of "Hudibras," "had studied the whole body of vice." Satiated at last, he rushed into politics and literature as a relief. In the latter he was successful. His drama, "The Rehearsal," was extravagantly praised and had a remarkable success. A second piece, "The Chances," is spoken of by Pepys as "a good play." Less to be expected from a person of his character was "A Short Discourse on the Reasonableness of Men's having a Religion, or Worship of God," and "A Demonstration of the Deity." He showed advanced views also by advocating, in the House of Lords, toleration to Dissenters. The man undoubtedly had excellent abilities; what he most lacked was principle.

His political life was a decided failure. He became a member of that famous coalition known as the Cabal, which was made up of five of the most reprehensible noblemen of that immoral age. His first exploit, or at least one with which he is credited, was to hire the notorious Colonel Blood to attack the Duke of Ormond's coach, with the purpose of capturing the duke, taking him to Tyburn, and hanging him. The assault was made, but the duke fortunately escaped, and his son told Buckingham that if any violence should be done to his father, "I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the king's chair."

The Cabal was quickly engaged in designs against the well-being of the state. We cannot follow its story, which is matter of history, and it will suffice to say that Buckingham was forced to fly for his life, having been denounced as plotting an insurrection. It was his deeply injured wife who warned him of his danger, riding in advance of the sergent-at-arms. And now the experience of Buckingham's younger days came in play. For a year he lived in disguise, doubtless playing pranks of every kind. He was several times taken by the watch, but so disguised that they did not know him. At last, tired of hiding, he gave himself up in his own time and way. He dined publicly "at the Sun Tavern, was mighty merry, and sent word to the lieutenant of the Tower that he would come to him as soon as he had dined."

He was not long in the Tower. The king pardoned him at Lady Castlemain's request, and soon he was ruffling as arrogantly as ever. He had a theatre of his own, resumed his place in the House of Lords, and was even sent on a mission to France. In 1680 he was threatened with an impeachment, exculpated himself, and entered the ranks of the opposition, wishing, perhaps, as a change, to play democrat for a while.

His great fortune was by this time pretty thoroughly dissipated, and debt hung heavy over his head. His spirits began to break. In 1685 we find him writing the religious works we have named. Charles II. died in this year, and Buckingham, disgusted with politics, withdrew to what remained of his Yorkshire property. His debts, amounting to one hundred and forty thousand pounds, were paid by the sale of his estates. He took kindly to a country life, occupied himself with hunting and other amusements, and at length was seized with fever from sitting on wet grass when heated with fox-hunting. The attack proved fatal. His body, weakened with dissipation, succumbed, and the second Duke of Buckingham died on April 17, 1685, leaving scarcely a friend to mourn his loss and no child to inherit his title. His death took place in an obscure hamlet, on whose registry of burials is this entry of his demise,—“George Villiers, Lord dooke of bookingham.” He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the family vault, in Henry VII.’s chapel. In the annals of the English it would be difficult to find an equal combination of personal beauty, grace of manner and conversation, and lack of principle, as in the two George Villiers.

Charles Morris.

MOTHS.

MY thoughts are all a-wing to-day,
 Like moths they flutter to and fro,
 By every current led astray,
 Pursuing what? They do not know.

The white moths in my garden there
 Go truanting the long day through.
 They only know that flowers are fair,
 And breezes light, and heavens blue.

They have no sense of sterner things;
 No conscious heart to bid them toil;
 No inner hope that ever stings
 Them on amid the world’s turmoil.

They are content to drift away;
 No future haunts them, and no past:
 Ah, if my thoughts, a-wing to-day,
 Might light upon a rose at last!

Julie M. Lippmann.

LEGENDS OF LOST MINES.

In mountain wilderness a man discovered gold;
 But when he came again to seek the spot, behold
 He might not find it, though in quest
 He gave his life. The while, with little gold or greed,
 His brother humbly toiled that many mouths might feed,
 Love's slave, nor knew his lot was blest.

HAND in hand with Hope walks always her mischievous sister, Credulity, and nowhere can the pair indulge in madder pranks than in the mining world. Faith in the fabulous seems innate in human nature, never to be wholly eradicated by any education of experience, and especially it would seem that to the mind of the gold-seeker nothing can be too wild for credence. The whole history of mining for the precious metals, could it be told in detail, would read but as a sequence of mad rushes to this, that, or the other point of the compass, too often lured by visions which to cold reason could promise nothing but disappointment from the outset.

Many old Californians can recall one of these wild expeditions, which occurred at the time of the Fraser River excitement in 1856. It happened one night in Sacramento that somebody started a story about a marvellous lake of gold, said to be located near the crest of the Sierras, not far from Donner Lake. Nobody knew just where the rumor started; nobody claimed to have seen the Pactolian waters or to know the exact location of the wonder; but everybody was sure it was there, riches only requiring to be dipped up and strained through a flour-sack to be ready for the mint. The whole community went wild; hundreds hurried away to the hills only to suffer untold hardships in the chimerical search. And few may dwell for any time in those regions where nature has trusted her treasures to the greedy grasp of earth but must be witness to other booms and excitements almost as unreasoning and quite as profitless as was that dream of the golden lake.

And in no direction is imagination more prone to run riot than in the marvellous tales of lost leads with which the mining world teems. There is a certain similarity about all these legends: There was an attack by Indians in the early days, perhaps; a party of emigrants scattered, only one of whom succeeded in reaching civilization to tell of a wonderful mine discovered in the wilderness, never more to be seen of mortal eyes. Or perchance he returned with reason gone and only a few incoherent words to explain the presence of the marvellous nuggets of gold with which his pockets were filled, lure for many a subsequent wild-goose chase. Or friendly Indians led him to the spot; or he was separated from his fellows in hunting to discover the riches which from that time forth seemed ever to take

to themselves wings at the approach of man. And particularly are these lost mines alike in this, that they are every one of them rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice.

No State, probably, is richer in these romances than Arizona, perhaps because so much of the country by reason of natural conditions remains a *terra incognita* where anything seems possible. Here, for instance, is located the much-sought "Gun-Sight Lode," supposed to be hiding itself somewhere within the awful confines of Death Valley. The story goes that in the old days of prairie-schooner emigration a party of Mormons, to the number of about a hundred, sought to cross the valley, and perished in the attempt. Two only escaped, one of whom later carried to a smith a piece of ore picked up in his wanderings, asking to have it made into a sight for his gun. The smith, after working at it a little, announced that the specimen was almost pure native silver, whereat the owner declared that where he had broken it off was a vast cliff of the same mineral; but his memory of the location was vague, while his sufferings in the dreadful valley had been such that he would not venture to the place again, whatever the inducement. His companion, more venturesome, thought that he recalled the spot, and started out to find it; but months later his body was found in the desert, the gaunt fingers clutching but empty air. From time to time in after-years search was made for the fabulous lode, resulting only in torment and horrors which words may scarcely paint in that terrible valley, four hundred and thirty feet below the level of the sea, the lowest known place on earth, where the thermometer often rises to 137°. Add to that awful prevailing heat that the place is mostly one great, dry salt marsh, the air filled with dust of borax and alkali, with only two known springs, and those sixty miles apart, the waters of each so strongly impregnated with alkali as to be almost undrinkable, and some idea may be formed of what suffering the "Gun-Sight Lode" has cost unhappy adventurers.

Another bonanza for which men have searched in vain has a more romantic history, if history it may be called for which no man can vouch the truth, even while he tells the tale as it was told to him. Near the close of the Civil War, at one of the cantonments in Arizona was stationed a young surgeon named Thorn. A couple of Apaches suffering from sore eyes came to him for treatment, and his success with the ailment was such that the chief of the tribe sent a proposition that he should visit their village, where at the time an epidemic of the same trouble was prevailing. Not only was he guaranteed safe conduct if he would go, but he was, moreover, promised all the gold that he could bring back with him by way of recompense. Of an adventurous turn, the doctor was finally persuaded to accept the offer, and, obtaining a month's leave of absence, started out with his guides for their stronghold in the mountains. A little way from the fort, however, he was unpleasantly surprised

by a demand that he should permit himself to be blindfolded, so that of their route he could only tell that several times they crossed streams of running water, although at the same time suspecting that Indian cunning might only have led him across the same stream over and over again. Arrived at the *rancheria* of the tribe, he found himself received with most friendly hospitality and ostensibly conceded every liberty, but at the same time it was quite clear to his mind that his safety in no small measure depended upon a reasonable showing of discretion on his own part. He made several cautious attempts to unearth the secret of the gold of which the tribe boasted such inexhaustible store, but without success; at the same time his treatment of the sick, and especially those suffering from the prevailing eye malady, had so won him the friendship of the tribe that he was repeatedly urged to remain with them, in which event he was promised all that he could possibly desire of that same gold.

When at length he insisted upon returning to the post, however, no objection was made, while in token of especial favor the Indians even offered to conduct him to their boasted mine, that he might gather up for himself as much gold as he could take away. But again he found that he must submit to have his eyes bound, while he was mounted upon a led horse, and permitted only to know that for several hours he was convoyed over a country so rough that in many places he had much ado to keep his seat. When at last he was told to dismount and the bandage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in a deep, rock-walled cañon, facing a high ledge of quartz all a-glitter with flecks of gold. At the same time he saw that his companions were gathering up from the wash in which they stood nuggets of all sizes, of which there seemed an endless supply. On the instant, perceiving the marvellous richness of the mine, and with true pale-face method, wholly unhampered by any sense of obligation towards an Indian host, the doctor's mind was filled with calculations, not as to know how much of the treasure he might bear away, but how he might compass possession of the whole. Thinking to throw the Indians off their guard, he assumed an air of contempt, throwing away the nuggets that had been gathered for him, while he derisively declared that if this was their vaunted gold they need give none to him,—the stuff was worthless. It was his hope that he might so far deceive his guides that they would leave his eyes uncovered for the return trip, giving him opportunity to definitely locate the treasure; but the Apaches were not to be fooled, knowing perfectly well the value of their treasure, which they repeatedly urged upon him, emphatically attesting its genuineness.

During the argument, as though unconsciously, Thorn had turned about, furtively looking for landmarks, overjoyed to discover in the distance a high mountain crowned with a peculiar rock formation, like a gigantic thumb turned backward. The sun was behind the walls of the cañon, so that he could not determine the points of the

compass, but with this peculiar landmark engraven on his mind, he felt sure that he would be able to find the place again. He refused to the last to take any of the stuff, persisting in the attempt to make the Indians believe it of no account, but without the hoped-for effect, for he was none the less blindfolded for the return trip to the *rancheria*, as well as when he was taken back to the cantonment next day. But the doctor was, nevertheless, persuaded that he could locate the treasure. Soon resigning from the service, he organized at his own expense an expedition to invade the fastnesses of the Apaches. He was, however, brought to confusion at the outset by the discovery that there were in the territory no less than four mountain peaks crowned by rock formations similar to the one he had depended upon for a guide; and although he succeeded in exploring the region around each, it was to find nothing. Later a second expedition was organized, and after that yet another, both at the expense of credulous friends, in each instance to prove as fruitless as the first. Thorn, now broken in health and fortune, came to be roundly abused as an impostor, although to the last he maintained that his story was true in every particular; while even to this day old miners may be found in Arizona who declare their faith that some time the famous "Doc Thorn Mine" will be rediscovered.

Wyoming boasts a number of these strange disappearances, the most renowned of which is probably the "Lost Cabin Mine," several times reported found, only to sink back again into the shades of the unknown. This elusive lead is supposed to be located somewhere in the "Bad Lands," near the headwaters of the Big Horn. We are told that in the early seventies a party started out on a prospecting trip into this country. Weeks later one of the number wandered into old Fort Washakie, his pockets filled with marvellous specimens of free gold, but with reason completely gone, confusedly murmuring in answer to every inquiry, "Lost cabin." An expedition at once started out in search of the missing men, with more than incidental interest in the source of the mysterious gold, but without finding even the smallest trace of either. In the summer of 1884 a cowboy rode into Fort Washakie declaring that he had discovered the lost mine. He substantiated the statement by leading a party to an isolated spot where was indeed an old cabin almost fallen to ruins, while within it lay huddled the skeletons of four men, bearing unmistakable signs of having been killed by Indians. To further support the theory that the lost mine was here found, a tunnel appeared running for a short distance into an adjacent hill-side with some mounds of dark mineral piled up by the entrance. The only discrepancy appeared in the fact that the specimens brought in by the demented prospector had been free gold, while this—nobody knew what it was, although those who might assume airs of experience talked learnedly of decomposed silver, carbonates, or tellurium. But the men who packed out on muleback all they could of the

mysterious ore never went back to the claims they had staked out, for the stuff proved to be nothing but plumbago and well-nigh worthless. It was generally believed that this was really the "lost cabin," however, and these the skeletons of the missing prospectors. The theory was that Fort Washakie's unhappy visitor had escaped in the attack in which his companions lost their lives, and found the gold at some point in his distracted wanderings, although where that place may be is to this time an unsolved problem.

Colorado has several lost mines, one of the most mysterious of which is said to be located in Ouray County, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cow Creek. Beyond this nothing is told, even the name of the discoverer, or perchance the Munchausen inventor of the tale, having passed out of memory. But there are those who affirm that the mine is there just the same, one man even meeting death while hunting for the treasure a few years ago. It was in the summer of 1882 that a pair of adventurers started out upon the search, one of them having found some magnificent specimens of "float," which he was persuaded, and in turn persuaded his companion, must have come from the lost mine. They had only reached Dry Creek, however, a point not more than a dozen miles from their starting-place, when a terrible thunder-storm came up, and one of them was killed almost at the first flash. Whether the other was superstitious and held this tragic happening to mean that the expedition was hoodooed, or whether for other reasons he had lost heart in the enterprise, is not known; but at all events he returned to Ouray, and neither he nor any other person has yet discovered the lost mine of Cow Creek.

One of the most interesting of all Colorado's missing treasure-troves is that for which systematic search has been quite recently going on in the neighborhood of the dividing line between Routt and Grand Counties, in the western part of the State. In the summer of 1896 a party went into the Gore Mountains on a hunting trip, making their head-quarters in a valley about eight miles from the little town of Toponas. One of the number shot a deer one morning, and, following after the animal in the hope of getting another shot, pushed on until roused to the fact that he had become lost in the wilderness. In his wandering in search of camp he chanced upon an outcropping of rock that struck him as so peculiar that he broke off a few bits to keep as curios. At the time no thought was in his mind that this could be anything of value, but some time later he happened to show the specimens to a friend in Denver, one experienced in ores, who told him that the find was nothing less than rich rusty gold, while an assay revealed the fact that the queer, gingerbread-looking stuff was worth no less than seventeen thousand dollars per ton. Hurrying back to Toponas, the young man undertook to make his way again to the wonderful find, but he had taken little note of his direction in following the deer, while he could only gauge the distance by his capacity for

walking. He felt sure that he must recognize the neighborhood could he once reach it; but the Gore Mountains are made up of the wildest and roughest country, much of it almost inaccessible, and even though he engaged experienced prospectors to assist in the search, his efforts came to nothing. Far from being daunted, the following summer found him again in the field, now with a party of surveyors whom he directed to begin at the edge of the supposed district, running a line every two hundred feet. In this way ten square miles were gone over, notwithstanding the roughness of the country and the fact that in many places the axemen had to cut trails to enable the party to proceed; and all this without discovering any signs of the missing treasure. But at last accounts the harassed discoverer was by no means discouraged, declaring that if money and perseverance could accomplish it he would yet stake out that claim in the heart of the Gore Mountains, supposed to be well-nigh equivalent to the possession of Aladdin's lamp.

Should the undertaking succeed, he will enjoy a certain unique distinction in being almost the first on record to look for the second time upon one of these fabulous leads. It is as though Fate, in Tantalus mood, would permit her victim one glimpse of the dazzling store, to leave him forever after stretched on the rack of baffled desire. Occasionally, to be sure, the unexpected happens, and a lost lead is found; but it is generally long after the original discoverer has lost all interest in treasures of earth. Thus quite recently the newspapers have heralded the finding of "Stewart's Folly," certain prehistoric placers located in the Cochetopah Hills, near the crest of the divide, in Colorado. There is a shaft so old that a great pine-tree has had time to grow out of one of the dump piles, while in the mountain side below are several tunnels, in one of which was found a pick of strange shape and of a peculiar material, resembling pot metal in appearance, yet showing the grain of steel when broken. Several hundred years would seem to have passed away since the mine was abandoned, but it was far from being worked out, as an enormous quantity of ore is now in sight assaying over two hundred ounces in silver and an ounce and a half in gold to the ton. But while the new discoverer is rejoicing in his good fortune, the man whose name was derisively given to the wonders he claimed to have found long years ago, and who passed his life in futile attempts to make his way back to the spot, is as far removed from any share in the triumph as are the prehistoric miners who were before him there.

The marvellously rich placers of Antelope Hill in Arizona are said to have been discovered by a negro, who had received hints from friendly Apaches to aid him in the search; but he could never find his way to the place a second time, and died in poverty long before a party of prospectors stumbled upon the lead, to make themselves rich almost in a day, simply picking the gold from cracks in the rocks with butcher-knives. Of the Globe district in Arizona we

are told that a scouting party from old Fort Goodwin first came upon the lead. A soldier picked up a piece of rich horn-silver somewhere in the hills near Pinal Creek, and had no idea of the value of the discovery at the time, while later no one had sufficient confidence in his recollection of the spot to organize an expedition in search of it. The story of the find came to be regarded as a myth until a decade later, when in those same hills above Pinal Creek the soldier's lost lead came to light in an immense outcropping of horn-silver.

Full of more dramatic interest was the discovery of a miner in the Deep Creek country of Utah not long ago. He chanced upon a mass of stones strangely heaped up against the face of a cliff. His curiosity was sufficiently excited to delve into the pile, when he was amazed to discover the opening of a cave. Proceeding with the work, he found that the small entrance-way, no more than three feet high, led into a large chamber, where he was horrified to come upon the skeletons of six white men and an Indian. At one side appeared a rude stone smelter. A tiny shaft of light stole through a crevice above which had evidently served for a chimney. Beside it on the ground were heaped some two hundred pounds of silver ingots, while in the rear of the cave was found the vein from which the ore had been taken, a wide crevice of decomposed quartz fairly riddled with shot- and wire-silver. With the strange find memories of old-timers turned back to a party of four prospectors who some time in the late fifties started out from Salt Lake City, two of whom came back some time after, purchasing supplies which they paid for in ingots of silver, the source of which they refused to explain. Later the other two came upon the same errand; and so from time to time they appeared, always in pairs, and always with the same air of mystery, invariably making off with their purchases under cover of darkness. At length a party of six men with an Indian guide started out to follow upon their trail, but not one of the number ever returned. As the miners were likewise seen no more, they all passed out of memory except as there lingered a legend of a wonderful lead of silver somewhere hidden away in the Deep Creek country. That the gruesome company discovered in the cave was the same that started out upon the miners' trail in the long ago would seem probable, while the position in which they were found, the entrance obviously walled up from the outside, would indicate that grimmest vengeance had fallen upon them, and that they were forced to meet death with the treasure in their grasp. But what became of the miners, or why they never came back to reclaim their hoard, would seem to be another story.

These are exceptional instances. As a rule, lost mines fulfil Fate's purpose by remaining lost. And ever and always diamonds hang from the rainbows' ends, and the fairest fields lie over the hills in the mists of the unattainable.

Mary E. Stickney.

THE CONVICT'S RETURN.

THE pedestrian trudged down the tortuous declivitous road of the mountain amidst the splendor of autumn-tinted leafage and occasional dashes of rhododendron flowers. Now and then he would stop and deeply breathe in the crisp air as if it were a palpable substance which was pleasing to his palate. At such moments, when the interstices of trunks and bowlders would permit, his eyes, large with weariness, would rest on a certain farm-house in the valley below.

"It's identical the same," he said when he had completed the descent of the mountain and was drawing near to it. "As fur as I can make out, it hain't altered one bit sence the day they tuck me away. Ef ever'thin' seems purtier now it may be because it's in the fall of the yeer an' the maple-trees an' the laurel look so fancy."

Approaching the barn, the only appurtenance to the four-roomed house, farther on by a hundred yards, he leaned on the rail fence and looked over into the barn-yard at the screw of blue smoke which was rising from a fire under a huge iron boiler.

"Marty's killin' hogs," he said reflectively. "I mought 'a' picked a better day fur gittin' back; she never was knowed to be in a good humor durin' hog-killin'."

He half climbed, half vaulted over the fence, and approached the woman who was bowed over an improvised table of undressed planks on which lay great piles of sides, shoulders, and hams of pork. His heart was in his mouth, owing to the carking doubt as to his welcome which had been oozing into the joy of freedom ever since he began his homeward journey. But it was not his wife who looked up as his step rustled the corn-husks near her, but her unmarried sister, Lucinda Dykes.

"Well, I never!" she ejaculated. "It's Dick Wakeman, ef I am alive!" She wiped her hand on her apron and gave it to him limp and cold. "We all heerd you was pardoned out, but none of us 'lowed you'd make straight fur home."

His features shrank, as if battered by the blow she had unwittingly dealt him.

"I say!" he grunted. "Whar else in the name o' common sense would a feller go? A body that's been penned up in the penitentiary fur four yeers don't keer to be losin' time monkeyin' round amongst plumb strangers when his own folks—when he hain't laid eyes on——"

But, after all, good reasons for his haste in returning could not be found outside of a certain sentimentality which lay deep beneath Wakeman's rugged exterior and to which no one had ever heard him refer.

"Shorely," said the old maid, taking a wrong grasp of the situation,— "shorely you knowed, Dick, that Marty has got 'er divorce."

"Oh, yes. Bad news takes a bee-line shoot fur its mark. I heerd the court had granted 'er a release, but that don't matter. A lawyer down thar told me that it all could be fixed up now I'm out. Ef I'd 'a' been at home, Marty never would 'a' made sech a goose of 'erse'f. How much did the divorce set 'er back?"

"About a hundred dollars," answered Lucinda.

"Money liter'ly throwed away," said the convict with irrepresible indignation. "Marty never did quite sech a silly thing while I was at home."

The old maid stared at him, a half-amused smile playing over her thin face.

"But it was her money," she said argumentatively. "She owned the farm an' every stick an' head o' stock on it when you an' 'er got married."

"You needn't tell me that," said Wakeman sharply. "I know that; but that ain't no reason fur 'er to throw it away gittin' a divorce."

Lucinda filled her hand with salt and began to sprinkle it on a side of meat. "Law me," she tittered; "I'll bet you hain't heerd about Marty an' Jeff Goardley."

"Yes, I have. Meddlin' busybodies has writ me about that too," said Wakeman, sitting down on the hopper of a corn-sheller and idly swinging his foot.

"He's a-courtin' of 'er like a broom-sedge field afire," added the sister tentatively.

"She's got too much sense to marry 'im after 'er promises to me," said the convict firmly.

"She lets 'im come reg'lar ev'ry Tuesday night."

Wakeman was not ready with a reply, and Lucinda began to salt another piece of pork.

"Ev'ry Tuesday night, rain or shine," she said.

The words released Wakeman's tongue.

"Huh, he's the most triflin' fop in the county."

"Looks like some o' the neighbors is powerful' bent on the match," continued Lucinda, her tone betraying her own lack of sympathy for the thing in question. "Marty was a-standin' over thar at the fence jest 'fore you come an' whirled all of a sudden an' went up to the house. She said she was afeerd her cracklin's would burn, but I'll bet she seed you down the road. I never have been able to make 'er out. She ain't once mentioned yore name sence you went off. Dick, I'm one that don't, nur never did, believe you meant to steal Williams's hoss, kase you was too drunk to know what you was a-doin', but Marty never says whether she does ur doesn't. The day the news come back that you was sentenced I ketched 'er in the back room a-cryin' as ef 'er heart would break,

but that night 'Lonzo Spann come in an' said that you had let it out in the court-room that you'd be glad even to go to the penitentiary to git a rest from Marty's tongue, an'——"

"Lucinda, as thar's a God on high, them words never passed my lips," the convict interrupted.

"I 'lowed not," the old maid returned. "But it has got to be a sort of standin' joke ag'in' Marty, an' she heers it ev'ry now an' then. But I'm yore friend, Dick. I've had respect fur you ever sence I noticed how you suffered when Annie got sick an' died. Thar ain't many men that has sech feelin' fur their dead children."

Wakeman's face softened.

"I was jest a-wonderin', comin' on, ef—ef anybody has been a-lookin' after the grave sence I went off. The boys in the penitentiary used to mention the'r dead once in a while, an' I'd always tell 'em about my grave. Pris'ners, Lucinda, git to relyin' on the company o' the'r dead about as much as the'r livin' folks. In the four years that I was in confinement not one friend o' mine ever come to ax how I was gittin' on."

"Marty has been a-lookin' after the grave," said Lucinda in the suppressed tone peculiar to people who desire to disown deep emotion. She turned her face towards the house. "I wish you wouldn't talk about yore bein' neglected down thar, Dick. The Lord knows I've laid awake many an' many a cold night a-wonderin' ef they give you-uns enough cover, an' ef they tuck them cold chains off'n you at night. An' I reckon Marty did too, fur she used to roll an' tumble as ef 'er mind wasn't at ease."

Wakeman took off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves.

"I'm itchin' to set in to farm-work ag'in'," he said. "Let me salt fur you, an' you run up thar an' tell 'er I'm back. May be she'll come down here."

Lucinda gave him her place at the table, a troubled expression taking hold of her features.

"The great drawback is Jeff Goardley," she said. "It really does look like him an' Marty will come to a understandin'. I don't know raily but what she may have promised him; he has seemed mighty confident here lately."

Wakeman shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. He filled his hands with the salt from a pail and began to rub it on the pork.

Lingeringly the woman left him and turned up the slight incline towards the house. His eyes did not follow her. He was scrutinizing the pile of pork she had salted.

"Goodness gracious!" he grunted. "Lucindy has wasted fifteen pound o' salt. Ef I'd 'a' done that Marty'd 'a' tuck the top o' my head off. I wonder ef Marty could 'a' got careless sence she had all the work to look after."

He had salted the last piece of meat when, looking up, he saw Lucinda standing near him.

"She wouldn't come a step," she announced with some awkwardness of delivery. "When I told 'er you wuz down here she jest come to the door an' looked down at you a-workin' an' grunted an' went back to 'er cracklin's. But that's Marty."

The convict dipped his hands into a tub of hot water and wiped them on an empty salt-bag.

"I wonder," he began, "ef I'd better——" But he proceeded no further.

"I think I would," said the angular mind-reader sympathetically.

"Well, you come on up thar too," Wakeman proposed. "I've always noticed that when you are about handy she never has as much to say as she does commonly."

"I'll have to go," said Lucinda. "Ef Marty gits to talkin' to you she'll let the cracklin's burn, an' then—then she'd marry Goardley out o' pure spite."

As the pair reached the steps of the back porch, the convict caught a glimpse of a gingham skirt within, and its stiff flounce as it vanished behind the half-closed door-shutter flung an aspect of seriousness into his countenance. He paused, his foot on the lowest step, and peered into the sitting-room. Seeing it empty, he smiled.

"I'll go in thar an' take a cheer. Tell 'er I want to see 'er."

His air of returning self-confidence provoked a faint laugh from his well-wisher.

"Yo're a case," she said, nodding her consent to his request. "You are different frum 'most anybody else. Somehow I can't think about you ever havin' been jailed fur hoss-stealin'."

"It all depends on a body's feelin's," the convict returned. "Down thar in the penitentiary we had a little gang of us that knowed we wuz innocent of wrong intentions, an' we kinder flocked together. All the rest sorter looked up to us an' believed we wuz all right. It was a comfort. I'll step in an' git it over."

He walked as erectly as an Indian up the steps and into the sitting-room. To his surprise, Mrs. Wakeman started to enter the room from the adjoining kitchen, and, seeing him, turned and began to beat a hasty retreat.

"Hold on thar, Marty," he called out in the old tone which had formerly made strangers suppose that the farm and all pertaining to it had been his when he had married her.

She paused in the doorway, white and sullen.

"Ain't you a-goin' to tell a feller howdy an' shake hands?" he asked with considerable self-possession.

"What 'ud I do that fur?"

"Becase I'm home ag'in," he said.

"Huh, nobody hain't missed you." The words followed a forced shrug.

"I know a sight better'n that, Marty," he said. "I know a woman that 'ud take a duck fit jest when I was gone to drive the

cows home an' got delayed a little would fret consider'ble durin' four yeers of sech a—a trip as I've had. Set down here an' let's have a talk."

"I've got my work to do," she returned after half a minute of speechlessness, her helpless anger standing between her and satisfactory expression.

"Oh, all right!" he exclaimed. "I ain't no hand to waste time durin' work hours with dillydallyin'. Any other time 'll do me jest as well. I 'lowed may be it would suit you better to have it over with. I must git out the hoss an' wagon an' haul that hog-meat up to the smoke-house. War's Cato? I'll bet that triflin' nigger has give you the slip ag'in' this hog-killin', like he always did."

Mrs. Wakeman stared at the speaker in a sort of thwarted, defiant way without deigning to reply; her sneer was the only thing about her bearing which seemed at all expressive of the vast contempt for him that she really did not feel. She felt that her silence was cowardly, her failure to assert her rights as a divorced woman an admission that she was glad of his return.

At this critical juncture Lucinda Dykes sauntered into the room and leaned against the dingy, once sky-blue wall. Her air of interested amusement over the matrimonial predicament had left her. It had dawned upon her, now that her sister had taken refuge in obstinate silence, that a great responsibility rested on her as intermediary.

"Cato went with some more niggers to a shindig over at Squire Camp's yesterday an' hain't showed up sence," she explained. "Ef I was you-uns—ef I was Marty, I mean—I'd turn 'im off fur good an' all. Dick, sence you went off me nur Marty hain't been able to do a thing with 'im."

The convict grunted. It was as if he had succeeded in rolling the last four years from his memory as completely as if they had never passed.

"Jest wait till I see the black scamp," he growled. "I reckon I'll have to do every lick of it myself." With that Wakeman turned into the entry and thence went to the stable-yard near by.

"He hain't altered a smidgin'," Lucinda commented. "It may be partly due to the fact that he has on the identical' same clothes: he's been a-wearin' striped ones down thar, you know, an' they laid away his old ones. To save me I can't realize that he's even been off a week." The old maid snickered softly. "He's the only one that ever could manage you, Marty. Now Jeff Goardley would let you have yore own way, but Dick's a caution! It's always been a question with me as to whether a woman would ruther lead a man ur be led."

There was a white stare in Mrs. Wakeman's eyes which indicated that she was pondering the man's chief aggression rather than heeding her sister's nagging remarks. The sudden appearance of the

convict's head and shoulders above a near-at-hand window-sill rendered a reply unnecessary. His face was flushed.

"Can you-uns tell me whar under the sun the halter is?" he broke forth in a turbulent tone. "I tuck the trouble to put a iron hook up in the shed-room jest fur that halter, an' now somebody has tore down the hook an' I can't find hair nur hide o' the halter."

Mrs. Wakeman tried to sneer again as she turned aside, and the gaunt intermediary, spurred on to her duty, approached the window.

"The blacksmith tuck that hook to mend the harrow with," she said with a warning glance at Marty. "You'll find the halter on the joist above the hoss-trough. Ef I was you, on the fust day, I'd try to——" But Wakeman had dropped out of sight, and, muttering unintelligible sounds indicative of discomfiture, was striding towards the stable.

All the rest of that afternoon the convict toiled in the smoke-house, hanging the meat on hooks along the joists over a slow, partly smothered fire of chips and pieces of bark. When the work was finished his eyes were red from smoke and brine. He stabled the horse and fed him, and then, realizing that he had nothing more to do, he felt hungry. He wanted to go into the sitting-room and sit down in his old place in the chimney-corner, but a growing appreciation of the delicacy of the situation had taken hold of him. He wandered about the stable-yard in a desultory way, going to the pig-pen, now empty and blood-stained, and to the well-filled corn-crib, but these objects had little claim on his interest. The evening shadows had begun to stalk like dank amphibious monsters over the carpet of turf along the creek banks, and pencils of light were streaming out of the windows of the family room. Suddenly his eyes took in the wood-pile; he went to it, and, picking up the axe, began to cut wood. He was tired, but he felt that he would rather be seen occupied than remaining outside without a visible excuse for so doing. In a few minutes he was joined by Lucinda.

"Dick," she intoned, "you've worked enough, the Lord Almighty knows. Come in the house an' rest 'fore supper; it's mighty nigh ready."

He avoided her glance, and shamefacedly touched a big log he had just cut into the proper length for the fireplace.

"Cato, the triflin' scamp, hain't cut yo-uns a single backlog," he said in a tone that she had never heard from him.

"We hain't had a decent one sence you went off, Brother Richard," she returned. "An' a fire's no fire without a backlog."

Their eyes met. She saw that he was deeply stirred by her tenderness, and that opened the flood-gates of her sympathy. She began to rub her eyes.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so miser'ble; ef you an' Marty don't quit actin' like you are I don't know what I will do."

She saw him make a motion as if he had swallowed something;

then he stooped and shouldered the heavy backlog and some smaller sticks.

"I'll give you-uns one more backlog to set by, anyhow," he said huskily.

She preceded him into the sitting-room and stood over him while he raked out the hot coals and deposited the log against the back part of the fireplace. Then she turned into the kitchen and approached her sister, who was frying meat in an iron pan on the coals.

"Marty," she said unsteadily, "ef you begin on Dick I'll go off fur good. I can't stand that."

Mrs. Wakeman folded her stern lips, as if to keep them under check, and shrugged her shoulders. That was all the response she made.

Lucinda turned back into the sitting-room where the dining-table stood. To-night she put three plates on the white cloth: one of them had been Dick's for years. She put it at the end of the table where he had sat when he was the head of the house. As she did so she caught his shifting glance and smiled.

"I want to make you feel as ef nothin' in the world had happened, Dick," she said. "I've been a-fixin' you a bed in the company-room, but you jest must be sensible about that."

"Law, anything will suit me," he began. But the entrance of Marty interrupted his remark.

She put the bread, the coffee, the meat, and the gravy on the table and sat down in her place without a word. Lucinda glanced at Wakeman.

"Come on, Dick," she called out. "I'll bet yo're hungry as a bear."

He drew out the chair that had been placed for him and sat down. Now an awkward situation presented itself. In the absence of a man Marty always asked the blessing. Lucinda wondered what would take place; one thing she knew well, and that was that Marty was too punctilious in religious matters to touch a bite of food before grace had been said by some one. But just then she noticed something about Wakeman that sent a little thrill of horror through her. Evidently his long life in prison had caused him to retrograde into utter forgetfulness of the existence of table etiquette, for he had drawn the great dish of fried meat towards him and was critically eying the various parts as he slowly turned it round.

"What a fool I am," he said, the delightful savor of the meat rendering him momentarily oblivious of his former wife's forbidding aspect. "I laid aside the lights o' that littlest shote an' firmly intended to ax you to fry 'em fur me, but——"

Lucinda's stare convinced him that something had gone wrong.

"Marty's waitin' fur somebody to ax the blessin'," she explained.

"Blessin' ? Good gracious!" he grunted, his effusiveness dried

up. "That went clean out'n my mind. But a body that's tuck his meals on a tin plate in a row o' fellers waitin' fur the'r turn, four yeers hand-runnin', ain't expected to——"

He went no further, seeming to realize that the picture he was drawing was tending to widen the distance between him and the uncompromising figure opposite him. He folded his hands so that his arms formed a frame for his plate, and said in a mellow bass voice:

"Good Lord, make us duly thankful fur the bounteous repast that Thy angels has seed fit to spread before us to-night. Cause each of us to inculcate sech a frame of mind as will not let us harbor ill-will ag'in' our neighbors, an' finally when this shadowy abode is dispersed by the light of Thy glory receive us all into Thy grace. This we beg in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

He ended in some confusion. A red spot hovered over each of his cheek-bones. "I clean forgot that part about good crops an' fair weather," he said to Lucinda. "But you see it's been four years sence I said it over, an' a man o' my age oughtn't to be expected to know a thing like a younger person."

"Help yorese'f to the meat an' pass the dish to Marty," replied Miss Dykes. "Ef I was you, I'd not be continually a-bringin' up things about the last four yeers."

He made a hurried but bounteous choice of the parts of meat on the dish, and then gave it over into the outstretched hands of Lucinda. Marty was pouring out the coffee. She passed the old-fashioned mustache-cup to her sister, and that lady transferred it to Wakeman. He sipped from it lingeringly.

"My Lord!" he cried impulsively. "I tell you the God's truth; sech good coffee as this hain't been in a mile o' my lip sence I went—sence I was heer," he corrected, as Lucinda's warning stare bore down on him.

After that the meal proceeded in silence. When he had finished, Dick went back to his chair in the chimney-corner near the battered wood-box. After putting away the dishes and removing the cloth from the table, Lucinda came and sat down near him. Mrs. Wakeman, casting occasional furtive glances towards the front door, appropriated her share of the general silence in a seat where the fire-light faded. Richard wore an unsettled air, as if getting into old harness came as awkward as putting on the new had come when he married, years before. After a few minutes he became a little drowsy and began to act naturally, as if by force of returning habit. He unlaced his shoes, took them off, rubbed the bottoms of his feet, thrust those members towards the fire, and worked his toes. He also took a chew of tobacco. Profound silence was in the room: the thoughts of three minds percolated through it. Marty picked up the *Christian Advocate* and pretended to read, but she dropped it in her lap and cast another look towards the door.

The rustling of the paper attracted Richard's gaze.

"Is she expectin'—is anybody a-comin'?" He directed the question to Lucinda.

"I wouldn't be much surprised," was the answer. "It's Jeff Goardley's night."

"You don't say!" Each of the words had a separate little jerk, and the questioning stare of the convict's eyes pierced the space intervening between him and his divorced wife. He spat into the fire, wiped his mouth with an unsteady hand, and caught his breath.

Silence again. Lucinda broke it.

"You hain't never told us how you happened to git yore pardon," she ventured.

"By a streak o' luck," Wakeman said, the languid largeness of his eyes showing that he was still struggling against the inclination to sleep. "T'other day the governor sent word to our superintendent that he was comin' to see fur hisse'f how we wus treated. The minute I heerd it, I said to myself, I did, 'Wakeman, you must have a talk with that man.' So the mornin' he got thar we was all give a sort of vacation an' stood up in rows-like fur inspection. When I seed 'im a comin' towards me I jest gazed at 'im with all my might an' he got to lookin' at me. When he got nigh me he stopped short an' said:

"'Lookye heer, my man,' said he; 'yore face seems mighty familiar to me. Have I ever seed you before?"

"'Not unless you remember me a-throwin' up my hat in frunt o' the stan' an' yellin' when you wus stump-speakin' in Murray jest 'fore yore 'lection,' said I.

"Then he laughed kinder good-natured-like, an' said, 'I'm sorry to see a voter o' mine in a fix like yo'r'n. What can I do fur you?"

"'I want to have a talk with you, yore Honor, an' that bad,' said I.

"'I am at yore disposal,' said he. 'That's what I'm heer fur. I'll ax the superintendent to call you in a moment. What is yore name?"

"'Richard Wakeman, yore Honor,' said I.

"'An' one o' the best men we ever had,' said the superintendent.

"Well, they passed on, an' in a few minutes I was ordered to come to the superintendent's office, an' thar I found the governor tilted back smokin' a fine cigar.

"'You wanted to have some'n to say to me. Wakeman?' said he.

"I eased my ball an' chain down on the skin of a big-eyed varmint o' some sort, an' stood up straight.

"'I did, yore Honor, an' that bad,' said I.

"'What is it?' said he.

"'I want to put my case before you, yore Honor,' said I. 'An' I'm not a-goin' to begin, as every convict does, by sayin' he ain't guilty, fur I know you've heerd that tale tell yo're sick of it.'

"But are you guilty?" said the governor. "I *have* seed men sent up fur crimes they never committed."

"Yore Honor," said I, "I didn't no more intend to steal that hoss o' Pike Williams's than you did—not a bit. Gittin' on a spree about once a yeer is my chief fault, an' it was Christmas, an' all of us was full o' devilment. It was at the Springplace bar, an' Alf Moreland struck me a whack across the face with his whip, an' bein' astraddle of a fine nag he made off. Pike's nag was hitched at the rack nigh me, an', without hardly knowin' what I was doin', I jumped on it an' spurred off after Alf. I run 'im nip an' tuck fur about seven mile, an' then me an' him rid on fur more whiskey down the valley. The next day I was arrested so drunk they had to haul me to jail in a wagon. They tried me before a jury o' men that never did like me an' I got five year."

"When I stopped thar to draw a fresh breath the governor axed, 'Is that what you wanted to say, Wakeman?'"

"Not a word of it, yore Honor," said I. "I jest wanted to put a straight question to you about the law. Ef you knowed that a man was a-sufferin' a sight more on account of imprisonment than his sentence called fur, would that be right?"

"The governor studied a minute, then he kinder smiled at the superintendent an' said:

"That's a question fur the conscience. Ef a man is imprisoned fur life fur a crime, an' jail-life breaks his health down, an' is killin' 'im, then he ort to be pardoned out."

"Then I had 'im right whar I wanted 'im, an' I up an' told 'im that I had a wife that was all the world to me, an' that durin' my term mischievous folks had lied ag'in me an' persuaded 'er to git a divorce, an' that a oily-tongued scamp was a-tryin' to marry 'er fur what little land she had. I reminded 'im that I was put in fur stealin' an' that I had worked four years o' my sentence, an' that it looked like a good deal o' punishment fur jest one spree, but that I wouldn't complain, bein' as I was cured of the liquor-habit an' never intended to put the neck of a bottle to my mouth ag'in, but that I did kinder want to hurry back home 'fore too much damage was done.

"Well, I'm not lyin' when I say the governor's eyes was wet. All of a sudden he helt out his han' to me an' said:

"I feel shore you never intended to steal that hoss, Wakeman."

"My wife never has believed it fur one instant," said the superintendent. "An' it takes a woman to ferret out guilt."

"The governor tuck a sheet o' paper an' a pen an' said:

"Wakeman, I'm a-goin' to pardon you, an' what's more, I inten' to send a statement to all the newspapers that I'm convinced you are a wronged man. I've done wuss than you was accused of in my young days an' had the cheek to run fur the office of governor."

"Then the superintendent's wife come in an' stood up thar an'

cried, an' axed to be allowed to unlock my manacles. She got out my old suit—this un heer—an' breshed it 'erself, an' kept on a-cryin' an' a-laughin' at the same time. The last words that she said to me was:

“Wakeman, go home an' make up with yore wife; she won't turn ag'in you when you git back to the old place whar you an' her has lived together so long.”

The speaker paused. For a man so coarse in appearance, his tone had grown remarkably tender. Lucinda was staring wide-eyed with a fixed aspect of features, as if she were half frightened at the unwonted commotion within herself and the danger of its appearing on the surface. Finally she took refuge in the act of raising her apron to her eyes.

Mrs. Wakeman had excellent command over herself, drawing upon a vast fund of offended pride, the interest of which had compounded itself within the last four years. Just at this crisis the steady beat of a horse's hoofs broke into the hushed stillness of the room. Lucinda lowered her apron with wrists that seemed jointless bone, and stared at her sister.

“Are you a-goin' to let that feller stick his head inside that door to-night?”

The question was ill-timed, for it produced only a haughty, contemptuous shrug in the woman from whom it rebounded. Wakeman did not take his eyes from the fire. They heard the gate-latch click, and then a heavy booted and spurred foot fell on the entry step. The next instant the door was unceremoniously opened and a tall, lank mountaineer entered. He was at the fag-end of bachelorhood, had sharp, thin features, a small mustache dyed black, and reddish locks which were long and curling. He wore a heavy gray shawl over his shoulders. At first he did not see Wakeman, for his eyes had found employment in trying to discover why Marty had not risen as he came in. He glanced inquiringly at Lucinda, and then he recognized Richard.

“My Lord!” he muttered. “I had no idee you—I 'lowed you——”

“I didn't nuther,” Richard sneered, the red firelight revealing strange flashes in his eyes.

For some instants the visitor stood on the hearth awkwardly disrobing his sinewy hands. Finally, unheeding Lucinda's admonitory glances towards the door, and the prayerful current from her eyes to his, he sat down near Marty. Ten minutes by the clock on the mantelpiece passed, in which time nothing was heard except the lowing of the cattle in the cow-lot and the sizzling of the coals when Richard spat. At last a portion of Wakeman's wandering self-confidence resettled upon him, and it became him well. He crossed his legs easily, dropped his quid of tobacco into the fire, and with a determined gaze began to prod his squirming rival.

"Lookye heer," he said suddenly. "What did you come heer fur, anyhow?"

Goardley leaned forward and spat between his linked hands. He accomplished it with no slight effort, for the inactivity of his mouth, which was not chewing anything, had produced a hot dryness.

"I don't know," he managed to say. "I jest thought I'd come around?"

"Ride?"

"Yes, hoss-back."

"Do you know whar you hitched?"

Goardley hesitated and glanced helplessly at Marty, who, stern-faced, inflexible, was looking at the paper in her lap.

"I hitched under the cherry-tree out thar," he answered, with scarcely a touch of self-confidence in his tone.

"Well, go unhitch an' git a-straddle of yore animal."

Goardley blinked, but did not rise.

"I didn't have the least idee you had got free, Dick, an'——"

"Well, you know it now, so git out to that hoss, ur by all that's holy——"

Mrs. Wakeman drew herself erect and crumpled the paper in her bony hand.

"This is my house," she said; "an' I ain't no married woman."

The white fixity of Goardley's countenance relaxed in a slow grin. An automatic affair it was, but as he took in the situation it was a recognition of the aid which had arrived at the last minute.

Wakeman stood up in his stockinged feet. He was still unruffled. "That's a fact; the place is her'n," he admitted. "But I'll tell you one article that ain't. It's that thar shootin'-iron on them deer-horns up thar, an' ef you don't git out'n here forthwith it'll make the fust hole in meat that it's made in four year. May be me'n Marty *ain't* man an' wife, but when we wuz married the preacher said, 'What the Lord has j'ined together let no man put asunder,' an' I ain't a-goin' to set still an' see a dirty, oily-tongued scamp like you try to undo the Lord's work. You know the way out, an' I was too late fur hog-killin'. I went in to the penitentiary fur jest one spree, but I'll go in fur manslaughter next time an' serve my term more cheerful; I mought say with Christian fortitude."

Cowardice produced the dominant expression in Goardley's face. He rose and backed from the room. The convict thumped across the resounding floor to the door and looked out after the departing man.

"Run like a skeered dog," he laughed impulsively as he turned back into the room. And then he waxed serious as he entered the atmosphere circling about Marty, who, with a stormy brow, sat immovable, her eyes downcast.

"I couldn't help it to save me," he began apologetically to her

profile. "But I reckon you an' me can manage to git along like we used to, an' I never would 'a' had any respect fur myself ef I had a-let that scamp set here an' think he was a-courtin' of you right before my eyes."

Marty made no reply. A flush of suppressed forces had risen in her cheeks and was taking on a tinge of purple. Richard grunted, stepped half-way back to his chimney-corner, and looked at her again. Seeing her eyes still averted, he grunted again and went to his chair and sat down. Several minutes passed. Then Lucinda's prayerful eyes saw his hand, now quivering, reach behind him and draw his shoes in front of him. He put them on, but did not tie the strings.

"Somehow," he said, rising, "somehow, now that I come to think of it, I don't feel exactly right,—exactly as I used to,—an' I reckon, maybe, I ort to go some'rs else. I reckon, as you said jest now, that in the eyes o' some folks you ain't no married woman, an' I have been makin' purty free fur a jail-bird. Old Uncle Billy Hodkins won't set his dogs on me, an' I'll go over thar to-night. After that the Lord only knows whar I will head fur. Uncle Billy never did believe I was guilty; he's writ me that a dozen times."

As he moved towards the door, in a clattering, slipshod fashion, Lucinda fixed Marty with a fierce stare.

"Are you a-goin' to set thar an' let Dick leave us fur good?" she hurled at her fiercely.

Marty made no reply save that which was embodied in a contemptuous shrug, but the flow of blood had receded from her face.

"Ef you do, you ain't no Christian woman, that's all," was Lucinda's half-sobbing, half-shrieked accusation. "Yo're a purty thing to set up an' drink the sacrament with a heart in you that the Old Nick's fire couldn't melt."

The convict smiled back at his defender from the threshold: then they heard him cross the entry and step down on the gravel walk. He had passed the bars and was turning up the side of a little hill on the brow of which a few grave-stones shimmered in the moonlight when he heard his name called from the entry. It was Lucinda's voice; she came to him, her hair flying in the wind.

"I 'lowed," he said sheepishly, as she paused to catch her breath, "I jest 'lowed I'd go up thar an' see ef the water had been washin' out round Annie's grave. The last time I looked at it the foot-rock was a little sagged to one side."

"Come back in the house, Dick," cried the old maid. "Marty has completely broke down. She's cryin' like a baby. She has been actin' stubborn beca'se she was proud an' afeerd folks would think she was a fool about you. As soon as I told 'er you didn't say that about bein' willin' to go to jail to git out'n reach o' 'er tongue, she axed me to run after you. She's consented to make it up ef we will send over fur the justice an' have the marryin' done to-night."

"Are you a-tellin' me the truth, Lucinda?"

"As the Lord is my witness."

He stared at the farm-house a moment; then he said:

"Well, you an' her git everything ready, an' I'll git Squire Dow an' the license. I'll be back in half a hour."

WILL N. HARBEN.

VIEWS AFOOT.

BAYARD TAYLOR would not have seen so much nor told of it so well had he been on horseback, staring from a stage-coach, or being transported in some bicyclic way. As I look upon literature,—which signifies nothing save to myself,—he never wrote a better book than "Views Afoot," and this happy title has been in my mind for many a day—ever since I have gotten the chill of winter from my bones and been daily out-of-doors.

I would not be understood as maintaining that we cannot use our eyes and ears to advantage except when walking, or, to speak even more exactly, when standing still; but if acquisition of knowledge rather than mere transportation is desired, then it is far preferable to go afoot than to ride to any place, or, indeed, to any object. This is peculiarly true of every small town that I have been in, and equally so of every very marked locality in the country, or its peculiar attraction, in the minds of the inhabitants, to which the stranger is always duly conducted, and sometimes with such officious ceremony that all pleasure is lost. We do not see all that should be seen when the approaches are overlooked, and we generally fail to realize the full significance of our whereabouts because required knowledge of the surroundings is wanting. There is almost no independence of objects, but more or less interrelation, and usually more than less.

One great cause of general misunderstanding of what we see is that we fix our vision to the hub of the wheel, have too indefinite an idea of the radiating spokes, and never dream of the existence of an environing rim. The journey from centre to circumference must be taken: it is the imperative demand of wisdom.

In the good but not always erudite days of our grandfathers, as now, huge bowlders were lying in many a field, often far from any mother-rock. There was general wondering how they came to be there, and the conclusion was reached that they had grown on the spot, just as the tree near by had grown; only with this difference. as I once heard it expressed, "it was longer ago, when the world was gettin' into proper shape for farmin'." I myself have been told something like this more than once. as I was told a great deal that was equally absurd derived from Oriental myths. Occasionally

a village schoolmaster would express the opinion that bowlders were due to the deluge, and then pose as the exponent of profound learning, vast and deep as the flood itself that circled about Ararat. Would that some novelist could have seen his look of happiness complete when the women of the sewing-society called him "Professor." I do not dare repeat the substance of a talk about fossils before the pupils of the school I attended. It was forty years ago, to be sure, but even then the truth was not generally unknown. I will only go so far as to say that fossils were asserted to have been "created just as they are now found." Why, I must decline to add. There is a limit to credulity nowadays, and no one could to-day believe there were such fools as I refer to even forty years ago. Perhaps more strange than all this is the indisputable fact that more than one scholar of that day, matured men now, should remember what the schoolmaster said and have no other view than the silliness of the Dark Ages then doled out to him. There seems to be but one thing equally widespread with ignorance of nature, and that is indifference to her.

No one hurrying by, whatever the means of conveyance, could ever have solved the problem of a bowlder's presence or even distinguished it from an outcropping of rock in place. Attempts of this kind were often made in years gone by, and scientific journals of early date were filled with rubbish; but if a real view is desired, if the details are to be considered and a problem solved, then we must go afoot, and this means a great deal more than merely walking. We must not only see, but hear, taste, touch, and smell as we progress; in brief, acquire all possible knowledge of every interpretable condition, and so be prepared for the final effort through this preliminary training of gradual and all-inclusive realization.

Let us go back to the bowlder lying in the field. It may be a frost-fractured fragment tumbled from a near-by hill, or it may have come from a mountain range hundreds of miles away. It may be angular or oval, rough or smooth, perhaps deeply scarred if it ever was subjected to the grinding action of ice and sand moving slowly over it. Though so long exposed to the round of the seasons in its present home, to frost and sunshine, there will yet be centuries required to efface the decipherable history its surface bears; but, except by a close view and patient study, you cannot tell your neighbor the true story of that stone.

A moment's rational reflection will show how impossible it is to see in a mass of rock anything but a mass of rock, if you see it only and not the surroundings. We speak carelessly of seeing an object in a "comprehensive" way if we see it in its entirety; but comprehensive of what? Shape and dimension go but a little way in such a matter. It means everything to know what are the bowlder's associations, even to the dust that has gathered about; and above all to recognize the general geological character of the region and dis-

tinguish between wind-blown sand and that brought hither by water, between discoloration of soil by recent rains and vegetal decomposition and deposits of muddy water when the glacial overflow was soily and thick with washings from a distant clay-bank. It is not child's play; but many we meet look upon the world as a toy, and give it no more serious consideration. When we go afield properly equipped, the Ice Age becomes something more than a mere jumble of phrases falling from the professor's lips in tumultuous disarray.

Many a mind is clearly too primitive in its development to grasp even the simplest of natural phenomena; but others are equal to far greater things than they promise to accomplish, and such are likely to remain in ignorance so long as they make no effort to seek the objects that go to make up the sum total of field and forest.

Bird's-eye views are pretty, but there they too frequently end. They are all too apt to be neither meat nor drink, and the mind will soon starve that receives nothing more nourishing. Of course, we can hear of the suggestiveness of great comprehensive wholes and the mind's grasp upon them, and of grand generalizations that come from contemplative observation of a wide area. Our language is too accommodating in the matter of high-sounding phrases. The chances are that when you hear something like this, you can set the speaker down as more full of words than wisdom. It is more than likely that he has not been interviewing the component parts of this comprehensive whole, and so is of necessity an ignoramus. We have too many such, to whom the world listens as if they were little gods. Then again we may be met with the objection that to enter into details is tiresome, which is simply an effort to conceal ignorance. But if so, it is never so tiresome as are the chatterboxes that talk in this way, did they but know it; and why, pray, should not kindness be sufficiently severe to tell them so?

No natural object can be ugly, repulsive, uninteresting, or unentertaining if we see it as it is, and have knowledge of its place and purpose. It may lack what artists call the elements of grace; its colors may be dingy; but then how soon we tire of too pronounced brilliancy. The ugliest weed, on the other hand, is not always ugly. Think of the brilliant beetle or gay butterfly that may rest upon it. A turtle rooting in the mud of a ditch, itself the color of the soiled water that surrounds it, is so beautifully adapted to its home and habits that we forget the lack of pleasing color and are impressed with the more suggestive beauty of adaptation. We must centre a thought upon the object before us,—a serious, prolonged, truth-desiring thought,—and there and then only will the symmetry of nature's handiwork become apparent. Such recognition on our part repays us as fully as floods of color delight the unthinking eye.

How much we lose when time has not been allowed for particulars can readily be seen by the initiated when a visitor, returning home, can affirm only that he saw trees, perhaps adding that some

were deciduous and others evergreen, but beyond this nothing. Can more empty phrases be imagined? I know that trees grow in many a country that I have never seen. It needs no traveller therefrom to supply that information. That man has never really seen a tree who has not sat in its shade, reclined in its branches, and been a visitor thereto many times and in every season. Trees improve upon acquaintance, like a few of the people we meet, and we are never deceived by them.

A distant view of a tree-top may add much to a landscape; but this would tell nothing of the story of a curious old maple near by, with a trunk so marvellously out of shape that we can only speculate as to what troubles of growth the tree has experienced. There stands amidfields a scarlet oak whose very presence is a benediction. The most hurried traveller who stops a moment in its shade carries that tree's image in his heart for many a day.

I know nothing of church architecture, but my three beeches with their hundred uplifted branches are encompassed in a dim light that is impressive, solemn, and soothing to the soul. Perhaps you may say it is not a religious light. This is a point that I would not argue if I could; but it is a light that leads to thankfulness that such trees as these may still be found. Here forever do I find a hushed if not holy calm; a source of delight so satisfying that my soul has no other craving. These beeches are a marked feature of the landscape, and visible from every point; but how few have ever seen them!

Many think of Nature as all out-of-doors, as everywhere open, exposed to every breeze; they fancy that where sunbeams cannot enter, only empty shadows lurk; but Nature, which you so sadly misunderstand, has many a sanctuary that is not open to every one who draws near, and inner sanctuaries for the favored few. None are denied except for good cause, however their unpreparedness. No one can hide his indifference of Nature from her, and she wisely welcomes no bungling intruder to her inner courts.

My friend pleads, "My time for outings is too limited for doing more than getting a breath of fresh air;" as if the air would be less fresh if he carried an extra mite of knowledge back to town with him. Is the freshness of the atmosphere in proportion to the breather's rapid transit? "And I can learn about nature from books," he adds. True, he can; and he can also confirm his ignorance by the reading of books. Not all knowledge is gathered between their covers, and all that is came from the out-door world, gathered by observing men and women. It is well to go where the writers of books have been, or to localities as closely akin to these as possible, and bring back with you as many facts as you can carry, but never to be overloaded therewith and so become dismayed by their bewildering array. Then you are better fitted to read understandingly; and it is not so simple a matter as you might suppose to

sit down and intelligently compare that which you have seen with the statements made by others. Perhaps your impressions and those of the author will not agree. So much the better: no greater blessing can await you. Now, go again and see if you observed correctly the first time, and if you are satisfied that you did, trace out the probable cause of your conclusion differing from the statements in the book you have been reading. Do not for one moment be influenced by such an unfortunate impression, if you have ever held it, as that a statement is necessarily correct because in print. Bear in mind that great men often make little mistakes, just as little men make great blunders; and sometimes it has happened just the other way, and the dwarf has got the better of the giant. No really great man ever blindly followed his teachers, or he could never have become great. Ascribe infallibility to the professor, and you become at best but his echo, and condemn to slavery what should be free as the air, your own mind.

Some I have known plead that the study of nature would prove a task, and that it is recreation they seek when out-of-doors,—spinning, probably at reckless speed, adown some public path. Returned to their homes, are not tired legs quite as objectionable and less noble than a weary brain? But what these people claim is not true. The occupied brain would not be wearied. Nature-study is never a task, but a tonic. It re-creates. We are renewed whenever a new fact swims into our ken. To turn from the columns of a ledger or the pandemonium of the stock exchange to the wing of a moth or the song of a sparrow in the way-side hedge is more healthfully restful than miles upon miles of mere locomotion. We do not become acquainted with people and make new friends by merely passing them in the street; and we can pass by Nature all our days and never have even a speaking acquaintance. If you wish for this or more, you must go to her afoot and, begging to be introduced, make your obeisance, and express your pleasure for the privilege. Such as do this are never turned away, nor, I venture to say, has any one who has done this ever regretted the step. As a little salt makes our food more palatable,—“brings out the flavor,” as the cook says,—so a knowledge of nature brings out the best that is in man and cures him of insipidity.

This cannot be disputed. It is as evident as that, everywhere we go, we meet with most insipid men and women, creatures that know their fellow-creatures only, which is not, as they seem to think, to know all that is worth knowing of the world in which they live. Man may be the most important part of the world, but the rest of it is not of so little importance that to be ignorant thereof carries no stigma. Better by far the croaking bullfrog in the marsh than the wordy ignoramus of the town. The noise in the former case means something; but can we always show value in the latter instance? Even civilization can run to extremes, and men become denaturalized

so thoroughly that it would puzzle the old-time species-making naturalist to determine their place in the scale of creation. Questions that I have been asked and assertions that I have heard made in perfectly good faith are so astonishingly absurd that to put them in print would only result in charging me with gross exaggeration; and these, too, from men and women who, as the world goes, are accounted accomplished. Some country clubs are at best but a means of airing the city and freshening it for another campaign in the stuffy atmosphere of a ball-room or parlor. How seldom does a trace of the country, other than this, go to the city! It is enough to find that a tree gives shade, but that one tree differs from another is never discovered. "Oak," "beech," "birch," and "walnut" stand for the colors of furniture; words no fuller of meaning than trade-marks, the shibboleth of shopkeepers.

"But if we are happy in our ignorance of nature," pipes a pretty miss, "what business is it of yours? Who set you up as my teacher? I graduated with credit to myself, so my friends say, and don't feel the worse for having hoodwinked the professor of botany, cheated a little in chemistry, and given zoology the go-by. Now, let me see; my roses come from the florist, and that's all the botany I require; the cook handles the baking-powder, so I've no need of chemistry, and"—here she reddens a little—"I've a serpent ring with ruby eyes, and there's a jolly bird on my spring hat, and that's all I want to know of natural history. Your preaching is all lost on me, and I guess on everybody else."

No one likes to get a blow between the eyes, and when this pert minikin gave me such a one, I was staggered for a moment; but now that her back is turned, I will continue. It is pleasant to talk, even to empty benches. Her effort at argumentation was not a success. Mere denial goes for nothing, and I still insist that in the long run we all suffer in one way or another through ignorance. There is, in spite of the pooh-poohing of thoughtless folk, young or old, a far-too-general overlooking of the fact that we are dependent on natural knowledge more than we realize. Many a life has been lost through ignorance, and many a pang suffered because the victim was unable to distinguish between the harmful and harmless. Fright is always painful: how much agony might have been spared us if we could but recognize at a glance that the serpent in our path was incapable of harm, and remember in time, because properly taught, that every creature we are likely to meet will run from us. The exceptions are not too many seriously to tax your memory. Fear can bring about even a fatal disturbance of the nervous system, which is reason enough for not being victimized by its needless causation. It was doubtless great fun to hoodwink the professor of botany when a schoolgirl, and to cheat at chemistry; but when under the doctor's care because of handling poison ivy, or ill from reckless use of complexion powders, or even when annoyed beyond endurance because

of the flat failure of her boasted sponge-cake—then visions of the patient teachers will come up, as they ought to. And how these spectral professors will grin triumphantly at this same school-miss, now woman grown, in her distress! She is having, thanks to her ignorance, in which she glories still, a practical interpretation of the text, Virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment. True mental health is that which welcomes natural knowledge and has an unailing appetite for facts.

How are we to recognize facts as such, and how, when one is acquired, are we to draw from it its full significance? It is difficult to reply; but the question brings us back to the starting-point, and emphasizes the importance of a close view, a view afoot, of every aspect of nature. Adopting such a method, we diminish the chances of being misled, and are oftener warranted in saying positively, "I know," instead of "I think." We are obviously nearer the solution of its meaning the nearer we can get to the place or object; while the more facts that we encounter, face to face, the clearer at last becomes their interrelation and our appreciation of the meaning of the world as a whole. A fact by itself is not only stubborn but often impenetrable. Isolated, it is no more comprehensible than the gibbering of apes to civilized man; but holding to it, while we gather others, we find in due time how they fit, one to the other, and it is not long before the detached pieces are united to form an elaborate whole. Whether through life the world remains as a dissected map, the fragments scattered in hopeless confusion, or becomes an intelligent chart, depends upon ourselves; and we can rest assured that the view afoot and not the bird's-eye view is necessary to make us as wise as we should desire to be. Nature, be it ever remembered, stands aloof, can frown with as great facility as she can smile if so disposed, and withholds her abundant treasure with untiring zeal; but man can prove his superiority if he so elects, and draw a goodly portion of it from her. Is it not a worthy effort? Is it not a golden prize?

Charles C. Abbott.

THE HILL-SIDE TREE.

HOWE'ER the tempest buffets, still it stands
 As firm as faith above the fruitful lands,
 Rooted upon a rock. May thy life be
 Upright and strong and steadfast as the tree!

Clinton Scollard.

OVER, UNDER, AND THROUGH BOSTON.

UNLIKE most American cities, Boston, in its original limits, was not built on any sort of plan; like Topsy, it simply "grewed." The place was called "Shawmut" by the Indians, being a peninsula having its greater dimension—of about two miles—nearly north and south, and its greatest width (about three-fourths of a mile) midway of its northern half. Here, between the bay whose waters lave its eastern shore, to Charles River Basin, at the west, the land gradually rose to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet in its central peak. This has been much cut down, and what is left constitutes Beacon Hill,—now, for more than a century, marked afar by the yellow dome of the State-House, like the hub of a recumbent wheel badly sprung. Lanes and roads slowly formed around the hill, extending from it north, east, and south,—as boat-landings and cow-pastures, corn-fields and grist-mills, made them convenient. If the early inhabitants ever laid out a road from end to end or side to side of the peninsula, they indulged in curves and scollops which those Puritans would not have sanctioned in either coats or characters; yet they had certainly learned—perhaps in their pioneer housekeeping—that the bail of a kettle is no longer when lying down on its rim than when raised at right angles to it; hence the noted crookedness of the spokes of "the Hub," and the unmatched curves of its felloes.

As the car of human progress rolled on, the gridiron of the street-cars was laid down in Boston's crooked ways; at one time there were eighteen street railway companies operating lines within city limits, and all trying to get their tracks through or into the business district occupying the northern, eastern, and southeastern slopes of Beacon Hill. It was worse when consolidation reduced them all to one system,—that of the West End Street Railway Company,—and through-routes, without change of cars, were established in about every direction. Thus Tremont and Washington Streets—the most direct of the thoroughfares passing through the congested district, and furnishing the widest and least crooked of possible routes—were thronged with cars during business hours. The section of Tremont Street parallel to the chief shopping district contained four tracks, leaving space only sufficient for a one-horse vehicle at each side. At the busiest hours every one of these four tracks was frequently full of cars, all the long line of those on one track, and sometimes on the three others, having to stop whenever a daring pedestrian or a rather reckless driver attempted to thread a way across the street, or when, at every block, or oftener, a passenger wished to enter or leave a car. Of course, blockades under such

conditions have all the "odds" and a large proportion of the "evens;" consequently the day was rare when a solid quarter of a mile or more of cars on one or more tracks were not stalled for fifteen minutes; while patient passengers were held "prisoners of hope" for half an hour or more many times a month.

At length the State Legislature was moved to provide a remedy for this oppressive condition, and the Boston Rapid Transit Commission was the first result. This consisted of two men appointed by the governor of the State and three by the mayor of Boston; these were charged with the duty of investigating the subject of street transportation.

After inspecting the methods in larger American and in several foreign cities, it was decided that subways would be much less costly and nearly, if not quite, as good as the making of new streets or the widening and straightening of old ones. Thus it came that the city of Boston was empowered to construct a subway under Tremont Street and other streets and squares between a convenient point at the South End and the northern depots of the steam railways. The city appropriated seven million dollars for the work, and the commission was authorized to choose the route and to appropriate the necessary land for terminals and stations and complete the subway.

Ground was first broken for the purpose in the Public Garden beside Boylston Street on March 28, 1895, and cars for public use were put in operation on September 1, 1897, in the section from this point eastward to Tremont Street, then under the line of that to Park Street, at "Brimstone Corner," where stands the old Park Street Church. A month later the section from Boylston Street to the southern portal, at the junction of Shawmut Avenue with Tremont Street, was likewise brought into use. It required another year to complete the northern section, but on September 3, 1898, the cars were put into full operation in all parts of the subway.

The entire length of the route underground, including short branches, is one mile and four-fifths, while there are five and two-tenths miles of single track. In general, where there were four tracks on the surface, there are a like number in the subway; but nearly half the latter has but two tracks. The two inner tracks which come into the northern portal between the two outer or through-tracks connect, for return of cars, by a loop about the station in Adams Square, or around up through Hanover Street, Scollay Square, and down through Cornhill to the return track in Adams Square. The cars which come into Tremont Street from Boylston return by a loop around Park-Street Station. These two loops are nearly midway of the length of the subway, but do not come within a thousand feet of each other, connection being made between them by one track each way in the portion of Tremont Street between Park Street and Scollay Square. Crossing at grade

at this junction is avoided by the descent of the south-going cars in a tunnel under the tracks of the western branch, the south-bound cars for Shawmut Avenue reaching their position by branching off eastward through another tunnel, or "sub-subway," by which they pass under the track for the north-bound cars coming in from Tremont Street.

The steepest grade in the subway is eight per cent., and it occurs in the "sub-subway." The next greatest is that of the incline at the western entrance, in the Public Garden, which is five per cent. There are grades of only three per cent. and less at other points.

The "sub-subway" sections are cylinders of solid concrete and bricks. A short section next north of Park Street is composed of a pair of tunnels parallel to each other and on the same level,—each containing one track, the easterly one the track for the north-going cars, the other for those going south on the through route.

In some passages of framed structure containing two tracks, under narrow streets, the tops of the side-posts are curved inward, to allow space at the corners near the curbstones for pipes. At several points there was such a tangle of these of all sizes, from a one-inch gas-pipe to a forty-inch water main, as would have appalled an ordinary engineer.

In the framed portions of the subway the walls are generally of concrete moulded in by wooden frames, having at every three feet square steel posts entirely embedded. On the tops of these rest the steel beams of the roof, which are further supported in the wide sections by huge iron girders resting on square steel pillars placed in one, two, or three rows along between the tracks. Brick arches, turned between the beams, form the canopy of the roof, over which is spread Portland cement or concrete, this being covered in its turn by a coating of asphalt for a water-shed. The pillars also are encased in cement, and the surface of the entire interior of the subway is painted white or pale green, except at stations, where the walls are of enamelled bricks.

Strung along the roof of the subway in three rows are about fifteen hundred incandescent lamps, while nearly one hundred and seventy-five arc-lamps illumine the five stations, making them as bright as day.

In all parts of the subway there is space to walk outside the track, with deep refuge-niches in the walls at distances of about nine feet in the narrower parts. The latter are the tunnels, which contain but a single track, and are twelve feet from wall to wall. The two-track sections have an average width of twenty-four feet, and the four-track sections forty-eight feet.

Through the whole length of the subway runs a three-inch water-pipe, with frequent valves and hose, for convenience in case a car should take fire. There is nothing combustible in the subway ex-

cept the wooden ties on which the rails rest and the insulation of the trolley wire attached to the iron-work of the roof, but at the stations there are the box ticket-offices, the turnstiles, and the seats. The stations are connected with the surface by sixteen flights of about thirty-four easy steps, each flight being fifteen feet wide. Buildings of stone, iron, and glass cover the stairways, but afford no standing space.

Whatever water collects in the subway runs off through drains beneath the tracks into dry wells, from which it is conveyed into the sewers by rotary pumps driven by electric motors. Other motors revolve huge fans, seven and eight feet in diameter, placed in side-chambers along the route and communicating with the outer atmosphere. In consequence of this good ventilation, the air in the subways is kept clean, dry, and free from unpleasant odors. The temperature is always refreshing, being proportionately cool in summer and warm in winter.

The Boston subway is larger in cross-section and better lighted than any other in the world, and it is the only one which contains four tracks side by side. The island platforms of concrete in the Park-Street Station are respectively seven thousand five hundred and nine thousand square feet in area.

All predictions of ill regarding the subway have failed of fulfillment. Its construction is so excellent that no defect of consequence has become apparent, and in more than a year of operation no person has been injured within its walls. Though there were in October eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight car-trips made daily in the subway, there is complaint of delay and accumulation of cars within it at times. This condition must necessarily occur whenever those for whom the surface street-cars and the suburban steam-cars are the natural carriers forsake them at "rush hours" for the subway. No one road, nor any profitable number of roads, could transport all the people who desire to leave the business district of any large city at the same hour without some delay at the loading points. Accidental failure of current or the disablement of a car are unavoidable, but are less liable to occur in the subway than on the surface.

There is great gain to passengers and railway company alike in the freedom from storms on five miles of tracks, and especially a saving of expense in the matter of snow and ice, also in the usual saving of half or more of the time required for a trip between the same points on the surface cars. This saving of time results from the absence of obstacles found on the surface and the less frequent stops for passengers.

While the subject of street transportation in Boston was before the Legislature many a plan for its betterment was proposed by public-spirited citizens and by promoters in that guise; among them—aside from straightening and broadening the streets—were advo-

cated various kinds of elevated railways in alleys or over sidewalks, and Boynton's and other bicycle and suspension systems. With so many schemes striving for charters, and so many citizens associated against any one of them whenever it seemed likely to get a winning number of legislative votes, all plans of relief had been nullified until the spring of 1894, when the subway act was passed; but, curiously, the same document that chartered the subway embraced a more detailed charter for an elevated railway company, as a "running mate."

With surface, underground, and overhead railways, with her narrow and crooked streets, Boston people, instead of finding relief, seemed threatened with multiplied obstacles and most bewildering complications. The company which had obtained the charter for an elevated road, after most strenuous efforts to obtain its locations and to float its stock, fell into utter collapse. So the subway was left to go on alone.

Next, instead of being operated by a special or foreign company, the subway was leased for a term of twenty years to the West End Railway Company, the owner of all the lines in the city. This simplified the situation a little.

After the southern section had been operated several months, a new company, which had acquired the charter of the original elevated railway company, leased, for twenty-five years, the entire transportation properties of the West End Company, including its lease of the subway; and on the completion of the latter it assumed the operation of the whole system—in the subway as well as on the surface.

With no rival in the field, the new organization at once proceeded to arrange the running of the cars more to the convenience of patrons, at the same time increasing on some lines the length of rides for a single fare of five cents.

The elevated railway, however, is coming also. Indeed, the city itself had provided a basis for it at one point,—in the form of a very solid bridge of stone and iron across the Charles River, the work being done by the Rapid Transit Commission out of the subway appropriation, of which there is still about a million and a half left. The road equipment for this bridge will probably be completed during the winter, with the approaches on either side, and the company proposes to have seven miles of elevated road in operation before long.

Here, it would appear, misfortune threatens the city in an unsightly structure in the streets, and the further crowding in their narrow limits by the lines of the supporting columns. On the other hand, the configuration of the surface in the city proper admits the new element in the combination without much disadvantage, for the elevated road is to run about the borders of the peninsula and southward to Roxbury by routes which lie mostly amid business

buildings in wide streets, generally not much above high-water mark. So we have here a new instance of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.

With this composite system of railway completed, embracing nearly three hundred miles of surface, underground, and elevated track, one could make an all-day tour of remarkable variety and interest. Unlike steam railroads, the street lines do not run through back yards in cities nor back lots and level wastes in the suburbs, and there are no cinders to fill the eyes, nor smoke to obscure the views.

In the subway one will be entertained by the various architecture and the electric light effects; from the cars on the surface he may observe the varied beauties of the residential districts, the attractions of the shopping quarter, and the city parks; while the elevated road will afford bird's-eye views of the conglomerate of beauty and ugliness in roofs, avenues, groves, and gardens which constitute a city, and far and near glimpses and wide views of river and factory, and of the harbor with its lively steamboats and white-winged ships.

The fare on the Boston system of street railway, and on most of the lines of Eastern Massachusetts in thickly settled regions, is something less than one cent a mile on through rides, so that one can ride all of a summer's day for less than a dollar. The trip between Boston and Providence costs from sixty to seventy cents, according to route and season, against a dollar for that ride on the steam-cars.

One can now cover along street rails the entire distance between Newport in Rhode Island and Nashua in New Hampshire, with Boston on the east and Worcester on the west, without walking more than a few steps at the junctions of independent lines, and without using any other vehicles than electric cars.

George J. Varney.

COUNTERPARTS.

A TOUCH of lingering snow
 Beneath an April sky,
 Ere the first violets blow,
 Am I.

A wind-flower born of spring,
 Before the heavens are blue,
 Or early minstrels sing,
 Are you.

Martha T. Tyler.

OUR NATURALIZED NAMES.

IN gaining possessions like Hawaii and Porto Rico we must expect to add heavily to the burdens already imposed on us by our geographical names. Moosetocmaguntic, Youghiogeny, and other bugbears of childhood will be reinforced by ponderous Spanish titles and by Polynesian aggregations of vowels which will be as hard for us to manage as Polish and Hungarian words bristling with consonants.

How much we shall change the sounds of these additions may be foreseen from what has been done in the past. We have had in such matters as little regard for the limits of component parts as did the German who, on seeing the word lawyer in print, read it "la-wy'-er." The royal Hawaiian family name, "Ka-méha-méha," has in this country generally been turned into Kammy-hammy-hah, and Kalakaua has varied in sound from Kaláckaway to something like Calico. The indications now are that our most usual pronunciations of Hawaii will be Hau-wáya and Hay-wáy-eye.

The orthoepic system originally fixed on by the early missionaries in Tahiti and afterwards extended to all Polynesian names is much better suited to them than our rules are; but as that system is not well known in this country, we cannot profit much by it. We are likely to have the same sort of confusion with regard to the names of our new domains that now exists as to those of Arkansas and Illinois. The Legislature of the former State once tried by legal enactment to establish the pronunciation of the name as Arkan-saw, but outsiders are as much as ever inclined to sound the final letter and accent the second syllable.

Equal confusion will be apt to arise as to spelling. Hawaii in former times was very often spelled Owhyhee, and Honolulu is still sometimes written Honolooloo. Such altered forms seldom fail, as these two did, to hold the place they easily gain in popular favor. If Oahu and Kauai are to be written in accordance with our notions they will probably figure as Wa-hoo and Cow-eye. Another possible source of trouble is that the Polynesian ear seems quite unable to distinguish between the sounds of some letters, and as the same person pronounces a word in different ways at separate times, we may be at a loss which to choose.

The Spanish titles which, either naturally or by acquisition, have more than one form will be especially puzzling. The name of Manila city has, it is true, now begun to be clearly distinguished in form from that of manilla twine; but Santiago will not be easily recognized when it appears as San Jago, and the proper use of the Spanish words for city and saint will be to many a mystery. There is not

much chance that in adopting Spanish-American names any regular and consistent plan will be carried out by us. The capital of Cuba has been called Havana, Havanna, and The Havannah, and if the true sound of the Spanish name now becomes better known to us, as it should naturally do, we may take up such a spelling as Abana, or even Labana. Some American newspapers have lately shown a tendency to turn Porto Rico back into Puerto Rico; but a common use of this form is less likely than a change of Puerto Principe into Porto Principe.

Fortunately, there is a chance that the changes we may make in the names of our new possessions may not always be without advantages. In assimilating our own Indian names we have often made them less cumbrous and more euphonious. Mauch Chunk and Pamunkey are dubious improvements on the original Maucwachóong and Pamaonkée; but there can be no doubt that Potomac and Wyoming and Niagara are better, according to our canons of taste, than Potowáumeac, Mauwauwáming, and Oneáukara.

Of course, many people in the United States will use the correct foreign spelling and sound of our naturalized names, but it cannot be expected with much confidence that their example will be widely or successfully followed. A teacher who once patiently tried to get from his advanced pupils the Spanish sounds of Guadalajara and San Juan de Ulua gave up in despair after reaching such results as Gwoddaly-horror and Sonnawondy-woolawah. The American tongue seems to lend itself reluctantly to the words of alien languages, and there is not much to indicate that the vast tide of immigration has in this respect brought about any material difference. From good books of reference, like Lippincott's "Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," the proper form and sound of any geographical name may be easily learned; but even people who are fairly well informed persist in pronouncing Gaen "Jay-enn," notwithstanding the risk of its being mistaken for somebody's initials.

William Ward Crane.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



The Amazing Lady. "The Amazing Lady" herself, *Magda Stacpoole*; the "Weird Man," *Julius Baldwin*; and *Humphrey Paton*, journalist;—these three—ably supported by subordinate characters—play out the comedy (or, tragedy?) of their lives before the reader. The situation is one of engrossing interest, by virtue of its great dramatic power. *The Amazing Lady*—the latest number in the Lippincott series of *Select Novels*—will appeal to those who desire simply a diverting story, which shall hold its interest to the end, as well as to more systematic readers, by whom no tale is held well told, if it be not logical in both incident and *dramatis personæ*. Two styles,—paper and cloth.



A Triple Entanglement. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. The author of *Sweet Bells Out of Tune*, *Good Americans*, *The Anglomaniacs*, and other contributions to light fiction, here presents another of her diverting (to say nothing of instructive) creations. The "triple entanglement" is found in the lives of two American boys, travelling in Europe with their parents. Their paths diverge widely at first, but young manhood finds them brought into contact by *Enid Severn*. Taken as a whole, the plot is above the average, and is well supported by the minor incident Mrs. Harrison so well depicts; description and characters are drawn with a free hand. The book—originally in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE—is distinctly a welcome addition to the light fiction of the year.



Our Island Empire. By Charles Morris Illustrated. *Our Island Empire* is a "Hand-Book of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines," as the author informs us in his sub-title. The central idea of the book is, to collect into a convenient volume all the valuable information to be had concerning these new possessions or wards of the United States; it must be conceded that Mr. Morris has achieved most creditable results. In the Island of Cuba, for instance, we find fully treated such topics as History; Physical Condition,—including Extent and Situation, Mountain System, Plains and Rivers, Coastal System, Forest Region, Geology, and Climate; Natural Products,—including Food Plants and Fruits, Animals, Metals, and Minerals; Civil and Political Institutions,—including Governmental Organization, Divisions of Territory, Abolition of Slavery, Population, etc.; Centres of Population,—Havana, Matanzas, Cardenas, Santiago de Cuba, Trinidad, Cienfuegos, Health Resorts, Inland Cities, etc.; Manners and Customs; Agricultural Productions; Manufactures and Commerce. The exhaustive plan here outlined is followed out in

the treatment of the other islands; though the author has made his general plan a servant, rather than a master.

The scope of such a work as this would be hard to limit, even in the imagination. As a hand-book for the general reader, it will be invaluable, its excellent maps rendering it of particular service; and to the business man in particular, it will supply just the information he needs in determining upon investments, one of the author's main purposes having been, to collect as much commercial material as possible.

Our Island Empire is uniform in size with *The Nation's Navy* and *The War with Spain*, and, like those earlier works by the same author, is from the Lippincott press.



Value and Distribution. By Charles William MacFarlane, Ph.D.

Dr. MacFarlane here presents a volume—from the Lippincott press—embodying in permanent form the noteworthy advances made in the science of Economics during the last quarter of a century. He has arranged for the first time, as a coherent whole, the scattered work of economists the world over,—notably those of the Austrian school,—and brings this work into some sort of correlation with the work of the “orthodox” school.

The work has been divided into two parts, viz.: Value, and Distribution. In the first part are treated the different theories of value, with discussions of the conditions under which each fails; there are also chapters upon The Monopoly Theory of Price, upon Value and Price, upon Cost and Price, and upon Distribution and the Theories of Utility, Value, and Price. The second part,—concerning Distribution, is divided into four books, viz.: Rent, Profit, Interest, and Wages. A valuable *Résumé* completes the volume.

Dr. MacFarlane expressly disavows any intention of considering in this work the *equity* of our present system of distribution. In his own words, “. . . the laws according to which the social product is distributed should first be clearly defined before we attempt to determine whether or not this distribution is equitable;” these laws it is his endeavor to define, in the light of the economic changes brought about by the industrial developments of this quarter of the nineteenth century, and it is in his book that we find the first full recognition of the effects of the tendency towards combination, both of labor and of capital, with their accompanying monopolies and their repression of the ideal “free competition,” the dream of J. S. Mill.

Value and Distribution is not intended for students of elementary economics, but as a text-book for “Advanced and Post-Graduate Work.” It should also have a wide circulation among public men, and should certainly do much to clear up the atmosphere of economic science in the United States, than which no country is more in need of a clear conception of the principles fundamental to a healthy industrial life.



....STATEMENT....

OF

THE TRAVELERS**LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY,****OF HARTFORD, CONN.**

Chartered 1863. [Stock.] Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Prest.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

Paid-up Capital - - \$1,000,000.00

Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$22,868 994.16
Liabilities	<u>19,146,359.04</u>
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$3,722 635.12

July 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities	<u>19,859,291.43</u>
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864	\$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life)	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force	<u>94,646,669.00</u>

GAINS.

6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets	\$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders)	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only)	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 months	<u>2,937,432.77</u>

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster.

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE: S. E. Cor. Fourth and Chestnut Sts.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

TEUTONIC FRANCE.—The northern third of France and half of Belgium are to-day more Teutonic than the south of Germany. This is clearly attested by the maps which show the distribution of each of the physical characteristics of race. It should not occasion surprise when we remember the incessant down-pour of Teutonic tribes during the whole historic period. It was a constant procession of Goths,—from all points of the compass,—Franks, Burgundians, and others. France was entirely overrun by the Franks, with the exception of Brittany, by the middle of the sixth century. All through the Middle Ages this part of Europe was not only ethnically Teutonic, it was German in language and customs as well. The very name of the country is Teutonic. It has the same origin as Franconia in Southern Germany. In 812 the Council of Tours, away down south, ordained that every bishop should preach both in the Romance and the Teutonic language. The Franks preserved their German speech four hundred years after the conquest. Charlemagne was a German. His courtiers were all Germans. He lived and governed from outside the limits of modern France. The Abbé Sieyès uttered an ethnological truism when, in the course of the French Revolution, he cried out against the French aristocracy, "Let us send them back to their German marshes whence they came!"

The movement of population racially has been strongly influenced by the geography of the country. Were it not for the peculiar conformation of this part of Europe there would be no geographical excuse for the existence of Belgium as a separate political entity, as we have said, and Northern France would be far more thoroughly Teutonized than it is to-day.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE.—"Your tribute to your departed friend," said the editor of *The Family Mourner* to the tall woman in black, "is beautiful in many respects, but I thought I would let you explain some parts of it to me before we ran it."

"Yes, sir."

"For instance, take these two lines:

"We buried him deep in a hummocky hole
Which was small for his body, but large for his soul."

"Saying nothing about the peculiar hummocky character of the hole, why do you refer to it as large for his soul?"

"Did you know Mr. Bargins?"

"I did not, madam, have that pleasure, but——"

"Well, if you had known him, you would understand why I said the hole was large enough. His soul will never find the sides of it."

"Ah, yes; I see. And take these lines as another illustration:

"He's gone from us far to the mist-hidden sphere.
We hope there's peace there, but we know there's peace here."

"The meaning of these lines seemed a little ambiguous to me. They have a beauty which is all their own, but perhaps you would kindly explain their exact intent to me."

"Sir, I am Mr. Bargins's widow, and——"

"Say no more; say no more. I comprehend. And that fact, too, doubtless explains these two lines:

"I would not the angels should hear my low moan,
For I feel that at present they've grief of their own."

San Francisco Examiner.

PURE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.



FOUR FULL QUARTS,

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID,

For \$3.20.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your \$3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for \$3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of pure whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 670-676 West Fifth St., Dayton, O.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Oreg., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

We guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees to.—EDITOR.

THE WISDOM OF KRÜGER.—A golfer in South Africa left his property to be equally divided between two sons. Not being able to agree, they decided to let President Krüger arbitrate. He said to the eldest, "You are the eldest, are you not?" "Yes," was the answer. "So you shall divide the property." This pleased the elder immensely. "You are the youngest," continued Krüger to the other, "so you shall have first choice."—*Golf*.

CHIVALRY ON THE FIELD.—There are many of these tales, and some of them are very beautiful. A man who had been a private in an Illinois cavalry regiment told me once of an incident of the battle of Jonesboro'. He and his comrades had been dismounted in the edge of thick woods, and dismounted cavalry are the hardest of troops to rout. In front of them was an open cornfield, a quarter of a mile wide, with woods upon its farther side. Reinforced by a half-dozen companies of infantry, possibly fifteen hundred Federals lay *perdu*. In blunder, a company of Confederates, not more than ninety men all told, was ordered to attack. With a yell the handful swept out of the opposite woods and charged across the field. At a distance of one hundred yards a single volley disposed of them. Those that were left on their feet wheeled and scampered back to their position.

One, however, remained. He was the captain in command, and had been far in advance of his men. When he found himself deserted he stopped and folded his arms. Sixty yards away, alone in the wide field, the summer sun pouring down upon the silver gray of his uniform, he stared stanchly into the eyes of fifteen hundred foemen. He was only a beardless boy, and the newness of his clothing showed that he was but a few days from home. All down the long line of Federals ran a cry, "Don't shoot him! Don't shoot him!" He gave the military salute and marched steadily back to his men. Not a gun was fired.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

MINUTE DESCRIPTION IN OLD DEEDS.—Those who read old deeds are impressed with the habit our ancestors had of describing a man not only by his name and residence, as we moderns do, but by his trade, calling, or profession. Go back in any of the Maine records sixty years or more, and we find these things stated with great particularity. So far as men owned real estate under recorded deed prior to 1830 or thereabout, the historian does not lack for information about the business they were engaged in. Often when a party to a deed had more than one kind of business the painstaking scrivener wrote them all in, as if the identity of the person would be doubtful without such description. Almost any man can learn curious facts regarding his ancestors and family connections by following back the old land titles in the registries.—*Lewiston (Maine) Journal*.

A SOFTENED HEART.—Little Dick.—"Mamma, may I go and play with Robby Upton and stay there to dinner if they ask me?"

Mamma.—"I thought you didn't like Robby Upton."

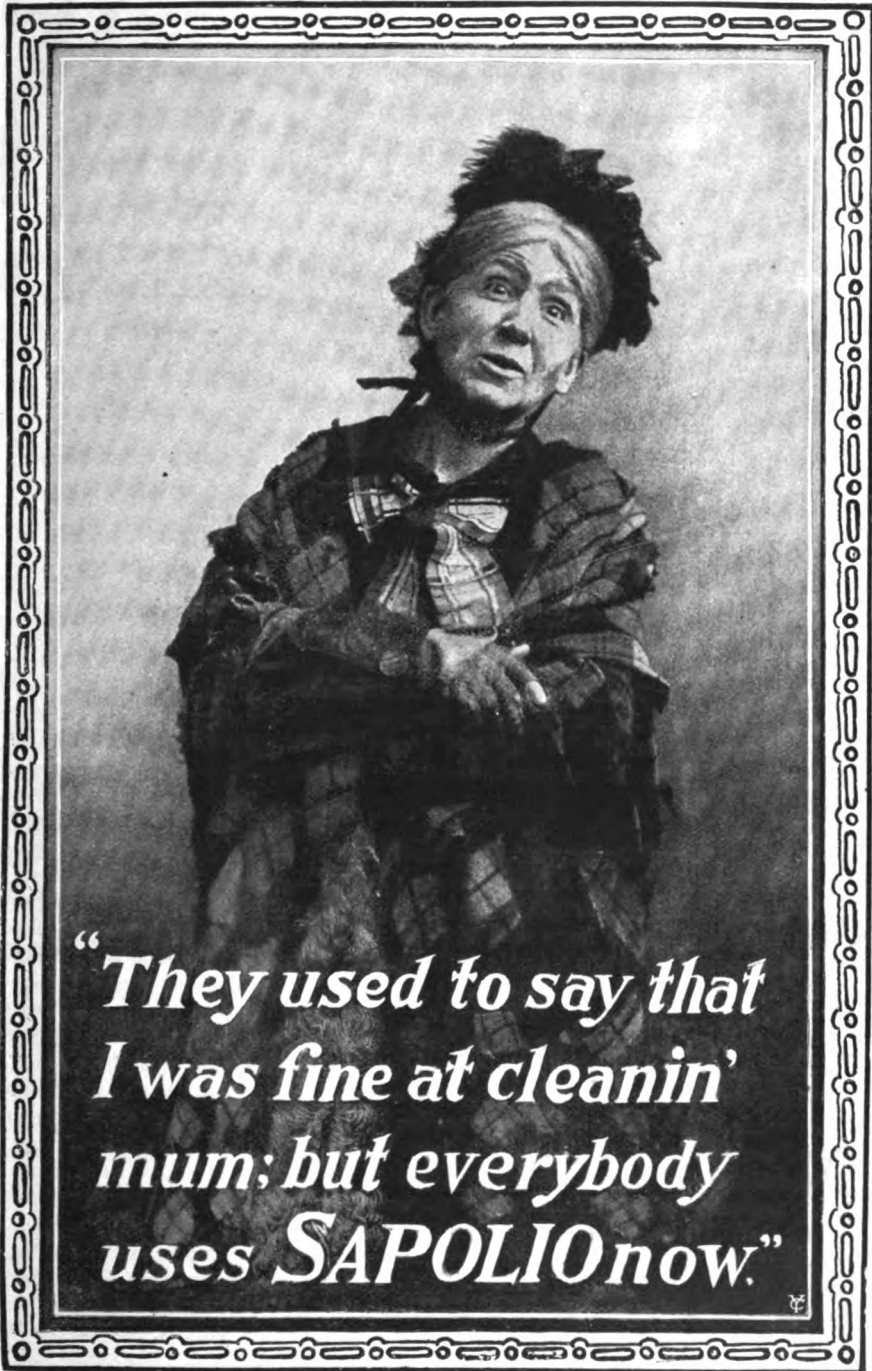
"I didn't, but as I passed his house just now my heart softened towards him."

"Did he look lonely?"

"No'm: he looked happy."

"What about?"

"He said his mother was makin' apple dumplin's."—*Good News*.



*“They used to say that
I was fine at cleanin’
mum; but everybody
uses **SAPOLIO** now.”*

ANIMAL FASTING.—Animals are often able to bear very protracted fasting. In the Italian earthquakes of 1795 two hogs were buried at Soriano in the ruins of a building. They were taken out alive forty-two days later, but very lean and weak. A dog, at the same time and place, was buried twenty-three days and recovered.

GOOD AND BAD.—“ Eh, Tonal, and hoo are ye?”

“ Weel.”

“ That’s guid.”

“ No sae guid either. I marrit a bad wife.”

“ That’s bad.”

“ No sae bad either. She had a when sheep.”

“ That’s no bad.”

“ Ay, but they had the rot.”

“ That’s bad.”

“ No sae bad either. I selt them and bocht a hoose.”

“ That’s guid.”

“ No sae guid either. The hoose was burnt.”

“ That’s bad.”

“ No sae bad either.”

“ Hoo’s that?”

“ She was in it.”—*Pick Me Up.*

BUXTON’S FIRST CASE.—When Judge Buxton, of North Carolina, as a young lawyer made his first appearance at the bar, the solicitor, as is customary in that State, asked him to take charge of a case for him. The young lawyer did his best, and the jury found the defendant, who was charged with some petty misdemeanor, guilty. Soon after one of the jurors, coming round the bar, tapped him on the shoulder. “ Buxton,” said he, “ the jury did not think that man was guilty, but we did not like to discourage a young lawyer.”—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

PRAIRIE-DOGS BURY A SNAKE.—In conversation with a gentleman who has just made a trip through western Indian Territory I picked up something new and interesting to me in regard to the habits of the prairie-dog and rattlesnake. This party said that a few weeks ago, while resting under a small tree in the Territory where there was a dog town, he noticed a commotion among some dogs near him; they would run up to a place and peep at something and then scamper off. Looking to see what was the matter, he saw that there were about fifteen to twenty dogs around a rattlesnake, which at length went into one of the dog-holes. As soon as he had disappeared the little fellows began to push in dirt, evidently to fill the hole up, but about the time they got enough dirt to cover the entrance the snake stuck his head up through the dirt and every dog scampered off to a safe distance, all the time keeping up an incessant barking. The snake slowly crawled to another hole about a rod distant and went in, and then up came the dogs again and went to work to push dirt up before them to the hole. This time they succeeded in their enterprise and completely covered the entrance to the hole, and then went to work, using their noses to tamp with and pounding the dirt down hard, after which they went away. My friend went to the place and said he was surprised to find they had packed the dirt in solid with their noses, having sealed the snake well to the ground.—*Forest and Stream.*

Wool Soap



*is as good
as any
Soap sell-
ing for ten
times the
Wool Soap
price*

**No chapped or rough hands
from Wool Soap using**

**SWIFT AND COMPANY
CHICAGO**

MAROONING.—During the palmy days of the buccaneers, when the master found it necessary to restore discipline by punishing one of his cutthroat crew, he used to “maroon” him,—that is, set him ashore on some treeless key or coral reef, far out from the mainland. Here the helpless maroon usually anticipated the tardy process of insanity and starvation by drowning himself in the surf. This word “marooning” has been handed down from generation to generation of sallow-faced coast dwellers through the two hundred years that have flown since the last buccaneer of the Spanish main dangled from a man-of-war’s yard-arm, until of late some enthusiastic camper-out, with the purpose of making a more poetic name for his favorite pastime, applied it to the life of the mid-summer dwellers on the Florida keys.—*Outing*.

PROGRESSION.—Father.—“When I was a boy, children had some respect for the advice of their parents.”

Son.—“Yes, but in those days the children didn’t know any more than their parents did.”—*New York Truth*.

THE FIRST PERSON WHO FELL IN THE REVOLUTION.—Hezekiah Butterworth, in “The Patriotic Schoolmaster,” says the first person to fall in the war of the Revolution was not Crispus Attucks, but a boy. If Attucks, who fell by an accidental encounter, merits a monument as the first who fell for liberty, so does this boy.

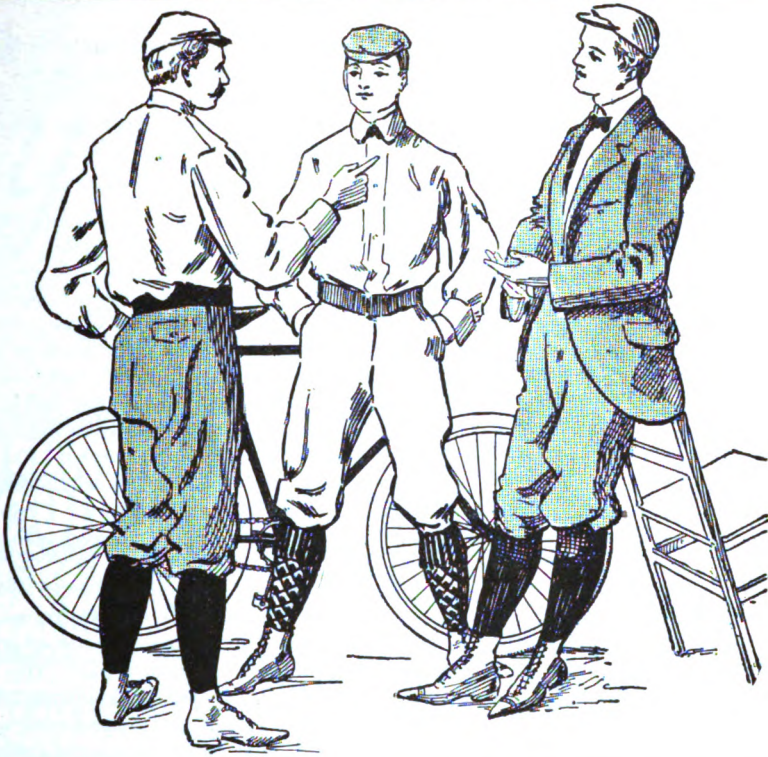
There were a few merchants in Boston who continued to sell taxed articles. They came to be despised and hated. The boys, in their hasty patriotism, made on a placard a list of the names of those who imported and sold proscribed articles, and put it on a pole that bore a wooden head and hand. They set this image up before an importer’s door, with the wooden hand pointing towards it, and this made the importer angry, and he fired a musket into the crowd of boys. Christopher Gore, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, was slightly wounded.

Little Christopher Snyder, a boy whose mother was a widow, and who had followed the spirit of the times, fell mortally wounded. They took up his form and bore it away, and the whole city wept. Never in America was there a boy’s funeral like his. They made for him a patriot’s coffin and bore his form to the Liberty Tree, which stood near the present corner of Washington and Essex Streets. On the coffin was this motto: “Innocence itself is not safe.” The boys of nearly all the schools, some six hundred in number, gathered around the body as an escort. The bells tolled, business was closed, and some fifteen hundred people followed the first martyr to the grave.

As the procession marched, not only the bells of Boston, but those of the neighboring towns, were heard tolling. It was almost spring, and there was a mellowness in the air. That procession was a prophecy of events to come, a protest against the injustice of the royal power. The sons of liberty should remember little Snyder’s grave.

A CHIVALROUS COMMUNITY.—Walker Barnstorm.—“What if this is a chivalrous community? Why should it prevent me from giving my celebrated rendition of ‘Othello’?”

Catamount Cal.—“Waal, yer see, ther boys hev already hung two afore ther Desdemonys could explain thet they wa’n’t really bein’ smothered to death.”—*New York Journal*.



THERE IS NO ARGUMENT

in favor of paying a cent more than **\$40** for a high grade wheel, when popular

Rambler

BICYCLES

"the 20 year old favorites"

which have always justified the confidence riders have imposed in them, are the

"BEST WE HAVE EVER BUILT, AT ANY PRICE"

and the 1899 Price is

\$40

Instructive catalogue free. Agencies everywhere.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. Co.

Chicago Boston Washington New York Brooklyn Detroit Cincinnati
Buffalo Cleveland London, Eng.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.—“I think,” said the gentlemanly collector, “that it is about time you were paying something on that press. It has been almost a year since you got it.”

“But,” said the editor of the *Jazerville Gazette*, “you told me that the darn press would pay for itself in six months.”—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

DON'T BE CARELESS.—In these days of nurse-maids, the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a great safeguard to the health of the little ones. It will not easily spoil, being perfectly sterilized in its manufacture.

EGGS AS AMMUNITION.—People in a little mountain town in Kentucky have a peculiar diversion known as “egg-throwing.” The heaviest battles occur on Saturday night. Jim Strong is the captain of one egg-throwing band, and Bill Eversole is the captain of the other. They have about twenty men each. Each man has to provide himself with a dozen eggs, and of course it is to his interest to buy them where he can get them the cheapest. As no individual expects to be struck by his own eggs, he does not require the dealer to “candle” them. In this way the dealers in country produce here are able to realize at least cost price on their sickest eggs.

One night's battle was a glorious one. The moon was shining, and the boys lined up for the fray about nine o'clock. Every member of the two companies was present. The captains did not throw, simply directing the movements of their men. Each had his full quota of eggs when the battle began. The first volley was thrown by Strong's men, and six men on the Eversole side were struck. Then the Eversoles began to throw eggs, and at their first volley seven Strong men were marked, and one egg carried away the cap of Captain Strong. Then the throwing became indiscriminate, and no attempt at volley-work was made.

The sport did not cease until the entire four hundred and eighty eggs were thrown. Nearly every man had been plastered, and the captains were regular omelets from head to foot. It was decided that Strong's men won the fight. The Eversole company did the proper thing, and several bottles of a colorless liquid known as “moonshine” were passed. The most casual observer passing along the street next morning could have told there had been an egg battle, for the houses, sidewalks, fences, and curbstones were plastered with eggs and shells. —*Chicago Record*.

A CURIOUS TEST FOR BEER.—At Munich an ancient custom still obtains of the burgomasters and town councillors going annually to Salvator cellar in order to test the quality of the beer consumed by the people.

The test is a very primitive one.

The officials attend in their leathern breeches, and beer having been poured over the wooden benches the civic dignitaries plump down upon them. While there seated they sing an ancient song, the same that their predecessors have sung for ages, and in order to subject the beer to a fair test they sit long enough to sing the song through three times.

Then they essay to rise up. If, now, they find their breeches sticking to the benches, the beer is voted good and sound.

Having stood this test, the beer goes through the formality of being tasted, and then its sale to the public is duly sanctioned.

Syrup of Figs

DELIGHTFUL
LIQUID LAXATIVE

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS
BUY THE GENUINE.

MANUFACTURED BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY.
NEW YORK, N.Y. U.S.A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRICE, 50¢ PER BOTTLE. LONDON, ENG.

HEALTHFUL FOOD AND HAPPINESS.—The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table said that “true happiness is four feet on the fender before the fire.” Delightful as such an experience is, healthful food and good digestion is absolutely necessary to secure the fullest measure of earthly happiness. Both animal and vegetable life are dependent for healthy growth and development upon proper nutritive elements suited to and adapted to their respective needs and requirements. The character and quantity of food, the time and manner in which it is eaten, will have a marked influence upon the man, his disposition, courage, and mental ability. If the farmer by continuous crops has robbed the soil of the natural chemical nutrient elements needed in the growth of the expected harvest, the return for the husbandman’s labor will be disappointing and unsatisfactory. The student, artisan, and mechanic, to do perfect work in their respective departments, must have the best nutritive food, a healthy digestion, and the most approved tools.

In the last few years great attention has been paid by scientists, biologists, and social economists to practical questions about foods, which affect the happiness, healthfulness, longevity, and general welfare of the human family. The attentive study of these questions has brought to the notice of the general public a great variety of appetizing, nutritious Cereals, as well as a mass of most valuable information. It is a fact long known but too little recognized in actual practice, that in the manufacture of Superfine White flour fully eighteen per cent. of the muscle-making, nerve-sustaining nutriment are eliminated and excluded, thus reducing the normal value and strength-giving powers of the products to eighty-two per cent., while were the flour made from the whole wheat, as seems intended by the Creator, the standard would be 100, the unit of perfection.

This waste of eighteen per cent., which is entailed in the process of manu-

facturing white flour, seems insignificant, but the results become startling when we realize that the loss in the food-giving power of 600,000,000 bushels of wheat estimated as grown in the year 1898, amounts to the positive destruction of 108,000,000 bushels of valuable food-bearing nutriment. When we consider that this impoverishment of food product is just eighteen per cent. loss of life-giving power to humanity, the results seem startling in the extreme. If these statements are correct, the waste of a few years becomes an important factor, for the reason that it affects not only the brain and muscle of the active working force of the world, but the children, who are weakened and illy matured by eating bread made from depreciated white flour from which the phosphates and other nutritive elements of the wheat have been removed in the process of manufacture, thereby reducing its tonic value as muscle-maker, and brain and nerve force fully eighteen per cent. from the standard of 100 as fixed by the Creator.

These facts are plainly seen by the following table, which shows by careful analysis the comparative values of a standard barrel (one hundred and ninety-six pounds) of each variety of flour:

Ingredients.	Franklin Flour of the Entire Wheat.	Averages of Two Samples of White Flour
Water	12.47 pounds.	21.36 pounds.
Fats	2.96 pounds.	1.64 pounds.
Protein	27.81 pounds.	18.68 pounds.
Carbohydrate	150.98 pounds.	153.61 pounds.
Ash	1.78 pounds.*	0.71 pound.†
Totals	196.00 pounds.	196.00 pounds.

Dr. Cutter, of Harvard University, said in the *American Weekly*: "The gluten of cereal foods is their nitrogenized element, which is their life-sustaining value, and this in the white and *foolishly fashionable* flour is almost entirely removed, while the starch, the inferior element, is left behind and constitutes the entire bulk and inferior nutriment of such flours. To use flour from which the gluten has been removed is *almost criminal*."

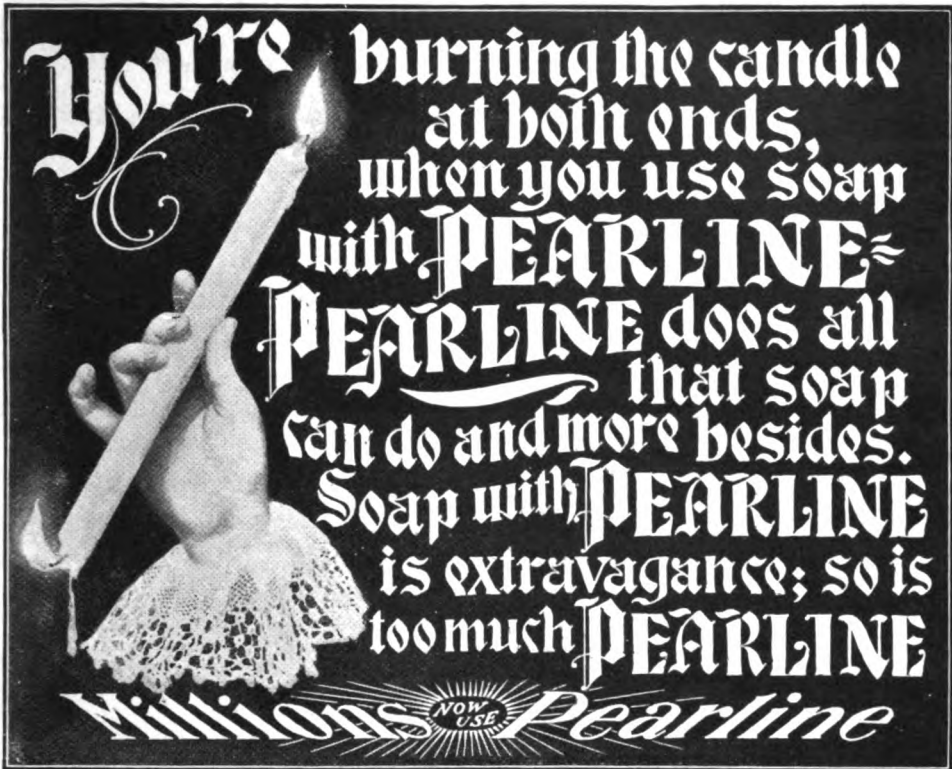
The Franklin Mills, Lockport, New York, are making a fine flour from the entire wheat which contains all the elements of nutrition needed to build up and sustain every part of the human system and thus preserve it to a ripe old age.—*From the New York Evangelist*.

LABOUCHERE ON MONARCHY.—Monarchy in England will last my time, but even if the hereditary principle is maintained in regard to the figurehead of the state, the fuss and feathers in connection with a court will probably have disappeared by the time those who come after us are discussing the events of the twentieth century. For all this is every day becoming more and more out of harmony with modern thought. Those, however, who would have the institution continue in its present form in *secula seculorum* would do well to reverse the Salic law and limit the succession to the throne to females, for they are far more fitted for the ornamental function of reigning without ruling than men. Their weakness is their strength, and they have tact.—*London Truth*.

TERRA-COTTA sleepers are in use on Japanese railways. The increased cost is compensated for by the greater resistance to decay.

* Of this 0.98 pound is phosphoric acid.

† Of this 0.45 pound is phosphoric acid.



You're burning the candle
at both ends,
when you use soap
with PEARLINE.
PEARLINE does all
that soap
can do and more besides.
Soap with PEARLINE
is extravagance; so is
too much PEARLINE.

Millions NOW USE Pearlina

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.—Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION.—Rolls, muffins, biscuits, cake, etc., made by the aid of baking powder, enter so largely into our daily food that their debasement by the introduction of injurious substances is a matter of serious concern. What baking powder shall we use to protect ourselves against the danger from alum, and to insure pure, sweet, wholesome, and nutritious food, is a question of vital importance for consideration in every household.

It is a fact that a large percentage of the baking powder sold from many grocery stores is made from poisonous burnt alum. Except in Minnesota and Wisconsin the labels upon alum powders have no mark to designate them, so that both grocer and purchaser are left in ignorance of their dangerous character.

Many have suffered from digestive disorders arising from food made with alum baking powders. Quite recently a whole family was poisoned by their use, near Logansport, Ind. It is now held by physicians that to the absorption of alum into the blood are due many of those obscure diseases and diseases of the heart from which people suffer.

The best safeguard against alum and kindred injurious substances is undoubtedly in the use of Royal Baking Powder. This powder is recommended by physicians and health officers for its healthful qualities. The chemical tests show that it will retain its full leavening strength until used, so that its biscuit, cake, and bread are always light, sweet, and fresh.

It would be well to look into the store-room and make sure that the Royal is used in your food.

AGE CUTS NO FIGURE.—Jack.—“Women have no head for figures.”

Tom.—“How do you make that out?”

Jack.—“I know a girl whose education cost her father ten thousand dollars, and she can't figure her own age correctly.”—*Chicago News*.

WANDERERS.

We followed the path of years,
And walked for a while together
Through the hills of hope and the vale of tears,
Sunned by laughter and washed by tears,
In the best and the worst of weather.

Till we came to a gloomy wood,
Where our steps were forced asunder
By the twisted, tangled trees that stood,
Meeting above like a frowning hood,
With a world of darkness under.

And whenever by chance we met
In the woodland's open spaces,
We were bruised and tattered and soiled and wet,
With much to pity, forgive, forget,
In our scarred and dusty faces.

Well!—it was long ago,
And the leaves in the wood are falling,
As we wander wearily to and fro,
With many a change in our hearts, I know:
But still I can hear you calling.

ARTHUR J. LEGGE.

PRACTICAL ECONOMY.—“We told the man that the surgical operation he needed would cost two hundred dollars.”

“How did he take it?”

“He said it would be cheaper for him to go home and die.”—*Chicago Record*.

ITEMS.—One-quarter of all the people born die before six years, and one-half before they are sixteen.

Some of the condors shot in the Andes Mountains have a spread of wing from fifteen to twenty feet.

Copper wires are used for Mexican telegraph lines, so that they will hold the weight of the birds that crowd them at night.

The oldest book in the world is said to be the Papyrus Prisse in the National Library at Paris, which is attributed to the thirty-fourth century before Christ.

The Esquimaux give the doctor his fee at soon as he comes. If the patient recovers he keeps it; otherwise he returns it to the family.

Seltzer water derives its name from the village of Lower Selters, in Nassau, where several springs, united in one basin, yield five thousand cubic feet an hour of this sparkling mineral water.

The air is clear at Arequipa, Peru. From the observatory at that place, eight thousand and fifty feet above the sea, a black spot, one inch in diameter, placed on a white disk, has been seen on Mount Charchani, a distance of eleven miles, through a thirteen-inch telescope.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

"What is the price of Dobbins' Electric Soap?"

"Five cents a bar, full size; just reduced from ten. Hasn't been less than ten for thirty-three years."

"Why, that's the price of common brown soap! I can't afford to buy any other soap after this."

"Send me a box of Dobbins' Electric. It would be very foolish for me to buy any other."

"I have been a user of Dobbins' Electric Soap for a number of years, and must say it is the best for laundry purposes that I have ever tried, and now that it has been reduced in price to five cents a bar, I would not think of using any other.
MRS CHARLOTTE WEAVER, Pittsburg, Pa."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for over twenty-five years, and it has always given me perfect satisfaction, and have never found any laundry soap to equal it.
"MRS. S. L. SUTPHIN, Rocky Hill, N. J."

"I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap for fifteen years, and think there is nothing like it on the market for laundry use. I have always found it to be the same in quality.
"MRS. ELLA HERBETH, Bucyrus, Ohio."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap a great many years and hope I shall always be able to get it as long as I live to keep house. I could not do my washing without it.
"MRS. HORACE HEWS, Weston, Mass."



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

SHE KNEW BETTER.—"The perfect man," said the brown-eyed girl who was reading a Sunday paper, "should be six feet two and a half inches in height."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Bryde. "Edgar is only five feet nine."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

ALWAYS WATCHFUL.—The milk used for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is from the best dairies, under contracts with farmers, guaranteeing purity and richness in health-giving constituents.

OFFICE COMFORTS.—Luxurious offices may be in bad taste, but they are in no worse taste than the poorly furnished and uninviting offices when the owners can afford office comforts.

In everything appropriateness is conducive to the best results.

The dress at the sea-shore should not resemble the theatre gown, nor should the piazza chair be like that in the parlor.

But there is certainly no reason why an office should be a barn, a shed, or a dark corner in the warehouse.

No one of sense would suggest that there should be a fountain in the centre of the office or counting-room or that it should be like a winter garden, but there is a vast difference between these extremes and the barrenness of the average office.

A few potted plants cost nothing, and if they are of hardy species require but little care.

Few men seem to appreciate the necessity of an awning or curtain, and constantly try their eyes by reading sunlighted letters and papers.

An office, as I see it, should be the business home, not the head-quarters of the business treadmill. Everything that will contribute to the comfort of the eye and the body should be there.—*Hardware*.

GENTLEMEN IN COURT.—At an assize court the late Justice Maule was engaged in passing sentence on a prisoner, when one of the officers of the court annoyed him by crossing the gangway beneath him with papers for members of the bar. "Don't you know," cried the judge severely, addressing the official culprit, "that you ought never to pass between two gentlemen when one of them is addressing the other?" Having thus relieved his mind, the judge proceeded to pass sentence of seven years' penal servitude on the other gentleman.—*Household Words*.

IRISH AND SCOTCH ANECDOTES.—In "A Life Spent for Ireland," by the late W. J. O'Neill Daunt, are many amusing stories of Irish and Scotch origin. Here is one of Irish gallantry and two good examples of Scotch "dourness":

Feergus O'Connor was walking over Shehy Mountains with some ladies, "when the path was crossed by a marshy vein four or five feet wide, which brought the ladies to a stand-still. Feergus, outdoing the exploit of Sir Walter Raleigh, flung himself on his back across the vein and begged the ladies to do him the honor of walking over him to the opposite side."

A Presbyterian, with whom St. Peter was presumably not a favorite (perhaps because he had been Bishop of Rome), disparaged that apostle's declaration to our Lord, "Behold, we have left all things to follow thee." "A braw thing to mak' a boast of," said this censor. "What had he to leave? A wheen auld nets and an auld rickle of a boat."

The other story is of an old lady who was scandalized at her majesty's taking a drive on Sunday afternoons, and who considered such excursions a sad breach of the Sabbath. "Don't you know," said a neighbor, "that Christ walked out on the Sabbath?" "I ken weel that he did," replied the old lady, "an' I dinna think the better o' him for it."

THE hair on the heads of most of the hundreds of thousands of dolls now being exhibited in shop-windows is made from the hair of the Angora goat. This product is controlled by an English syndicate, and is valued at eighty thousand pounds a year. After the hair is prepared it is sent to Munich and made into wigs by girls.

There are Some Figures

WHICH are always interesting. For instance, a good balance in bank ; or a statement from a faithful trustee, showing larger income than in former years, with the assets represented by a high grade of marketable securities. Much like these in point of interest is a statement from the life insurance company on which, in some degree, rests the future of a widow or minor children. Men look at such figures critically. They are of absorbing moment. They tell whether the particular insurance is safe, is had at reasonable cost, and whether the whole course of management is directed, as it should be, to serving the policy-holder. Examine in this light (sent free) the Fifty-first Annual Report of the

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company OF PHILADELPHIA

SOME QUEER WEDDINGS.—The courts have held that no particular ceremony is necessary to render a marriage valid. In New York and several other States the mere assumption of marital relations constitutes a marriage under the common law. In Medina, Ohio, an old Methodist minister who has won more than a local reputation for his wedding ceremonies invariably inquires of the contracting parties, after satisfying himself of the legal qualifications, "Do you two desire to become one?" An affirmative answer brings the concluding words of the ceremony, "Then you are one."

On the other hand, sometimes a rural minister who regards his position as one of the greatest solemnity and importance will introduce so much flowery rhetoric into his wedding ceremonies as to cause an extra pull at the groom's purse-strings. In Madison, Georgia, an official who has won a great reputation for marrying negro couples invariably uses this formula: "Stand up, you poor miserable sinners!" he says. "By the authority vested in me as an officer of the State of Georgia, which is sometimes called the Empire State of the South; by the fields of cotton that spread in snowy whiteness around us; by the howl of the coon dog and the gourd-vine whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling-place; by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the toothsome sweet potato and the juicy possum; by the heavens and the earth, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

In Jeffersonville, Indiana, awhile ago an old justice of the peace who was frequently called upon by eloping couples from across the Kentucky State line devised a wedding service which was simplicity itself. He simply said, "Rise. Jine hands. Hitched. Shove two dollars under the door. And whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

A YANKEE INSPIRATION.—There's indignation in one Maine neighborhood, and why shouldn't there be? What should you say if your hens came home each with a kernel of corn in her crop and a string hanging out of her mouth, to the outer end of which was attached a card reading, "Keep me at home: I've been scratching up my neighbor's garden."—*Lewiston Journal*.

THE FADING DECLARATION.—The Declaration of Independence is kept between two great plates of glass, the edges of which are hermetically sealed. At intervals and as a special favor the custodian pulls out a drawer in a huge steel box and shows the treasure, but most of the time the two plates, with their sheet of parchment between, rest where burglars cannot break through, where fire cannot reach, and where daylight cannot complete the ravages already wrought by exposure. Visitors to the State Department who want to see the Declaration are shown a perfect fac-simile, which hangs in a handsome frame and looks old enough to be the original. They go away none the wiser for the substitution. The truth is that the Declaration was fast becoming a tradition when the extraordinary steps for its preservation were taken about three years ago.

In the administration of John Quincy Adams a copperplate of the original was made. To get the copy for the engraver the surface of the parchment was moistened with a wet cloth. A print was taken. It removed about fifty per cent. of the ink. For some years the original was exhibited under glass at the Patent Office. It hung where the sun reached a short time each day, until the discovery was made that the script was fading. Better care was taken when the Declaration was hung in the library of the new State Department building but for some reason, never satisfactorily explained, the signatures suddenly seemed to be fading. John Hancock's name, one of the boldest on the sheet, in the space of two or three years became too dim to distinguish. Then the officials having charge saw that if left in the light the original would in a few generations entirely disappear. The strong box was built. The plates of glass were obtained and sealed. In the drawer underneath the Declaration the copperplate made in Adams's time is kept.

The Declaration can be deciphered with the aid of a glass, but the signatures are almost entirely faded out. What is left of the revered instrument will with present precautions last a long time.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

UNRESPONSIVE.—It was midnight, and the wanderer slowly and unsteadily approached the lamp-post.

"Shay, you," he said.

The lamp-post said nothing.

"C—can you tell me, shir," said the wanderer, "whash time day i—is it?"

The lamp-post remained silent.

"W—will yoush tell me, shir," said the wanderer again, "whash time o' day i—is it?"

The lamp-post made no answer.

"Stuck up," said the wanderer, reproachfully. "St—stuck up, ain't yer? But I'd like yer t' know, shir, that I'm just as fine gentleman's you are, even if I d—don't wear a glass hat, shir."—*Boston Budget*.

WHEN a snake has partaken of a very large meal, its skin in places is so stretched that the scales are quite separated one from another.



THE BUCKEYE CAMERA

1899 MODEL.

FOR FILMS OR PLATES.
MAY BE LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

✿ PRACTICABLE, COMPACT, PORTABLE ✿

FOR FILMS ONLY

FOR BOTH FILMS AND PLATES

3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Buckeye, - - - - -	\$6.00	3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Special Buckeye, with one holder, -	\$9.00
3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Buckeye, 1899 Model, -	8.00	4 x 5 Special Buckeye, with one holder, -	16.00
4 x 5 Buckeye, - - - - -	10.00		

... We recommend the NEW AMERICAN FILMS for Hand-Camera Work ...

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR ALL, an elementary text book. Price, paper, 25c.; postage, 3c.

CATALOGUE of all kinds of cameras and all requisites for photography mailed on application, FREE.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
45, 47, 49 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

"It's all in the Lens"

Our Lenses are Famous.

Use the
KORONA CAMERAS

We invite the attention of photographers to these Cameras; to the unequalled character of the lenses used, to the nicety of manufacture, and to the moderate prices. In these particulars they are unique.

These Cameras are made in all sizes and styles, and all equipped with our famous lenses.

Send for a Catalogue.
Gundlach Optical Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

\$2.95 **OUR 1899 MACKINTOSH**

SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad. out and send to us, state your height and weight, bust measure, length of garment from collar down back to waist line, and waist line to bottom of skirt; state color wanted and we will send you this mackintosh by express C. O. D. subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, pay your express agent **ONE SPECIAL OFFER PRICE \$2.95** and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is made of BLACK or BLUE genuine RAINGLEY double texture, waterproof SERGE CLOTH, with fancy plaid lining, velvet collar, double detachable cape, extra full sweep cape and skirt, guaranteed latest style and finest tailor made.

FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of everything in ladies' mackintoshes, write for free Sample Book No. 85C, ADDRESS,
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.),
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable. -Editor.)

PURE WATER!

\$1000 CHALLENGE!

36.92 per cent. more water at less expense and less trouble produced by

THE SANITARY STILL

than imitations. Only Still recognized by U. S. Government Report of comparative tests, booklet, and testimonials, **FREE.**

THE CUPRIGRAPH CO., 115 North Green Street, Chicago.

CHAIRS FOR INVALIDS

TRICYCLES FOR CRIPPLES

CATALOGUE FREE

FAY MFG CO

ELYRIA OHIO

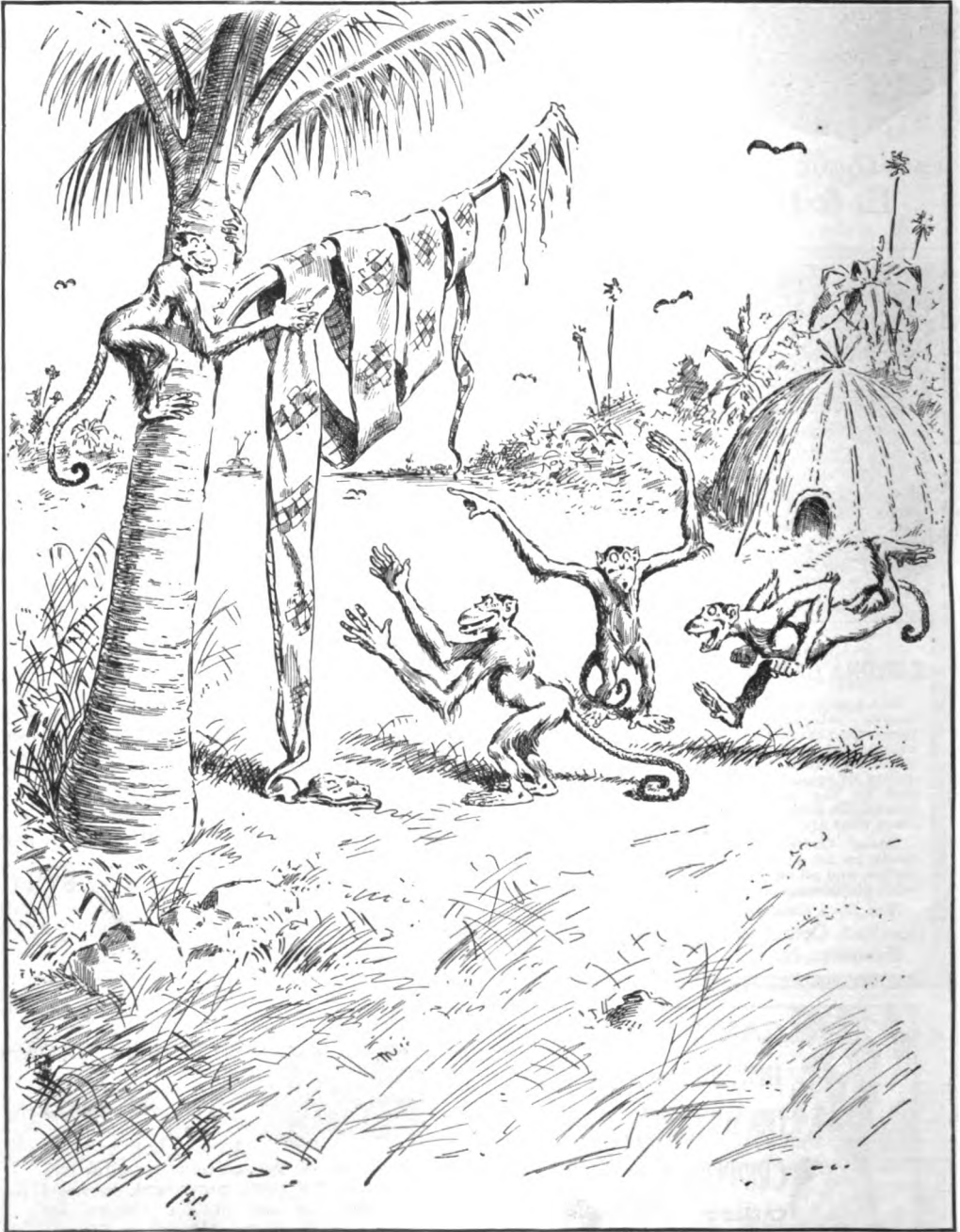
33 Pine St.

NEW FIELD AND OPERA GLASSES

These glasses, called Trieder Binoculars, have eight to ten times the power of the ordinary construction. They are compact, convenient, durable; invaluable for use at the theatre, by Army and Navy, at regattas and races, while travelling, or on plains and ranches. For sale by all leading jewelers and opticians. ✿ Send for catalogue.

C. P. Goerz,
52 E. Union Sq., New York.
Head Offices: BERLIN-FRIEDENAU.

"LAUGH LAST, LAUGH BEST."



FIRST MONKEY.—"Ha, fellows, here's a chance for some fun. We'll capture this snake-skin and run off with it before some one comes out of the hut. Hurry up, now."



SOMETHING INTERESTING.

You would not think it just the proper thing to select a farm wagon for park driving, and it would be equally inappropriate to use a trotting wagon for knocking about over rough country roads with a heavy load.

We believe in the "eternal fitness of things," so our designers and mechanical experts have produced a special light roadster, (styles 64-66), adapted for the use of discriminating riders who want a mount affording the maximum of satisfaction and safety with a minimum of weight.

This bicycle weighs 21-22 lbs., depending on equipment, and every fraction of an ounce that does not make for safety, has been taken off.

Tire equipment is our new Burwell detachable—the nearest approach to perfection in bicycle tires; more resilient than others; perfectly dependable; you can repair it yourself; no tools required.

The bearings are Mr. Burwell's new Ball and Roller system—dust-proof and self-oiling; under test show a great saving of power and are practically indestructible.

Style 65 in this model is especially recommended for delicate women who tire of riding a heavy wheel.

*We would like to tell you more about these and other Cleveland—recognized as **Standard for Excellence** the world over. Send for catalog 9.*

**H. A. LOZIER & CO., Mfrs.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.**

BRANCH HOUSES—New York, 337 Broadway; Philadelphia, 830 Arch St.; Chicago, 307-309 Wabash Ave.; Boston, 396 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 615 Main St.; Detroit, 244 Griswold St.; San Francisco, 304-306 McAllister St.; Toronto Junction, Ont.; London W., 24 Orchard St.; Oxford St., Paris, 6 Place de la Madeleine; Hamburg, Neuerwall 36.

**CLEVELAND
BICYCLES**

G&J TIRES
DETACHABLE



have always been the best
bicycle tires, and still are.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., Chicago.

G&J TIRES



STERLINGS
The Highest
Grade Bicycle Built

Chain Models \$50
Chainless . . \$75
Tandems . . \$75

Illustrated Catalog Free

STERLING CYCLE WORKS
Kenosha, Wis.

\$5 to \$30 3000 BICYCLES

Everyone a Bargain.
NEW AND SECOND HAND.



2d Hand—good as any for service, \$5 to \$12.
New '99 Models \$12.50 to \$30. None higher. We guarantee to save you money. Largest variety to select from. Lowest prices ever quoted. Every customer satisfied. Shipped subject to examination and approval. No money in advance. A few good AGENTS WANTED. For price list and particulars address the old reliable cycle house.

BROWN-LEWIS CO., B.Y. 292 Wabash Ave., Chicago,
[The above Co. is reliable and every wheel a bargain—Editor.]

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED OR FOR SALE
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

"LAUGH LAST, LAUGH BEST." - Continued.



FIRST MONKEY.—“After we get this thing stuffed, I'll get in the head and you can crawl in the tail, and we'll go over and frighten the life out of the natives.”



SEND NO MONEY

cut this Ad out and send to us, any COLOR WANTED, state your Height, Weight, number inches around Body at Bust, at Waist and Length of Skirt from Waist to bottom in front, and we will send you THIS FINE TAILOR MADE SUIT by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office, and if found Perfectly Satisfactory, Exactly as Represented, A PERFECT FIT, such a stylish dress as you could not get in your town, and WORTH TWICE AS MUCH as suits advertised by others at about our price, pay your express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, \$4.95 and express charges.

THIS SUIT is made from a GENUINE HESLER ENGLISH WOOL REPELLENT CLOTH, in either Black, Navy Blue or Brown, cut in the Latest Style for 1899 by EXPERT CUTTERS from a Genuine Stabur Model, fine tailor made throughout. If you don't find this suit has a distinctiveness in STYLE, FIT, GRACEFUL SHAPE, MATERIAL, WORKMANSHIP and FINISH, not to be had elsewhere, RETURN IT AT OUR EXPENSE.

SKIRT is very full sweep, lined with fancy percaline, bottom bound with MONAID BRAID SKIRT BINDING, fancy strap trimming in front, back is handsomely finished with neat buttons and Case Cording, and welted seams in back.

JACKET is one of the Handsomest Shown This Season, single breasted, light fitting back, latest sleeves, lined with GENUINE NEARSILK, HANDSOMELY TRIMMED AND FINISHED.

BEWARE OF IMITATORS who copy our advertisements and promise you good alike ours. Write to friends in Chicago and learn who are reliable, and who are not, ask your neighbors, ask any one about us. Write for Free Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Clothing. (This Firm is Reliable.) SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (INC.) Chicago.



BE SURE THAT YOU USE

**FEDER'S
POMPADOUR
SKIRT PROTECTOR**

(Covered by United States and Foreign Patents.)

on the skirt, as it is the best binding made. It is never troublesome, is always clean, and looks better than any other, but be sure that it is FEDER'S. It is a revelation to those discouraged with braids, plush cords, velveteens, and other bindings that fray and lose color and are a constant bother and nuisance.

Retail price, 7 cents a yard.

AT ALL DRY GOODS STORES, OR WRITE TO

J. W. GODDARD & SONS,

98-100 Bleecker St., New York.

Established 1847.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Purchasers of ready-made skirts will find it greatly to their advantage to insist on garments bound with Feder's Pompadour. The best wholesale manufacturers furnish them, and the best retail dealers sell them. They cost you no more than skirts bound with some unsatisfactory velveteen, braid or cord.

To every skirt finished with Feder's Pompadour a silk label is sewn, like the one here illustrated, and our guarantee goes with it. Don't accept any garment without this label. Write us if you cannot get what you want, and we shall see that you are supplied without any trouble.



LADIES

If you desire a Transparent, Clear, Fresh Complexion, free from BLOTCH, BLEMISH, ROUGHNESS, COARSENESS, REDNESS, FRECKLES or PIMPLES, use

**DR. CAMPBELL'S
Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers**

AND FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

Ladies all over the world who are social successes, pronounce Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap the best toilet preparations ever offered for clearing the complexion and developing the form and figure.

The only real true complexion beautifiers in the world. Wafers, by mail, 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Six large boxes, \$5.00; Soap 50c.

Address all mail orders to
H. B. FOULD, 214 Sixth Ave., New York.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Big Drop in Dress Goods.

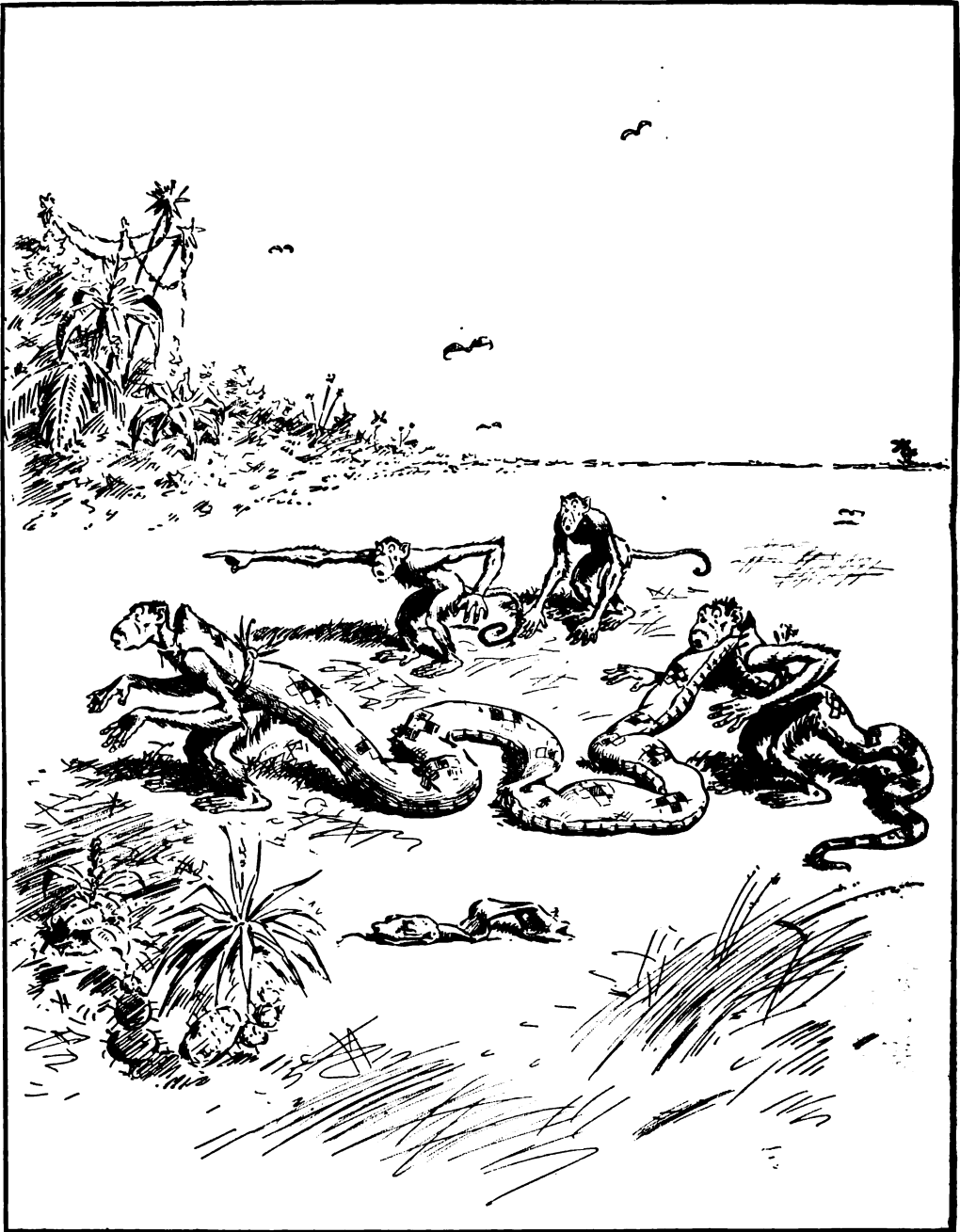
Every one can now buy Dress Goods of every description, and from one yard upwards, for just as little money as the largest merchants can buy in quantities. You will receive free by mail, postpaid, a book of 60 cloth samples of latest things in all kinds of Dress Goods, at 12 1/2 cents to \$1.25 per yard, also full instructions how to order, etc. if you will cut this notice out and mail to the big reliable house of

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago.

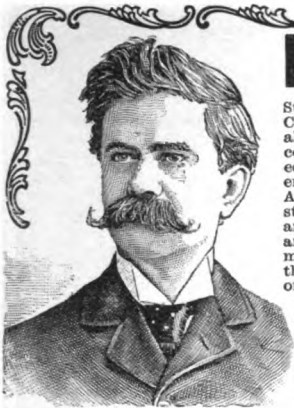
\$9.50 BUYS A HIGH VICTOR SEWING MACHINE
Adapted to Light and Heavy Work. Reliable and Finely Finished; Guaranteed for 10 Years. Write for 22 Page Catalogue. Attachments Free. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Address Dept. 616, VICTOR MFG. CO., 295-297 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

SORE EYES DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

"LAUGH LAST, LAUGH BEST."—Continued.



THIRD MONKEY.—"Great scott! Fellows, run for your lives; here comes a lion."



KNOWLEDGE THAT PAYS

Stimulates and inspires new and practical thoughts in every-day, social and business life. Commended by the ablest and brightest minds of the world. Bright ideas easily grasped by all. Turn spare moments into financial and literary profit. Our course of home study through correspondence, together with helpful literature, is a most attractive as well as pre-eminently educational and profitable pastime to busy men and women who desire to enlarge their general intellectual horizon by coming in direct touch with the master-minds of the century. Adapts you to better occupy any public or social position. Philosophy of success as demonstrated daily. Money, houses and jewels are fleeting pleasures, but gems of thought, justice and love abide with us forever, brightening life's pathway and opening a vista of happiness and joy. Teaches the essence of the best thoughts of the best thinkers of all times. Every thinking man and woman is interested in this onward march of progressive thought. Keep abreast of the times and join the thousands in this grandest of all attainments. Nothing like it ever before offered. We are the originators, having devoted a lifetime to its development. Our methods have gained world-wide popularity. Commence now—tomorrow may be too late. Our terms are so low as to be entirely inadequate with value imparted, and satisfaction guaranteed. Thousands of endorsements similar to the following in our book of sworn testimonials:

JAS. A. YOUNG, Kokomo, Ind., says: "I feel so much better the 'truth' brings joy indescribable. My mind is now clear and I fully understand the phenomena of nature and avoid mistakes previously made. I have you to thank for this unfoldment." **REV. S. J. CARLOCK, San Diego, Cal.,** says: "Every moment brings its own reward, and life grows brighter and sweeter every day; nervousness cured, health increasing, mind clear. Others are swayed by the resistless force. I have always believed in a perfect life, but now I realize it."

Our business is carried on by correspondence and those in the remotest parts of the world have the same success as residents of our city. Write at once for interesting literature. It is free. Key to Lower, 30 cents, or 12 cents and addresses of three influential persons.

PROF. L. H. ANDERSON, L. P., 49 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ills.

SEND NO MONEY

WITH YOUR ORDER, cut this ad. out and send to us, and we will send you **OUR HIGH GRADE DROP CABINET BURDICK SEWING MACHINE** by freight C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot and it found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to machines others sell as high as \$60.00, and **THE GREATEST BARGAIN YOU EVER HEARD OF**, pay your freight agent **Our Special Offer Price, \$15.50** and freight charges. The machine weighs 130 lbs. and the freight will average 75 cents for each 500 miles. **GIVE IT THREE MONTHS' TRIAL** in your own home, and we will return your \$15.50 any day you are not satisfied. We sell different makes and grades of Sewing Machines at \$8.50, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00 and up, all fully described in Our Free Sewing Machine Catalogue, but **\$15.50** for this **DROP DESK CABINET BURDICK** is the greatest value ever offered by any house.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS by unknown concerns who copy our advertisements, offering unknown machines under various names, with various inducements. Write some friend in Chicago and learn who are **RELIABLE AND WHO ARE NOT.**

THE BURDICK has every **MODERN IMPROVEMENT**; **EVERY GOOD POINT OF EVERY HIGH GRADE MACHINE MADE, WITH THE DEFECTS OF NONE. MADE BY THE BEST MAKER IN AMERICA FROM THE BEST MATERIAL.** **SOLID QUARTER SAWED OAK DROP DESK CABINET, FINED POLISHED.** One illustration shows machine closed, (head dropping from sight) to be used as a center table, stand or desk; the other opens with full length table and head in place for sewing. Four fancy drawers, latest 1899 skeleton frame, carved, paneled, embossed and decorated cabinet finish, finest nickel drawer pulls, rests on 4 casters, ball bearing adjustable treadle, genuine Smith Iron stand. Finest large High Arm head, positive four motion feed, self threading vibrating shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, adjustable bearings, patent tension liberator, improved loose wheel, adjustable presser foot, improved shuttle carrier, patent needle bar, patent dress guard, head is handsomely decorated and ornamented and beautifully **NICKEL TRIMMED.**



This shows the machine closed to be used as a stand or desk.

GUARANTEED the lightest running, most durable and nearest perfect machine made. Every known attachment is furnished and our Free Instruction Book tells just how anyone can run it and do other plain or any kind of fancy work, a **30-YEAR BINDING GUARANTEE** is sent with every machine. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to see and examine this machine, compare it with those your store-keeper sells at \$40.00 to \$60.00, and then if convinced you are saving \$35.00 to \$40.00, pay your freight agent the \$15.50. **WE TO RETURN YOUR \$15.50** if at any time within three months you say you are not satisfied. **ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY.**

Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ills.**
(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)



This illustration shows the machine open, ready to sew.



Dinner Set Free

(112 or 126 pieces, decorated or plain)

or **GOLD WATCH**

With only **30 Pounds** of Sun-Sun Chop Tea.

S.-S. Chop is packed in One Pound Airtight Decorated Trade-Mark Tin Canisters to preserve the Fine, Rich, Delicate, Aromatic Flavor and Great Strength. Warranted to suit all tastes. If you want to test this Tea, send this "ad" and 15 cents, and we will mail you a 1/4 lb. of S.-S. C. Tea.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Great American Tea Co.

31 and 33 Vesey Street,

P. O. Box 289. New York City, N. Y.

A \$7.00 BOOK of EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS

Given Free

to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscribe any amount desired. Subscriptions as low as \$1.00 will entitle the donor to this handsome volume (cloth bound, 8 x 11), as a souvenir certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works, and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

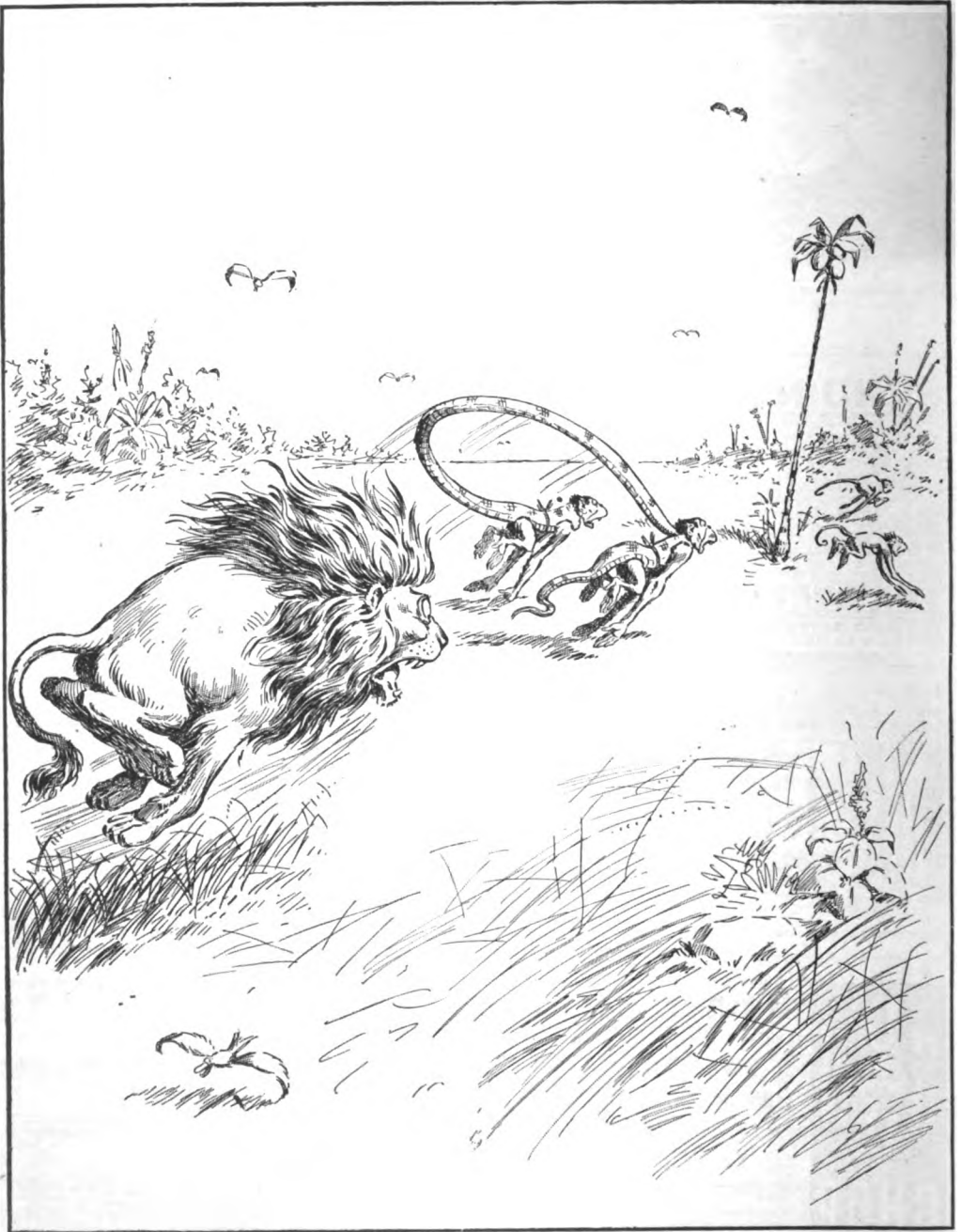
Handsomely Illustrated by thirty-two of the World's Greatest Artists.

late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

Address, **EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at book stores.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.**

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cts.

"LAUGH LAST, LAUGH BEST."—Continued.



LION.—“Wonder what the deuce that is on those monkeys? They must be a sort of Siamese twins. I’ll—



Vapo-Cresolene

**Whooping
Cough, Croup,
Asthma, Colds.**

Hundreds of thousands of mothers use Vapo-Cresolene. Do you! Cresolene cures Whooping Cough every time; stops Croup almost immediately, and if used at once will cure a Cold before any complications can arise. I. N. Love, M.D., of St. Louis, says: "I have instructed every family under my direction to secure it." Mrs. Ballington Booth, says: "I recommend that no family where there are young children should be without it." W. R. Chichester, M.D. of New York, says: "As a vehicle for disinfecting purposes Cresolene is immediately successful." Anthony Comstock, says: "Malignant Diphtheria in my house; Cresolene used; cases recovered in two weeks; no others were affected."

Descriptive booklet with testimonials free. Sold by all druggists.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall St., New York.

Schieffelin & Co., New York, U. S. Agents.

**JOHNSON'S
DIGESTIVE
TABLETS**

**DIGEST ANY KIND
OF FOOD KNOWN
TO MAN**

**The
Berkshire
Hills
Sanatorium,**



FOR THE SCIENTIFIC
TREATMENT OF **CANCER**



Tumors, and all Forms of Malignant and Benign Growths

Without the use of the Knife

**THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE
INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.**

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible and our book with complete information will be mailed free. Address,

Dr. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.

A UNITED STATES WALL MAP

FREE A copy of our handsome map 48x34 inches, printed in colors and mounted on a roller, will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage to pay for packing and transportation. P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches

the popular cure for
IRRITATED THROATS.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Wm. E. Brown* on every box.

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

OPIUM HABIT. A new guaranteed painless and safe home cure. Wholly different from all others. Positively no interference with work or business. Send for FREE SAMPLE and book.

DR. PURDY, E. Binz Bldg., Houston, Texas.

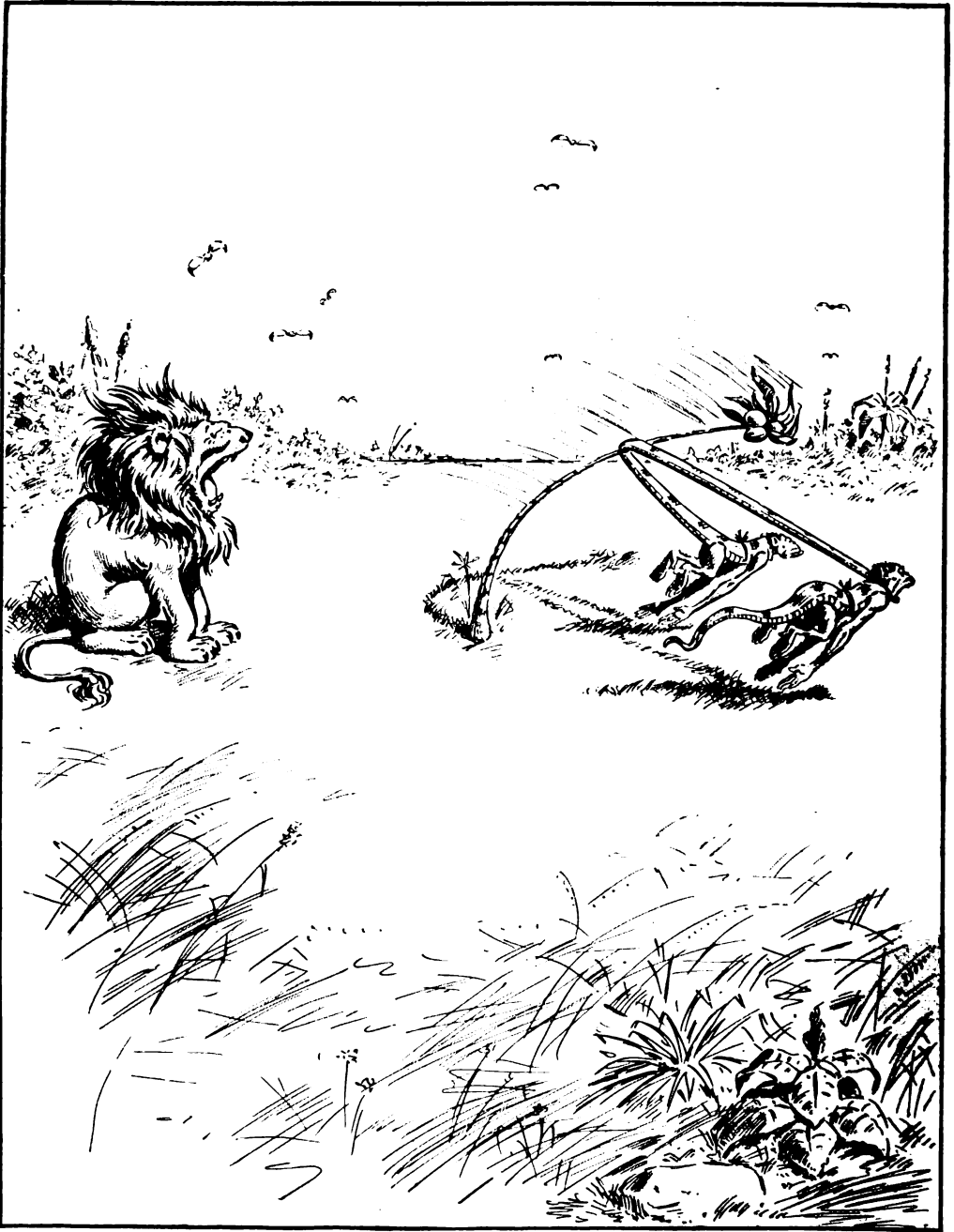
**BLINDNESS
PREVENTED AND CURED**

By the Great "Actina" an Electrical Pocket Battery, which removes Cataracts, Pterygiums, etc., cures Granulated Lids, and RESTORES VISION. Positive proof of cures given. **No Cutting or Drugging.** 18 years of success. Write for our 80 page Dictionary of Disease, FREE. Address,

**NEW YORK & LONDON ELECTRIC ASS'N,
929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.**

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

"LAUGH LAST, LAUGH BEST."—Continued.



"Well, they've caught themselves nicely this time. That's the best joke I ever saw."
But—

WE LEAVE IT TO YOU



If it does not come up to your expectations, return it at our expense. This couch could not be bought in a retail store for less than \$27.50; we offer to send it to you and let you judge. Surely we must have confidence that what we claim is true when we are willing to make such a liberal offer. This couch is extra size and extra quality. It is 6 ft. 5 in. long, 30 in. wide. Full gondola shape, as shown in illustration. Is upholstered in 3 toned Kaiser Plush. Seventy Springs in seat, head and edge. Hand deep biscuit tufted (not machine). Buttons guaranteed not to fly out. Stuffed with fine tow and moss. Samples of material and coloring free on request.

The beautiful couch shown in this illustration we offer to ship on 30 days' trial to all who give satisfactory references, and if after that time you are suited with the \$14.90 couch send us.....

A \$4.00 PRESENT. The handsome silk down pillow, with wide hemmed border, shown in illustration, will send us a present to each purchaser of a couch. This represents a big rebate.

We have couches of all prices. Last year we sold over 10,000 of our \$9.75 couches. Our new spring 1899 catalogue of all kinds of couches and general furniture free on request.

J. LOUIS SCHULTZE'S SONS, 1051-1053 Milwaukee Avenue, CHICAGO. Established 1857.



HYPNOTISM!

LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE! WONDERFUL WORK ON HYPNOTISM FREE TO ALL.

Reader, why not be able to use the most mysterious and powerful force of nature? By my method you can learn to Hypnotize in a few hours time, without leaving your home. You can perform all of the many marvelous feats that are possible to the Hypnotist. Through Hypnotism you can cure disease, conquer pain, win reluctant affection, gratify your ambitions, and produce amusement by the hour. It costs you nothing to find out all about it. I have just issued in book form a mammoth illustrated **LESSON** on Key to Hypnotism, which fully explains the mysteries and secrets of the Art. It contains hundreds of beautiful and artistic engravings, and is the most elaborate and expensive thing of the kind ever published. For a short time I will send this magnificent work **Absolutely FREE** to all who apply. I will also include a large amount of other valuable, interesting and elegantly illustrated literature, without charge. Remember, all this costs you nothing. A postal card will bring it. Order today and learn to Hypnotize. It is a chance of a life-time. Address, **PROF. L. A. HARRADEN, Hypnotist, Clerk 27, Jackson, Mich.**



BIG ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE!



THIS BIG ENCYCLOPEDIA is our catalogue for spring and summer of 1899. It is 9x18 inches in size, contains thousands of quotations and illustrations, the handsomest, most complete and lowest priced catalogue ever published. **NAMES THE LOWEST WHOLESALE CHICAGO PRICES ON EVERYTHING** is Clothing, Cloaks, Dresses, Boots, Shoes, Watches, Jewelry, Stoves, Ranges, Bugles, Carriages, Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Organs, Pianos, Musical Instruments, Drugs, Photographic Goods, etc. Tells just what your storekeeper at home must pay for what he buys and will prevent him from overcharging you on what you buy; explains just how to order, how much the freight, express or mail will be on anything to your town. **THE BIG BOOK COSTS US NEARLY \$1.00.**

OUR FREE OFFER. Cut this advertisement out and send to us with 10c. will be sent to you FREE by mail postpaid, and if you don't say it is worth 100 times the 10 cents you send, as a key to the lowest wholesale prices of everything, say so, and we will immediately return your 10 cents.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS ABOUT THIS CATALOGUE:
 "It is a monument of business information."—Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune.
 "A wonderful piece of work."—Washington National Tribune.
 "The catalogue is a wonder."—Manchester (N. H.) Union.
 "Sears, Roebuck & Co. is one of the largest houses of its kind in Chicago."—Chicago Inter Ocean.
 "The big catalogue forms one of the finest shopping mediums that could possibly be sent into a district."—Boyce's Monthly, Chicago.
 "Their catalogue is a vast department store boiled down."—Atlanta Constitution.
 "Their catalogue is certainly a merchandise encyclopaedia."—Chicago Epworth Herald.
 "A law should be passed compelling the use of this catalogue in all public schools."—The Hon. G. A. Southcott. We could quote thousands of similar extracts. **SEND 10 CENTS AT ONCE and you will receive the book by return mail.**

Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.**

Lucy Knox As danced by Gen'l Washington with Lucy Knox. Full details of Costumes and Minuet in King **Balls** Washington." 384 pages; \$1.25. All book stores, or J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. **In Colonial Costume.**

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

This Beautiful ...
 14 ft. \$160.00. Other sizes to Stationary, 1 to 20 h. p Pumping **PIERCE ENGINE CO.,**



VAPOR LAUNCH
 24 ft. ENGINES, 1 to 6 h. p. Engines all sizes. Send for Catalog **Box 11, Racine Jct, Wis.**

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

"LAUGH LAST, LAUGH BEST."—Concluded.



just then the skin broke, and the joke was on the lion.

PRINCESS NADINE.

BY

CHRISTIAN REID,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHASE OF AN HEIRESS," "THE PICTURE OF LAS CRUCES,"
ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1899, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1899.

PRINCESS NADINE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the Mi-Carême, the mid-Lent carnival of Nice, and the Battle of Flowers was in full progress along the Promenade des Anglais. The occupants of the double file of fancifully decorated carriages were raining showers of blossoms upon each other, the air was filled with fragrance and laughter, and the carnival spirit of gayety seemed to have taken possession of the motley throng of *blasé* worldlings as if they had been gleeful children. The spectators in the tribunes along the way and the populace beyond the light palings joined eagerly in the sport and merriment; while the wide expanse of sapphire sea flashing in sunlight, the incomparable loveliness of the receding line of coast, and the ships in the harbor, gay with fluttering pennants, gave to the picturesque scene the setting and charm peculiar to these enchanted southern shores.

The mimic warfare was at its height when a classic chariot, completely covered with golden blooms, joined the long line of equipages and at once received a flattering degree of attention from the lookers-on, who manifested their approval of the most effective of the carriage decorations by murmurs and cries of admiration. "*Bravo la biga!*" was heard on all sides, and a pelting fire of nose-gays was directed upon its occupants.

These were two men, who differed widely in their manner of receiving this tribute of applause and attack. One, a slight, handsome young fellow,—perfect type, from the top of his head to the points of his boots, of the golden youth of the fashionable world,—stood up, the better to return the fire of which he was the target.

But his companion remained quietly seated and did not join in the gay battle at all. Nor was this attitude of indifference the only remarkable thing about him, for if there was in his appearance little or no suggestion of the fashionable world, there was, instead, a personal distinction which marked him out as one who possessed capabilities, either active or potential, which might set him above his fellows. A keen, bronzed face, with stern jaw and great, slumbering dark eyes full of possibilities of passion, spoke of a character with force sufficient to bend men and events to its will, fearlessly to encounter perils and ruthlessly overcome obstacles. It was a face which, together with the air and manner of the man, his supreme, almost arrogant, composure of bearing, made his appearance in the triumphal chariot of antiquity sufficiently appropriate to strike more than one of the lookers-on.

"See, the conquering hero comes!" laughed one man to another in the press tribune.

"That's a significant conceit for you—triumphal car decorated with gold! Nobody can accuse Leighton of undue modesty. He makes even the *Mi-Carème* serve the purpose of advertising his success."

"Who is Leighton?" asked the man addressed. "I fancied that classic chariot was Alan de Forest's idea. He's the man standing in it, you know."

"De Forest may have directed the details of the decoration,—he's uncommonly clever at such things,—but I'll wager that the original idea was Leighton's. It's thoroughly characteristic of him. He's the other, the quiet dark man. Can't be possible you don't know of him? Man from Central America, tremendously rich, and so very powerful that they call him the king of the countries down there."

"Oh—is that the man? The *Figaro* had an article about him the other day. It seems he is floating two or three immense concessions in London and Paris just now."

"And in the intervals cruising in the Mediterranean,—he has Lord Maltby's yacht, the *Siren*,—which accounts for his appearance here, at Nice, triumphal chariot and all. It's his way to blazon his success so that the world shall not forget it, knowing well that is the road to greater success."

"Lucky dog! Central American concessions must pay well. But see, here comes the carriage of Princess Nadine—an inspiration, a dream!"

It was indeed a charming conception—a sea-shell of white roses, lined with the same flowers in delicate shades of pink, and containing a vision which might have been Aphrodite herself just floated ashore from the marvellous color-flecked sea beyond. Certainly no daughter of the gods could have been more radiantly fair than the lady whom the shell enshrined, an exquisite blonde, delicate, ethereal,

her toilette a harmony of white and rose, and her dazzling face looking out from the midst of the flowers surrounding her upon the throngs which greeted her with cries of frankest admiration.

Among those whom this enchanting apparition roused to enthusiasm was the quiet bronzed man in the classic chariot. As the two carriages came abreast, he raised himself for the first time, with a quick exclamation. At the same moment the lady flung a rose into the chariot. It was probably intended for De Forest, who had already paid his compliments to her in a shower of violets; but as Leighton bent forward he received the soft, fragrant blow directly in his face. He caught the flower, but before he could send a missile in return the laughing beauty had passed on in her fairy-like shell.

"You caught then what was intended for me," his companion observed, glancing around.

"Very likely," he returned coolly, as he fastened the rose on his coat. "But I have always taken whatever comes in my way, whether sent by accident or design. I shall keep this in memory of the loveliest woman I have ever seen. Who is she, by the way?"

"Princess Nadine Zorikoff, the most beautiful woman in Nice, —perhaps the most beautiful woman in Europe."

"A Russian?"

"In nationality, yes. In blood, half Russian, half American."

"How does that come about?"

"In the usual way. Her mother was one of the first of the American heiresses who within the last twenty-five years have made brilliant marriages in Europe. She—but, by Jove, this is too much!" A gay party from the eminence of a coach suddenly poured a concentrated fire upon him. "Help me to pelt them, Leighton."

But Leighton would lend no help. He subsided into his seat again, and left all offensive operations to the other, who had his hands full in returning the constant fire directed against him. Half breathless with exertion and laughter, he would now and then fling to his companion names and fragments of information concerning the people who passed, many of them celebrities of one kind or another, with reproaches for his indolence. But it was not until the battle of flowers ended and they had seen the first prize for carriage decoration awarded to Princess Nadine Zorikoff—the banner handed to her with smiling words of congratulation by the Grand Duke Michael himself—that Leighton was able to obtain any further information regarding that beautiful personage. It was as they turned away that he said to De Forest:

"Tell me something more about this Russo-American princess. I am interested in her, for I have often wondered what will be the result in a second generation of these international marriages of which one hears so much. Such a combination as the blood of an

ancient aristocracy and that of a new, crude, and vigorous plutocracy ought to produce something rather uncommon."

De Forest looked at him with a smile. "I haven't heard that particular result speculated upon before," he said, "but it certainly opens a wide field for conjecture when one thinks of all one is told concerning inherited instincts and tendencies. So you are not one of the Americans who condemn these marriages? There is a class of American men, you know, who are as much aggrieved by them on their side as the British matron is on hers."

"Why should I condemn them?" asked the other carelessly. "I have never been a rival of any of the fortunate foreigners, while ambition is something for which I do not blame man or woman. I should be rather inconsistent if I did. Women especially have very scant opportunities for its gratification, and this international marriage has opened one of which it is not strange that they have taken advantage. Those who censure them would probably be the first to seize any such brilliant chance which fate placed in their way."

"So I have always thought," said De Forest. "But it rather surprises me that you look at the matter in the same way. I should have fancied you would take the robust American view,—indignation that 'an effete aristocracy' should enjoy the results of American industry and pluck. You are such an example of both yourself."

"Of pluck, perhaps—of industry not so much as you imagine," replied the other. "It is not industry, but courage, boldness, and—we cannot deny it—unscrupulousness which build up great fortunes in a brief time. But if I don't blame men who have grasped fortune without much regard for those whom they trampled down in the struggle, neither can I possibly blame the same spirit in their daughters, who buy with it the highest thing attainable to them—the rank which the world has worshipped from the beginning, and will, in one form or another, continue to worship to the end. Who, in fact, is so unimaginative as not to be impressed by it? I am an eminently practical man, yet I confess that the girl who threw this rose is much more interesting to me since I learn that she is called Princess Nadine than if she were—let us say, Miss Jones. By the by, I presume that you know her. Can you introduce me?"

"Readily—and possibly very soon. You heard Madame de Beaurillon ask us to take tea on her terrace when the parade was over. She is one of the leaders of the gay world here, and, like most Frenchwomen, is immensely enamoured of all Russians. The Princess Nadine is almost certain to be one of the people whom we shall meet."

"Then we will go," said Leighton, who up to this moment had not entertained the faintest intention of accepting an invitation which had fallen unheeded on his ear. "To take tea with Madame de Beaurillon does not commend itself to me as a very desirable performance, but to meet the Princess Nadine is sufficiently so to

warrant the risk of a little boredom. What *entourage*, by the way, has she? Are her parents living?"

"No, they are both dead, and she, as their only child, has inherited both Russian estates and American millions. She is with her grandmother, Mrs. Wentworth, the widow of the famous bonanza king."

"Wentworth!" exclaimed Leighton. "Do you mean to tell me that this girl is the granddaughter of Dick Wentworth, whom Californians of '49 would call a robber, rather than a bonanza king? What an extraordinary thing! A descendant of Russian boyars on one side, and of 'Lucky Dick' on the other! Yet although men called him lucky, it was hardly to luck that he owed his success. A better example of those qualities of courage, boldness, and unscrupulousness of which I spoke a moment ago could not be found."

"I know little of his career," said De Forest. "He was gathered to his fathers long ago, I believe, and only his millions remain in evidence. I have heard that he had two families—the first by no means fitted to shine in fashionable existence. But after the death of the wife who shared all the picturesque vicissitudes of his early struggles he married the object of his ambition—a lady. She is the present Mrs. Wentworth, and it was her only child who in turn married Prince Zorikoff about twenty years ago. It was one of the most brilliant marriages which up to that time had been made by an American, was the social event of the day, and a great triumph for Mrs. Wentworth. All this I have heard. What I know is that no grand-duchess surpasses in pride and exclusiveness this widow of the old California miner, and that she has a trump card of the first order in her hands in the person of her granddaughter, for whom her ambition is said to be unbounded."

"One would fancy that if ambition ever rests satisfied, hers might," said Leighton. "What farther height is left for it to climb?"

"The height of a throne, my dear fellow. Don't look so incredulous—I am speaking seriously. You have no doubt heard that Prince Maximilian of Altenberg is the most promising candidate for the very precarious throne of that turbulent Danubian state which is just now in need of a ruler. But he dare not take, because he could not hold, the crown without the support of Russia. For that support he is scheming; and Princess Nadine Zorikoff is part of his scheme."

"But Princess Nadine Zorikoff is only a Russian subject. How could an alliance with her (which is, I suppose, what you mean) help him to his throne?"

"Have you forgotten that Natalie of Servia was only the daughter of a Russian colonel? But we know what part she played in maintaining the influence of Russia: how much more could Princess Nadine play such a part with her inheritance of a noble name,

with relatives high in the imperial councils, and with the influence of great wealth. Be sure Prince Maximilian has no doubt of it, for he is here now, it is well understood, as her suitor."

"With a certainty of success?"

De Forest lightly shrugged his shoulders. "Who can say? But one may imagine the temptation great."

"Why not say irresistible? I cannot conceive a woman hesitating in such a case, unless some overmastering passion stood in the way. For such passions both men and women have thrown away crowns before now."

"If any passion, overmastering or otherwise, stands in Princess Nadine's way, the world has never heard of it. But perhaps you will be able to tell something of Prince Maximilian's chances when you meet her."

"You have stimulated my desire to meet her. The granddaughter of 'Lucky Dick' Wentworth, and a possible queen—what will the woman herself prove to be?"

"As fascinating as she is beautiful, I assure you."

"If, considering how extremes have met in her," said Leighton slowly, "she does not prove original—if it is possible to judge her character or foretell her conduct according to ordinary rules—I shall be very much surprised."

"And I shall be more surprised," returned De Forest, "if you are capable of very coolly analyzing her after you have once made her acquaintance. Meanwhile, in order to make it, we must now present ourselves at Madame de Beaucrillon's."

CHAPTER II.

"AND pray," said Princess Nadine, "who is Mr. Leighton?"

It was on the terrace of Madame de Beaucrillon's villa, in the midst of color, light, fragrance, and a number of fashionable people drinking tea and gossiping together, that Alan de Forest had found an opportunity to make his petition to present his friend. He chose his time well, for the throng which had been fluttering around the young beauty had for the moment dispersed; and as she sat down under a trellis, overhung by a clambering wisteria, she answered his request with the inquiry, which had to his ear a slightly supercilious accent.

In reply he lifted his eyebrows. "Is it possible," he said, "that you have never heard of him? I fancy that can hardly be, and I have only to remind you of the Leighton whose name has lately figured conspicuously in English and French newspapers in connection with Central American affairs."

"I do not remember to have noticed the name," said the princess. "What has he done?"

"Everything," answered De Forest comprehensively. "What with negotiating between and for the five very quarrelsome republics, obtaining from them vast concessions of lands and minerals, and pulling their political and financial strings, he is virtually what the newspapers call him, Dictator of Central America. He is credited with all sorts of ambitious projects, which no one but himself knows whether he entertains or not. But what all men do know is that he is very powerful,—a force to be reckoned with in all complications arising there,—and that he is certain to be, if he is not already, fabulously wealthy."

Princess Nadine began to look a little interested. "He cannot be quite an ordinary person," she observed. "How do you chance to know him?"

"Oh, he is an American—after a fashion, at least. His father's people and mine are neighbors at home. But his mother was a Spanish-American, and it is through her that he has many influential connections in the country where he has risen to such prominence. In short, there is nothing of the social adventurer about him, although there may be much of the political."

"One does not object to the last as long as there is nothing of the first," said the princess. "You may introduce him."

If De Forest smiled a little at the tone in which this permission was given, he nevertheless expressed his acknowledgments suitably, and made haste to find and present Leighton.

As the latter approached, the princess looked at him with quick scrutiny, and in the expression of her face it was to be perceived that she found his appearance reassuring. In the brief interval between De Forest's departure and return it had perhaps occurred to her that people who play striking parts in public affairs are not always desirable acquaintances in private life. But if so, she possessed too much knowledge of the world not to have her doubts dispelled by the appearance of the man before her. The air with which he bowed showed her that they met on equal ground, and that whatever deference he might pay to her beauty and charm, he was not in the least overawed by her social rank.

In truth, there was no thought of her rank—either positive or possible—in Leighton's mind at the moment, but only a delighted consideration of the picture which she presented, with the green leaves and pendent masses of purple flowers around and above her, making a perfect background for her ethereal beauty. It was a loveliness full of distinction, as that of Russian women often is. But there was nothing Slav in the face—fair as a snow-drift of the north, yet tinted with the roses of the south—where another race had set its mark in the delicate outlines of the features, the contour of cheek and chin, and the eye of changing luminous gray, index

alike of thought and passion, which gazed from beneath the brow of Clytie, framed in hair softly golden as that of a child. She looked a creature so exquisite, formed for exquisite uses only, that it was difficult for Leighton, recalling the "Lucky Dick" of Californian days, to believe his connection with her other than a myth of the imagination. It was when his thoughts had reached this point that, with some perceptible surprise at his silence, she addressed him.

"I hear quite wonderful things of you, Mr. Leighton," she said. "I was under the impression that England alone was able to produce such men as the Rajah Brooke or Mr. Cecil Rhodes, but it appears that you are in a fair way to demonstrate that America can produce them also."

"I am afraid," replied Leighton, "that some one—De Forest, I presume—has been giving you an idea that I am a much more important and interesting person than I really am. Believe me, I have no right to be classed with either of the remarkable men you have mentioned."

"Then Mr. De Forest has much exaggerated your claims to distinction. For if you are the person he described, you must certainly be important, whether interesting or not—and modesty therefore does not become you. That may be left to those who have done nothing."

"I can truthfully declare that it is not a virtue which I have ever cultivated to any great extent," said Leighton. "But one should be careful not to magnify unduly one's importance, or suffer others to do so, if it can be avoided. So much one owes to veracity."

Princess Nadine again regarded him silently for a moment before she remarked:

"I found all that Mr. De Forest said of you very interesting. I can hardly imagine anything more delightful than to have been able to gain power by the force of one's individuality alone, to govern men and dominate events in wild, fresh, new countries——"

"And exist always in an atmosphere of combat?" said Leighton, smiling. "But you are right. It is *life!* To one who has once tasted the excitement of such a struggle for power, and the sense of triumph in attaining it—not by tame modern methods of pandering to an ignorant democracy, but by the older and more direct methods still in use among a primitive people—everything else is tame."

"I can well believe it," she said with a quickening glance. And in that instant he felt that he had been right in judging that this girl, in whom such strangely alien influences met, was not altogether like others. "To fight for power under any circumstances must be the most exciting thing in life," she added.

"Then you think that a man who has grasped power is more enviable than one to whom it has fallen in the natural course of events?"

"Is it possible to think otherwise?" she asked. "Do not men always value that which they have won more than that which is thrust upon them by some accident of fortune? If I were a king, I should prefer to fight for my crown, rather than merely to inherit it."

"I am so sure you would fight well," he said, "that I should not like to be the rival claimant of your throne. And this reminds me to offer my tardy congratulations on your success of to-day."

"Oh,"—she lifted her shoulders slightly,—"the prize is so much coveted that—for the moment—it seemed worth having. Even in trifles one likes to succeed."

He smiled as he looked at her. Not in trifles only, but in all things, he was sure she liked to succeed—nay, desired success so much that failure would be intolerable to her. How could it be otherwise, when so far she had found the world at her feet, when she had only to appear to carry all before her? She caught the smile and added quickly:

"No doubt such a triumph seems very trivial to you, who have struggled for prizes which mean something. But we are only idlers and triflers here, you must remember."

"So far from the triumph seeming trivial to me," he answered, "it struck me as a foreshadowing of other triumphs which life has in store for you, since it is certain that any prize for which you enter must fall to you, however much others may covet it."

She glanced at him with surprise. A compliment so direct, uttered with a gravity so complete, seemed to have the weight of a judgment rather than the grace of a phrase. She hesitated a moment before replying:

"Are your conclusions always so premature?" she asked at length. "For it is surely very premature to decide that I must win all prizes because I have received one for decorating a carriage in a carnival parade."

"I should put the matter the other way," he answered. "It is because Nature has so unmistakably fitted you to win all prizes, that you have gained even one so insignificant as that of which we speak."

"I perceive that you have spared some time from ambitious projects to accomplish yourself in the art of flattery," said she, smiling. "And since compliments are in order, I must congratulate you on the success of your decoration. That classic chariot was most effective—perhaps I should also add, most appropriate for a victor in the battle of life."

"Sarcasm, princess, is an unkind return for sincere homage. I am honored that you observed my equipage, the credit for which, however, belongs to De Forest, since I left the matter entirely in his hands. Only one thing"—he glanced down at his button-hole—"I claimed and retained for myself out of the day's merry-making."

The glance of the princess, following his own, rested upon the rose which he still wore, and recognized it. She felt again that the gravity of his manner put all thought of presumption out of the question; and yet she was also conscious that he was presuming to a degree which in another man would have deserved rebuke. It was perhaps fortunate for him that at this moment a stately lady in a rustling gray satin approached them, and as he rose Princess Nadine introduced him to her grandmother, Mrs. Wentworth.

The thought which occurred to Leighton as Mrs. Wentworth sat down and, lifting her lorgnette, calmly scrutinized him was the recollection of De Forest's remark that no grand-duchess surpassed in pride this widow of the dead bonanza king, with a reflection that he would have been right in adding that she had also very much the appearance of a duchess. In truth, the "air noble," like most other things, may be cultivated. And Mrs. Wentworth had been very successful in her cultivation of it, aided by the fact that Nature had bestowed upon her a handsome, aristocratic appearance, while the habit of command, produced by unlimited control of the wealth to which the world bows down, had given to her manner that tranquil assurance and expectation of deference which is generally to be observed in those of high rank. Her first remark to Leighton sounded like an echo of that of the Princess Nadine.

"I am told that you are a very remarkable person, Mr. Leighton," she said; "but no one has enlightened me with regard to the details of your achievements. Would you mind telling me something about them?"

"I am afraid that I should very much mind becoming my own biographer," he replied, amused by her tone, which would have been far from amusing to one less sure of himself. "It is a difficult task for any biographer to hold the exact mean of justice between praise and criticism, and I could hardly hope to succeed in my own case, you know."

"I fancy that you are accustomed to succeed in most things which you undertake," she said, still regarding him with deliberate scrutiny; "and I also fancy that you find the exercise of the power with which you are credited very agreeable."

Leighton laughed. "Does not every one who possesses power find the exercise of it agreeable?" he asked. "Even women are accused of thinking it sweet. If a personal remark might be permitted me," he added with great outward deference, but an inward determination to return her impertinence in kind, "I should judge that Mrs. Wentworth herself does not object to it."

"Oh, I don't at all mind admitting that I am a very domineering person," said that lady calmly. "I should make a despot of the first water, but a benevolent despot, I think. Now, your despotic qualities are evident, but I am not so sure of your benevolence."

"After one has gained power one can afford to be benevolent,"

he replied, "but not while one is fighting for it. Then one must be inflexible as steel. Up to this time I have been fighting; that is why you do not perceive many signs of benevolence in my countenance."

She again regarded him steadily and silently for a moment. To the woman who was herself so ambitious, and who had indeed found the gratification of her ambition so sweet, there was an attraction born of sympathy in the dominant quality with which Leighton impressed every one who came in contact with him. But mingled with the attraction there was also a subtle sense of antagonism, the antagonism of two natures too much alike to agree, and certain to conflict if ever brought into association.

"Yes," she said presently, "one can see that you like fighting, and that you are inflexible as steel. As for your possible benevolence, I should not care to trust it. *Eh bien!* these are personal and I fear rather rude remarks. Tell me how it is that a man of your type is found in this haunt of pleasure-seekers?"

"May not a man even of my type be permitted to seek pleasure sometimes? Yet, in fact, I am chiefly in search of warmth. To an inhabitant of the tropics, a month or two of London and Paris in winter is as much as it is possible to endure."

Mrs. Wentworth gave a slight shiver. "Paris was certainly detestable when I left it," she said. "But Nice is warm enough and bright enough to satisfy even tropical cravings, and we furnished you a very pretty spectacle in our *Mi-Carême* Carnival to-day."

"Most charming. I have just congratulated your granddaughter upon obtaining the first prize."

"It was a gratification, because the decoration was her own conception altogether. What is it, my dear?"—to Princess Nadine, who had meanwhile been talking to some other people, and now, turning around, murmured a few words. "Yes, I am fatigued also, and we will make our adieux to Madame de Beaucrillon."

She rose as she spoke, hesitated a moment, and then addressed Leighton again. "As you are here for warmth and sunshine," she said, "perhaps you will care to come to a garden party at my villa to-morrow afternoon, where you will find both, and some agreeable people besides."

"You are most kind," replied Leighton, bowing. "It will give me much pleasure to present myself."

"We shall expect to see you, then," said Mrs. Wentworth with a nod. The Princess Nadine gave him a gracious inclination of her charming head, a smile which seemed to say that she would be glad to see him, and then walked away in her tall, slender young grace by the side of her grandmother.

CHAPTER III.

THE villa to which Mrs. Wentworth had bidden her new acquaintance was one of the most charming in the immediate neighborhood of Nice, its gates opening upon the broad high-road which follows all the curves of these magical shores, but its gardens extending back over a promontory which jutted into the sea. When Leighton arrived he was received by his hostess on a terrace overlooking the gardens—a terrace so spacious and adorned in such stately fashion with statues and balustrade that it might have served as a setting for the festivities of a court. Scattered over it, standing, walking, or seated in chairs of gilded wicker, were groups of figures which testified by their appearance to the extremely rarefied social atmosphere in which Mrs. Wentworth sought her friends. The scene struck Leighton as brilliantly picturesque; but one glance told him that Princess Nadine was not in sight. He was not sorry, therefore, that Mrs. Wentworth was too much occupied to bestow upon him more than a few words of greeting, so that he was at liberty to pass on and seek the only person whom he felt the least interest in meeting.

Descending a flight of steps to the gardens, he found himself in a paradise of verdure and bloom. There were foliaged vistas down which nymphs and fauns might have danced, and at their farther end—seen through arched openings of green—blue waves sparkled in the sunshine. Roses clambered everywhere, in the leafy gloom oranges gleamed amidst their glossy foliage, while the rosy fire of the almond and the tremulous gold of the mimosa showed against the feathery fronds of palms, the deep green of stately stone-pines, and the poetic gray-green of gnarled old olives. Strolling onward through these lovely shades, Leighton caught glimpses here and there of fitting figures, and heard sounds of soft laughter and rippling speech. But it was not until he emerged from the avenue he was following upon a bastion-like cliff built over the sea that he found a group of whom Princess Nadine was one.

As he approached he was struck afresh by her beauty, and also perceived that it possessed a radiance, as if caught from the fire of some inward excitement or triumph, which had been lacking when he saw her before. The exquisite rose-tint of her cheek was deepened, and there was a glow in her full-orbed eyes which almost dazzled him as he bent over the hand she extended in greeting. He had only time to wonder a little what this meant when she said:

“So you have been tempted to come and see how we amuse ourselves when we are not pelting each other with flowers, Mr. Leighton. I am afraid you will find our normal amusements as stupid as normal amusements mostly are. *Apropos*, how do you amuse yourself in the country—you must pardon me if I forget exactly what it is—from which you come?”

"With bull-fights and revolutions chiefly," Leighton replied. "Both are exciting. But there is nothing that I know of to quite match the last, especially when one helps to make it, and when all one's interests, and perhaps one's life, hang on the issue."

"I can fancy that exciting," the princess agreed. "Compared with such amusements, ours must seem to you very tame. After all, one must pay a price for living in a condition of settled law and order; and the price is that life is robbed of much excitement and picturesqueness. Does not your highness agree with me?"

She turned as she spoke to a man with whom she had been talking when Leighton came up. He was tall and handsome, with a magnificent figure, suggestive of the uniforms in which exalted personages are wont to array themselves as a substitute for royal robes, and bore the stamp of rank not only in his appearance but in the indefinable manner of one who expects as his right the deference he has never needed to demand.

"On the contrary, I am obliged to disagree with you, princess," this personage answered. "The excitement furnished by revolutions is one with which I am well content to dispense; and I should be glad if the conditions of law and order, which you deplore, were even more firmly assured."

"Ah," said the princess, "I should have known that you would not agree with me. Those who have nothing to gain by revolution could not naturally be expected to enjoy it. Will your highness allow me to present Mr. Leighton, a gentleman who comes, it appears, from a country where revolutions are both frequent and enjoyable?" Then to Leighton she added, "His Serene Highness Prince Maximilian of Altenberg."

As Leighton bowed, he said to himself that he understood now the meaning of the color on Princess Nadine's cheek and the light in her eyes. Here was the pretender, alike to her hand and to a throne, of whom De Forest had spoken—a prince with the blood of kings in his veins, and connected with every royal house in Europe, who could satisfy to the full that ambition which it was easy to see burned within her like a flame. The mere fact of his pretensions seemed to put rivalry on the part of any other man absolutely out of the question. Yet it was altogether characteristic of Leighton that, in the very moment of realizing this, he determined to enter the lists himself. Up to this time no serious thought of aspiring to such a prize as the Russo-American beauty had occurred to him; but it was proverbial among those who knew him well that difficulty was always the spur he needed, and that his daring was excited only by obstacles which would have quelled hope in another man. The instinct which warned him that if he attempted this he would undertake the most arduous of all the tasks of his adventurous life only supplied him with a motive for doing so.

Meanwhile Prince Maximilian was saying graciously: "I think

that I have heard of Mr. Leighton, and I am not altogether surprised that he should find revolutions enjoyable. They afford an ambitious man very desirable opportunities."

"Your highness has divined the case exactly," Leighton replied. "When one has not been born a prince, one must, in order to acquire power, become an adventurer. And revolution gives to an adventurer his opportunity."

"I presume that you use the term adventurer in its true meaning," said the prince, "that of one who ventures much and boldly. Taken in that sense, it is not unheard of that princes should sometimes become adventurers also."

"Nor that they should through adventure gain the summit of their ambition," said Leighton. "It is not the kingdom of heaven only which suffers violence and is taken by a daring that refuses to recognize obstacles."

The prince looked at him keenly. "That has been your own policy, I believe," he said, "and you have been, by all accounts, very successful. But it is possible that diplomacy as well as daring has played some part in your success."

"A very great part," Leighton replied unhesitatingly. "But without daring the diplomacy would have been of no avail. Let me assure your highness of that."

His highness, who was known to hold back from the necessary point of daring to which his adherents urged him in order to be assured of the support which Russia would give to his pretensions, understood thoroughly this advice, and perhaps thought it somewhat presumptuous, for he answered coldly:

"Daring is often only another name for rashness, and rashness is always folly. But we will be content that you should enjoy your revolutions in—South America, is it not?"

"The particular revolutions in which I have played a part have been in Central America," Leighton replied.

"Ah, Central America, then, so long as we are not asked to join in the amusement."

"I fancy," said Leighton deliberately, "that our Spanish-American revolutions will prove but child's-play compared to the storm which threatens Europe. I know not how it may be with others, but to me the earth has a very hollow sound in these old lands, honey-combed as they are with secret societies and filled with the spirit of revolt. It is perhaps because I have scant sympathy with the revolt that I hear its mutterings on every side, and say to myself that what are needed most are rulers, called by what name you will, that shall be truly men of blood and iron."

"Is that the part which you aspire to play in Central America?" asked Princess Nadine curiously.

He looked at her with a smile. "The part which I aspire to play in Central America," he replied, "is not, I fear, so interesting.

But, dropping revolutions and politics, as unfit subjects for discussion in Arcadia, may I beg you, princess, to show me something of the beauties of these enchanted gardens of yours?"

The coolness of the request first astonished and then amused her. That this man—this adventurer from Central America—should expect her to leave a genuine prince and possible king to accompany him on a stroll through the gardens was presumptuous to the point of audacity. But something about the man, impressing her now as it had impressed her before, made it difficult to administer rebuke with the thoroughness which was desirable. She only lifted her eyebrows and replied carelessly:

"I am sorry that my duties as hostess will not allow me to have that pleasure. But I will present you to Miss Herbert,—a very charming young lady, an American,—who will no doubt be kind enough to show you the gardens."

She half turned towards the most attractive of the graceful women gathered around, but Leighton by a gesture stopped her.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I have not come here to meet people who do not in the least interest me, or to talk platitudes to charming young ladies. If *you* will not show me the gardens, I prefer not to see them. But I had fancied that it was the chief merit of these entertainments that the hostess was as free as her guests, and that even a royal prince might be left to the society of others for a few minutes."

A flash of anger came into her eyes. The audacity of this man was beyond bounds and must be fitly rebuked. She had opened her lips to do so, when, bending towards her and speaking in a low tone, he said quietly:

"You are angry at what you consider my presumption. But pause a moment before you refuse what I ask. Do not think of me, but consider whether it becomes Princess Nadine Zorikoff to hesitate in a simple act of courtesy to one guest because another is a pretender to—let us say, a throne."

Princess Nadine rose haughtily from her seat. It was necessary to crush this offender in a manner he would not forget, and in order to do so she must, for a few minutes at least, grant his request. "If you will come with me, Mr. Leighton," she said in a clear, distinct voice, "I will show you a beautiful view of the sea from the other side of the gardens."

There was not the least doubt in Leighton's mind as to the object with which the princess thus walked away with him; but his sense of satisfaction was not lessened at all by that knowledge. He had not desired to offend her, but so that he roused her interest and commanded her attention he was indifferent whether he offended her or not. He had gained his end, withdrawn her, at least for the moment, from Prince Maximilian, and asserted his own dominating quality in a manner which was always agreeable to him.

But he was not prepared for quite so much haughtiness as that with which she turned to him when they were at a sufficient distance from the group behind to make speech safe.

"Is it a Central American fashion, monsieur, to force from one's hostess an undue share of attention by insinuations which are presumptuous in the extreme?" she asked with an uplifting of her graceful head on its slender neck and a perceptible heightening of her already heightened color, which rendered her to the eyes of the man she addressed most perilously beautiful.

"So far from that," he answered quietly, and without the least attempt to deprecate her anger, "it is a fashion peculiar to myself and born of the necessity of the moment. By what other means could one so insignificant as I hope to obtain any of your attention when it was claimed by a royal prince?"

"I had given you all the attention which any guest has a right to expect from the courtesy of a hostess," she answered; "as much as if a fact of which you do not seem aware did not exist—the fact that a guest of royal rank is entitled to special deference, according to the rules of an etiquette of which no one is ignorant except——"

"Barbarians from beyond the seas," he said with unmoved composure as she paused. "I am afraid that I cannot even plead ignorance of those rules. Nor can I deny that you had given me all the attention to which I was entitled. But if you do not know that the heart of man is desperately grasping, I must tell you that it is so, and that no more grasping heart than mine can possibly exist. I felt that I must risk everything—even the possibility that you might never speak to me again—to enjoy the triumph of withdrawing you altogether, were it only for five minutes, from that prince, to force your attention to concentrate upon myself, and to share with no one else the tones of your voice and the glances of your eye. I have succeeded, and I am glad—although I regret deeply to have incurred your anger."

"You regret nothing of the kind," said she, looking at him now with less anger and more surprise. "You are only triumphant at having carried your point. What a passion for asserting yourself and exercising power over others you must possess!"

"Very great," he agreed coolly. "But I must not allow you to credit this act to that passion alone. Do you think that I should have cared sufficiently for the society of any other woman in that group—let me be exact and say any other woman in the world—to have desired to draw her away in this manner? Believe me, no. I have no desire to exercise power for the mere sake of exercising it. But to gain some end on which I have set my heart I hesitate at nothing. It is only fair to tell you this, because I must also tell you that I have set my heart on winning your favor."

"You are indeed frank," said the princess, "and you have chosen a most admirable way of inducing me to dispense with the pleasure

of your further acquaintance. I perceive clearly that you practise an unconventionality too bold to suit a society where certain forms of civilization are still in force. We will now return."

She turned as she spoke, but before she had taken a step in the direction of the guests whom she had left Leighton's voice arrested her.

"Princess Nadine," he said gravely, "if I practise an unconventionality too bold to suit your society,—and in a measure I grant that this is true,—how is it with yourself? Suffer me to remind you that in lineage you do not altogether belong to this society, that on one side your blood is derived from an ancestor as little versed in conventionalities, and as little likely to have been ruled by them, as myself. Does not that blood stir in your veins at all? Do you never feel prisoned in this gilded world, with its pursuit of trifles, its small ambitions, its vapid amusements, and long to spread your wings for a world where great things are struggled for, great interests felt, great ends achieved? Your carnival battle of flowers was a type of the struggles and interests of the world in which you live, but——"

"No," said the princess almost passionately, carried out of herself by the protest which his words aroused. "You talk of what you do not understand. In this world, beneath its trifles, its amusements, its battles, of flowers if you will, there are great ambitions stirring and great ends to be gained." She threw her head back proudly, her luminous eyes were almost black beneath their bent brows as she gazed at him. "What end has human ambition ever proposed to itself greater than a throne?" she demanded.

He understood the vibration in her voice as well as the question itself, and understood also how well he had judged her in making the appeal which had drawn forth this self-betrayal.

"A real throne," he replied, "a throne on which men sat when they ruled, not when they were mere playthings of the popular will, human ambition has indeed never had a higher prize offered to it than that, nor one better worth striving for. But do not fancy that Prince Maximilian of Altenberg will ever gain or hold such a throne. He is no leader, no ruler of men; he is but the tool of intriguers and diplomatists, and instead of daring for himself, he moves only according to their dictation and as they pull the strings. The crown which he offers you, Princess Nadine, would prove, should he ever be able to give it, so poor, so frail, so insecure a thing, that it is no more worthy of your acceptance than the heart which is supposed to accompany it."

"Your audacity—your insolence," said the princess, now pale with anger, "are beyond belief! We will not continue this discussion an instant longer, and after to-day——"

Leighton had not the least doubt what sentence was coming,—exclusion from the list of those privileged to approach her,—when an

interruption occurred which cut short her words. Emerging from the green shadow of a side-path, a blond, boyish-looking young man so suddenly appeared before them that Princess Nadine started violently as she exclaimed:

“Alexis! Where do you come from? and what are you doing here?”

CHAPTER IV.

“WHERE do I come from?” repeated the young man, as, advancing, he took her hand with graceful familiarity and kissed it. “What does that matter?—Paris, Russia, anywhere you choose. But what I am doing here—the answer to that is very plain. I am here to see you, Nadine *dushka*.”

“But need you rush upon me without warning like this?” asked she. Then, remembering the stranger standing by, she turned and said coldly, “My cousin, Count Alexis Zorikoff, Mr. Leighton.”

The new-comer bestowed a careless glance upon Leighton as he acknowledged the introduction, and then went on, addressing his cousin:

“I am sorry to seem rude, but I have matters of great importance of which to speak. Can you not give me a few minutes alone. Mr. —this gentleman—will no doubt excuse you, and the remainder of your guests can for a while take care of themselves.”

“I am not sure of that,” said she, hesitating. “Prince Maximilian of Altenberg is here——.”

“Oh, Prince Maximilian!” cried the young Russian, lifting his shoulders with a gesture of depreciation which enlisted for him Leighton’s friendship at once. “If it is only he who stands in the way—— Come, I can take no denial, I *must* speak to you at once. Your pardon, monsieur.”

He bowed to Leighton as he drew his cousin aside—she still half-protesting—into the path from which he had appeared, leaving the American standing alone where he and the princess had paused when the interruption occurred.

It had taken place so quickly that he was only now able to think how opportune it had been for him. Another moment and he would have had no alternative but to take his departure with what grace he could, his boldness having for once failed, banished definitely from Princess Nadine’s presence and acquaintance. Instead, chance had interposed to save him; and so firm was his faith in his lucky star that he entertained no doubt that the words which had trembled on her lips would now never be spoken.

He hesitated whether or not to remain where he was until the interview with her cousin was over. But his desire to offer some

apology for an audacity of speech which had indeed bordered upon insolence, and thus pave the way for future intercourse, finally determined him to remain. As he waited he could see—framed as a picture by an arch covered with roses—the figures of the two cousins standing together talking earnestly; and he felt a conviction that it was no ordinary cause which had brought Count Alexis so unexpectedly and in such hot haste. Suddenly Princess Nadine uttered a low cry—a cry wrung from her evidently by sharp consternation—and, turning quickly, hurried back towards the spot where Leighton stood.

For an instant he fancied that she was coming to seek him; but as she advanced he perceived that she had forgotten his presence until she saw him standing before her. Then she paused abruptly, and he was able to observe that she was intensely pale and deeply agitated.

“Mr. Leighton!” she said with a slight gasp. “You are—still here!”

“I have ventured to remain,” he answered, “in order that I might have an opportunity to beg your pardon for the presumption which angered you. And I am glad for having done so if it enables me to be of service to you in any manner.”

“Of service to me!” she repeated. He felt that the idea flashed upon her like an inspiration. Yet she hesitated. “I have no possible claim upon your service,” she said, while her eyes spoke to his quickened perception of piteous need of help.

“You have every claim,” he replied: “the claim of your womanhood, the claim that I am your mother’s countryman, the claim of my interest—if you will allow me to say so—in yourself. Do not think,” he added, as she did not speak, but continued to gaze at him with the same unconscious appeal in her eyes, “that I, on my part, shall base any claim upon your accepting my service, if you will honor me so highly as to do so. Forget my presumption of a few minutes ago, and only see in me a man who has a right to say that he is a little more daring and resourceful than his fellows, and who places himself unreservedly at your command.”

She still hesitated a moment, and then, as if deciding, glanced around towards her cousin, who had now followed and approached her.

“Alexis,” she said, “here is one who may be able to help you in the danger which your folly has brought upon you. Mr. Leighton is an American, a man accustomed to deal with emergencies, and——”

The young Russian interrupted her with an impatient gesture. “Whatever Mr. Leighton may be, why should you trouble him with my affairs?” he asked. “And how could he possibly help me, even if I had any claim to demand his help? All that I ask of him is a certain convenience of memory in forgetting that he has seen me.”

"Of that you may be assured," said Leighton, addressing him directly. "But stop an instant and consider—may I not possibly do more? As Princess Nadine has said, I am a man accustomed to face emergencies and not easily daunted by danger. If you are in danger, it might be well to let me help you."

"There is no doubt," said the other with a light laugh, "that I am in danger, but unless you could manage to spirit me mysteriously away from Nice within the next few hours, I don't clearly see how it would be possible for you to help me."

"That is precisely what I can do. My yacht lies in the harbor, and it will give me pleasure to weigh anchor at once and take you wherever you wish to go."

The young count started and looked at his cousin. "*Ma foi!*" he said, changing from English (which he spoke with perfect purity) to French; "it seems the very thing. What shall I do?"

"Accept his offer," said she briefly, "but tell him first the exact nature of the danger in which you stand."

"It is not necessary," Leighton interposed. "In fact, I should prefer not to know. I have simply the honor to invite Count Zorikoff to be my guest on a yachting cruise, and he is kind enough to accept the invitation. There only remains to get ourselves on board as quickly as possible. Is there"—addressing the young man—"any good reason why you should not return with me to Nice at once?"

"Every reason," Count Alexis candidly replied. "When I arrived at the railway station an hour ago, I fully expected to be arrested before I could reach this villa. But, contrary to my expectation, the police were not yet on the lookout for me, so I hurried into a cab and drove here. To go back, however, would be to court arrest, for I knew before I left Paris that the order for my arrest had been issued on the request of the Russian authorities."

"And all because you have chosen to play with conspiracy as a child plays with fire!" cried Princess Nadine. "Oh, I have no patience with you—none! You deserve to be left to suffer, and yet——"

"It is not you, *dushkenka*, who will so leave me," said he caressingly. "But what is to be done? If I am to accept M. Leighton's kind offer, how shall I reach the yacht?"

"We can very easily arrange that," said Leighton. "After dark a boat can bring you off from the end of the garden yonder—if it is safe for you to remain at the villa until then."

"I shall not enter the villa," he replied. "I prefer that neither Mrs. Wentworth nor any of the household should know of my presence here. I was lucky in being able to make my entrance unobserved and in finding my cousin withdrawn from her guests,"—involuntarily the eyes of Leighton and Princess Nadine met,—"so I shall remain here in the garden, where places of concealment are

many, and where I can meet your boat at the landing-stage after dark."

"That is best," said Leighton. "Fortunately, the moon rises late to-night, so as soon as it is dark my boat will come for you. Now I will go and have all made ready for the departure of the yacht. Princess, I have the honor to bid you adieu."

He was about to bow himself away with these words, when the princess advanced a step and held out her hand. The color had returned to her cheeks, and her eyes were shining. It was borne upon him that she was too proud to fail in acknowledging a debt, which was, nevertheless, distasteful to her.

"You must let me thank you," she said, with the air of a queen. "You have placed me under great obligations, which I can never forget."

"So far from that," he answered, taking her extended hand and looking steadily into her eyes, "you are under no obligation to me whatever. If I thought so, I should be tempted not to do this thing, for what I hope—what I desire above all things—to win from you must be given freely, not bought. I am glad that fate allows me to serve you in this or any other way, but I repeat that I base no claim upon the service. I only ask that you will accept my thanks for the trust with which you have honored me, that you will rest tranquil, fearing no harm to your cousin while he is in my hands, and that you will forget the presumption which angered you——"

She made a quick gesture. "But for that presumption," she said, "I should not have this service, which you may underrate, but which I hold at such value that I beg you henceforth to count Nadine Zorikoff among your friends."

"Suffer me first to do something to win a privilege so great that there could be only one greater," he said in a low tone, as, bowing deeply, he hurried away.

It was with a feeling of exultation amounting to triumph that he hastened to the villa, made his adieux to Mrs. Wentworth, and, entering his waiting carriage, was driven back to Nice. Surely fortune had once more befriended him in a manner to surpass his boldest hopes—the fortune which, as he knew well, had attended him throughout the whole of his wonderful career. And yet if now, as often before, it was fortune which placed in his grasp an opportunity that no effort of his own could have secured, there was on his part the quickness to perceive and the energy to seize this opportunity, which a duller man would not have seen, and a slower man would have allowed to escape. He grasped it, as he had grasped a hundred others, with the determination to make the most of it and to count nothing impossible until its achievement had been attempted.

On his arrival in Nice orders were sent at once to the yacht to prepare for immediate departure. An hour later he was on board,

and as sunset was converting all the wide scene into a fairyland of enchanted color the Siren lifted her anchor and, like a great white bird, sailed away into the luminous world of sea and sky beyond the harbor.

CHAPTER V.

As Leighton had said, there was no moon to betray the Siren as she drew in again towards the land after darkness had fallen and, hovering off the rocky point where lay the gardens of the Zorikoff villa, sent her boat ashore. In the stern of this boat he was seated, with two sailors at the oars, and as they approached the landing-place at the foot of the gardens he perceived in the soft starlight two figures standing at the head of the steps which led down to the water.

His heart leaped, for he felt sure that one of them was Princess Nadine, and hardly had he stepped ashore before he was assured of this, for it was her voice which accosted him as he sprang up the steps.

"This is yourself, Mr. Leighton, is it not?" she asked, her silvery tones as quiet as if she had been receiving him at the door of her drawing-room.

"Myself, princess," he answered. "I could not think of trusting any one else to come. Your cousin is ready?"

"More than ready," answered that gentleman for himself; "exceedingly anxious to take advantage of your kind hospitality, monsieur. The minutes have seemed hours to me while I have been waiting your arrival."

"It is unnecessary to wait even one minute longer," Leighton replied. "Have you any luggage?"

"None, I regret to say. I left Paris at a moment's warning, and dared not even return to my lodgings for fear of arrest."

"You will allow me, then, to provide for your wants for the present, and in that case there is nothing to detain us."

"Nothing; so adieu, Nadine *dushka*, and remember what I have told you."

"I will remember," replied Princess Nadine, as she gave her cheek to his kiss. "Adieu, Alexis, and for Heaven's sake run no risks which might involve this gentleman who has so kindly aided you."

"Fear nothing for me, princess," said Leighton quietly. "I never allow myself to be involved in an unnecessary risk, and I never avoid one which is necessary. Trust me, and believe that your cousin is safe with me."

"For his safety I trust you fully," she answered, "and I only regret the necessity for accepting a service so great and so full of inconvenience if not danger for yourself."

"There is no possible danger in it for me," he replied, "and no inconvenience. I have too long accustomed myself to action at a moment's notice. I do not wish to magnify the service which I am fortunate enough to be able to render you by professing to find it other than the pleasure it is."

Even in the starlight he saw that she drew back a little, and her voice had a shade of coldness in it as she said:

"Nothing can change the fact of the deep obligation under which you have laid me, and which I must again beg you to believe I appreciate at its full value."

"I can only hope," he returned in a low tone, "that you indeed appreciate it at its just value—in other words, that you know how happy I am made by possessing the power to serve you. For the rest, let your mind be at ease. Your cousin is not only safe so long as he is with me, but I will endeavor to insure his further safety before I part with him. He will communicate with you as soon as possible. And now I have the honor to bid you adieu."

He lifted his hat and, giving her no time for further reply, ran quickly down the marble steps and sprang into the boat, where Count Alexis was already seated. Quickly pushing off, they rowed away, leaving Princess Nadine still standing, a slender, motionless figure, at the head of the landing steps, until point and figure alike vanished in the obscurity of the night.

Very few words passed between Leighton and the unknown quantity whom he called his guest until they were on board the yacht; then, descending into a luxuriously fitted and brilliantly lighted cabin, they looked at each other with a mutual impulse of curiosity.

Now, as in the afternoon, Leighton was struck with the boyish aspect of the young Russian, although subtly mingled with boyishness was the air and manner of a man of the world. Typically Russian of the higher class,—tall, fair, blond,—with the appearance and manners of the highest distinction, although now and then youthful as his looks, he was altogether a very attractive creature to the man of stress and action.

He was the first to speak, after each had silently measured the other with those involuntary glances.

"I am wondering, Mr. Leighton," he said in his singularly pure English, "how I can possibly express to you my sense of the great service you are rendering me."

Leighton made the gesture of one who puts a subject aside. "Let me beg," he said, "that you will make no effort to express it. I assure you that I am speaking no more than the simple truth when I say that to render this service is a great pleasure to me. I am a man accustomed to action, but condemned just now to idleness, and anything which gives me an excuse for action is welcome. I was beginning to find Nice a little tiresome, even with the excitement

of visits to Monte Carlo to enliven it, and was thinking of taking a cruise, when you have been kind enough to give me at once a motive for doing so and a companion. Consider me, therefore, the obliged party, and let us say no more of it. Now allow me to inquire if you have dined?"

"*Ma foi*, no," answered the other, smiling. "As I told you when we parted this afternoon, I did not wish to enter the villa, and although my cousin spirited out to me a few sandwiches and a bottle of wine, I can by no means affirm that I have dined."

Leighton touched a bell, and when a servant presented himself said, "Show Count Zorikoff to his room, and then let dinner be served immediately."

A quarter of an hour later they were sitting together at a perfectly appointed dinner, to which Count Zorikoff did as much justice as if no escape lay behind him and no dangers before. In fact, his appetite and his spirits were alike so excellent that Leighton was unable to conceal a little surprise, especially at the last.

"I am glad to perceive that you are able to take your situation so cheerfully," he said when the servant who attended them had removed the last course from the table and they were alone with their wine and cigars. "I hope I may judge from this that it is not so serious as I feared."

The young count shrugged his shoulders a little. "I cannot flatter myself that it is not very serious," he replied, "but there is nothing that I am aware of to be gained by sighing even over the worst situation. Mine may or may not be quite hopeless. If it is the last, there nevertheless remains an obligation not to repay your hospitality by proving a duller companion than need be."

"When we met this afternoon," said Leighton, after a moment's pause, "you offered to tell me the circumstances which have placed you in this position. I declined to hear them then, because it did not in the least matter to me what they were when it was merely a question of offering you my hospitality. But now, if you are still inclined to give me some further details of the matter, I shall be glad to hear them. It may be possible that I can assist you more substantially than by merely removing you from Nice."

"I fear that is hardly possible," the other replied, "but I shall be happy to tell you my story. I suppose you have guessed that my difficulties arise from my having foolishly taken part in some of the various plots for improving the government of Russia?"

"I drew that conclusion from what your cousin said," Leighton replied.

"Ah, she has not much sympathy with liberal aspirations, my Cousin Nadine," said the young count with a laugh. "She is more autocratic in her ideas than the emperor himself."

"But she is surely right in your case," said Leighton. "What have *you* to gain by revolutionary plots?"

"The good of the greater number, *mon cher*," replied the other; "the relief of the oppressed, the prosperity of Russia, and, incidentally, the excitement of conspiracy, which is perhaps the only real excitement to be found, and therefore not to be despised in a world where dulness abounds."

"In short," said Leighton, "Princess Nadine was right—you have 'played with conspiracy as a child plays with fire;' and the consequences are very much the same."

"Very much indeed," the other calmly agreed. "They promise certainly to be quite unpleasant. It is more than probable that I shall have to ask you to land me at some English port, and shall then have no alternative but to proceed to London and cast my lot with the conspirators who live there and provide a *raison d'être* for the Continental police."

It was impossible for Leighton to refrain from smiling as he looked at the speaker. This silken young aristocrat, with his boyish grace and air of finding all life a holiday, was so little the material of which conspirators are made that the whole situation would have seemed a comedy but for the grim consequences likely to result from it.

"Before deciding to cast your lot irrevocably with the forces of conspiracy in London or elsewhere, suppose you tell me what you have done," he suggested.

"With much pleasure," the other replied. "You must understand, then, that I have always been liberal in my political theories, and when I came in contact not long ago with some men who are devoting their lives to a propaganda which has for its end the putting these theories into practice, I found a new and fascinating interest in their association. You are perhaps aware that there is nothing to which the Russian nature is more subject than a boundless *ennui*, the more when fortune has put within one's reach all the pleasures and amusements of life. This is why so many of us are passionately devoted to play, the higher the better, because that alone offers an excitement which does not readily pall."

"And you mean that the same reason explains why so many Russians, even of the higher class, become conspirators, since conspiracy is a game where, life and liberty being the stakes, the interest roused is proportionately great."

Count Zorikoff smiled, as one who acknowledges a fact. "It is," he said, "a partial explanation at least. You must remember that we are also a people very prone to ideals and capable of making great sacrifices for their realization. This is why so many who, like myself, have little or nothing personally to gain by revolution desire ardently to change the existing state of things, and become what you call conspirators in consequence. But you must recollect that what is sufficient to constitute a conspirator in Russia would only render one a very moderate member of—say the Left Centre in

any other European country. For we are not all Anarchists by any means. Many of us—myself, for example—only want such degree of reform as would give us a parliament, a ministry responsible to the parliament, and a better administration of justice in the courts.”

It was now Leighton’s turn to shrug his shoulders. “Might you not,” he said, “as well plot for anarchy—in Russia? Unless I am mistaken, the government classes you all together, moderates and extremists alike. Is it not so?”

The other nodded. “You are right,” he said. “The government makes no distinction in its unrelenting persecution of all who advocate liberal ideas in any form. Many men are in Siberia now for views less extreme than those I have held and advocated.”

“And yet you have incurred such a danger, you who have so little to gain by it.”

“Every man,” said the young Russian gravely, “has much to gain by living under a free government. But even granting that I have nothing personally to gain, do you think I can be indifferent to the sufferings of these men of whom I have spoken, and to those of many others in different degrees?”

“But instead of helping them, you have only placed yourself in great danger, and probably exiled yourself hopelessly from the country where your interests all lie. I admire your idealism, but I cannot respect your judgment. Tell me, had I not taken you away from Nice, what lay before you?”

“One of two things: an escape by some other means before my whereabouts were discovered by the police, or arrest, return to Russia, and incarceration in some fortress there, with other unpleasant consequences in the future.”

“And now one other question, if you will pardon my inquisitiveness. Why did you pause at Nice instead of leaving French territory at once, since you knew the danger in which you stood?”

Count Zorikoff hesitated a moment before answering. There was evidently something in the question which caused him embarrassment, and Leighton had time enough to wonder if possibly he was in love with Princess Nadine before he spoke. Then, lifting his eyes from a cigarette which he had been slowly rolling, he said quietly:

“I stopped in Nice because I had some papers in my possession which I had not been able to dispose of before leaving Paris. It was essential that I should put them in a place of safety.”

“Why did you not destroy them?”

“They had been entrusted to me, and were too important to be destroyed, except as a last resort.”

“And have you them still with you?”

“No,”—he spoke reluctantly,—“I left them with my cousin.”

“With your cousin!” Leighton stared at him with mingled astonishment and consternation. “Is it possible that you have placed

Princess Nadine in such danger as the possession of those papers entails?"

"She insisted upon taking them, and for her there is no danger. No one could suspect her of being engaged in any plot against the government."

"Many Russian women have been engaged in such plots."

"Not women like Nadine. Not only is her rank high, but her sympathies are intensely aristocratic—perhaps" (with a smile) "because of her American blood. At all events, she is one whom no suspicion could touch."

"I must disagree with you," said Leighton. "If I have not been misinformed, no one in Russia is too high in rank for suspicion to touch him or her. And since you are not only suspected but known to be involved in such plots, what more natural than that suspicion should attach to Princess Nadine, especially if your visit to her and flight from her house are known? You have been guilty of inexcusable rashness in leaving those papers with her."

The young Russian looked for a moment as if he might resent this plain speaking; but, probably remembering how much he owed to the speaker, he restrained his impulse and answered with only slight hauteur of tone:

"I have not been so rash as you think. I directed her to destroy the papers if there was the least danger of their discovery, and I am sure that she will have no hesitation in doing so."

"I hope that she will destroy them at once, as you should have done," said Leighton sternly. "If they are discovered she will certainly be compromised."

"I am confident that there is not the least danger of the kind," replied Count Zorikoff; "but if it were so," and a momentary gleam of laughter shone in his eyes, "it would have one good effect: Prince Maximilian would withdraw his pretensions to her hand."

Leighton started, and his own eyes gave a flash as he looked at the count. Something electrical, like an intuition of sympathy, passed between them and made him say,—

"So you do not favor the pretensions of Prince Maximilian?"

"No," was the quick reply. "My cousin is worthy of a better fate than to be one of the tools with which an intriguer works his way to a throne which he will occupy, if he occupies it at all, only as a creature to do the bidding of others."

"And yet Princess Nadine would wear a crown becomingly," said Leighton, smiling.

"If it were a real crown, no one could wear it better," said the other with evidently sincere enthusiasm. "But a crown such as Prince Maximilian would place on her brow would not be worthy of her acceptance. Only to-night I told her so."

"She has then heard the truth twice to-day," said Leighton, "for just before your arrival this afternoon I also had the presumption to tell her so."

"You!" exclaimed Count Alexis with surprise. "You are then an old friend of my cousin's?"

"By no means. My acquaintance with her dates only from yesterday."

"And yet——"

"And yet I ventured to speak to her on such a subject? Yes, because to do so was my only hope of rousing her attention on my own behalf."

The young man stared still more. "I beg your pardon," he said after a moment, "but do I understand you to mean——"

"That although I have no crown to offer Princess Nadine, I have entered the lists for her favor against Prince Maximilian."

Count Zorikoff shook his head with a significant gesture.

"You do not think it possible for me to succeed?" Leighton asked calmly.

"If I speak honestly," was the reply, "I must say that I do not. I know my cousin, you see."

"Perhaps not so well as you think. She has a strain of blood of which you know little, and which is too vigorous not to assert itself."

"Granted. But will it assert itself as you desire? The vigor and ambition which your American women, daughters and grand-daughters of self-made men, have inherited makes them eager to win and capable of holding aristocratic rank in Europe. But it has never induced one, nor the descendant of one, to turn back to the order of life from which she came. And among them all there is not one less likely to do so than my cousin, Princess Nadine. Look at her, and judge for yourself whether America holds anything to tempt such a woman."

"Perhaps not," said Leighton, smiling inscrutably. "We shall see. It remains to be proved whether you know your cousin best after the acquaintance of a lifetime, or I after the acquaintance of two days."

Count Alexis also smiled, but his smile was one of pity.

"When you have known my cousin not for two but for many days," he said, "you will then begin to acknowledge that you do not know her at all."

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER sleeping as soundly as if no such thing as conspiracy, exile, or danger existed, Count Zorikoff was wakened the next morning by a knock at his door, followed by the entrance of Leighton.

"Pardon my disturbing you," said the latter as he came forward,

"but I have been thinking all night of those papers, and I am absolutely sure that they should not be left a day longer in the possession of Princess Nadine. I have therefore ordered the yacht put into the nearest Italian port, where I shall land and return immediately to Nice."

"You are returning immediately to Nice?" the young Russian repeated, raising himself on his elbow. "And then—what is it that you propose to do?"

"To take from Princess Nadine the papers which should never have been left with her."

"You forget that those papers are of the utmost importance," said Count Zorikoff gravely, "and you know my cousin very little if you suppose that she will surrender them to you without an authorization from me."

Leighton regarded him steadily. "But that authorization you will give me," he said.

There was an instant's silence. Then: "I cannot do so until I am assured exactly what disposition you will make of them," the other replied.

The dark eyes of the American flashed. "Briefly," he said, "you doubt me?"

"Doubt you—no," Count Zorikoff replied with the same gravity; "but I should be unworthy of the safety which, thanks to you, I enjoy at present if I could be careless of the safety of men who would be hopelessly lost were those papers to fall into the hands of the Russian government. They are of much more importance than my life, and if necessary I will myself return to Nice for them."

"That would be madness, since you are subject to arrest as soon as you set foot on French soil. If you are not willing to trust the papers to me, give me a letter directing your cousin to destroy them. That will satisfy me, and should also satisfy you."

"I have no right to do that. They are only to be destroyed as a last resort."

"But they must be taken without delay out of the hands of the princess."

"Why should they be taken out of her hands, so long as they are safe and she is unsuspected?"

"How can you answer for the fact that she is unsuspected? It is certain that she will not be so long if your visit to her and departure from her house are known. Let us speak plainly. The lives and liberty of all the conspirators in Russia are not worth the risk you have induced her to undertake—she who is guiltless of all participation in conspiracy. I therefore insist that you write a letter telling her to give those papers to me, or else——"

"What?" asked the other calmly, as he paused.

It was difficult for Leighton to conclude his sentence. What he longed to say was, "Or else I will take you back to Nice and hand

you over to the police." But to make a threat impossible of execution was not to be thought of by a man who never failed to fulfil exactly every word that he uttered, especially if those words happened to be of the nature of threats. And such a threat as this would be impossible of execution he knew well, since it was as much out of the question for him to violate the hospitality he had offered and the good faith he had pledged as to lose all that he had gained with Princess Nadine by the rescue of her cousin. So he was forced to conclude his speech in a manner by no means to his taste.

"I shall leave you," he said sternly, "with the contempt which a man deserves who throws upon another—and that other a woman—the consequences of his own rash folly. If you still refuse to authorize me to obtain those papers from your cousin, I shall go and see if I cannot obtain them without that authorization; and in any steps which I may find it necessary to take in order to attain that end, you may be sure that I shall have no consideration for yourself and your associates."

"In other words, you would hand us over without hesitation to the tender mercies of the Third Section," said Count Alexis, smiling. "And you would be quite right if such a step were necessary for the safety of my cousin; but since it is not necessary, and since, besides, it would not serve the faintest purpose, I have no fear of your doing so. You wrong me if you think I am careless of the risk involved in the custody of those papers. I have already arranged in my mind a plan by which Nadine can be relieved of them. I have determined to telegraph to a man in Paris to go at once and obtain them——"

"Pardon me—how will you telegraph that to him?"

"In cipher, of course."

"There is always the danger of your cipher being read by the police. And, moreover, you must see that no one of your associates should be allowed to come into contact with Princess Nadine, and thus possibly arouse suspicion with regard to her."

"No suspicion could arise from the visit of the man to whom I allude. His connection with the revolutionary party is absolutely unsuspected."

"So you would have said of yourself a few days ago. No, we can run no risks where Princess Nadine is concerned. Amend your plan, therefore. Telegraph this man to meet *me* in Nice. Then give me the authorization for which I have asked to obtain the papers from your cousin. If you refuse, it can only mean that you distrust my good faith——"

"There is but one answer possible to that," said the young count, throwing off the covering of his bed and rising. "I will write the letter requesting my cousin to deliver the papers to you at once; and I will also write a despatch to the man in Paris of whom I spoke, which you will kindly send as soon as you go ashore. Both will be ready in a few minutes."

"In a quarter of an hour I will return for them," said Leighton, leaving the cabin.

Half an hour later the yacht was lying off one of the small bays which line the enchanted shore of Italy, with a white town shining in the sunlight before it, and vine-draped hills rising in the background. A boat had been lowered, and the sailors were resting on their oars waiting for Leighton, who was shaking hands with Count Zorikoff on the deck above.

"I beg," he was saying, "that you will use the yacht as if it were your own until you have decided upon your destination. When you have landed the captain will communicate with me by wire."

"But meanwhile I shall wish to know what you have done," said the young Russian. "We will therefore cruise about to-day and put into Genoa to-morrow, where I will expect to receive a message from you."

"But your friend from Paris cannot reach Nice by to-morrow."

"No, but you can telegraph if you have the papers safely in your possession, for you have infected me with your alarm about my cousin."

"I am glad to have succeeded in doing so," responded Leighton dryly. "Trust me, the papers will not remain long in Princess Nadine's possession after I reach Nice. And now good-by."

"Adieu, and may success attend you."

"Success," replied the man of adventure and action calmly as he stepped into the waiting boat, "always attends me, for I always provide that it shall do so."

A gleam of boyish malice came into Count Alexis' eyes. He leaned over the deck railing and looked down at the other, who seated himself in the stern of the boat and took the rudder cords in his hands.

"I shall be interested to hear how much success attends you in your contest with Prince Maximilian," he said.

Leighton turned his face upward. There was a look on it which could have been interpreted readily by certain people in Central America who had known what it was to come into contact with his unbending will, his unfailing resources, and to go down before them.

"There is nothing," he replied, "which could possibly give me less anxiety than the question whether I should succeed in any contest I might enter upon with *Prince Maximilian*. But the favor of a woman no man can gain by either effort or desert. That is like the grace of God, a free gift. One can only be sure of one thing, that it becomes a man to leave nothing undone to win it, if it may be won. Now, give way, boys."

The men bent to their oars, the boat darted over the blue, sparkling water, and Count Alexis, yielding to an impulse, raised and waved his cap towards it.

"Take my best wishes," he cried.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the afternoon of the same day Leighton was again driving out from Nice towards the Zorikoff villa. As he passed rapidly over the beautiful Comiche road, he had a sense of almost incredulous wonder at the thought that it was only twenty-four hours since he had passed along this way before, a stranger to the life and affairs of the woman who had indeed already captivated his fancy, but towards whom he had not apparently the faintest chance of ever drawing nearer. Yet now Fortune had so far favored him, and he, according to his wont, had so used Fortune's opportunity that he was on his way to her with a certainty of attention and interest which could not have been greater had the intimacy of a lifetime, instead of the acquaintance of forty-eight hours, been behind it.

Yet he did not for a moment deceive himself regarding the nature of this interest. Because he had been able at a moment of emergency to offer a refuge of safety to her cousin he had acquired importance in the eyes of Princess Nadine, but it was an importance so accidental, so brief, that he would have considered it valueless save for the fact that it afforded him a vantage-ground from which he might hope to direct her attention to himself, the man Leighton, and not merely to the rescuer of Count Alexis Zorikoff. He was not blind to the apparent hopelessness of doing this; but the confidence born of his life of success stood him in good stead. He could not believe in the possibility of failure, because he had never failed; and now, as ever, doubt and difficulty, instead of discouraging, only stimulated him to effort.

The gorgeously attired servant who received his card at the door of the villa regarded it with an air of aloofness, and ventured to express a discouraging doubt whether Princess Nadine was at home.

"Take that card to the princess," said Leighton quietly. "If she is in the house she will see me."

His tone compelled immediate obedience, and he was shown across a spacious hall set with tall palms into a small apartment, evidently intended for the reception of visitors whose social footing was not entirely defined, at least in the mind of the major-domo. Here he waited but a few minutes before Princess Nadine entered hastily and with a startled expression of countenance.

"What does this mean, Mr. Leighton?" she asked, advancing quickly. "I did not expect to see you in Nice again so soon. My cousin——"

"Is safe," he said, as she paused. "You need not have the faintest fear regarding him. He is at this moment on the Siren, and has only to direct her course to whatever port he chooses. I left the yacht this morning at Bordighera."

She drew a deep breath. "Ah, what a relief!" she murmured. "I feared the worst when I saw your name."

"And yet I told you that I made myself responsible for his safety," Leighton replied. "If you knew me better, you would have had no fear."

Her gaze dwelt on him for an instant with singular intentness, and for the first time it struck her that his was a face to inspire such confidence as that of which he spoke; that, whether one liked it or not, one could not doubt or mistake the power which it expressed to execute without fear of failure whatever task he undertook.

"But you have left the yacht," she said, as if in excuse.

"Because my presence on it was no longer necessary, whereas my presence here seemed very necessary. Princess, we cannot waste time. I bring you a letter from your cousin, which will tell you why I have returned to Nice."

He gave her the letter as he spoke, and with a murmured word she tore it open, sinking into a chair as she did so. He also sat down and watched her face as she read, but there was no change of expression perceptible until she lifted her eyes. Then he saw a look with which he was familiar in other eyes—the look of one who stands on guard.

"No doubt you know what this letter contains," she said. "You know that my cousin directs me to give you a package of papers which he entrusted to me."

Leighton bowed. "It is for that I am here," he answered simply. "After his departure your cousin was roused to a sense of what he had done in leaving those papers with you, and as the quickest way of repairing the mistake and relieving you of a dangerous trust it was agreed between us that I should come for them."

There followed a moment's silence, and in that moment Leighton said to himself that he had never seen eyes better able to read a man's inmost soul than those of the Princess Nadine.

"I know my cousin so well," she said presently, "that I find it a little surprising that he should have waked to the knowledge of which you speak. I therefore think that some influence—presumably your own—must have quickened his perceptions. No, Mr. Leighton," with a sudden peremptory change of tone, "do not attempt to deny that this letter is your work. Alexis, left to himself, would never have thought of it. Nothing can be more certain than that."

"Count Zorikoff is young and reckless," Leighton observed calmly. "It is therefore possible that he might not have thought of the grave danger to which he had exposed you if I had not directed his attention to it. But his perception once roused, he was, I assure you, prompt to act."

"Or *you* were prompt to act," said Princess Nadine. "Again let me remind you that I know my cousin very well. But while I appreciate your thoughtfulness on my behalf, I cannot think that there is any real necessity for transferring these papers to you. No one is

less likely to be suspected of any connection with conspirators or revolutionists than myself."

"That was your cousin's excuse for leaving the papers with you," said Leighton. "But I pointed out some facts to him which cannot but be equally plain to you. In the first place, he seems to have no reason to doubt that his connection with certain revolutionary societies is known to the authorities, and hence his abrupt departure from Paris, by which he avoided arrest. Now, his escape must by this time be discovered, and it will be exceedingly easy to trace him not only to Nice but to this house. Here he disappears. What follows then, in the second place? Why, undoubtedly, suspicion of *you*, Princess Nadine."

Princess Nadine threw back her graceful head haughtily. "I do not believe it," she said. "My sentiments, my loyalty, are too well known."

"Allow me to remind you that you have, in the eyes of the police, not only received and sheltered your cousin, but arranged his escape. There is, then, sufficient reason to suspect you of having his papers in your possession, and if those papers are so found, do I need to tell you that no expression of loyal sentiment would save you from very serious results?"

"They will not be found," said she confidently. "Even if you are right, and stupid suspicion could go so far as to doubt me, and to search for them——"

"Pardon, princess, but would the suspicion be very stupid which, guessing you to have those papers, searched for them here?"

She could not refrain from a smile. "Perhaps not," she admitted. "But, stupid or otherwise, if such a search should be made—which I believe incredible—the papers would not be found. Of that I assure you."

"Have you destroyed them?" he asked with a great sense of relief.

She made a negative gesture. "No," she replied. "I should not feel at liberty to do that."

"Then you cannot possibly be sure that they would not be found. I must beg you, therefore, to bring them at once to me. Do not delay. There is no time to be lost."

His voice was urgent, even peremptory, but instead of making any movement to comply with his request, Princess Nadine remained motionless, while her clear glance still dwelt on his face, as if she were studying something altogether new and strange to her experience.

The absolute disregard of her manner would have been extremely disconcerting to another man, but it only served to sting Leighton into stronger self-assertion. What he felt at this moment was not so much that he must have the papers, as that he must impose his will upon this woman. He leaned forward and unconsciously

frowned a little. His voice sank to a lower key—a key of great apparent gentleness, but which few people had ever failed to obey.

“There is no time to be lost,” he repeated. “Bring me the papers immediately.”

But still Princess Nadine did not stir, nor did her gaze waver from his. But she smiled slightly.

“I appreciate deeply your solicitude on my behalf,” she said quietly; “but please understand, once for all, that I do not recognize any necessity for it, and that I have no intention of giving you those papers.”

Leighton gazed at her for a moment, incredulous, almost uncomprehending. “You have no intention of giving them to me?” he said. “But have I not explained to you why you must do so? Have you not understood?”

“Perfectly, I think,” she replied with the same composure. “I understand all that you have explained—and more.” Her eyes and her voice seemed suddenly to gather deeper meaning. “I understand everything, Mr. Leighton,” she said imperatively, “and I shall not give those papers up, except to my cousin or to some one with an undoubted right to them.”

He pointed to the letter in her hand. “Does not that give me a right to them?”

She hesitated a moment, then answered firmly: “No, for I am constrained to remember the circumstances under which my cousin wrote this letter. He was not only on your yacht, indebted to you for rescue and hospitality, but you had also excited his fears for my safety. This being the case, what could he do but yield to your suggestion, for I am sure that the arrangement made in this letter was at your suggestion——”

Her pause was sufficiently interrogative for him to feel bound to say, “It was at my suggestion, because I saw the danger in which his rashness had placed you.”

“And I repeat again that I appreciate your solicitude,” she replied with an indefinable accent of pride which conveyed to him a very clear intimation that she rather resented it; “but since I do not recognize any need for it, I cannot comply with my cousin’s request, which is in point of fact *your* request, to give up the papers he entrusted to me.”

“In other words,” said Leighton, gripping hard the arm of the chair in which he sat, an outward sign of the inward force he was compelled to exert in order to retain his composure, “you wish me to understand that you do not trust me.”

“So far from wishing you to understand anything of the kind,” she replied, “I should be glad if you would read my decision differently.”

He made a quick, almost fierce gesture. “Let us have done with phrases and come to realities,” he said. “It is possible you would

prefer that I should be obtuse enough not to understand. I acquit you of a deliberate intention to insult me, but the fact is that you will not give those papers to me because you fear that I might use them to betray your cousin."

"No," she cried quickly. "I could not think such a thing as that. But there are many besides him whose lives and fortunes are at stake, and how can I tell by what carelessness the papers might fall into hands that would betray them all?"

"You would have no such fear if you trusted me," he said. "Nor do I think it is that fear which restrains you. I read your thoughts as clearly as if you spoke them, and they are these: 'Here is a man who has had the presumption to conceive a passion for me——'"

The princess made a proud, indignant motion of denial, but he went on without heeding her:

"He has already placed me under an obligation which is distasteful to me, and he now wishes to obtain possession of papers so compromising, so dangerous, that he can hold them over me as a threat if I refuse what he desires. I will not put this power in his hands. I will rather risk the danger of the Russian police.' *That*, Princess Nadine, is what you are saying to yourself. You cannot deny it."

The princess rose haughtily to her feet. "I have no intention of denying it," she said. "And the fact that you have so clearly divined what I feel proves that there is reason for my feeling it. Since you insist upon knowing the truth in all its apparent brutality, take it: your presumption is so great that I do *not* trust you."

There was a moment's pause. When she rose, Leighton had risen also, and they now faced each other like two duellists, with tense frames and eyes that flashed like swords. But the man whose whole life had been one long battle still preserved his self-control in this strange conflict.

"I owe you thanks for that truth," he said, with a dignity which even at this moment compelled her admiration. "When it is necessary for two human souls to know each other, whatever tends to strip away pretence and disguise is welcome. So much is gained, then, when you acknowledge that you fear to trust me because you know that I love you."

"I acknowledge nothing of the kind," cried the princess with passionate emphasis. "I spoke of presumption; I said nothing of love."

"And what is the presumption but the love? You are so convinced of the existence of this that you are afraid I will use the power given me by possession of these papers to urge my suit upon you. And I—how can I convince you of the great injustice you do me? If I recognize no great presumption in my love for you——"

"But it is presumption!" interposed the princess more proudly and passionately than ever.

"I would none the less scorn to owe anything to any service which I had been so happy as to be able to render you. I have indeed welcomed the opportunity to serve you, but only because it opened a way by which I could approach you, and through which I hoped you might learn to love me."

"I have no desire to know you," said the princess, her voice trembling with anger. "You have forced yourself upon me with an incredible insolence, and I detest the obligation under which you have laid me. I could not refuse your help for my cousin—I was forced to accept that, bitter as it was to me. But I utterly refuse your aid for myself. You are not a man to whom I choose to owe anything. If the police were at the door, I would say the same thing. I will not trust you with those papers."

Again their glances met like sword-blades, and there was a moment's pause. Then:

"This is your last word?" Leighton asked, still with great effort preserving his calmness.

"This is my last word."

"Then I must go and find a means to aid you in spite of yourself. I have the honor to bid you good-day, princess."

CHAPTER VIII.

LEIGHTON left the Villa Zorikoff with the same composure of appearance and manner which he had preserved throughout the interview just ended. But it was a composure altogether external. A mist was before his eyes and a noise as of many waters in his ears as he strode across the marble-paved, palm-set hall and went out to his carriage. He gave, no doubt, some order to his coachman, for when he presently observed his surroundings he found himself far on the road to Nice and being driven at a tremendous pace; but from the time he left the presence of Princess Nadine he had been conscious of only two things, one an intense sense of resentment, as of misjudgment and insult, the other an equally intense desire to bend and overmaster the woman who had so scornfully refused him trust.

When he regained his ordinary self-control, however, it was to become conscious of the fact that her refusal placed him in a position of great difficulty, if not of complete powerlessness. To compel her to resign the papers was clearly impossible, and to one less fertile in expedients it would have appeared also impossible to provide by any other means against the danger which undoubtedly lay for her

in their possession. But Leighton was so well aware of his own power of resource, tried and tested as it had been at many a critical moment, that he felt no doubt whatever of his ability to conceive some other plan.

The first which naturally suggested itself was to permit the man whom Count Zorikoff's telegram summoned from Paris to meet the princess, since she could not possibly refuse to surrender the papers to him. But Leighton felt a deep reluctance to this course. He was not only sure that there was grave danger of her being compromised by such a visit, but he was honest enough with himself to admit that he did not wish to step aside and resign his leading part to another. More than ever now did he desire to force upon her the perception of his power to help and save her; more than ever did he long to see her turn to him for aid, however unwillingly she should do so. This was the revenge for her scorn for which he yearned, and which in his heart he swore to accomplish.

It seemed an answer to his thoughts that he found awaiting him, when he entered his hotel at Nice, a telegraphic message signed by the name of the man to whom he had that morning sent Count Zorikoff's despatch. The message was in cipher, but when he applied the key which had been given him he found that it said with startling clearness:

"Impossible to comply with request. I am leaving for England. All is discovered. We have been betrayed. Destroy papers immediately."

Having transcribed these sentences, he sat for some time staring down at the sheet of paper on which they stood distinct and black. And as he gazed, something else faced him beside the written words: it was the unwritten but now imperative question, What is to be done? There was no longer a possibility of turning the matter over to another person. Danger was close, very close indeed, to Princess Nadine, and he alone could save her from it. But what if she still refused to allow him to do so? What if she refused to heed even this warning? She might regard it as merely another attempt on his part to force himself on her notice and make a fresh claim on her gratitude. He could not but own that nothing was more possible, for her voice still rang in his ears as she declared: "I utterly refuse your aid for myself. You are not a man to whom I choose to owe anything. If the police were at the door I would say the same thing." And if the police were at the door and she did say the same thing—what then? Leighton confessed to himself that he had never before felt so blank a sense of being opposed by a resistance which he was unable to control.

And yet, even as he felt this, he felt also the stern bracing of the muscles, the keen concentration of his faculties, and the stimulation of spirit which had become familiar to him in many a past conflict, and of which he had never been more conscious than when a situa-

tion grew desperate and others said, "There is no hope." Now, as on many another occasion, he found it impossible to foretell what he should or could do; but he had still implicit confidence that when the moment for action came the inspiration which had never failed him would be at his command.

Meanwhile he put aside the message and proceeded to make a careful toilet for dinner. But by the time this was completed he had decided to order his dinner served in private, since he wished to avoid notice as much as possible. The order given, he sat down with a newspaper to await its execution, when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a servant with a card. Leighton frowned as he read the name of Alan de Forest, hesitated, considered, then, with a clearing brow, said:

"Show monsieur up."

A moment later the young American entered—graceful, *débonnair*, a perfect type of the social butterflies who seem to a grave mind to have no more reason for being than the gay-winged insects they suggest, but whose unconscious usefulness is probably much the same, to carry from one to another something which it is important for the recipient to possess or to know. This was the thought in Leighton's mind as he rose with a smile to welcome his visitor.

"You have just come in time to give me the pleasure of your company at dinner," he said. "I am certain you have not already dined, because the hour is early. But I have an engagement for the evening, so I have ordered dinner served immediately."

"With all my heart," De Forest answered, as he sank into the luxurious chair to which the other by a gesture invited him. "It is a pleasant surprise to find you," he went on. "I was told to-day that you left Nice yesterday very unexpectedly on the Siren."

"It was true," Leighton answered. "A sudden impulse seized me, so I put to sea and spent a pleasant night afloat. But remembering this morning some necessary affairs, I went ashore, telegraphed, and found I must return here to meet a man on important business. So it is that you find me."

"*A la bonne heure!* It is surely an ill wind which blows good to no one. By the by, I missed you yesterday at the garden party at the Villa Zorikoff. How was it that you left so early?"

Leighton shrugged his shoulders. "I did not find it amusing," he replied carelessly. "I was not born for a courtier. The part of gentleman-in-waiting is not suited to my taste."

"But it hardly seems to have been the part you played," De Forest returned with a laugh. "Every one was talking about the manner in which you bore the princess away from her royal suitor. It was said also that, judging from the length of her absence, you were either able to interest her, or else that it required some time to give you the rebuke which your presumption was supposed to deserve."

"Ah!" The bronzed face did not change in its expression. "My presumption was supposed to deserve rebuke? Well, no doubt it did, and you will probably be interested to hear that the princess had no hesitation in administering it."

"And you?"

"I gained my point—which was to withdraw her attention from the royal princeling for a time and concentrate it on myself—and that done, I found nothing further of sufficient interest to detain me."

De Forest regarded him for a moment admiringly. "It would be worth while to serve an apprenticeship in revolutions in Central America if the result were to endow one with such superb cheek," he then remarked. "I suppose you are aware that it is confidently believed that the engagement of the princess to Prince Maximilian is an accomplished fact, and that the public announcement will be made as soon as the emperor has signified his approval."

"What emperor?"

"The Emperor of Russia, of course."

"And what has he to do with it?"

"Simply everything. Prince Maximilian is no doubt the sincere suitor of Princess Nadine, but he is much more a suitor for Russian political support. If the emperor approves of this marriage, it is a proof that the support will be given."

"And is there any probability that approval may be withheld?"

"It is not supposed so. The political world has known for some time that Prince Maximilian is a tool of Russia, and hence his marriage with a great Russian heiress will be accepted as binding him hand and foot to Russian interest."

"Everything, then, is running smoothly for the prince. Has he no opposition to reckon with? What does the head of the Zorikoff family say?"

"The father of Princess Nadine was the head of the family, and since he left no son, I do not know who fills the position now. But if there is an element of opposition I fancy it centres in a certain young cousin, Count Alexis Zorikoff, who is supposed to regard Princess Nadine with more than cousinly affection."

"Ah!—and this cousin is where?"

"Attached to the Russian legation in Paris at present, I believe."

"Has he been in Nice lately?"

"I think not. I have neither seen nor heard of him. He has probably resigned himself to the inevitable."

"Nothing is inevitable which has not yet happened," said Leighton, rising from his chair. "Count Zorikoff should know that, and Prince Maximilian, if he is wise, will remember it. And now, my dear fellow, let us dine."

Nothing more was said of Princess Nadine during the various courses of the dinner to which the two sat down and to which they

did leisurely justice. De Forest's tongue ran lightly over all the gossip of Nice as he ate and drank; but the man who seemed to lend so careless, yet in reality lent so deep, an attention to his conversation, gleaned from it nothing more of the least interest. Dinner finished, the two lingered a little longer over their cigars and liqueurs, and then Leighton again rose, his servant having entered and made a slight sign to him.

"I am sorry to be forced to leave you," he said, as he drew a light overcoat over his evening dress, "but I have an engagement which calls me away."

"I also have an engagement," said De Forest, rising, "which the pleasure of your society has very nearly caused me to forget. And so you will not make one of my party to Monte Carlo tomorrow?"

"My dear fellow," replied Leighton as they went out together, "when will you understand that I do not belong to your world, and that I have more important things to occupy my attention than its amusements, which, by the by, do not amuse me at all? I am too old to begin to learn the art of laboriously doing nothing."

"It is a very useful art," said De Forest, who was understood to practise it to perfection. "But at least you will not forget your promise to make up a party for a short cruise on the Siren?"

"Did I give such a promise?"

"Heavens, man! You not only gave the promise, but you told me to invite the people, and I have formed a delightful party."

Leighton could not repress a laugh. "Very good," he said. "If I gave the promise, you and your party shall have the cruise. But I hope you have considerably refrained from fixing a date, for I cannot possibly say when the Siren will be at your disposal."

"Oh, I have set no date. I have only told the people who have consented to go to hold themselves in readiness. What do you think of Corsica as an objective point?"

"I think very well of it, unless Malta might be better."

"Malta is rather too far; but we will discuss details later. Perhaps Algiers or Tunis——"

"There is no lack of possible objective points," said Leighton, as he held up his hand to call a cab, for they had now emerged from the hotel. "We will discuss them later, as you say. And now good-night."

He stepped into the cab he had summoned and drove off, leaving De Forest to proceed on his way with that sense of unsatisfied curiosity which is to some persons the most trying of human emotions.

Meanwhile Leighton, who had merely taken the cab to get rid of his companion, was driven but a short distance to where a boat, engaged by his servant, awaited him. A moment later he had entered this, given an order to the boatman, and was rowed away into the starlit beauty of the night as it brooded over the dusky waters.

CHAPTER IX.

At the Villa Zorikoff dinner was drawing to a close; not an ordinary dinner, but a social function of the first order, with Prince Maximilian as guest of honor, and a group of distinguished personages to form the audience necessary for every triumph, social or otherwise.

And how great a triumph this was to the ambitious widow of the dead bonanza king one had but to look at her to perceive. The labor of years to cultivate and attain aristocratic composure of manner proved of no avail to enable her to conceal the gratification which swelled so high within her breast; for was it not well understood by every one present that the prince who would soon, by gracious permission of Russia, wear a crown, was ready to share that crown with her granddaughter? Dim memories of early Bible lessons, surviving a half century of the most thorough and consistent worldliness, kept a verse of Scripture running oddly through her mind as she looked complacently over the brilliant feast and its circle of exalted guests: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou hast excelled them all." Yes, others had done virtuously, had married their daughters and granddaughters to noblemen of high rank and many nationalities. not to speak of varied degrees of impecuniosity, but what American woman had yet gained for her descendants a royal crown? This was reserved for her; this was the reward of her labors and sacrifices, of her immolation of herself on the shrine of money and of her daughter on that of rank; this was the final prize beyond which not even the ambition of an American woman could soar.

It was true that the affair had not yet reached the happy point when formal announcement of an engagement could be made; but every one present knew that Prince Maximilian was a suitor for the hand of Princess Nadine, and that a nod from St. Petersburg was all that was wanted to complete the arrangements which would permit such an announcement. There was not an outward hint or indication of this knowledge on the part of any one; by not so much as a glance was congratulation conveyed to Mrs. Wentworth, but all the same a sense of unspoken congratulation was in the air, and the bridal feast itself would hardly be more of a triumph to that ambitious world-worshipper.

The satisfaction which beamed so visibly from her whole presence, and which seemed to cause even her diamonds to glitter with more than ordinary brightness, was not reflected in the aspect of Princess Nadine. One born to the purple could hardly have preserved a demeanor of more serene, high-bred calm than she displayed. There was not even the slight deepening of color, the slightly increased dilatation of eye and brilliancy of glance, which Leighton had detected, and in which he read a triumphant exhilaration and pleas-

ure. when he found her with the prince in the garden. Her beauty seemed to touch its most brilliant point, enhanced as it was by a toilet of the utmost grace and distinction, but she was self-contained and composed to a remarkable degree.

Presently the moment arrived when, at the signal of their hostess, the ladies rose and filed out of the dining-room with a soft rustle of silken skirts. By a coincidence, it chanced to be also the moment when a man, who had landed from a boat at the steps where Count Alexis the night before entered the boat of the Siren, mounted from the flower-lined paths of the garden to the broad balustraded terrace immediately before the house. It was, however, evident that he had no intention of entering, for he kept carefully in shadow, even while he scanned closely the tall illuminated windows. And as he drew closer to them this was what he saw:

In a great white-and-gold drawing-room a group of beautifully costumed beings entered like a flock of bright-plumaged birds, and, like the same birds, scattered here and there, settling on luxurious couches and chairs. It seemed to the spectator in the obscurity like a setting for a drama,—the noble apartment, the graceful figures disposed as it were in expectation, and in the centre of the stage the heroine, ready to play her part; for Princess Nadine, tall, slender, stately, had paused under a great cluster of wax-lights to glance at the name on a card just presented to her by a servant in the gorgeous Zorikoff livery, who stood expectantly near.

It is a simple thing generally to read a name on a card, especially if it be a name sufficiently well known; but Princess Nadine's pause was long enough to have deciphered a hieroglyphic. At length she lifted her head and looked at the footman. Only that keen-eyed watcher in the gloom saw that she was very pale.

"Where has this—person been shown?" she asked.

The man replied that, awaiting her orders, the person in question had been shown into the small reception-room used for informal purposes.

She made a slight gesture of approval. "Let him remain there," she said. "I will see him in a few minutes."

While the servant bowed and left the salon, she, holding the card still in her hand, moved across the floor to the side of Mrs. Wentworth. To her she said a few words, smiling and lifting her shoulders with a playful air of annoyance, and then turning away quietly left the room.

"It is some one from Russia—her steward or agent—who has just arrived, most inopportunistly," Mrs. Wentworth remarked to the great lady who sat beside her. "Nadine must see him in order to make an appointment for to-morrow and send him away."

"Probably he has come on some business too important for delay," remarked the great lady, who was not too great to know how imperative that which is called important business can be some-

times. "One is inclined to associate the idea of trouble with Russian estates," she added smiling.

"Not at all," replied the other hastily. "There is really no part of Europe where trouble is less possible. The people, you see, are simply animals; and one must confess that when a peasantry are not educated and spoiled by modern methods, they do their work much better and are more easily managed."

"They ought perhaps to be given a little education," the great lady ventured vaguely.

She was a duchess, and could therefore afford to express a few liberal ideas.

But the widow of the California miner resolutely shook her head. "No," she said with the air of an empress. "Nature has made them beasts of burden, and why should we spoil their usefulness by a smattering of education which can only make them discontented and likely to give trouble? There is no being lower in the scale of humanity than a Russian *moujik*, and it is well to leave him so. Then there can be no danger of revolution for Russia. That is what my son-in-law, Prince Zorikoff, always said."

"But I believe that even some of the great Russian proprietors are a little infected with modern theories," said the duchess. "Has Princess Nadine no—ah—desire to make an attempt to raise the condition of the serfs—I mean peasants?"

"None," returned Mrs. Wentworth with emphasis. "She knows Russia too well to think of such a thing."

The watcher on the terrace having meanwhile observed the delivery of the card and the exit of Princess Nadine, drew an obvious conclusion, and, having passed the lighted windows of the villa slowly in review, paused again before a room where he had himself been shown a few hours earlier, in which a man now stood alone, his hands behind his back, regarding a painting on the wall with an air of critical appreciation hardly to have been expected in the steward of a Russian estate.

And still less would such a person have been expected to possess an air of distinction which gave him the appearance of something between a diplomatist and a general officer. His erect military bearing, his carefully trimmed beard and mustache, and his perfection of dress were suggestive of the last, but the inscrutable expressionless countenance, a very mask of a face, and the keen yet veiled glance of the eyes, seemed to indicate one trained in diplomacy, with perhaps a vague suggestion of a police detective.

He was still regarding the picture as intently as the unseen observer was regarding himself, when the door opened and Princess Nadine entered the room.

The few minutes which had elapsed since she left the salon had been passed to good purpose. She was perhaps still a little paler than usual, but there was no sign of discomposure on her face, no

trace of nervousness in her manner. She entered with the perfect ease and grace of a woman to whom, in the security of her lofty station, as well as in the potent charm of her youth and beauty, apprehension in any form is unknown. The man, who turned at the sound of the opening door, bowed deeply before her.

"Princess," he said, "it is kind of you to pardon my intrusion and to allow me to recall myself to your recollection."

"I remember you quite well, M. Stanovitch," she replied with an air at once courteous and reserved, the air of a great lady addressing one who is by recognized social fiction an equal, but in reality an inferior. "Your card"—she glanced at it, still in her hand—"asks for a short interview with me. I am happy to grant your request, but I must remind you that I have guests whom I cannot leave for any length of time."

M. Stanovitch bowed again. "I am deeply sensible of your kindness," he repeated, "and I shall not detain you long. I regretted to disturb you at such a time, but the necessity of the case left me no alternative. For I have come to Nice from Paris simply to see you, and I am acting under the direct instructions of the Russian ambassador."

The watcher outside, who had guardedly drawn near the window, and, shielded by a large shrub, heard every word of the conversation, looked now at the princess and saw that the expression of her countenance did not change, save perhaps that a faint shade of surprise came into it, and that her clear, brilliant glance dwelt as composedly on the face of the man before her as it had rested a few hours earlier on his own.

"You come from—the ambassador?" she repeated slowly, with an accent of interrogation.

"Precisely, princess," M. Stanovitch replied. "Since you are good enough to remember me, you remember also, no doubt, that I am an attaché of the embassy, and I may inform you that my duties are of a very private and confidential nature."

The princess bent her head a little haughtily. She knew well what position this man occupied—the position of an unacknowledged but powerful representative of the Russian secret police, attached, as he had truly said, to the Russian embassy in Paris, or at least under the direct orders of the ambassador.

"I am waiting," she said,—and now something of haughtiness crept into her tone,—“to hear how these duties of yours, monsieur, have brought you to see me.”

"I come, as I have stated, by the orders of his excellency," was the quiet reply, "to bring you a message directly from himself. Before delivering it, however, permit me to say that we are aware of the departure from Paris of your cousin, Count Alexis Zorikoff, we know why he left, we know in what direction he went, and we are aware that he reached Nice yesterday."

There was a moment's pause; but if the speaker expected to read anything in the face of the princess, he was mistaken. She did not change countenance in the least, nor did her gaze waver.

"Well," she said quietly, after the pause had lasted for a moment, "and how do these facts interest me, monsieur? Surely my cousin is at liberty to leave Paris whenever he chooses to do so."

"That is a question which we will not discuss, princess. It is possible that his liberty might have been curtailed a little had he not acted so quickly. But the point which concerns you—the reason that I am here now—is that he came to this house when he reached Nice yesterday. Of so much I assured myself on my arrival to-day."

"I am not aware of any reason why I should conceal the fact," answered the princess. "He came here, as you have said, but he remained only a short time. He is not here now."

Again M. Stanovitch bowed. "I am aware of that also," he said; "but we are interested in Count Alexis, and we should like to know where he went when he left here."

"That," replied the princess calmly, "I am unable to tell you. My cousin failed to mention his destination when leaving."

"Ah!" commented M. Stanovitch. It was evident that he had not expected any other reply. He hesitated, but only for an instant, before going on. "Count Alexis has been very imprudent," he said. "He has contracted some friendships, been amusing himself with some associations, which are—let us say ill-advised. But he is young, and those who are interested in him are anxious that he shall not suffer from what is merely a passing folly. Therefore every opportunity will be given him to retrace his steps. This is the first thing which I have to tell you."

The princess bent her head in acknowledgment. "To retrace one's steps is sometimes so difficult that I am glad to know that it will be made easy for my cousin," she said. "It is true, as you say, monsieur, that he is very young and foolish."

"Also incredibly imprudent," repeated M. Stanovitch. "That he should have come here, and in a manner compromised you, was inexcusable. But for us it is a convenience. We are well aware that he would not have come without some very important motive. Into that motive we shall not inquire—at present. It is enough that we have no doubt that you have means of communication with him, and are therefore able to transmit to him a message."

Again he paused, as if for her assent; but she gave no sign in words; only her silence seemed to admit the correctness of his supposition.

"We have reason to believe," continued the suave attaché or agent of the police, "that Count Zorikoff had with him when he left Paris certain papers. Those papers have a value to the Russian government and also to himself. What their exact value is to the government I need not say; but their value to Count Zorikoff is

easily stated. We may call it—forgetfulness. If he surrenders them he may rest assured that his late follies will be forgotten.”

“Otherwise?” asked the princess calmly, as he ceased speaking.

M. Stanovitch shrugged his shoulders. “Otherwise,” he replied with equal calmness, “Count Zorikoff cannot hope to return to Russia, and if he remains in any country where our police can secure him, it is likely that he will eventually make acquaintance with the interior of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.”

The princess looked down, closing and unclosing with great deliberation a lace fan which she held in her hand.

“And is this the message which you wish transmitted to my cousin, monsieur?” she asked.

“That is the message for him,” M. Stanovitch replied. “For yourself”—she looked up—“I have another. His excellency, from his deep, I might almost say his fatherly interest in you, sends you a warning. You will pardon me if I put it briefly, since so it may be more clearly comprehended.”

“The more brief and the more clear you are, monsieur, the better pleased I shall be,” said the princess with proud quietude.

“Briefly then, it will be well for you to clear yourself as soon as possible of any suspicion which from your cousin’s visit might unfortunately attach to you; and the obvious way to do this is to use your influence to induce him to comply with the wishes of the government. *Those papers must be given up.* If perhaps”—and how searching was the glance of the keen eyes half veiled by their lids—“he was so imprudent as to leave them with you before continuing his flight, the only course open to you, for his interest as well as your own, is to surrender them at once. His excellency entertains no doubt that your loyalty to the emperor would in such a case immediately lead you to do so.”

“His excellency is very kind,” the princess murmured, her eyes again dropped to the toy of lace and carved ivory which she held. “I am sure that what he advises is what he would himself do under such circumstances. But if I am unable to comply with his suggestions?”

“Then,” said M. Stanovitch, “I fear that a word from Petersburg might reach Prince Maximilian of Altenberg, withholding approval of certain hopes and wishes of his. I hardly think that I need be more explicit.”

“No,” returned the princess—and now her eyes were lifted, full, dazzling, defiant—“it is unnecessary. I comprehend your meaning perfectly.”

Once more M. Stanovitch bowed deeply. “In that case I need detain you no longer from your guests,” he said pleasantly. “I shall have the pleasure, with your permission, of seeing you again to-morrow, when I hope you will have decided to follow the suggestions I have had the honor to convey to you.”

CHAPTER X.

PRINCESS NADINE remained quite motionless after M. Stanovitch left the room, and as she stood gazing at the spot he had occupied it is possible that her thoughts returned to another man who in the same place, a few hours earlier, offered help which she refused. Perhaps she had a vision of the bronzed face on which fear had never traced a single line, the face of one whom no emergency would find unprepared. But if so, such mental vision hardly prepared her for the reality of the presence which met her gaze when a slight noise caused her to turn, and she saw Leighton entering by the window from the terrace outside.

"You have good nerves, princess," he said, smiling a little. "If I had not felt sure of that I should not have risked an entrance in this manner. Pray pardon my unceremoniousness. But the opportunity of speaking with you was not to be lost, now that you know in what danger you stand."

"You have heard?" she said.

He bowed. "Again I must beg you to pardon me—this time for playing the eavesdropper. I have heard every word of your conversation with the gentleman who has just gone out. I do not apologize for what was an unpleasant necessity. It was essential that I should hear it, in order to learn how best to serve you."

"Did you know that he would be here?" she asked with surprise.

"No," Leighton replied. "I was only so fortunate as to arrive—by way of the sea and the garden—almost simultaneously with him, and I could not afford to lose for a punctilio knowledge which came so opportunely. We will not waste time in discussing what he said. It is enough that I heard it all. The only question of immediate importance is, do you, princess, *now* recognize the necessity of trusting me?"

It was an abrupt question, as well as one of importance, and Princess Nadine hesitated before answering it. As she hesitated there flashed into her mind the memory of those words of hers which Leighton so well remembered: "I utterly refuse your aid. You are not a man to whom I choose to owe anything. If the police were at the door I should say the same thing." Arrogant, scornful words—words which, spoken in return for service offered, it was permissible to regret. But was it possible to ignore them, and accept in the moment of danger what had been contemptuously rejected in the moment of security? It was characteristic of the woman that she said to herself proudly that it was not possible; and it was equally characteristic of Leighton that he caught the reply from her eyes before her lips uttered it.

"Do not answer me now," he said. "I see that you are not ready to do so. Take a little time to consider before replying; and only believe that I have forgotten, utterly wiped out of my mind,

all that was said between us when we last met. I am simply a man who is ready to serve you, and who has perhaps a little more power than most men to do so. It will be well if you decide to trust me—well for others beside yourself; but I will not urge you further, lest my motives be again misunderstood.”

The dignity and sincerity of these words could not be mistaken, and as the princess looked at him, the impression which he made upon her when she saw him first—the impression of strength, keenness, fearlessness, and, in one word, of power—was singularly revived and deepened. She was conscious of an influence, an atmosphere, as it were, which seemed to emanate from him and made the trust he asked not only possible, but imperative. Something within her, some force only dimly comprehended, seemed to leap up in sympathetic response to his bold self-reliance; yet the same instinct which assured her of his power to accomplish whatever he undertook, warned her that to accept his help was to give him a claim upon her which even she might later hardly be able to disallow.

“I am sorry,” she said at length, with her most princess-like air, “if I misunderstood the motives of which you speak. I wonder if you will believe that it is not because I have learned the reality of the danger of which you warned me that I regret the form which my refusal to do what you asked of me took when I saw you last. You were hardly gone when I felt the regret very keenly.”

“You mean that your regret was only for the form of your refusal?”

“For the form—yes,” she answered.

He smiled slightly. “My regret was for the matter,” he said. “But let us put all question of regret aside, and come to that which is of vital importance now. You do recognize the reality of the danger of which I warned you, and therefore you know how perilous it is for you to keep those papers longer in your possession. Well, you need not hesitate to destroy them. Here is your warrant to do so.”

He gave her the telegram he had received from Paris, together with its deciphered translation. “You see,” he said, when she read the last, “the danger is pressing.”

“I see,” she answered slowly, her eyes still fastened on the message. Then suddenly she lifted them again to his face. “I see also,” she said, “that I owe you more than a mere expression of regret for unjust suspicion. If you desired to use the power which the possession of these papers would give you for any ends of your own, as I ventured to suspect, you would not show me this despatch, and give me the option of destroying them myself.”

“I am glad,” he returned quietly, “that you do me so much justice. You will, then, destroy the papers?”

“No,” she answered unhesitatingly, “I will give them to you.”

A light sprang into his dark eyes which transformed his whole

face. "Thank you for the proof of trust," he said simply. "It will certainly be better to give them to me—since it appears that you have no intention of taking into consideration the proposal of M. Stanovitch that you shall surrender them to the Russian government, to obtain for your cousin a pardon and for yourself a crown."

She made a gesture of scorn. "I have no intention of taking such a proposal into consideration for a moment," she said.

"And yet," Leighton went on, "you understood, no doubt, the threat couched in that man's last words. Unless you surrender those papers, the brilliant alliance which is now within your grasp—the most brilliant ever made by a woman of American blood—will never be accomplished. The word of Russia being against you, Prince Maximilian will obediently look elsewhere for a bride, and the world will say—need I tell you what the world will say, Princess Nadine?"

He saw, from a slight quiver of her lips, a fuller beating of the veins in her slender throat, how great was the nervous tension in which she was holding herself; and since she did not answer, he continued in a gentler tone:

"It seems brutal to say such things, but I wish you to comprehend exactly the situation in which you are placed. It is not well that you should act hastily, or without fully appreciating the consequences of your action. Do what you will, they are far-reaching consequences. In one case you hand over to a merciless government the secrets of a band of conspirators with whom you have no sympathy——"

She interrupted him passionately. "None—absolutely none. I feel at this moment as if I would like to be the government, to put my foot upon their necks and crush them. Nevertheless——"

He understood perfectly what she strove to say, as her voice choked over the words.

"Nevertheless," he echoed gravely, "you cannot betray them."

She bent her head. "That is it," she said. "You understand: I cannot betray, though I despise and hate them. And I must bear the consequences. Is it not hard to be placed in such a position by madness, folly, selfishness incredible?"

"It is hard," Leighton agreed. "But will you bear with me if I say that, bitter as the sacrifice demanded of you is to your pride and ambition, it probably involves less suffering than that which would await you in a marriage where you would only play the part of a pawn in a game of state."

She turned upon him haughtily. "You talk of matters of which you know nothing," she cried. "Do you think I would condescend to be no more than that of which you speak? Do you think I would accept a man's hand without his heart, were he ten times a royal prince? Do you think I have not the ability to play an important part in the game of which you talk?"

"You have ability and ambition enough to play any part, to be

the most incomparable assistant that man ever had, in the highest game of ambition which man ever conceived," Leighton answered. "But you would find no such game to play with Prince Maximilian of Altenberg. His game is one of intrigue and subserviency. He has ambition indeed, but there is nothing lofty in it, just as there is nothing disinterested in the motives which make him your suitor."

"How dare you pronounce upon his motives?" she demanded with increasing haughtiness. "What do you know of his character or his heart?"

"Very little from personal knowledge," was the cool reply; "but my life has accustomed me to judge men from slight outward indications, and in such judgments I seldom make mistakes. Do you wish to test my judgment of Prince Maximilian? Do you dare to prove the depth and sincerity of the feeling he offers you?"

She looked at the man who thus ventured to question her with the aspect of a queen.

"There is nothing," she said, "which I wished to do which I would not dare to do."

"Then here is your chance—fate and M. Stanovitch have given it you—to test Prince Maximilian. If he loves you, he has now such an opportunity to prove it as is seldom given to man in this unromantic age. Tell him that unless you commit a dishonorable act Russia will withhold approval of his alliance with you, and that if he persists in forming that alliance she will withhold her approval of his pretensions to the crown he covets. Tell him that, and see what he will reply."

Involuntarily she shrank a little. "It will be a hard test," she said. "Even you"—she looked at him resentfully—"might feel as much, since you, too, are an ambitious man, and the higher an ambition, the harder must be the struggle to resign it."

"Yes," he replied, "I am an ambitious man, but—believe me or not, as you like—I would not hesitate a moment between a kingdom and you. Forgive this personal word. I only want you to realize one man's feeling in order to help you to test another. Believe also that you are of more worth than to be merely what I have called you, a pawn in Prince Maximilian's game. You should scorn to give yourself for less than a man's whole heart. And if this man assures you that you have his heart, his first and highest devotion, put him now to the proof. Fate, I repeat, has given you the opportunity."

"And I will take it," she said, as if his words were a challenge. "I will test him, for I believe in the sincerity of the devotion he professes. Had I not believed it, his possible crown would not have tempted me."

"I am sure of that," Leighton answered. "And if he bears the test worthily, I will acknowledge that for once my ability to judge men has failed. You will tell him everything?"

"Everything," she replied, her eyes shining brilliant and steadfast as stars. "And I will not defer the test. He shall hear the story to-night."

"To-night!—but is that possible?"

"Entirely possible, since he is in the house at this moment. You did not know it?"

"How should I know it? Believe me, I am not a spy by profession, nor yet by choice. I have played the part to-night only from necessity. When, on my return to Nice, I received that message"—he pointed to it—"it seemed to me imperative that you should know at once how grave the situation had become. But it was a question how to reach you. I could not again, within so short a time, present myself openly at your door, for I feared to excite suspicion, or at least remark, and I feared also that you might refuse to see me. There seemed no alternative but to enter your grounds from the sea and trust to Fortune to secure an opportunity for a word with you. And Fortune has befriended me beyond my hopes."

"But not beyond your experience?"

"No," he said, with a look of surprise for her flash of intuition; "not beyond my experience. I have come to rely on Fortune because I have always been able to seize the chances which she offers and make them favorable. So it has been to-night. But now, princess, I must not detain you longer. The danger of interruption is too great, and your guests are awaiting you. Will you permit me to await you also in the garden? Will you meet me there later, bringing the papers with you? They must not remain in your possession to-night, and I cannot risk observation by approaching the house again."

"Yes," she answered with calmness and decision. "I will meet you as soon as possible on the sea-terrace, where you found me yesterday. Wait for me there, and do not grow impatient, for it may be long before I can leave the house without risking the observation which you must not risk by approaching it."

"I never grow impatient," he replied. "You will find me there whenever you come."

A moment afterwards the room was empty.

CHAPTER XI.

AN hour later Princess Nadine was standing in a wide-open window of the white-and-gold salon. On one side was the great room, dotted with brilliant figures, like a picture of the Renaissance, and on the other the mild and splendid beauty of the night, with the silver light of a lately risen moon flooding the broad balustraded

terrace, below which lay the garden, breathing out perfume from its dew-drenched thickets, with its tall palms and groups of cypress and ilex rising dark against the violet sky, and down among the oleanders and the roses a nightingale singing out its heart.

A less delightful voice had just risen in the salon. "Lascia ch'io pianga," it sang, and the princess seemed for a few moments to listen with rapt attention. Then she turned to the man who stood beside her.

"Do you not think we shall enjoy the music more from the outside?" she asked. "It seems a pity to lose the song of the nightingale entirely."

She stepped through the window as she spoke and, surprised and pleased, Prince Maximilian followed. In her slenderness and grace, her fair ethereal beauty, she looked like an exquisite spirit of the night as she walked across the terrace to the marble balustrade and there paused, with eyes fixed on the remote distance, where star-sown sky and sea blended together like two eternities.

There was a silence which the music floating out through the open windows and the thrilling notes of the bird in the odorous thickets below served to fill before the prince spoke.

"This is very charming," he presently murmured. "The song of the nightingale is greatly to be preferred to that of the countess, because the nightingale is not offended when one does not listen. And I prefer to talk to you."

She withdrew her eyes from the distance and looked at him with a smile. "That is why I brought you out," she said with frank simplicity. "I wish to talk."

"That is more charming still," the prince declared readily. "To hear you talk is not only better than the song of either the countess or the nightingale, but far better than talking myself."

"How far better will depend, will it not, on what I have to say?" she asked, still smiling slightly, but without the faintest shade of coquetry. "If your highness——"

"Pardon me," he interrupted. "Let me beg that you will forget the 'highness,' and speak only to the lover who offers you his heart."

Her beautiful face grew grave, and she bent her head with a gesture as proud as it was graceful.

"Let me first," she said, "assure the prince how deeply conscious I am of the honor he does me before I speak to the man who calls himself my lover."

"They are one and the same," he made answer quickly. "For you there is no distinction. The prince who asks you to share his ambition, to aid and inspire him in all that he hopes to attain—all that, with you, he *will* attain—is also the man who brings you his devotion."

"His devotion?" she repeated, as if to herself. "It is a great word, expressing a great thing," she went on after a brief pause,

her brilliant glance fastened on his face as if to read his inmost soul; "but it has different meanings for different people. Will you pardon me if I ask you to define the meaning which you attach to it? For I am an exacting woman, *mon prince*,—I must warn you of that,—and I am not satisfied, as another woman might be, with the honor you do me without knowing something of the quality of this devotion of which you speak."

It was now the turn of the prince to smile as he bent towards her. What a mere woman, after all!—longing for, demanding, the tender flatteries, vows, and protestations which women love! Well, he was ready enough to give them—why not? Was he a stock or a stone that so fair a creature should leave him unmoved, simply because she was the woman whom it was expedient for him to marry? On the contrary, he was wise enough to recognize the great advantage which lay in the fact that he was sufficiently touched by her charm for his protestations to have the ring of sincerity which cannot easily be counterfeited.

"My devotion," he said, "includes everything that man can offer to woman, for I find in you the realization of every dream I have cherished. You are not only a woman to be supremely adored for your beauty, your grace, your charm, for all which appeals most to the heart of man, but you are fitted to be an inspiration as well in those lofty paths of ambition which I must tread. Is not the very highest homage contained in this assurance? I, who know every court in Europe, know also that I would search in vain among the daughters of royal houses for one endowed as you are with the gifts necessary in a great career. Intellect, tact, courage, resource—you possess them all in the highest degree; and when I have placed you on a throne, you will adorn it as few queens have ever done."

In the flood of silver light in which they stood he saw the heave of her bosom under its filmy laces, and caught the melting flash of her eyes before the lids fell over them. Truly he had read her aright. This was the form of flattery, of homage, which she would find irresistible. Ambition, love of power, the desire to rule, to reign, to achieve—these had in her the force of passions, at once inherited and quickened by the high-wrought fever of the civilization in which she lived.

"It is true," she answered at length; "I know that I have capabilities which are not altogether usual. I believe"—and here she lifted her glance to his face again—"that I could aid a great ambition to attain its end, and when that end was attained that I could play my part worthily, even on a throne. If I did not believe this I should not think of taking such a place."

"It is as I have said," the prince replied in a tone which suggested that had they stood less fully in view of the open windows of the salon he might have lifted to his lips the slender hand which lay on the cold marble of the balustrade. "You will bring to the

part qualities which will enable you to play it as it has never yet been played in this generation. You know this, you feel it, you recognize the compelling force of destiny, and you will accept all that I offer—my devotion, my ambition, the brilliant possibilities of my future.”

Every fibre of her being thrilled in response to his words, every instinct of her differing yet strangely agreeing ancestry seemed to declare that here was the supreme opportunity of her life, which madness alone would refuse. The ruthless cupidity of the old robber bonanza-king, the imperious temper and love of domination of a race of boyars whose feet for ages had been upon the necks of their serfs, the insatiable vanity and boundless ambition of the type of American womanhood from which she sprang, all these mysterious forces of heredity, for the existence of which she, Nadine Zorikoff, was in no wise responsible, made themselves felt, and clamored to control her fate. Where did it come from, the spark of resistance, the strength which, from a mere scruple of honor, held these forces in leash? Was it perhaps born of the strange idealism which is part of the Russian nature, the capability of sacrificing the tangible real for the visionary ideal? Or was it only the old truth, well-nigh forgotten in an age of materialism, that to each soul God gives the power to rise, if it will, even above the tyranny of inherited tendencies, and make its own destiny for good or evil, for noble or ignoble ends?

“Whether or not I can accept the great honor which your highness offers me,” she said at last, with a sudden change of tone and manner, “is yet uncertain. But meanwhile I have something to say. Will you listen to a story which I brought you here to tell?”

And then, without pausing for reply, she told him of the arrival of her cousin the day before, of his departure, of his leaving the papers with her, and of the recent visit of M. Stanovitch. She only omitted to tell of Leighton’s last visit, and of his awaiting her at that moment.

“And now,” she said in conclusion, “here is the situation: I am asked to betray my cousin’s trust by surrendering those papers to the government, or—to accept the consequences.”

“Which are——?” asked the prince in a strangely quiet voice as she paused.

“The first, immediate consequence,” she said, “will be that the government will refuse its approval to your wishes concerning myself.”

He uttered an exclamation, and in its sharpness she heard how the blow had gone home.

“But it is impossible,” he cried, “that you can seriously think of continuing to shield your cousin at such a cost! His conduct towards you was absolutely without excuse, and it would be worse than folly to allow his selfishness to ruin your life. You have not the least sympathy with his child’s-play of conspiracy. Do him,

then, the great service of ending it by giving those papers to the government, so that the men who have drawn him into this madness may be put out of the way of doing further mischief."

There was a moment's silence. The music in the salon had ceased, but the voice of the nightingale still filled the night with its passionate melody. The princess turned, walked a few paces, and then came back to where the tall, stately figure stood awaiting her.

"And this," she asked in a tense tone, "is your advice?"

"How is it possible for me to give you any other?" the prince in turn demanded. "Do you not recognize that there is nothing else to be said—nothing else to be done? What greater madness could there be than to incur the disapproval of your government for the sake of a handful of conspirators whom you despise?"

"Yes," she replied, "I despise them and the cause for which they labor. You are right about that. But there is something involved which you do not seem to take into account. It is the question of honor. How can I betray the trust which was placed in me?"

The prince lifted his shoulders. "That," he said, "is easily answered. You fulfil a duty rather than betray a trust. But even if it were otherwise, self-preservation is the first law. You have no right to sacrifice yourself."

"But if I do—if I feel that I could sooner die than surrender the papers to those who demand them—what then?"

There was a brief pause. Face to face they stood for an instant, and then the prince threw out his hands with a gesture which expressed finality.

"What then?" he echoed. "Then you will ruin the brilliant promise of your life, and place a serious obstacle in the path of my ambition—the ambition with which you have assured me you sympathize so deeply."

Her eyes still held him with their steady gaze, burning like jewels in the radiance of the moonlight. "But," she said again, "if it *must* be so—if I have no alternative—could we not disregard the disapproval of Russia?"

Prince Maximilian looked at her silently for a moment, and then a change came over him.

"Princess," he said in his most courtly manner, "allow me to express admiration for your power of self-sacrifice, in casting away for a shadow, for a mere chimera of honor, the most substantial and highest of worldly honors. Of your wisdom we will not speak. In that respect I see that I was mistaken in fancying you to be of the order of those women who have outwitted men in the great game of ambition and diplomacy. But your disinterestedness, to the point of quixotism, none can question. I only regret that I am unable to emulate your spirit. I cannot follow you to such a height. I cannot sacrifice the efforts of years and all the hopes of my friends for

the sake of a group of obscure conspirators whose aims I detest. Since some sacrifice there must be, I on my part shall be driven to sacrifice the wishes of my heart if you persist in the course you meditate."

Again a brief silence, and then the princess turned towards the salon.

"Shall we go in?" she asked. "The nightingale has ceased to sing, and the air grows a little chill. I am glad to have had your opinion of my—quixotism. It helps to make the position clearer."

"Do not go yet," cried the prince in a voice from which the artificial note had disappeared. "Let me urge, let me implore you to reconsider the resolution you have taken."

She paused in her movement towards the salon and swept him with her glance.

"You mean that you urge me to reconsider and—give up the papers?"

"There is nothing else to be done."

"You"—and her tone had a piercing note—"in my place would give them up without hesitation?"

"Considering all that is at stake for you—and others—I would certainly give them up without hesitation."

She did not reply for a moment. Then she said with a smile which he could not read:

"Let me thank you again for your counsel. And now we will go in."

CHAPTER XII.

PACING in sentinel fashion to and fro on the bastion-like terrace overlooking the sea, which Princess Nadine had appointed for their place of meeting, Leighton was hardly conscious of the weariness which he might have felt as the hours passed and she did not come. He had not expected her soon, and he possessed, moreover, a great capacity for waiting, which generally accompanies a great capacity for doing when waiting ends and the time for action arrives. So, smoking cigar after cigar, he watched the moon rising higher and higher in the hyacinth sky, sailing like a silver balloon through space, effacing the stars and casting her marvellous lustre over the wide expanse of sea, over the distant headlands bathed in silvery mist and the perfume-breathing gardens.

It was late in the night when at last the princess came, and had he not expected her he might have fancied it was some goddess who suddenly emerged from the shadow of the avenues and advanced towards him. All the grace of her tall, slender figure was revealed by the clinging softness of the silken gown she had slipped on to

replace her elaborate toilette of the evening, while over her golden head she had cast one of the graceful mantillas of white lace which the Genoese women wear when they go to church. As this figure emerged into the full radiance of the moonlight, Leighton caught his breath, so almost unearthly was the aspect of its loveliness.

"I have kept you waiting a long time," she said when they met. "But it was impossible for me to come sooner."

"I have not been impatient," he answered. "I told you that I would not be. I knew that you could not come soon, that you must wait until your household had retired. It is enough that you have been able to come at last."

"I would not have permitted anything to prevent me from coming," she replied. "I am too conscious of the urgent necessity of putting these papers in a place of safety. Had you not been waiting for them, I should have destroyed them before I slept."

"You have brought them?"

"Here they are."

She drew a package from the folds of the lace which enwrapped her and placed it in his hand as she spoke.

He held it for a moment as if weighing it, while his gaze rested meditatively on her face.

"It is very small, very light to represent so much. Have you thought well, Princess Nadine, what it represents for you?"

"Have I thought?" she repeated. She turned away and looked out over the shining waters stretching to the remote horizon. "Of what should I be constituted if I had not thought?" she asked after a moment—and he felt that he could never forget the vibrating thrill of her voice. "Do you fancy that I am made of either such shallow or such heroic stuff that I can do what will change my whole life and think nothing of it?"

"It is not yet too late," he said gravely. "I, too, have been thinking, as I waited for you here. And the more I thought, the more distinctly have I seen that you are not bound to make the great sacrifice which you are making. Will you sit down for a few minutes while I tell you all that I have been thinking?"

"What is to be gained either by telling or listening?" she asked.

Yet she sank down with an air of weariness on a stone bench beside the balustrade, and there sat, with her hands lightly clasped together in her lap, and her face still turned towards the mysterious distance of bending sky and gleaming water.

He, on his part, remained standing before her, and since she did not look at him, he was at liberty to let his gaze dwell on her and drink in her poetic beauty, as if it were the fragrance of a flower. Never, he thought, had he seen anything so fair as the picture which she presented, wrapped in her mantle of white lace, gazing with such wistful melancholy out over the dream-like expanse of the rapt silver sea. What a different picture from that which rose by contrast be-

fore his mental vision—the picture of her as he had seen her in this spot so short a time before, brilliant, triumphant, elated! The change in her aspect made him realize how bitter was the necessity which forced her to resign the glittering prize she had then seemed to grasp; and the man's heart suddenly stirred with a pang of pity as painful as it was unselfish.

“What may be gained,” he said, “is perhaps a little clearer light on a different situation. I confess that for me this light has only come since I have been here, alone with the silence of the night. While I have waited for you, I have had time to consider how much is involved in the decision you are making. For one thing, the situation has completely changed since I went to you this afternoon and asked for these papers. There seemed then only a very remote danger to be guarded against, and I hoped that by taking them at once I might spare you even the shadow of suspicion; but when I received the message from Paris on my return to Nice I saw that danger touched you closely. I came back—but not soon enough. The agent of the secret police was already with you, and however uncertain he may have been when he entered your house whether or not you had the papers, I am sure there was not the least doubt in his mind when he left it. He knew then that you had them.”

“And why?” she asked, quickly turning her face around. “Do you think I am so dull as not to comprehend? He knew because I could not look at him and declare that I did not have them. I would willingly have lied if by lying I could have convinced him. But I felt that I should not do so. If I had given the papers to you when you asked for them, all would have been different. Then I could have met his eyes boldly and let him read in mine that I spoke the truth when I said, ‘You are mistaken. I have no papers.’ But I had not given them, I had not trusted you. And so it is just that I now suffer the consequences of my own fault.”

“It was not a fault, only a mistake,” Leighton replied; “or if there were fault, it was more mine than yours. Why should I have expected you to trust me? You knew nothing of me, or only facts which prejudiced you against me. You have heard of me as an adventurer who possessed a certain power gained by craft and audacity; and you had known me as one who presumed on the briefest acquaintance to express a violent and in your eyes an insolent passion for you. How could you place yourself in the power of such a man? No, princess, do not blame yourself for that refusal. There was no other course open to you. I have spoken of your cousin's unpardonable selfishness in leaving such papers with you——”

“I insisted on his doing so,” she interposed. “I thought it would diminish his danger, and I had not the faintest fear of suspicion ever touching *me*. Had I been one of the imperial family I could not have felt more secure of my position, my undoubted loyalty.”

"I fancy," said Leighton, "that even for one of the imperial family it would hardly be safe to harbor conspirators, connive at their escape, and secrete their papers. But I was going to add that, while I have condemned your cousin's selfishness, I was myself guilty of a selfishness as great, or greater. But for my arrogance and presumption—my determination to impress myself and my individual power upon you—you might have trusted me, and the papers, the cause of so much trouble, would have been safely out of your possession before M. Stanovitch crossed your threshold. I am, therefore, directly accountable for your present difficulty, and, this being so, you must suffer me to help you."

She looked at him with something in her eyes faintly suggestive of a smile, although her lips were grave. "You blame yourself too much," she said. "And what help is possible? We are not in Central America."

"Would to God we were!" he muttered quickly under his breath. "But even here," he added, with an effort to preserve self-control which gave the effect of sternness to his face and voice, "something may be done to save you, so innocent, from suffering for the faults and crimes of others; and, in the first place, my advice to you is, keep these papers and to-morrow give them to M. Stanovitch."

The princess did not start, but she drew in her breath sharply as she looked up at him. "Are you in earnest?" she asked.

"Entirely in earnest," he answered. "It is the only wise thing for you to do."

"The only wise thing from the point of view of diplomats, princes, and dictators—perhaps so," she said, with a scornful light in her eyes; "but you know well that it would also be a base thing."

"For you—no," he returned. "What obligation rests upon you to keep the secrets of conspirators whose aims you detest, and to shield them from dangers which they have wilfully incurred?"

"Obligations to *them* you know well that I have none," she answered. "I have already told you that the necessity which confronts me is bitter, detestable, almost intolerable to me. But what then? Can I disregard it because of that? God knows I would if I could. But the obligation which I recognize is not to a band of conspirators, but to my own sense of honor. I cannot betray a trust which I voluntarily assumed. I cannot give up those papers, let the alternative be what it will."

"Does it not occur to you that as a loyal subject of your emperor you are bound to assist his government in suppressing revolutionary schemes which you know to be dangerous?"

"I do not consider myself an unattached member of the secret police," she replied coldly; "and if I were, I should draw the line at betraying my friends."

"Then," said Leighton, bringing forward his last argument, "have you no thought for the man whose carefully laid plans you

destroy, whose hopes you disappoint? You may not hesitate to sacrifice your own ambition for a scruple of honor, but have you a right to sacrifice that of Prince Maximilian?"

The princess rose to her feet—a beautiful, stately figure, drawing her white lace drapery more closely round her.

"I confess I do not understand you, Mr. Leighton," she said. "A few hours ago you were kind enough to inform me that I might find consolation for the sacrifice of my own ambition in the fact that I should sacrifice that of Prince Maximilian, that I should be able to prove that he regarded me only as 'a pawn in his game of state.' Yet now, when all that you prophesied has come to pass, and when he has fully proved this, you ask me to consider him if I do not consider myself, to refrain from sacrificing his ambition, if I am willing to sacrifice my own! What am I to think of such counsel? Are you mocking me?—or are you mad?"

"Neither," he answered very gravely. "But I do not wonder that you should think so, for I am amazed at the contradiction, the transformation in myself. And it simply comes from this: that in these hours since we parted I have achieved a victory, the hardest of my life—I have ceased to think of myself, and have thought only of you. How the power to do this came to me I do not know. It was like a miracle. 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.' And what I see is that my former view of the situation, as it concerned yourself, Prince Maximilian, and his ambition, was altogether selfish. I wanted you to prove him self-seeking and interested, without considering that if he gave all you desired it was enough, and that only a barbarian like myself would ever dream of expecting any high degree of disinterestedness in the matrimonial choice of a prince seeking an alliance to strengthen his pretensions."

"Does such sarcasm as this prove your own disinterestedness, your miracle of unselfishness?" the princess demanded, pale and haughty.

"I have no intention of sarcasm," he replied. "Pray believe it. I am only trying to tell you, simply and directly, the thoughts which occurred to me as I waited here alone. I saw that the life for which your birth, your education, your whole environment has prepared you, is the life to be desired for you by any one who would think of you and not of his own presumptuous wishes. Therefore, instead of advising you to apply a test to Prince Maximilian which it was a foregone conclusion that he would not bear—which it was too much ever to have expected him to bear—I now earnestly advise you to be wise enough not to look for the realization of impossible ideals, but to take realities and draw from them what is perhaps the greatest and most lasting satisfaction in life, that of gratified ambition. It is not likely that even to you the chance of a crown will ever be offered again. If you desire it—and what woman reared as you have been would not desire it?—do not let a

mere scruple of honor, or any thought of compassion for certain conspirators who have merited whatever punishment they may receive, hold you back, and make you sacrifice the brilliant future before you. This, Princess Nadine, is the advice to you of a man who knows the world—and who loves you. Therefore you may heed it.”

“Therefore I may not heed it,” the princess answered coldly but gently. “We will not discuss your opinion either of Prince Maximilian or of myself. Perhaps I am not so entirely the creature of my training and environment as you imagine. But that is beside the question. Ambitious or quixotic, one fact is plain to me, I cannot give up those papers. The crown would be a crown of thorns which was bought with an act of treachery. This is my final decision, with which what you have called your ‘arrogance and presumption’ has had nothing to do. So, now, waste no more time in talking,—the night is far spent,—take the papers and go.”

“There is no consideration which will induce you to retain them?”

“Absolutely none.”

“Then I have only to thank you once again for the proof of your trust, and to bid you good-night.”

“Your boat is waiting?”

“At the landing-stage.”

She held out a hand like a lily with an air of exquisite dignity.

“If you were not carrying away with you all possibility of my ever wearing a crown,” she said, “we might fancy ourselves playing some great game of statecraft and plotting—I a queen in distress, and you my trusted counsellor and faithful knight. Well, I am no queen, nor ever shall be, but I can at least recognize—even although a little late—that I have found a friend.”

Perhaps Leighton never in all his life astonished himself so much as when he found himself kissing that lily hand, with one knee touching the earth.

“You are to me,” he said, “far more of a queen than if you wore the crown which you sacrifice rather than betray a trust, and I am ever your faithful servant.”

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was with a sense of elation, the greater for its unexpectedness, that Leighton walked away from the spot where he had parted from the princess. The landing-stage was on the other side of the garden, and as he entered the avenue, dusky with shadows and filled with fragrance, which led towards it he seemed to himself, in familiar

phrase, to be treading on air. After all, he had not blundered—or if he had he was now able to turn his very blunders to account. All his presumption was ignored, was forgiven, in that smile with which she called him her friend and acknowledged the service he was rendering her. And with this service as a beginning—a bond which could not be set aside—all things became possible to his exultation, to his upleaping hope. The flower-soft touch of her hand seemed a promise, an assurance of things of which he hardly dared to dream. If perhaps—

“Permit me, monsieur, a word with you.”

It was a shock, bringing him abruptly back to earth, that voice speaking so unexpectedly out of the shadows which bordered the avenue. He had been walking rapidly, his head in air, his eyes fastened on the leaf-arched vista before him, beyond which gleamed the silver sea; and suddenly, where he fancied himself entirely alone, this voice spoke—a voice quiet, courteous, and yet, he felt instinctively, as peremptory, as little to be disobeyed, as the whistle of a bullet.

It said much for his iron nerves that he did not start, but, only pausing, turned sharply in the direction whence the words proceeded. A man, rising from a seat amid a tangle of oleanders, came forward; the moonlight, falling broadly over him, revealed M. Stanovitch.

“I am sorry to detain you, monsieur,” said the Russian calmly; “but the delay need not be great. It is only necessary for you to give me the papers which you have just received from Princess Nadine Zorikoff.”

Before the last words were uttered, the strongest feeling of which Leighton was conscious was one of intense regret. Why had he come on such an errand unarmed? Why had he trusted to the fact that he was in the midst of civilization, where men fought with craft, and not with primitive weapons of force? What would he not have given at this moment for the pistol always so near to his hand in Central America! But, lacking it, he knew that he stood with only his empty hands and quick wit to defend the trust received from Princess Nadine.

“I have not the honor of your acquaintance, monsieur,” he replied with equal calmness, “nor do I understand the meaning of your demand. That you are an unauthorized intruder in these grounds I am very sure, and if you make any attempt to molest me I shall have you arrested for the intrusion.”

“And what are you?” M. Stanovitch asked with a smile of apparently genuine amusement. “Are you here in a very regular and conventional manner? Would it be well that the world should know that Princess Nadine grants interviews in the garden at a late hour of night to even the most devoted of knights errant? Tut, tut, Mr. Leighton,—for you see I have the advantage of knowing your name;—let us not waste time in absurdity. I am sure that your stirring

and picturesque career has taught you when a game is lost. At such times a wise man throws down his cards."

"A wise man never throws down his cards until it is proved to him that his game is lost," said Leighton; "and that is not done by enigmas or vague threats."

M. Stanovitch shrugged his shoulders. "I have not made any threats," he said. "If I am forced to do so, you will not find them vague. As for enigmas, I have no inclination to employ them. If you prefer plain language, it shall be as plain as possible. Briefly, then, I am aware that, unseen, you assisted at my interview with Princess Nadine earlier in the evening, and hence there is no need for me to explain who I am or why I am interested in the princess, as well as in the part she allows herself to play in the very foolish plotting of her cousin, Count Alexis. In view of this fact you will probably admit that it is only a fair reprisal that I have had the pleasure of assisting at your interview with her, and I may express my appreciation of the very excellent advice which you offered her. Had she accepted it, I should not be troubling you now. I should have met her before she reëntered the villa, and anticipated her intention of giving the papers to me to-morrow by taking them now—for women are very uncertain, and, once in her chamber, it might again have occurred to her to destroy them. That she did not follow your advice is, however, better on the whole. One is more at ease in dealing with a man, especially a man of the world like yourself, and since you saw so clearly what was best for her to do, you will perceive with equal clearness what it is wise for you to do on her behalf."

"You forget," said Leighton, whose pulses were beating with a great rush, but who stood outwardly firm as granite and cool as ice, "that what the princess refused to do for herself I cannot possibly do on her behalf."

"That is unfortunate," returned M. Stanovitch, "for in such case you will force me to adopt unpleasant measures, which I shall regret. Believe me, it will be better to recognize that you have come to the end of the romantic part you have been playing. It has been very pretty, and no doubt very amusing—for our life here in Europe must appear to you lacking in excitement after your experience of Central American revolutions. But it cannot continue. For one thing, we must have those papers; and, for another, the princess cannot be allowed to compromise herself further. I may tell you frankly that she will not be permitted to refuse the proposed alliance with Prince Maximilian. A matter important to the interests of Russia cannot be decided by a girl's caprice, although there is no harm in her fancying so, as long as she goes in the right course. I have given you this explanation because I clearly perceive the motives and hopes which have actuated you in the affair. But a wise man, as I have already observed, knows when a game is

ended and throws down his cards. Throw down yours, Mr. Leighton. Give me those papers."

"And if I refuse?" Leighton asked, standing on guard and keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the erect figure before him.

Again the Russian shrugged his shoulders. "In that case," he replied with unchanged suavity, "the consequences will be unpleasant—for you. But I am sure you will not be so foolish."

There was a moment's pause, in which it seemed to Leighton that he heard the loud pulsation of his heart. Then he made a gesture with his hands to signify that throwing up of a game which the other advised.

"You are right," he said, "in supposing that the part I have played has been only an amusement, an interest to fill an idle hour—for what are Russian conspiracies or conspirators to me? But you must perceive that my position at present is difficult. Since the princess did not follow the advice which I very sincerely offered her, and which you are good enough to approve, and since I have accepted her trust, how can I justify myself in her eyes for betraying it?"

"I am sure that I do not need to tell one whose experience both of diplomacy and warfare has been so varied that the man who surrenders an untenable position is not held to have betrayed a trust," the Russian answered with unmoved politeness. "I promise you that I will have pleasure in assuring Princess Nadine that you have shown the strongest possible desire to fulfil her wishes. And now, monsieur, let us have no more delay. Give me the papers."

It was now Leighton's turn to shrug his shoulders with an air of resignation. "It is true," he said, "that a wise man submits to the inevitable, and since you promise to do me justice with the princess——"

He advanced as he spoke, putting his hand the while into the inner pocket of his coat, and when he reached M. Stanovitch, whose steady gaze never left him, he drew out a paper which he offered with a bow.

The eyes of the wary police agent necessarily dropped to it, and in the instant, quick as thought, Leighton's clenched hand shot out, and a blow, delivered with tremendous force, knocked him down. Then, springing past the prostrate form, Leighton ran down the avenue towards the landing-stage.

It is doubtful if a Greek athlete ever made better speed, but if he had for a moment imagined that he had only to deal with the man so summarily disposed of he was quickly undeceived. Voices sounded behind him in quick exclamation and sharp orders, and then footsteps smote the earth in hot pursuit. He cast a glance back over his shoulder. Three men were running after him; but he said to himself that before they could reach him he would be in the boat—if the boat were ready for him, as it should be.

On that everything now depended. The avenue seemed interminable in length as he dashed onward towards its end, where the sea lay wrapped in shining lustre, while the hurrying feet behind apparently drew nearer and nearer. In reality, the distance between pursued and pursuers did not diminish. Leighton maintained well the advantage gained in his start; but the sound of the footfalls of the men behind him filled his ears, and made him put forth the power of every nerve in the hot, breathless race for escape.

It ended when he gained the termination of the avenue, sprang to the landing-steps, and—saw the sea empty before him! The boat was gone. One sweeping glance assured him of the fact, and his pause was hardly more than momentary before he turned, with the intention of dashing into another avenue—for several radiated from this point—and making for the villa.

But brief as his pause had been, it was long enough to bring his pursuers upon him. As he turned, they intercepted him. He knocked one of them down, but the other two leaped on him. No words were spoken, but the quiet night was filled with the sound of struggle, of shuffling feet, panting breath, blows, and then—silence.

When M. Stanovitch, somewhat pale and discomposed, came up, his men were standing above a prostrate, insensible form.

“I hope you have not injured him seriously,” he said.

“It is hard to tell,” one of the men answered. “He fought like a devil. It took all of us to overcome him, and nothing but a sharp blow on the head did it at last.”

“What a fool!” said the Russian contemptuously. “As if the matter concerned him! Examine his pockets and give me all they contain. Meanwhile one of you can go and get the boat. We will send him to Nice to recover at his leisure.”

CHAPTER XIV.

“M. STANOVITCH begs to know if Princess Nadine will receive him.”

Princess Nadine turned quickly. In the delightful freshness of the morning air she had been pacing up and down the terrace, now bathed in sunlight, as the night before it had been bathed in moonlight when she talked with Prince Maximilian upon it. She had prepared herself for this interview, which she knew to be unavoidable; so there was no hesitation in her manner as she replied,—

“I will receive M. Stanovitch here.”

A moment later the well-set-up figure, with its air half diplomatic, half military, emerged from the villa, and, waving aside the

servant who wished to announce him, M. Stanovitch came forward to where the tall, slender form stood awaiting him.

"Again, princess, I have to express my thanks for your kindness in receiving me so immediately," he said with a bow. "Do not let me interrupt the promenade which I perceive you were enjoying. If you will permit me, I will join you in it. Ah, what a charming climate is this of the Riviera!"

"I have finished my promenade for the present," replied the princess coldly. "Shall we sit down?"—she glanced towards a shaded seat at a little distance—"or perhaps a few words will suffice for your—business?"

The impassive face of the man before her did not change; but a gleam came into the cold, keen eyes which showed that he resented both manner and words, although his own manner remained unaltered.

"It is certainly possible that my business may be transacted in a few words," he replied; "and since that is your desire, I will be more abrupt than I had either wished or intended. Briefly, then, when I came to you last night it was with a request. To-day I come with an announcement."

The princess lifted her eyebrows. "Indeed?" she said quietly. "And what is the announcement?"

"That I have no further need to trouble you with regard to the papers of which I spoke last night," he answered. "They are now in my possession."

As he paused, he had the gratification of perceiving with what effect his blow went home. All the rose-leaf color faded from the princess's face, leaving her white as marble, and the hand lying on the balustrade by which she stood closed convulsively. But she made a gallant effort to preserve her composure, and so far succeeded that she met his gaze calmly as she said in a low, clear tone,—

"I do not believe it."

He shrugged his shoulders. "That is a pity—but unimportant. And this being so, there are a few more words which I must beg permission to say to you."

She made an imperious gesture. "If it is true—if you have those papers," she exclaimed, "I must know how you obtained them."

M. Stanovitch smiled slightly. "I might readily reply that, since I did not obtain them from you, I am under no obligation to answer that question," he said; "but I have no objection to doing so. I obtained the papers from Mr. Leighton, to whom you gave them in the garden last night."

Princess Nadine gasped. This was a blow for which she was wholly unprepared. To doubt Leighton—either his trustworthiness or his ability to guard any trust he might undertake—had not occurred to her from the moment she gave him the papers until now;

and even now she found herself unable to believe that he had betrayed her trust. Therefore her next question a little surprised M. Stanovitch.

"Is Mr. Leighton dead?" she asked.

"I have no reason to think so," was the suave reply. "But, since he did not give up the papers willingly, I regret to say that it was necessary to handle him a little roughly in order to obtain them. That, however, was his own fault. I promised to bear witness to you that he only yielded to force; and I may add that he was taken carefully to his apartments and left in good hands."

"And where did this assault take place?" asked the princess, still preserving her composure to a degree which excited the admiration of the man who knew how rare—in feminine nature at least—was such power of self-control.

He pointed to the gardens lying below them in all their beauty of verdure and bloom.

"There," he answered briefly.

"In other words," said the princess scornfully, "you were present at our meeting—as a spy."

M. Stanovitch bowed. "In the same manner in which Mr. Leighton assisted at my interview with you a little earlier," he said. "I had the pleasure of reminding him that reprisal was only fair. And by a coincidence we entered your grounds in the same manner also."

"Mr. Leighton knew well that he was welcome to my grounds, because he was trying to serve me," the princess replied, trembling with passionate indignation. "But you—how did you dare to intrude in such a manner? I have broken no law that you should venture——"

M. Stanovitch held up his hand with a gesture which, despite her anger, stopped the words on her lips.

"Princess," he said gravely, "it cannot be that you, a Russian subject, are so ignorant of Russian law as not to be aware of how daringly and how dangerously you have broken it. What you have done would subject you to penalties of which I hesitate even to speak, were I not in a position to testify that you have been guilty of folly rather than crime, and were not the government determined to deal very leniently with you."

She threw back her head haughtily. Russian subject she might be, and half Russian in blood; but there was another strain in her, the blood of another race, which with all its faults—and they are legion—has not for centuries known what it is to tremble before despotism.

"If I have been guilty of folly rather than crime," she returned, "why should the government need to deal 'leniently' with me?"

M. Stanovitch smiled pityingly.

"Does the law," he asked, "deal with intentions or with facts?"

I am sure you can answer that question, and I am equally sure that you must be aware what the facts are in your case. I will only remind you that you had last night an opportunity to prove the excellence of your intentions, to establish your loyalty, and to benefit your cousin in a better manner than by secreting his incriminating papers. That opportunity you lost, and therefore—the papers having been seized—you stand to-day as deeply compromised as himself in the eyes of those who regard only facts.”

It was true. She saw it as plainly as he did, and, looking beyond the man, who personified all the ruthless power of the most arbitrary government in the world, she seemed to behold some of the consequences which had fallen upon others for acts less serious than her own, and which might also fall upon her, despite her rank, her wealth, her youth, and her beauty.

To say that the vista of these grim possibilities had no terror for her would be to say that she was childishly ignorant, or else a fool. She was neither, and, as a matter of fact, her heart quailed within her. But her courage was undaunted; and again M. Stanovitch felt a thrill of admiration as she looked at him.

“Well,” she said quietly, “and so much being granted, what then?”

“That I shall now have the pleasure of telling you,” he answered. “But I fear to fatigue you. It will be better that we sit down.”

He had conquered so far that she turned without a word and led the way to the seat which she had indicated when he first arrived. There they sat down.

“You asked me a moment ago,” said M. Stanovitch, “why the government should deal leniently with you. Your question was ironical, but my answer shall be serious. The government will deal leniently with you because, in the first place, it is well understood that this affair is only an imprudence into which you have been betrayed by your attachment to your cousin; and, in the second place, because it is settled at Petersburg that you shall marry Prince Maximilian of Altenberg.”

She made a quick exclamation. “But last night——” she began.

Again M. Stanovitch stayed her words.

“It is true,” he said. “Last night I led you to infer that unless you gave up those papers the government would refuse its sanction to the marriage. His excellency hoped that by this means we might attain our end with the least difficulty. But as a matter of fact, interests important to Russia are too closely connected with the alliance for it to be allowed to fail. And hence——”

The princess interrupted him. “It is unfortunate,” she said, “that in order ‘to attain your end with the least difficulty’ you found it necessary to employ means which not only failed to gain that end,

but defeated another end. In consequence of the choice offered me to betray a trust or have the sanction of Russia withdrawn from the suit of Prince Maximilian, I laid the case before his serene highness and asked his advice. His reply decided several things: for one, that I shall never marry him."

"Pardon me," replied M. Stanovitch with his most diplomatic air, "but there is nothing more certain than that you will marry him. What you may have said to him or he to you last night is quite beside the matter. He may have withdrawn his pretensions to your hand when informed that the Russian government under certain circumstances would refuse to sanction the alliance: but he is now thoroughly informed regarding the exact state of the case."

Like a flash of lightning an intuition of the truth came to the princess.

"You saw Prince Maximilian last night," she cried. "You learned from him that your suspicions were correct, that I had the papers. It was because of this positive information that you returned and entered my grounds as a spy."

M. Stanovitch bowed. "You would make a good diplomatist, princess," he said. "Allow me to congratulate you on the quickness of your apprehension. It is true that I saw Prince Maximilian after he left your presence, for while I did not expect to gain any definite information from him, I wished to make sure of his influence with you before proceeding further. But he, fortunately, took for granted that I knew with certainty where the papers were, and so spoke of it as a matter to be deplored that you were determined not to surrender them. Do him the justice to believe that he had no intention of betraying you. With the aid of what I knew, however, I had no difficulty in extracting from him all the information he possessed. An inquiry which had meanwhile been instituted concerning the gentleman whose yacht left Nice just at the time when Count Alexis disappeared elicited the facts of his return to Nice, his afternoon visit to the Villa Zorikoff, his return again to Nice, and departure a little later in a boat. Now, one does not make long voyages in an open boat, so there was no difficulty in deciding where he had gone. Neither was there any difficulty in following him, in satisfying myself, by listening to your conversation, that you were guiltless even of sympathy with your cousin's folly, and in relieving Mr. Leighton of the papers after he left you. I believe this *résumé* brings the history of the incident down to date. And I have now the pleasure of assuring you that, with the announcement of your engagement to Prince Maximilian of Altenberg, it will be considered, as far as you are concerned, as closed."

"And how will it be considered," the princess inquired haughtily, "if I refuse to allow any such announcement to be made?"

M. Stanovitch regarded her silently for a moment, twisting meditatively the while the upward curling ends of his carefully trimmed

mustache. From that gaze, so cold and piercing, the boldest of men might have been pardoned for shrinking. But Princess Nadine did not shrink. Her glance met his like a sword-blade, flashing defiance.

"In that case," he said at length, very slowly, "the incident cannot be considered closed, and certain consequences will remain to be met. But I cannot believe that you are prepared to wreck and ruin your life for a mere sentiment of pique, since the papers are now out of your hands, and everything is for you exactly as it was before you attempted to aid your cousin by concealing them."

"There you are mistaken," said the princess with proud quietness. "On the contrary, everything is changed. And nothing more so than my relations with Prince Maximilian of Altenberg."

"His serene highness will, I hope, be able to induce you to reconsider that decision," said M. Stanovitch, rising. "Believe me, it will be better to yield to the suit of a lover than to the peremptory commands of a power that never relaxes its demands and is never disobeyed with impunity. You are not a child, Princess Nadine—you must be aware of the gravity of your situation, of its extreme danger. Do not trifle with a peril which, were you a grand-duchess, you could not safely dare. The word of Russia is spoken: you will marry Prince Maximilian. Be wise enough to accept the necessity gracefully, and do not force the government to use for your coercion the terrible weapons which you have placed in its hands."

He had spoken these words while standing before her. He now bowed gravely and went away, leaving her silent and motionless.

CHAPTER XV.

"Who was that person, Nadine, and what has he been saying to you?"

Princess Nadine looked up with a start to see the stately figure of her grandmother standing before her. It was their first meeting that day; so rising, she kissed her cheek with graceful affection.

"Good morning, *mátushka*," she said. "How charming you look! It is unnecessary to ask if you rested well last night."

"I rested very well," Mrs. Wentworth replied, as she sank into M. Stanovitch's vacated seat. "One is always disposed to rest well when an occasion concerning which one has been anxious has passed off in a satisfactory manner. And everything last night was most satisfactory."

"Yes," Princess Nadine assented half absently, "everything was most satisfactory." She looked down at the garden and smiled a little bitterly. "Most satisfactory," she repeated with an ironical emphasis.

"But who was it that you received so early?" the elder lady asked again. "Was it the man who came last night on business from Russia?"

"The same," was the quiet reply. "He had an appointment to see me to-day, and he came early because his business was important."

"There is no trouble on your estates, I hope?"

"None that I know of."

"Then what was his business?"

The princess, still standing erect in her tall young grace, looked down at her questioner in silence for a moment. It suddenly occurred to her that there was a terrible shock impending over this handsome and admirably self-satisfied lady. With a caressing gesture she laid her hand on the silken-clad shoulder before her.

"Tell me," she said gently, "would it disappoint you very much if I did not marry Prince Maximilian after all?"

"Nadine!" cried Mrs. Wentworth.

For a moment she could say no more. Emotion for which there is no other name than horror rendered her speechless. Then she caught her granddaughter's hand.

"What do you mean?" she demanded almost fiercely. "You know that such a blow would not merely disappoint, it would kill me!"

"Oh, no, I think not," the princess said. "Why should it kill you?"

"Because it would break my heart," Mrs. Wentworth replied. "Why do you ask such questions? Why do you say such things? It is impossible that you can be thinking of inflicting so terrible a disappointment upon me."

"Suppose that I must?" the girl answered, still gently. Then she laughed a little, but it was not a laugh of amusement. "Do you think it will be no disappointment to me also?" she asked. "We are enough alike, you and I, to understand each other, and you must know that my ambition has been at least equal to your own. But we are not to be gratified. I shall not be the first woman of American blood to wear a crown."

"But why not?—why not?" Mrs. Wentworth demanded. "What has occurred? Let me know at once."

"Several things have occurred," the princess answered, "and they have led rapidly—very rapidly indeed—to this conclusion. Shall I tell you the whole story?—do you care for all the details?"

"Do I care?" Mrs. Wentworth cried passionately. "What on earth is there of equal importance to me? Tell me everything."

Then, looking steadily down into the upturned face, and noticing with a pang how drawn and aged it suddenly appeared in the strong light beating on it, and with the intense anxiety sharpening every feature, Princess Nadine told her story. Mrs. Wentworth made

only one or two comments as the narrative proceeded. When she heard, for the first time, of Count Alexis's liberal sympathies, she gave out a flash of contempt. "Imbecile!" she exclaimed. And when she learned that Princess Nadine had taken charge of papers far more dangerous than dynamite, she lifted her hands. "What madness!" she gasped. But the climax came when she heard of the visit and warning of M. Stanovitch, and then the conversation with Prince Maximilian the night before. Her eyes closed, and it seemed for a moment as if she were about to faint. But fainting was very far from her exasperated mind.

"Great God! What senseless folly!" she cried. "And from you—you, of whom and for whom I hoped so much!"

Sitting down beside her, the princess took one of the hands which had dropped with a despairing gesture into her lap.

"I know that it is a cruel disappointment," she said. "But there may be a little comfort for you in the assurance that the conviction has come to me that I could never be happy if I married Prince Maximilian of Altenberg."

Mrs. Wentworth snatched her hand away from the grasp which held it and faced the speaker indignantly.

"Why should you imagine that there would be comfort for me in such an assurance?" she asked. "And why should you not be happy?"

"For several reasons," the princess answered. "The first is that he is not a man of any strength of character and that he has no high aims or intentions, but is simply a puppet with strings to be pulled in the interest of those who control him, while his policy is dictated to him from Petersburg or Berlin."

"And did one ever question those facts, that you should announce them with the air of discoveries?" Mrs. Wentworth inquired with angry scorn. "If he were not what you call a puppet, if he were to refuse to allow his policy to be dictated to him, do you suppose there would be even a question at Berlin or Petersburg of his being permitted to take the throne which is offered him? What utter childishness is this! Have you been dreaming that we are in the Middle Ages?"

"No," the princess replied; "I am well aware that we are in Europe at the end of the nineteenth century. And yet even here it seems to me that there is space for a man to be a man and not a mere puppet. But, however that may be, the fact remains that I could not be satisfied to marry such a one—one who, governed only by motives of policy, and himself subservient to power, would demand that I should be the same."

"And why not?" cried Mrs. Wentworth. "Have you not been brought up in a world where such things are expected? Have you not been trained as carefully as any royal princess for an exalted destiny? And what else does an exalted destiny mean in these days

—if indeed it ever meant anything else in any days? God grant me patience! One would think you a romantic school-girl fresh from provincial life, some ignorant American——”

The princess smiled. “If I were a provincial American,” she said, “I should probably be too much dazzled to see anything of the man under the prince. It is because I have never known any other atmosphere than that of the ‘great world’ that I can rate things more nearly at their just value. I tested Prince Maximilian last night—and the test proved that I am nothing to him but a mere piece in the game he is playing. If I can serve his purpose, he will make use of me, of my wealth, my Russian rank, my beauty, perhaps even of my brains, so long as they are pledged to think only of his ends. But if I put my honor, my word, the lives and fortunes of misguided men, as the least obstacle in the way of his ambition, then he withdraws without even the faintest pretence of personal regret. And shall I give myself to such a man as that for the sake of the crown he will wear as nominal ruler, but virtual serf? No, not if we were in the Middle Ages, and he really reigned a king and not a tool.”

“Nadine! I am astonished at you!”

The protest sounded weak; but it was the expression of the only sentiment of which at this moment Mrs. Wentworth was conscious. Astonishment the most profound filled her mind, astonishment such as now and again seizes us all at certain moments of life, when a character with which we fancied ourselves thoroughly familiar displays an absolutely unfamiliar aspect.

The princess made a gesture which seemed to express resignation to the inexplicable. “Perhaps I am astonished at myself,” she said. “Perhaps within the past twenty-four hours I have learned to know myself in a new light. What then? I suppose there must be many such revelations for us in life—revelations the most amazing of the unknown possibilities of our own natures.”

“There is nothing of the kind,” Mrs. Wentworth cried sharply, “for those who know their own minds, who have adopted a plan of life and follow it with consistency and resolution. What would I be if I had not followed such a plan of life and never faltered in it?” Then she held out her hands tremblingly. “Do you think it was all a path of roses?” she asked. “Do you suppose that the relations into which I entered were ideal? But I never allowed myself to pause. I kept on; I climbed as high as the circumstances surrounding me would permit, and I have never dreamed—never for a moment—that the great and final disappointment of my life would come through you, in whom all my heart, my hope, my ambition, has been from your birth bound up.”

The girl bent her head and kissed one of the hands which she had taken again. “*Mátushka*,” she said sweetly, “I know it. And I would not disappoint your hope and your ambition if I could avoid it. But listen: even if I were prepared to forgive Prince Maxi-

milian for clearly showing me that I am nothing to him but a tool with which to carve his fortunes, if I were ready to take up his game of ambition and subordinate everything which I am and have to playing it, I should at least like to be a free agent in doing so: and I am no longer that. I have given signs of insubordination, and coercion has been applied." Her eyes flashed. "The man whom you saw here, who sat half an hour ago where you are sitting now, ventured to tell me—*me*, Nadine Zorikoff!—that I have no choice, that I must consult Russian interests and marry Prince Maximilian of Altenberg, or——"

"What?" asked Mrs. Wentworth in a low tone, as the indignant voice suddenly paused. She leaned forward as she asked the question: her face had grown strangely pallid, her eyes were startled in their expression. Even to her, who had fancied herself so far removed from it, came a touch of the Russian terror which chills the blood of the bravest.

"Or accept the consequences of having been found in possession of the papers of conspirators," Princess Nadine answered calmly.

"And these consequences—what are they?"

"How can I tell? Whatever the government pleases—imprisonment, Siberia, confiscation of estates, any or all."

"My God! And yet you refuse——"

The princess rose to her feet, a beautiful, majestic figure, her eyes shining with a light which no terror could quench.

"Yes, I refuse," she said. "I may have been born in Russia, but I have not the spirit of a slave, and it is only one with such a spirit who crouches at the sound of the whip."

"But to refuse—the emperor," Mrs. Wentworth stammered; "and when that which is asked is only what yesterday you intended of your own will to do. Nadine, Nadine, what madness!"

Princess Nadine looked at her wistfully. "I thought you might have given it another name," she said. And then she turned away.

As she turned, two figures emerged from the villa—one through a door, the other through a window. The first was a gorgeously attired servant who paused in evident indignation when he caught sight of the second figure, that of a visitor whom he had just shown into a reception-room and bidden to wait there until he had learned whether or not it was the pleasure of the princess to see him. Instead of waiting, this impetuous person, having caught sight of the princess through a window, had promptly opened the sash, stepped out, and in defiance of decorum was now striding towards her. He was a very pale and disordered looking man, and the footman, as he paused, had some doubts whether he might not be called upon to eject him as a madman. But the princess speedily set these doubts at rest—and probably other doubts than his. She advanced quickly with extended hand.

"Mr. Leighton!" she cried. "Thank God you are able to come!"

CHAPTER XVI.

To Leighton the sound of that voice—of its eager and cordial welcome—brought a quick thrill of the most intense pleasure, to be the next instant succeeded by a revulsion of feeling equally intense as he recalled the news of which he imagined himself the bearer, and thought how quickly it would change this welcome into coldness and scorn.

And so, when he came to the side of the princess he did not take her outstretched hand, but only bent before her, as a soldier might bend before the queen to whom he came to bring tidings of the surrender of her armies.

“Princess,” he said,—and in his excitement and preoccupation of mind he ignored the presence of a third person,—“I have come to tell you that I am a beaten and disgraced man. I have lost the papers.”

“I have already heard that fact,” the princess answered quietly. “M. Stanovitch has been here. And I have also heard how you suffered in their defence. So my great concern has been for you, and I am very glad to see that you are able to come out—that your injuries are not serious.”

He lifted his eyes with a swift look of surprise and gratitude; but neither her words nor her gaze, which was equally full of kindness, could bring even a momentary brightening to his face. It was evident that the man’s soul was filled with rage and shame to the exclusion of every other feeling, that he, who had seldom in his life known defeat, was now chafing in impotent passion against the fate which had dealt defeat to him at the time and in the manner when he would feel it most keenly.

“No,” he said, “my injuries are not serious. But if they were, and I were yet able to drag myself to your feet, I would come, to confess my humiliation, my disgrace——”

Princess Nadine extended her hand again, and this time laid it upon his.

“You have neither humiliation nor disgrace to confess,” she said. “I have heard the whole story. You did all a man could do in defence of a trust which you had assumed for others. What was it to you whether or not the papers were seized? Yet you incurred the danger of death in their defence. And if they were taken from you when you were overpowered and senseless, how can you possibly conceive yourself disgraced by that?”

“Because I should have taken precautions,” he cried. “I should have been armed, I should have had assistance near. A soldier who permits himself to be taken by surprise is almost as culpable as one who surrenders without resistance. And I have been a soldier, a leader, a conspirator in my time, as well as one who crushed conspirators. There is no excuse for me. I should have known.”

"You did not know the spies of Russia," said the princess bitterly. "It is no wonder that they laugh to scorn the conspirators who succeed only in filling the prisons and going to colonize Siberia. No, Mr. Leighton, the fault was mine. If I had trusted you at first—if I had given you the papers when you came for them—none of this would have occurred. You would not have suffered physical injury or mental pain, and many a poor wretch would remain free whom those papers will deliver over to a merciless power. I am the person who should justly suffer for all."

"And whose was the fault that you did not give the papers to me?" Leighton cried. "Do you think I forget that?"

There was a moment's pause as they looked at each other, so absorbed in the issue between them and in those other issues which sprang from it that they forgot the listener sitting by.

And this listener had on her part been so confounded by the abrupt appearance of the pale, disordered man, whom she recognized as one who was no more than a mere acquaintance, one who had excited her momentary interest when presented to her only a few days before, yet who assumed a tone of incomprehensible familiarity with Princess Nadine, as he talked of trusts betrayed or lost, dangers incurred and responsibilities shared, that she could only ask herself while listening if she were indeed awake or in a frightful dream. But the moment seemed to come for explanation; and with her most majestic air—an air which would not have misbecome an empress—Mrs. Wentworth rose.

"Nadine," she said, "I must ask what is the meaning of this?"

Before Princess Nadine could reply, Leighton turned quickly.

"I hope," he said, "that Mrs. Wentworth will pardon me. I am an offender against conventionalities, I know, but my only excuse is that there are emergencies which render their forgetfulness necessary. If she knows anything of the present emergency——"

"She knows something, but not all," Princess Nadine interposed. And then she addressed her grandmother. "Forgive me," she said, "for forgetting to recall Mr. Leighton to your recollection."

"I remember Mr. Leighton very well," Mrs. Wentworth answered, with a glance which covered that gentleman from head to foot and was icy in its penetrating coldness. "What I do not understand is why he should present himself here in a manner so unceremonious, and assume towards you a tone so familiar."

"You will understand when I finish the story which I was telling you when he arrived," the princess replied. She glanced at Leighton. "Do not interrupt me," she said, "while I tell my grandmother what your part in this story has been."

He bowed gravely. "I will walk the length of the terrace and return," he said. "By that time you will have finished your recital, which does not, I think, require many words."

He turned and walked away, pacing slowly to the end of the long

terrace as he had said, and pausing there for some time to look out over the garden, beyond the pines and palms, the mimosas and orange-trees, to the blue-and-silver sea flashing against the distant horizon. Presently he turned and came slowly back.

Mrs. Wentworth, who had resumed her seat, looked up at him as he approached; and if her glance had been cold before, he saw at once that it was bitterly hostile now. Evidently he shared, and shared deeply, in the resentment with which she regarded every one connected with the occurrences of which she had just heard further and more exasperating details.

"I am told," she said to him, "that you have been playing a very prominent part in this melodramatic story of conspiracy, and compromising papers, and midnight meetings and encounters. I think I remember that when we met before you complained of finding our life here too devoid of excitement for a taste formed on revolutions in Central America; so I may presume that it has been to procure for yourself excitement and amusement that you have aided conspirators in plots against their government, and my granddaughter in ruining all the brilliant prospects of her life."

"In thinking so you do me grave injustice," Leighton replied. "As Princess Nadine has no doubt told you, my connection with this matter has been purely accidental. I offered Count Zorikoff a refuge on my yacht because it seemed the quickest and safest way of relieving his cousin of the danger of his presence here; and I had no thought of anything further until he told me that he had left his papers with her. Then I returned to Nice at once to obtain them, knowing the danger to which their possession exposed her."

"And why did you not obtain them?" Mrs. Wentworth demanded. "That point has not been made clear to me. Since you came for them, why did you not take them, instead of leaving them in the hands of the princess to compromise her so fatally?"

Leighton looked at the princess. She did not meet his look, but, regarding Mrs. Wentworth with her clear gaze, answered the question.

"Mr. Leighton did not take the papers because I refused to give them to him."

"But why did you refuse?" the elder lady cried. "What possible reason had you for keeping them in your hands when you knew the danger of doing so?"

"I did not know, I would not believe, that there was any danger for me," the princess replied. "I was a fool—so great a fool that I have no pity for myself in any consequences which fall on me alone. But I have infinite pity and regret for those who will suffer from my fault."

"Still," persisted Mrs. Wentworth, "I cannot comprehend why you should have refused to give up the papers, even if you were so

foolish as to believe yourself above the possibility of danger. Your refusal was a very ungrateful return for what Mr. Leighton had already done for your cousin, and for his taking the trouble to come to Nice for them."

A flush, like that which the sunset throws on snow, dyed Princess Nadine's pale, proud face.

"It is true," she said. "It was ungrateful as well as foolish. I have acknowledged that to Mr. Leighton."

"And I," said Leighton, "replied to you then as I reply now, that you were not to blame for refusing to trust me."

Like a flash Mrs. Wentworth turned upon him.

"What is the meaning of that?" she demanded. "Why do you excuse her folly and ingratitude? Why was she not to blame? What had you done to prove yourself unworthy of trust?"

"I have said that the fault was mine——" the princess began.

But Mrs. Wentworth paid no heed to her. Her gaze, full of stern inquiry, remained fixed on Leighton.

"What had you done?" she repeated.

Leighton met her gaze with calmness. He was always quick to recognize a situation, and he now recognized that the antagonism which at their first meeting he had instinctively felt as a possibility between Mrs. Wentworth and himself if their wishes and their interests should ever conflict was now a certainty. But this certainty did not give him the faintest inclination to evade the point she forced.

"What I had done," he replied deliberately, "was a very simple thing to me; but to you, no doubt, as to the princess, it will seem a great presumption. I had told her that I loved her."

"You!"

It was a gasp rather than a word, and for a moment Mrs. Wentworth could say no more. Then her passionate indignation broke forth.

"How did you venture—how could you dare?" she cried. "Is it possible that you are so much of a savage that you do not comprehend the presumption of which you were guilty? Do you think that Princess Nadine Zorikoff is to be approached with words of insolent love-making, as if she were a peasant-girl, by any adventurer whom she may admit to her acquaintance?"

"Madam," Leighton returned, with an air of dignity, "again you do me injustice. Nothing but the consciousness that her rank, both present and prospective—although perhaps I do not hold either in quite so much reverence as you do—placed such artificial barriers around Princess Nadine that my opportunities for approaching her were few, and for impressing myself upon her in any manner still fewer, made me desperately resolve to break through conventional rules and speak to her as man to woman. It seemed to be the only hope of attracting her attention sufficiently for her to recognize that

there was anything in me different from the other men who surrounded her, and who shrank back, awed by the pretensions of a royal prince. Whether or not I should succeed in impressing her as I have desired, in awaking any feeling save anger, was, I knew, so doubtful that I faced the probability of never being permitted to approach her again. But it is according to my nature, and has always been the rule of my life, to take a chance however desperate, rather than allow it to slip from me and vainly regret afterwards that I had not taken it. There are also instincts which can sometimes, even in the briefest intercourse, tell us more of the character of another than we can learn from years of ordinary acquaintance. Such an instinct told me that there were certain qualities in Princess Nadine which there was a possibility—a bare possibility—of rousing. And so I spoke."

"I trust," said Mrs. Wentworth haughtily, "that what you roused was the scorn you deserved."

He smiled. "You will be gratified to learn that you are right, that scorn was all that I roused—except, indeed, the attention which it was my object to gain."

"I think you are mad," said Mrs. Wentworth concisely. "It is the only thing possible to believe."

"And why more mad than yourself," he asked coolly, "when you brought your young daughter to this market of Vanity Fair, and exchanged—shall we say?—her wealth for the title of Princess Zorikoff? Surely, if that was a laudable ambition, mine should not be held wholly mad and presumptuous. My birth, madam, is many degrees better than was that of your husband, my wealth is as great as the fortune he left, and I have to offer besides an ambition so far honorably attuned, and a heart capable of deep attachment. Why, then, should I not lift my eyes to Princess Nadine and ask her if she prefers a title of yesterday, an insecure crown, and the conviction of being simply a piece in the game of a prince who is himself the puppet of higher powers, or if she will accept the free, untrammelled life, the bold chances, and the passionate devotion of a man whose suit she at least knows to be wholly disinterested?"

"Your assumptions are both insolent and insulting," Mrs. Wentworth exclaimed, pale with intense anger. "Passing over what you have ventured to say of myself, how do you dare to assume that because Prince Maximilian is a prince, and because he offers my granddaughter a brilliant destiny, he is therefore wholly interested in seeking her hand? He is a man as well as a prince. Why should he not recognize all that she is, and give her 'passionate devotion,' as well as any adventurer from the other side of the world? It is *bourgeois* to talk of such things, which are taken for granted in the world where great marriages are made. It shows who and what you are that you make such assertions and such claims. But one has no difficulty in dismissing them with the contempt they deserve."

Leighton turned towards Princess Nadine, who stood by like a statue, her beautiful face set in a proud, determined calm, her eyes gazing afar from under drooping lids.

"The princess," he said quietly, but with a tone in his voice altogether different from that with which he addressed Mrs. Wentworth, "can now tell you how far I am right and how far wrong. She has been able to test exactly the measure of Prince Maximilian's devotion and disinterestedness."

"Prince Maximilian at least is not mad," Mrs. Wentworth cried. "And it would be madness if he resigned the ambition, the opportunity, of his life for the inconceivable folly of a girl who has lost her senses."

Leighton threw out his hands with a gesture which expressed absolute renunciation.

"Last night," he said, still addressing the princess, "I placed myself without reserve at your service. I accepted the responsibility of your trust, and risked my life in defending it. But perhaps in losing it I served you best. You have thereby escaped at once the odium of betraying a trust by surrendering to threats or to bribes, and the terrible sacrifice which your refusal to do so involved. To-day I am certain that for you all things are as they were before this episode. Russia will ignore, Prince Maximilian will forget the fact that you ever played a brief and perilous part in the affairs of conspirators. For you, if you will it so, it can now be said that 'all is well that ends well,' and the adventurer from over the sea has the reward of having done his little part, even in failure, to make it so."

The princess lifted her eyes to his face. "It will be well for you to understand fully the extent of your reward," she said. "Russia will ignore, and consequently Prince Maximilian will forget, the episode of the papers as far as I am concerned, if I am ready to play my part in the intrigue which will place the Altenberg prince on a throne as the tool of Russia. If I refuse to play this part, to accept the destiny marked out for me, then I must prepare myself to face whatever consequences a Russian subject may fear who has been compromised by touching the forbidden thing called conspiracy."

"But they know well," Leighton cried, "that spy last night acknowledged, your absolute innocence of any intention to conspire."

"What does that matter?" she returned scornfully. "The law, as he reminded me this morning, takes cognizance only of deeds, not of intentions, and in deed I am guilty. I have placed in their hands a whip with which to coerce me."

A sudden fire leaped into the dark depths of Leighton's eyes.

"And will you be coerced?" he asked.

Like flame answering to flame her glance met his.

"Never," she answered calmly.

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTER from Alan de Forest at Nice to a friend in Paris:

"I suppose, my dear fellow, that some hint has reached you of the extraordinary events which have culminated here in the disappearance of the great Russo-American heiress, Princess Nadine Zorikoff. These events have been enveloped in so much mystery, and are known really to so few, that not even the ubiquitous correspondent who furnishes social gossip to the journals has been able to get hold of them. There are not, indeed, half a dozen persons in Nice who know the facts, and those persons maintain a strictly guarded silence. For it is understood that very important matters—matters concerning states and dynasties—have been seriously disarranged, and that there is stern anger in very high quarters at this wholly unexpected escapade of one who stood so near to the greatest elevation ever attained by an American woman.

"You will no doubt desire to correct me here and say that the princess is not in law or in fact an American woman. This is true; but as the daughter of a typical American woman, and the product of the much-discussed international marriage, every American heiress looking forward to the purchase of European rank by way of the holy estate of matrimony would have regarded her elevation to the throne which is awaiting Prince Maximilian of Altenberg with feelings of mingled pride and envy. With what kind of feelings will they hear that she has flung this exalted destiny aside, that she has cast away, as of no account, the rank for which they are eager to sell themselves, and with a strange indifference to things which dazzle us all—but especially us good republicans—has gone to share an adventurer's career beyond the seas? I can fancy their comments, their incredulity, their pity, their scorn.

"For this is what has occurred. The beautiful heiress of American millions and Russian estates, with the world in a literal sense at her feet, has turned her back upon that world, and, as we are told that those who have gypsy blood will sooner or later fly even from a palace to the tents and the open sky, so we may suppose that in her some lawless, primitive strain has asserted itself, and that, like a wild bird only partially tamed, she has flown back to the conditions of life from which her ancestry sprang.

"I say that we may suppose this; but in truth all is conjecture except a few undisputed facts. And these are, briefly, that she has gone with Leighton—of whom you know—presumably to Central America; that Prince Maximilian is furious; that Russia (represented by an imperial personage) is not less so; and that Mrs. Wentworth has shut herself up in despair. It is said that she will bury her disappointment and chagrin in a convent; but one smiles to think of that single-hearted worshipper at the shrine of the world in conventual shades, and fancies even suicide more probable.

"But more than anything else am I absorbed in wonder and admiration of Leighton. What a marvellous creature! As his friend, and especially as the medium of his introduction to Princess Nadine, I am just now *persona grata* in the highest degree in the society of Nice. Every one seeks me, every one asks the same question, 'How on earth did he accomplish it?' And I smile and look mysterious, and murmur that I cannot betray confidence; while in fact I know no more than any one else how he accomplished it. When he first saw Princess Nadine—and that was only at the *Mi-Carême*—he manifested in his masterful way a strong interest in her. But how I should have laughed, and all Nice would have laughed with me, had any one prophesied that he could within two weeks cast such a spell over her as to cause her to forget everything and renounce everything for his sake! It is inexplicable.

"Why she should have eloped with him—going away suddenly and mysteriously on his yacht—when she was perfectly free to choose and marry whom she would, is another mystery. There are whispers of political and revolutionary complications, of some entanglement in conspiracy, which forced her to fly beyond the power of Russia. But every one who knows Princess Nadine laughs these sensational reports to scorn. There is not a crowned head in Europe with less sympathy for what is called liberal ideas than this granddaughter of a California miner has always displayed. Like most Americans, or persons of American descent, who become identified with European aristocracy, she was *plus royaliste que le roi*. To imagine her, therefore, connected in any manner with conspiracy is to imagine something absolutely absurd, and to suppose an explanation for her conduct more inconceivable than the conduct itself.

"And so we are left without explanation, staring blankly at each other. Of course, some other sensation will presently arise, and the story of Princess Nadine will be in a manner forgotten. But just now nothing else is talked of in Nice, and even when it is supplanted by some fresh happening, I think it will be long before the great world will entirely forget the beautiful princess who has gone out from it to seek another world in which also she has an inheritance.

"Having found this other world, will she be happy in it? Who knows?—who can venture to prophesy? Certainly not

"Yours,

"A. DE F."

THE END.

THE QUESTION OF THE PHILIPPINES REVIEWED.

THE proper course of the United States in reference to the Philippine Islands is no longer open to discussion with a view to affecting the action of the government. We have compelled and accepted the cession by Spain of its sovereignty over the Islands, and we have refused to transfer the authority thus acquired to an improvised native government. On the other hand, there is no design to incorporate them in our national system as Territories and prospective States. We shall either occupy and hold them as an outlying dependency, or we shall establish a protectorate over them, to last until they can be safely allowed to dispense with it. Under each of these systems there will be room and need for the employment of native aid in the administration of affairs, while under each of them the supremacy of the United States will be asserted and maintained. Whether in other respects the distinction between these two systems will have more than a nominal significance need not be considered here.

It may be thought, therefore, that there is no occasion to review the steps that have led to this position of affairs, or the arguments by which it was sought to avert them. Why reopen a discussion when an irrevocable decision has been reached? The answer is, that for the very reason that the decision is irrevocable an impartial inquirer must desire to find, if possible, grounds for regarding it as right, and for looking forward to the event in a spirit of trustfulness and hope, rather than of discouragement or dismay. It is undeniable that we are undertaking a task of which we have hitherto had no experience, and assuming a part in the general work and movement of the world very different from that which our geographical position and the nature of our institutions have hitherto seemed to assign to us. The territorial growth by which the country has extended its limits from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with a coincident increase and diffusion of the population, is an example of real and strictly national expansion, with which the acquisition of remote regions which we can never expect to colonize, and the population of which can never be assimilated to our own, has no connection or affinity. This is a step that involves a new departure in our history, and the abandonment of a policy consecrated by the precepts and examples of the past, and commonly regarded as essential to that freedom from foreign complications by which we have been happily distinguished from most other nations. It was natural, therefore, that the prospect of such a change should be viewed with distrust and alarm, especially by those who, whatever their political affiliations in other respects, may properly be

classed together as Conservatives. They include in their ranks men of high intelligence and culture, some of them eminent as expositors of the Constitution and our national history. The warnings and expostulations of such men called for a degree of attention which, whether owing to the impatience of their opponents or to the exigencies of the time, they can hardly be said to have received. This is, however, an additional reason why their validity should be discussed in such an examination as is here attempted.

There may come a time when it will be possible to decide, without room for contradiction, the still debated question whether the war against Spain—a war not of self-defence but of aggression—was necessary and just. But for the present purpose it is sufficient to remark that the war was unquestionably declared and carried on with the full concurrence of the great majority of the people. It should also, we think, be admitted—despite insinuations, unsupported by evidence, to the contrary—that the seizure of Manila was not originally projected with any idea of conquest or territorial aggrandizement, but simply as one of the ordinary operations of war,—attacking the enemy where most assailable, weakening his resources, profiting by his embarrassments, and compelling him to sue for peace. Our forces were not sent to the Philippines, as they were sent to Cuba, with the declared and specific object of overturning the existing government, rescuing the inhabitants from its domination, and enabling them to establish their independence. We did not enter into any alliance with the insurgents or pledge ourselves to support their aims.¹ So far, therefore, as any specific engagements were involved, we were free to conclude a peace without any stipulations on their behalf, or concerning ourselves about their subsequent fate. Hence the light-hearted proposal to “sail away” from the islands, leaving the inhabitants to work out their own salvation—or the opposite result—by themselves, was suggested at first, with some plausibility, as offering an easy and immediate solution of the problem.

But very little reflection was required to show that such a mode of action would be derogatory to the national honor and inconsistent with that profession of humane motives by which we had justified our declaration of war. True, it was with reference only to Cuba that these motives had been alleged, but could we repudiate such sentiments in reference to the Philippines, after having contributed by our acts to render their condition even more pitiable and hazardous than it had previously been? We had weakened the hold of Spain, but we had not forced her to relinquish it. We had caused a smouldering insurrection to flame up afresh, but we had made no provision in regard to the probable consequences either of its ulti-

¹ If any unauthorized pledge to this effect was given by our consuls, it could not bind the government, but it should have been promptly disavowed.

mate failure or its ultimate success. Could we afford to view this situation with indifference? Were we not bound to provide that a state of peace and security, such as we had promised to establish in Cuba, should be established also in the Philippines?

The obvious fact that we had incurred a certain measure of responsibility in regard to this matter was acknowledged, explicitly or by implication, in all the propositions seriously put forward by those who objected to our occupation or retention of the islands. Thus the resolution offered by Senator Hoyt required the United States to "recognize the right of the Philippine Islands to independence," to "proclaim the dissolution of their connection with Spain," and then to "leave them to establish a government for themselves, without any interference on our part." Mr. Charles Francis Adams (*clarum et venerabile nomen!*) proposed that we should "guarantee them against outside meddling, and, above all, from tutelage, and make them, by walking, learn to walk alone."¹ We may take these propositions, though differently and somewhat ambiguously expressed, to be substantially accordant. Mr. Hoyt, in demanding that we should recognize the independence of the Philippines, can scarcely have meant less than Mr. Adams in proposing to guarantee them against outside meddling; and Mr. Adams, in proposing to make them, by walking, learn to walk alone, can hardly have meant more than Mr. Hoyt in requiring us to leave them to establish a government for themselves. If this construction of their language be correct, then these two distinguished gentlemen were also in full accordance with Aguinaldo and his adherents, who claimed that it was our duty to guard the islands from interference by other powers, and at the same time to abstain from any interference with the settlement of their domestic arrangements.

That this solution of the matter should seem to the insurgents a convenient and satisfactory one was natural enough. But we may be excused for feeling some surprise at finding it advocated by Americans of the class we have mentioned, and this on the ground that it would be strictly consonant with the prescriptive policy of the United States. The argument of Mr. Adams to this effect calls, we need hardly say, for close and respectful consideration. It is elaborately set forth in a letter to Mr. Carl Schurz from which we have already quoted, and is thus summarized in one of the concluding paragraphs: "Let us be true to our own traditions and follow our own precedents. Having relieved the Spanish islands from the dominion of Spain, we should declare concerning them a policy of 'Hands-off,' both on our own part and on the part of other powers. We should say that the independence of those islands is morally guaranteed by us as a consequence of the treaty of Paris, and then

¹Letter to Hon. Carl Schurz, appended to an able and interesting paper entitled "Imperialism and the Tracks of our Forefathers."

leave them, just as we have left Hayti, and just as we left Mexico and Venezuela, to adopt for themselves such form of government as the people thereof are ripe for. In the cases of Mexico and Venezuela and in the case of Hayti, we have not found it necessary to interfere ever or at all. It is not yet apparent why we should find it necessary to interfere with islands so much more remote from us than Hayti, and than Mexico and Venezuela, as are the Philippines."

If we are not convinced by this reasoning, it is because of what seems to us a broad distinction between the precedents cited and the case to which it is proposed to apply them. It was in pursuance of the Monroe Doctrine that we called upon France to abandon the attempt to set up a foreign rule in Mexico; and it was under what Mr. Adams justly terms "a most questionable extension of the Monroe Doctrine" that we insisted that the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela should be submitted to arbitration. Now every one knows—no one better than Mr. Adams—that the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed and adopted on the ground that any attempt of the European powers "to extend their system to *this hemisphere*" was "dangerous to *our* peace and safety." The assertion of this doctrine gave us, therefore, no more claim to interfere with the domestic concerns of other American States than to interfere with European aggrandizement in Asia or Africa. How, then, can it apply to the case of the Philippine Islands, which lie in the Eastern Hemisphere, thousands of miles from our shores, and the occupation of which by a European power could not possibly endanger "our peace and safety"? The difference between the course proposed by Mr. Adams and that to which he objects is one not of direction, but of extent. Whether we stop where he does or go further, we shall have ceased to follow in the tracks of our forefathers, and the only question is whether we are justified by the circumstances in striking out a new path for ourselves.

The next proposition which we have to consider differs widely from the views already noticed. It is embodied in a resolution passed at "a mass-meeting of citizens of New York called to protest against the annexation of the Philippines as a permanent portion of the national domain;" and, while proclaiming an absolute and unqualified opposition to that measure, it declares that "the full discharge of our obligations to the inhabitants of the Philippines requires that we should without delay help them to secure in their domestic affairs, first order, then liberty." Here it is explicitly asserted that the establishment of order must precede that of liberty, and that we are not only entitled but bound to take part in securing these ends. As a programme of policy there might be little to object to in this declaration, if by "order" we are to understand such a state of things that liberty may follow without introducing *disorder*. But this result is not to be achieved in a day. The combination of order and liberty has been attained even by the most pro-

gressive nations only through centuries of struggle and discipline. Its secure establishment is the demonstration of that capacity for self-government which, in a purely political aspect, is regarded as the crowning attainment of civilization. Some of the European nations have failed as yet to reach that height. No Asiatic nation has ever reached it, unless we except the Japanese, whose recent development was not, as we are too apt to suppose, a sudden transition from barbarism to civilization, but the grafting of one form of civilization on another by a remarkable and perhaps unique exhibition of receptive and assimilative powers. But the natives of the Philippine Islands have never developed any form of civilization, or shown any capacity for doing so. They are not a nation; they are not a people in the sense of an organized community, but only in that of an aggregate of inhabitants; and it is by a confusion of these two senses of the word that the advocates of their right to self-government have based this claim on principles and maxims formulated originally in support of American independence and of the democratic system organized as its result. They are a heterogeneous population, composed of disconnected masses, diverse in language and customs, and having little communication with each other; some of them inhabiting unexplored regions in savage freedom; none of them far removed from barbarism, except in those places where Spain was able to maintain a rule characterized by cruelty and corruption, and capable of imparting only a thin veneer of civilization to the class most susceptible of improvement.

Such being the state of things, it was idle to talk of applying to it the principle of popular sovereignty, to regard the insurgents as the "people" of the Philippines, or to suppose them capable of establishing a government suited to the needs of the case. The Cuban insurgents had an infinitely better claim to our recognition; yet what man of sense did not approve of the refusal to concede that claim? It was amusing to be told as an evidence of Aguinaldo's intelligence and statesman-like ability that he was an adept at framing a constitution. This is a feat that has been performed by innumerable revolutionists with the greatest facility, and in general with the most disastrous results. In making a constitution, as in making a coat, it is not sufficient that the article should be beautiful in appearance or artistically constructed; the essential point is that it shall fit the intended wearer, and in this respect most constitutions, even when "made to order," have been failures. The only quality that can afford any presumption of a capacity to govern is experience, and of this qualification Aguinaldo is confessedly destitute.

There was no possibility of shifting the responsibility we had incurred to other shoulders. Leaving the insurgents to manage matters in their own way would not have relieved us of that responsibility. Apart from any question as to their professed object and intention, they had obviously neither the ability nor the resources

to cope with the situation, and their failure would have been our failure. No one would propose to hand the islands over to one of the European powers, nor could any of them accept such an offer without provoking the hostility of its rivals. It is, in fact, their mutual jealousy, coupled with the attitude of England, that has secured us against any interference on their part. We are therefore safe from complications which would otherwise have added enormously to the dangers and difficulties of our task. But its inherent difficulties are not to be denied: they will render its accomplishment a long, laborious, and costly work. Whether as a nation we shall gain all the material advantages which have been predicted is at the least problematical. It was natural, therefore, we repeat, that the prospect should be viewed with repugnance by men who, without any lack of patriotic sentiment,—nay, rather from the intensity of that sentiment,—are averse to all schemes of territorial aggrandizement. And this feeling was rendered more intense and bitter by the reflection that there was originally no reason or necessity for the occupation of Manila, that the liberation of Cuba, which was the one avowed object of the war, could have been attained quite as soon and as easily without taking a step involving issues so novel and embarrassing. It is one thing to face the hazards and accept the responsibilities that seem to belong to a contemplated line of action; it is another thing to submit without demur to those that result from mismanagement, from lack of foresight, or from an inscrutable fatality.

Yet there is another way of looking at this unforeseen result of the war which, though scouted and derided in some quarters, is well entitled to consideration. Is not every nation called upon, when the opportunity presents itself, to aid in extending civilization and reducing the area of barbarism? Is it sufficient to accumulate the resources and develop the means of culture within our own borders, and thus offer an example of progress and enlightenment for the outer world to imitate if it can? True, we have kept open house for many millions who flocked in to share our privileges; but these, by their labor, have fully repaid the benefits they received, while the trained skill and ability of some of them were main factors in the development of that spirit of enterprise and faculty of invention for which the American people are now eminently distinguished. It is true also that we have sent missionaries and teachers to the remotest corners of the world; but other nations have done the same, without considering, or having reason to consider, that this was a means sufficient alone to bring about the desired results. Finally, it is true that during the period of our national growth from infancy to manhood it was well and right that, as in the corresponding period of individual life, we should confine our efforts to the work of self-development. But may it not be reasonably contended that we have now reached that stage when, with fulness of strength, we

should be willing to bend our energies to other work and wider aims? May it not turn out that our overthrow of the infamous rule of Spain in the Philippines, and the substitution of one based on principles of justice and humanity, will stand out in history as an achievement worthy to rank with those of which nations have most reason to be proud? And in that case will it still seem a proper subject for ridicule to regard the steps by which we stumbled or blundered into this opportunity as the working of that "divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"?

There is, however, a common and natural distrust of humanitarian professions when urged in justification of war and aggrandizement. Nations in general have extended their dominion, not with philanthropic views, but from motives of self-interest. The Roman republic embarked on its career of conquest, not in order to spread civilization, but as a means of securing its own position and aggrandizing its power. The English went to India, not for the purpose of putting an end to the anarchy and racial wars that were ruining the country, but simply to build up a profitable trade for themselves. Let all this be admitted: it still remains to account for the contrast between the beneficent results in those cases and the mischief and misery wrought by the Carthaginians and the Spaniards. The cause is to be found in the opposite characteristics of the respective nations. There were dark blots in the treatment of alien subjects by Rome and by England; but there was also at work a counteracting sense of justice which could not be continuously outraged with impunity. The history of Carthaginian and of Spanish conquest and colonization is one of grinding oppression and ceaseless extortion, absolute in the case of the ancient state, and but little modified in that of the modern state down to the present day. The despotism which in the sixteenth century extirpated the seeds of civil and religious liberty at home, which crushed the free institutions of Aragon and Castile, which expelled the Moriscos and established the Inquisition, ruled in like manner over the "Indies," and left its spirit and tendencies to permeate and direct the colonial administration of later times.

But what of our own domestic politics, with our legislatures and municipalities controlled by "bosses," and appointments to office conferred as the rewards of partisan service, without regard to fitness? Shall we go to the Philippines bearing the evidences of our own demoralization while parading as reformers of the evils and abuses that have prevailed in other communities? Having overthrown tyranny and quenched usurpation, shall we be able to justify these acts by establishing a government that will deserve and win the real "consent of the governed"? Here are questions which, if the first step were still to be taken, might well give us pause. The hope is held out to us that the necessities of our new position will enforce a better system of policy, that the lessons we have failed to

learn through past experience will be driven into us by that which we are about to enter upon. May this hope be realized!

What we can say with present confidence—and this is much—is that our rule in the Philippines will not be disgraced by such conduct as has stigmatized the rule of Spain. We shall not send out governors and administrators to accumulate wealth by plunder and fraud. We shall not punish revolts by wholesale and cold-blooded executions. We shall not tax whole communities into hopeless poverty, and then condemn them to hopeless slavery. We shall not suffer a horde of friars to monopolize the fields and fatten on the labor of the wretched people given over to them for care and guidance. We shall not let the greater part of the country remain unexplored and its resources undeveloped for lack of roads and bridges, while building palaces and cathedrals to attest our greatness. Material progress at least may be counted on as the solid result of a rule that is bound to facilitate the legitimate enterprises of the trader, the manufacturer, and the agriculturist.

Looking, then, at all the features of the situation, is it too much to ask that those who conscientiously opposed the acceptance of it shall now not only acquiesce in its continuance and refrain from useless reproaches, but seek to help in bringing about results that shall falsify their predictions? Their endeavors to arouse a public spirit of a finer strain than that which is stirred only by manifestations of national prowess will still have ample scope, and will perhaps prove more fruitful under the greater needs of the new condition. The censorship which they have exercised may be wielded with more influence when men of like character and aspirations can agree with them in opinion. Be it their office to criticise, to censure with freedom, while avoiding and frowning on those virulent invectives in which some of their allies in the press have indulged, and which have served only to irritate and disgust. Above all, let them take to heart that highest counsel of ancient patriotism which, in the great crises of Roman history, bade the citizens not to despair of the Republic.

John Foster Kirk.

TWILIGHT.

'T WAS in the world's primeval May,
 By new-born Love beguiled,
 The dewy evening wed the day—
 The twilight is their child.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

PHILIPPE DE COMINES.

IF Boswell wrote himself down an ass, he proved by that same action that he was a conscientious artist; and so Comines, writing himself down once or twice a rogue, shows a candor that is a beautiful literary virtue. He did not allow any care for his own dignity to interfere with his freedom as an author. Posterity might despise him if it chose; for such a petty thing as the scorn of men yet unborn he would not leave out that racy anecdote in which he played the piquant part of an eavesdropper behind the arras. Dignity, forsooth! It is the best story in the book. Nor should foolish pride prevent him from telling how he spied upon the king's guests, watching whose appetite was spoiled by the great news that had just arrived. If one should argue that it is hardly genteel to be a spy, Comines would retort that it is the most respectable profession in the world in that it lives upon its respectability. In fact, he regarded it as an aristocratic business, and thought that there was no spy so good as an ambassador.

Comines had no intention of writing about himself. He is in his book unconsciously, for, as the Greeks said, "How can a man hide himself?" There is nothing more significant of his morality than his continual admiration of Louis XI. Hero-worship is all very well, provided you have a good hero; but this man, whom Comines praised as a most virtuous prince, was suspicious, revengeful, cruel, and dissembling. It is Comines who has admiringly chronicled these heroic traits, and it is chiefly from his testimony that Louis XI. is judged. Others have confirmed the chronicler's report, but it is to him that we owe the intimate knowledge of this singularly unamiable character. Nor is it between the lines that we must read, as though the truth had slipped in slyly against the will of the author. We are convinced that the king was just as Comines described him; but, instead of finding the hero admirable, we find him detestable. Oddly enough, the book has upon the reader an effect contrary to that which the author thought it would have. Comines admired the king so much that he was afraid the mere naked truth about such a paragon would be mistaken for flattery; yet it seems almost impossible to represent a more unlovely character.

This difference of opinion is caused by different standards of morality. Comines classified qualities as vices or virtues according to his peculiar system. Success was his touchstone: he consistently praised those qualities which lead to success and condemned those which cause failure. He loved prudence, reticence, presence of mind, and the power of dissimulation. He valued humility,—a false humility,—and, knowing that pride goes before a fall, he con-

demned all kinds of pride, proper and improper. He disapproved wanton cruelty, because it is impolitic, and he scorned vanity, because he saw that it put men into the power of other men. He was an enthusiast for truth, but he loved lies also in their place. In fact, he prized truth so highly that he did not always wish to share it with others. It was a jewel to be treasured in one's bosom, while lies were the ordinary coin to be used in commerce with men. Considering these minor virtues and vices, he concluded that intelligence was the supreme virtue and stupidity the unpardonable sin.

For such a man Louis XI. was a very proper master and hero. The king was not stupid, and his patient, prudent, unscrupulous will was the very spirit of success. Comines distrusted the rashness and the boundless ambition of Charles of Burgundy. The duke had some dangerous foibles. He was quick of speech and eager for glory. Comines had seen the king wheedle him with a word of subtle flattery, and Comines did not enjoy being on the side of *Maitre Corbeau*. It was not "just for a handful of silver" nor "just for a riband to stick in his coat" that Comines deserted his lord. He feared and admired the King of France. He trusted in Louis's final success, and found in him a mental superior, a real master. So there were many motives to make Comines steal away in the night from the camp of the warrior to become the confidential minister of the most astute statesman of the day.

He had a peculiar conception of the world. In examining the relation of things to each other, he looked chiefly to their power of harming each other; he amused himself by imagining ingeniously that every European nation was created for the express purpose of mortifying the pride of some other nation. He could see no other excuse for the existence of Ghent than the fact that this turbulent city was a thorn in the flesh of its lords. It was a continual annoyance to the proud Dukes of Burgundy, and this disagreeable function was its only "*raison d'être*." In the foolishness of men Comines saw constantly a proof of the existence of a Deity. Logically, their rashness and ignorance would destroy them root and branch; and the long life and success of many fools showed that there was a Providence able to set aside the natural course of events. In Charles VIII.'s Italian campaign Comines saw success reward every kind of mismanagement, and the poor sage could only shake his head and deduce that the expedition was favored by Heaven.

Then, too, in Comines's scheme of the universe there was need of an all-powerful Punisher. Otherwise who could reward the great for their sins? As far as the poor were concerned, there was no cause to look away from this earth for a judge and an executioner. They could find plenty of people right here to punish them, and sometimes without reason. But the wickedness in high places called for a God. Comines believed that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. He was enough of a philosopher to see that

the swiftest, most irremediable catastrophe is that of which the seed is in a man's own mind and which he brings upon himself by his own actions.

Of all the things Comines had seen under the sun one phenomenon had impressed him most deeply. "I have seen many deceptions," he said. He imagined all mankind to be toiling in an immense intrigue to deceive one another. He thought it was well to understand all varieties of tricks and pretences, not for the purpose of using them—Heaven forbid!—but to guard against them. In spite of this moral interjection, one can see that the science of deceit was a study not uncongenial to Comines. No one can explain an intrigue more clearly than he, no one can separate more nicely the real motives from the apparent motives, no one can understand more sympathetically the excitement of a *bal masqué*, or admire more heartily the *sang-froid* of a hypocrite playing for his life. He might have written on his title-page:

Trompeurs, c'est pour vous que j'écris:
Attendez-vous à la pareille.

And as a matter of fact his chronicles are dedicated to an astrologer. It was at the request of Angelo Cato that Comines undertook to record what he knew of the character and life of his royal master. When these facts are considered it seems no wonder that the book is filled with "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." It was written by a traitor, for a traitor, about a traitor; each however in his own degree and for different reasons: Comines was a traitor by temptation, Cato a traitor by trade, and Louis XI. a traitor by nature.

Life as Comines shows it is a doleful business. He sees no reason that poor common mortals should ever hope for happiness, seeing that great kings have been unable to attain it. In reviewing the careers of the two princes whom he knew best, he finds that neither enjoyed happiness. They were always desiring something out of reach, enduring the hardships of camp life, or anxiously plotting in the council chamber. "Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more." They suffered defeat and treachery, and success was elusive and disappointing. The sum of it all was "*Toujours travail, sans nul plaisir.*" To Comines it would seem better if these princes had lived more moderately, if they had been less ambitious, if they had had more fear of God and more love for their neighbors. Their lives would have been longer and their deaths more lamented and less desired. But although Comines could by reflection arrive at this wise doctrine of obtaining happiness by a moderation of passions and by doing good, it was not the rule of his life, but rather the regret of his old age. He too had had travail without pleasure at the bidding of ambition.

His own political career was not without reproach, so that he did not have to trouble himself to make exceptions when he set forth

his opinions about mankind. In a climax reminding one of St. Paul's eloquence on a very different theme, Comines concludes that "neither natural reason, nor our own sense, nor the fear of God, nor the love of our neighbor, nor anything, can keep us from being violent one against another, nor from taking and keeping what belongs to another by all means that are possible to us."

Comines knew something of the world, but it was a knowledge for base uses. He knew what the fox knows about nature—"where the geese lodge." He understood the follies and faults of men and the art of governing them by their vices. If there be an accomplishment in which a man takes pride, it is in a knowledge of human wickedness. Few can refrain from boasting a complete mastery of this science, and none will confess ignorance of it. There is not so much said about a knowledge of goodness. It is often forgotten that the tree of which Adam ate was the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and that wisdom consists in understanding both of these qualities. As a philosopher, Machiavelli was blind of an eye, and Alfred de Musset knew only a part of truth when he said that he was disgusted with truth. It was the same part that Comines knew. He was not wise. He repeated in leisure what David was guilty of only in haste.

Comines was a great moralizer, which is a very different thing from being a great moralist. "*Scribitur ad narrandum*" was not his motto. He wrote history not so much to preserve the memory of certain events as to point the moral which he observed in those events. This is worth recording because it is a trifling illustration of an eternal truth. It is merely a human catastrophe, but its lesson is written in the heavens. One adventure demonstrates how small is the value of the dead lion, and another shows what you should do before you leap. He arranged his matter as though he were writing a collection of moral treatises, and dealt with his episodes briefly or minutely according to what he considered their ethical importance. His book could be decorated quite to his own taste by placing couplets from La Fontaine at the heads of the chapters. The chronicler wrote his text out in full whenever he thought it necessary, for he was not willing to take any risks as to his reader misunderstanding the moral of an event.

Comines studied men. He watched, noted, and imagined; without the gift of imagining truly, one can never put two and two together and make the five that genius writes down where plodding talent can find only a four. Comines had met many men of many minds, but there were two characters that formed the *point de départ* of all his theories. What he thought of these two men, of their faults, their virtues, their lives, and their deaths, made up his philosophy of vice, virtue, life, and death. In these two men he studied the world. In his portraits of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold Comines put all his knowledge of human nature. He saw that these

two princes, who were at war, were hostile not only by circumstance but by nature. He liked to show the contrast between their characters. Each was the type of a class, and each was so distinct and consistent that there seemed something fable-like in their struggle. It was not only a war between ambitious princes or a trial of royal power against the power of vassalage: it was a conflict between force and ruse, a test of the values of mind and matter. Comines appreciated the allegorical meaning of his subject and aimed to paint with breadth; at the same time he understood the value of details and used minute elaboration to heighten his contrasts. His portraits are striking, unmistakable, and this startling distinctness is produced by the most legitimate means. Comines despised no trifle. He believed every habit, every gesture, to be significant. He notes what a man eats and what he wears. He chronicles his ways with women and his bearing in war, his words of anger and his familiar converse. It was not unimportant to him that the fiery duke ate conserve of roses for breakfast, nor that Louis usually returned from the hunt in a bad humor. He shows us the king fawning and humble in defeat, arrogant in success, familiar with inferiors, and cruel in his jests. He shows us this king preparing with a long arm the ruin of his enemy,—stirring up insurrection in Liege, pushing forward the Swiss, holding back England, bargaining with the emperor “for the skin of the bear.”

The chronicles of Philippe de Comines have survived three hundred years, and the dust on them is not yet so thick that one must love dust to read them. It is something to have lived as long as that, and goes far towards proving some degree of fitness; for without thinking that books, like wine, improve with age, one must recognize the advantage which old books have over their juniors in that Time has countersigned their credentials. Yet the mere fact that a book is old and has been read by many generations is not enough to incline our hearts to read it. The ideas expressed in it, even if comparatively new in that day, may have been more agreeably expressed since then in other places. As a matter of history it is interesting to know what a book was in its time and how it influenced the thought and action of its world; but practically it is more desirable to know how a book ranks among books to-day, and what it gives that nothing else gives. One knows now by experience what Solomon knew by the pleasant way of prophecy about the making of books, and those who are fond of reading long to know what not to read. Considering these facts, Monsieur Brunetière has adopted a simple method which very promptly lessens the embarrassment of choice. He inquires, sometimes with a decent show of reluctance, what would be lacking to the world if a certain book had never been written. It is fitting to be apologetic on such an occasion; the trifling courtesy may be the last that one will have opportunity to offer to the unfortunate book, and politeness has ever been in fashion

on the scaffold. Such a decisive test seems cruel. That depends upon the point of view. It also seems kind.

If Philippe de Comines had never taken pen in hand the world would miss the intimate acquaintanceship of Louis XI. and of Charles the Bold, and that would be an appreciable loss from the sum of our knowledge of human nature. Comines's best work is in his portraits of his two masters. The rest of the book may pass from the memory, but the two characters that are revealed within its pages will not readily be forgotten. The whole book contributes to the presentment of Louis and of Charles. Long after the deaths of both have been recorded the chronicler has them in mind and is inspired by them. It is said that Froissart shows a state of society, and it may be said that Comines shows two men.

If his chronicles were blotted out, one would miss, besides his portraits, some sincere words on the frailty of greatness, the selfishness of mankind, and the elusiveness of pleasure. Other men have thought these thoughts, but Comines thought them for himself and expressed them with the originality of conviction. There are few ideas that have not been expressed several times, and all that one demands is that the expression be exact and individual. Comines wrote with the easy familiarity which was the distinctive charm of the chroniclers who flourished before the printing-press piled its enormous editions between the author and his readers. It is difficult to chat with several thousand readers or to be frank with a "reading public."

His style seems simple and natural, which only means that his artifice is not apparent. He seems to relate bits of history and to moralize about them just as any old man might do who had seen a great deal of the world and who had thought about what he had seen. He begins his book modestly, as though telling a tale to his grandchild: "When I was old enough to mount a horse," he says, instead of proclaiming his great subject, "*arma virumque*." He likes to interrupt himself and to make digressions, but these digressions are as much a part of his plan as were those of Tristram Shandy. He apologizes, it is true, for leaving his subject, but the apology only shows that he knows and approves what he is doing,—otherwise he would cut the passage out.

Comines knew the rhetorical value of "*moi que parle*," and liked to interject a personal note into his relation of great affairs. "This is no mere hearsay. I was there; I saw this with my own eyes," he will say; or, better still, he will give some adventure of his own, something private and individual, which will make the reader feel the reality of the story. To read is not enough. He will have you think and see and feel: he will awaken in you a sense of the past. The way in which he introduces his thoughts on the death of the Duke of Burgundy is an example of this use of trifling personal experience to give nearness and reality to public events. After de-

scribing somewhat dryly the battle in which the duke was killed, he begins a new chapter thus: "I have since then seen at Milan a seal that I had often seen hanging on his coat. . . . It was a lamb engraved with his arms, and was sold for two ducats in Milan. He was but a clumsy *valet de chambre* who took it from him." Looking at the seal, Comines's imagination pictured the rough manner in which it had been snatched from the body of the dead prince; and then he, who had once been the chamberlain of the duke, remembered by what great lords the duke was wont to be clothed and with what elaborate ceremony. The signet evoked a picture in Comines's mind: he saw the body of the magnificent duke, a prey to irreverent plunderers; and it suggested to him the sudden collapse of greatness, somewhat as Yorick's skull moved the mind of Hamlet. He wishes his reader to see and to think with him, so he gives the cause of his thoughts and feelings, trusting that it will have the same effect upon others that it had upon himself.

It is with the same logical suggestiveness that he writes of the tomb of John Galeas Sforza. He describes the statue of the tyrant carved in stone and raised high above the altar, while within the tomb the bones decay according to the law of Nature. Round about are painted the arms of usurped cities, but the dead conqueror is called a saint. It was explained to Comines that "in this country we call those saints who benefit us." Much as he loved to moralize, Comines felt that it was not necessary to add anything to this.

All this is not gay. It is too much like sitting upon the ground and telling "sad stories of the death of kings;" and most of us had rather have a fool to make us merry than experience to make us sad. But Comines is not gay; "*c'est là son moindre défaut.*" He had wit, but he had no humor. There is no laughter in his book, nothing more than occasionally a satirical smile. It is true that he records some jokes, such as King Louis's reassuring message to the Count de St. Pol: "I have need of such a head as yours," said the king, meaning that he had need of the count's head but not of the count's body. That is not a funny joke, and if Comines laughed at it, his laugh no doubt had a hollow sound. In considering Comines's lack of humor we come around again to the question of his wisdom. It is a poor advertisement for a philosophy that it has conducted a man to an old age of suspicion and regret. A philosophy that can make a man merry is what is wanted.

Emily Stone Whiteley.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

A SPEECH defying all the arts and crafts of tongue or pen,
And yet the universal speech of angels and of men.

Clarence Urmey.

THE AMERICAN FONDNESS FOR MOVEMENTS.

I N my early teens I was once an exile in a minute Southern hamlet at the foot of the Blue Ridge. It was a place of landscapes and silence. A mocking-bird sang for me a little while in the morning, a farmer's boy across the valley called the pigs in the evening, and a cricket chirped through the house the livelong day. That was about all. When the director of my personal estate—or, rather, that part of it situated within me—saw that nothing else was likely to happen, he deliberately loosened the screws in my machinery and carefully let me down to a point where silence ceased to be felt. Thenceforth the drowsy hum of insects was band-music to my ear. But the exile came to an end at last, and without a thought of my ungirded state I hurried to the railway station, twenty miles distant, and stood waiting close by the track for the world-bound express. Suddenly it came thundering around the curve, and before I could reach out for my nerves it rushed by me with a force that fairly took my senses and sent them whirling away with the leaves that lay along the track. I am confessing it for the first time,—the horrid thing made me tremble down to my toes. I thought—rather I felt—that I had never seen anything half so terrible, and I am sure I never expected to hear anything quite so shocking. And for hours the only idea in my chaotic brain was that I had seen the biggest thing in the world, and I could by no means be persuaded that anything else in the world was worth talking about.

Of course, being but a boy, it was a novel sensation; but since then I have learned that life—or, at any rate, our modern life—is full of such experiences. For instance, one never witnesses the passing of a great popular movement without being either whirled away himself or subjected to the comfort of seeing others whirled away. For every movement that gets a sufficient start to create a breeze means a period of insanity for a majority of those who stand within its reach. And this experience is not the exclusive heritage of the plain people. Those of us who lie like leaves along the track of the world's thought, light and lifeless, with nothing to hold on by, are as a matter of course swept away, or at least set in a whirl by every movement that passes; but there are others who are neither light nor lifeless, who have both eyes and anchors, but who hanker for a mental whirl as a toper hankers for his bottle; and these never allow a movement to pass without plunging recklessly into it, just for the sake of the delirium. Indeed, aside from the little handful of cold-blooded men whose living depends on other people losing their heads, and that larger handful of cold-blooded men whose minds are too heavy—though not too weighty—to be aroused by

anything that passes, there is hardly any one nowadays who is not liable to be whirled out of his senses occasionally, either by the force of a popular movement or by the force of the temptation to plunge into it.

I have said in substance that the shock of the passing locomotive that memorable day in the mountains temporarily deprived me of all sense of proportion: the locomotive suddenly became a mountain and the rest of the world a molehill. This is what invariably happens when one throws himself headlong into a popular movement without pausing long enough to take its measure. And this is not all. When one thus plunges into the current he not only shuts everything else out of sight, but he snaps the cords of sympathy which bind him to his life-environment. We saw this strikingly illustrated in the prohibition movement. So long as prohibition was held up as a means of diminishing intemperance, it was possible to direct it in a way that gave promise of success; but when overheated leaders began to urge it upon the people as a panacea, men plunged into the movement head and ears, snapped the ties that bound them to every other interest, lost their bearings, and became at once an effectual barrier to its further progress. Prohibition will never prohibit so long as it values the support of men who can see no good in anything—from soup to sermons—that has not got prohibition in it.

But the immediate effects of a passing movement are not its worst. So long as it gathers strength the intoxication continues, and intoxication of any sort covers a multitude of evils; but when the movement begins to die out, and the hilarious effect subsides, then comes a swelling tide of woes. To many a man it is as the awakening from a debauch. If there is no splitting headache, there is the same depressing sense of worthlessness and the same dark-as-midnight outlook. And what is worse, it wants to take an age to wear off. It is this that makes the reaction that sets in from exaggerating a movement one of the most serious obstacles to reform that reformers have to contend with. For while those who plunge into a movement just for a whirl often get quickly over it and are ready for another, those who have been carried away without their own will are apt to be shy of movements of any sort for a long time to come.

Take the municipal reform movement for illustration. Two or three years ago there were cities where almost the entire population had been worked up to the idea that the cleaning out of a city government would cure all the ills that mortal flesh is heir to. There were multitudes who could not have been satisfied with any result of a reform effort that fell short of turning the city into a New Jerusalem,—which means streets of gold, free water, no epidemics, no gas bills, and twelve kinds of fruits a year gratis. To-day the bare mention of municipal reform in a majority of American cities starts a chorus of jeers. “Oh, go away with your reforms!” “Go

and reform your reformers!" One asks, Are not these the very people who a little while ago were cheering for reform? Ay, there's the rub. They cheered too hard. They shut their eyes and stopped their ears to cheer. They did not stop to take the measure of the movement. They did not want to take its measure. They did not want to know that there was anything which municipal reform could not do. If it was a delusion, they wanted to make the most of it, and they went on with their cheering. Many of these movements accomplished all that their wisest leaders expected them to accomplish; but these people who have stopped their cheering and un-stopped their ears are not going to hear a word about municipal reform for years to come: it did not bring in the New Jerusalem.

The negro race is to-day in danger of being sadly marred in its making because of a reaction that has set in from exaggerating the possibilities of a great movement. When the problem of "a nation within a nation" came up for solution, the glamour of the doctrine of salvation by education was fully upon us. It was suggested that the newly emancipated race offered an excellent opportunity to test the theory, and the friends of the negro immediately set to work with enthusiasm to make the experiment. Educators of the extravagant type began to say that the difference between the two races was to be found mainly in a few school-books, and the idea was developed that all that was necessary to enable the new race to catch up with the old was to bridge the gulf between with a line of school-houses. Then it began to be preached that the higher the education the surer the salvation, and it was decided that the bridge should be a line of tall colleges with imposing universities at frequent intervals. Multitudes of well-meaning people became so worked up over the movement that the problem of higher education actually resolved itself in their minds into a mere matter of providing college buildings, furniture, and text-books.

Less than a hundred miles from where I am writing a university was built and equipped before it occurred to the originators of the enterprise that there was hardly a negro within its reach who had learned the alphabet. For several years every energy was bent in this direction, and to this day from June to September the North is rarely allowed to think of anything else than the need of more brick and mortar to solve the negro's educational problem. A little while ago the question was asked if it were not time for results. The North had spent a great deal of money on this "vineyard in a very fruitful hill," and it now thought that it should bring forth grapes. But the demand for results had no satisfactory answer, and immediately many who had been led to expect impossible things of the movement lost heart, patience, and interest, and wanted to wash their hands of the whole business. Yet nothing is plainer to one who has studied the situation at close range than that this reaction is the result of a misapprehension growing out of a misconception,

and that the negroes and their teachers are being blamed for no fault of their own. The North from the first expected of the negro and of the money expended for his education far more than it had a right to expect. The experiment of higher education among the negroes has not failed, for the reason that it has not yet been made. With the exception of a few leading schools, the institutions that have been built for the work of higher education have never got to the point where they could begin their work. Either they have no equipment for college work, or they have had no pupils prepared to enter upon a college curriculum. For nearly a generation the work that has been done in most of these institutions has not differed materially from the work that has been done in the better class of public schools in the South. I repeat, the experiment of higher education has not been made; it is only begun. Here and there a few promising young men and women have gone through a regular college curriculum, and where these have pursued their studies in a healthy moral atmosphere the results have been all that could be desired. These exceptional cases do not prove that the higher education of the negro as a race is desirable, but they do prove that the education of promising young negroes in favorable surroundings is desirable. It will be time enough to consider the advisability of side-tracking the work of higher education in favor of industrial education when the promising young negroes already in sight have received the education which they must have if the race is to have capable leadership. The change in the direction of Northern philanthropy that is really needed is not from higher education to industrial education, but from the many so-called colleges to the few real ones. In other words, now that the common-school system is reaching out over the field occupied by the institutions that are colleges only in name, Northern aid should be withdrawn from these institutions and extended to those that are doing or will undertake to do real college work.

One cannot but have noticed that this American habit of plunging unreservedly into popular movements without taking their measure is playing an alarming part in the development of the individual mind and character: it is making of us a nation of cranks—if the reader will not place undue stress upon the word. In the traditional slow-coach age the crank was a rarity. We had maniacs in painful plenty, as we have now, but we had few monomaniacs. To-day one meets a crank at every turn. Every movement that stirs the populace brings into being a swarm of whims and crotchets and crotchety people. And we have these crotchety people in every grade of life. We have always looked for trifling idiosyncrasies in men of mind, but nowadays we want to know concerning every big-brained man we meet what particular subject he is crazy about. The pimples which rather emphasized the symmetry of a man in the past have grown to be great ugly boils. Run your pencil down the list

of the best minds of America of to-day, and mark those who, wise in all things else, have shown themselves fools over some question of the day: the names that remain may be counted on one's fingers. The effect upon the development of character is almost as noticeable when one runs over the list of leaders in great movements who have been known for moral excellence. Here is an eminent leader who, since he got it into his head that his reform movement is all there is of life, has not only ceased to pay his debts, but has actually ceased to regard debt-paying as a matter of any importance. And yonder is a man known wherever the English language is spoken, who, since he became engrossed in a particular line of Christian work, has forgotten the ordinary manners of a Christian and grown as unapproachable as a bear. A man cannot lose his sense of proportion without eventually losing his balance of character.

There are people whose vocation leads them to contemplate with unalloyed satisfaction this growing fondness of Americans for movements. They are the people whose living depends upon keeping their own heads cool that they may keep other people's heads in a whirl. The strolling evangelist lives on our love for this sort of excitement. So does the professional politician. The labor agitator's hope of a millennium rests upon it. The mob leader would be hanged without it. And there are others, who are neither evangelists, nor politicians, nor labor agitators, nor mob leaders, who welcome every new movement because, as they tell us, there is no reform where there is no agitation, and if there is to be a change of mind somebody must stir up a breeze. But while much is to be said in favor of a March wind that loosens the soil about the roots of the trees, there is quite as much to be said against a tornado that takes the trees up by the roots. It is a great thing to be able to stir and to be stirred, but it is better not to use the power to the extent of stirring up a breeze that will blow us off our feet.

The long and the short of the matter seems to be that we must either have fewer movements, or we must put a curb on our appetite for mental intoxicants. Of the two our hope is in the latter, for so long as there are intelligent people ready to plunge into every movement that comes in the way, simply for the delirium it brings, so long will the manufacture of movements continue; for there will always be men ready to start a movement for the sake of having somebody agree with them. Besides, it is by no means desirable that movements should cease. Heaven forbid! America would not be home without them. But we need to come to look at such things with a cooler vision. We might try to consider more if we cannot just now feel less. We might begin to learn, for instance, that no popular movement, however great and powerful it may be, is as great and powerful as it appears when it is being pushed. Or we might learn that no one movement is going to bring us to the millennium: even municipal reform can carry us but a few yards in that direction

at most; even prohibition will leave us outside the gates. We might learn, too, that no movement is of such importance that we can afford to take the advice of its leaders and drop everything else that we may put our shoulders to that one wheel. Popular movements are to life what spring-cleaning days are. Of what use would life be if the hangings were always down, and the carpets were always up, and the dust always everywhere? And finally, to end the list, we might learn that it is the supreme duty of man, when a movement comes in sight, to take a fresh grip on himself while he is getting its measure. For, as I have been trying through these pages to say, movements, like horses, are good servants, but wicked masters.

Edward Leigh Fell.

MORNING IN THE ALPS.

UPON the distance of the east had grown
 A light that made the dim horizon blue.
 The blue was stealing upward through the stars,
 But vaguely dark the cloud-sea hung beneath
 Within whose silent flood the world was drowned.
 Beyond the misty gulf, through farthest space
 There stretched a continent of snow-clad Alps;
 Lo! there was Death's land grisly white and dim,
 With hueless clouds, like spectres, guarding it.
 We felt the dawn was growing, but, alas!
 A dawn unreal, dawn without a bird,
 Without a dewy scent or waking sound.
 Slowly the Alps took on a denser white,
 With outlines clear emerging into day;
 The mists were gently stripped from distant peaks;
 The clouds grew gray with filmy sprays upcurled.
 Above, the stars, like ineffectual points,
 No longer pierced the deepening blue of day.
 Whiter and clearer grew the Alpine hosts,
 The eastern sky flamed redder while one gazed,
 And faintening purple climbed the zenith's height.
 Then suddenly was cast upon the sky
 Far in the west a glow of ruddy light,
 That settled earthward till a jutting peak
 Flushed opaline amid the daze of white.
 Anon another snow-cap blushed response.
 It was as if a torch unseen were swung,
 Mount after mount the flying radiance caught,
 Flashing it back again from burnished breasts.
 As morning's pink ran down the icy waste,
 The east unsheathed a dazzling tip of flame.

Wilbur Larremore.

JACQUEMINOTS.

“IT was awfully good of you to remember me so handsomely, dear Bob,” murmured Irene Benson as she buried her somewhat pronounced chin in the gorgeous bouquet that had elicited the remark.

The individual so affectionately styled “Bob” was, according to his *cartes de visite*, Mr. R. Sinclair King, though to within a few years of the date of this story he had always given prominence to the first name bestowed upon him by his godfathers and godmother, and had correspondingly obscured the one that now stood out so boldly against the chaste cardboard background. Intimate acquaintances still addressed him as “Bob,” with or without adjectives according to their sex and sentiments. In the capacity of *fiancée* his present companion naturally exercised a special right over him, against which he did not rebel.

True, she was the fourth young lady in half as many years that the gushing, flaxen-haired, money-burdened Mr. King had bound himself to with sacred promises, solemnized by temporary sincerity, and of course society laughed at her for expecting to retain the devotion of a man who had so quickly tired of three handsome predecessors. But Miss Benson only smiled sweetly.

She was not beautiful certainly; but she had never for a moment argued the question with the mirror. Her vision was wonderfully clear and easily discerned such defects as an elongated chin that would not diminish with age, an aspiring nose, and an absence of natural color in the cheeks. Nevertheless, she was by no means plain, and at times her large gray eyes seemed to lend their beauty to her features. Then, too, she was admittedly clever—a quality that can oftentimes hold a man when the tinsel bonds of fascination have snapped.

Already the engagement was three months old, and though the watchful professed to notice a gradual decline in the gentleman’s attentions, there was nothing sufficiently marked to attract any general comment.

As a matter of fact “dear Bob” was tiring ever so little of his fourth conquest, but he was not yet *épris* with anything more desirable, and he scorned the old adage so redundant with caution.

He thought Irene looked remarkably well on this evening, and he had led her away from the throng of dancers to gladden her heart with a few efficacious and well-tryed words of praise. They were a little battered with much campaigning, for Mr. King’s range in metaphorical composition was painfully limited, but as they were all illumined with the glow of gold the necessary effect was invariably produced.

Everything had proceeded very nicely until Irene had murmured her thanks for the flowers. Then a wave of hot confusion that experience and diplomacy could not keep back swept over the gentleman's fair face. He moved restlessly in his seat, then glanced askance at the bouquet. Several times he cleared his throat and straightened his neck as though breathing were an effort.

Meantime his companion continued the one-sided conversation.

"Red is my color," she said,—“the deep, rich red of these roses. I was so delighted when they arrived this afternoon that I fairly danced with joy. Aunt thought I was crazy, but when she saw the cause of my actions she was almost as bad herself. It was really too good of you, Bob.”

"Don't thank me, Irene," commenced Mr. King. But Irene cut him short.

"Why shouldn't I thank you?" she asked effusively. "I know lots of engaged girls whose intendeds never bother sending them flowers. But you are not like that," and she bent her gray eyes upon him, shining with love and gratitude.

But this did not serve to put Mr. King at his ease. A clammy perspiration stood out on his smooth, low forehead.

"Are you ill, Bob?" asked Miss Benson, suddenly looking up and seeing the metamorphosis in her dear one. She seized his hand and stroked it nervously, while her twitching face and short-drawn breath expressed the anxiety she felt.

With a mighty effort Mr. King pulled himself together; and from his manly chest there came a laugh of great dimensions, but so hollow and heartless as to seem but the echo of a past happiness.

"I'm all right," he said boisterously; "never felt better, though it is a trifle warm; but the fact is—well, dear, about that bouquet. Was there any card sent with it?"

He desperately though vainly affected repose of manner by humming "There's only one girl in the world for me;" but, his ear for music being anything but keen, the result was disastrous.

"Why should there have been a card?" inquired Miss Benson softly. "It was not necessary. I knew you sent the flowers, because only you had the right to do so. But, dear, it was very extravagant of you to send such a profusion," and again her face sought the caress of the velvety petals.

Admiration had somewhat displaced the agitation in Mr. King's eyes as they rested upon the rounded arms and dazzling shoulders of his companion, so Eve-like in modest nudity.

"They are beautiful," he murmured with great tenderness. She thought he referred to the roses.

He wondered why he had diminished his attentions to this girl, who would make him such an attractive wife. Her hair was exceedingly pretty and bore the closest inspection. He would have liked to touch it with his lips, had not the tall figure of a man just

then loomed up before him. It was Clarence Lovelace, one of the handsomest beaux in society.

"I must ask you to pardon my intrusion," he remarked, addressing himself particularly to Mr. King, "but Miss Benson waltzes so divinely that I didn't feel I could let her off her engagement with me."

No objection could be offered, and Mr. King was left *tête-à-tête* with a vacant stare. It was with a feeling of intense jealousy he noted that the rose in Mr. Lovelace's buttonhole corresponded in color with those of Miss Benson's bouquet. Was this more than a coincidence? he asked himself.

He followed the couple with his eyes until they were out of sight.

"He looked at her confoundedly soft," he muttered. "Wonder if he sent her the flowers? It would be just like his impudence. I don't like him, anyway. I'll see that he enjoys no more of Irene's 'divine dancing.'"

Mr. King returned to the ball-room, jealous for the first time in his life. He found an irate partner awaiting him with little pretense of patience. Usually mild and laughing, he apologized for his unavoidable delay with a savagery that revealed the true extent of his repentance.

Always a graceful dancer, he conducted himself on this occasion with so much awkwardness that he was soon the cynosure of many surprised eyes,—so much so, in fact, that before the music was much more than half through his partner was forced to call a halt, for the pace had been a fast one and she had not escaped without several collisions which had more or less deranged her toilette. Anger sparkled in her eyes, but to no effect,—for Mr. King's gaze kept a close watch on his absent thoughts. Curiosity impelled his partner to follow the former: she saw Miss Benson gliding gracefully along with Mr. Lovelace, a magnificent bouquet of Jacqueminot roses which she held peeping over his broad shoulder.

"Are you still enamoured of Miss Benson?" she pertly asked, for the brevity of Mr. King's attentions was ordinary talk.

"I am engaged to her," he answered stiffly.

"Still?"

The query was aggravatingly sarcastic.

"I hardly understand you," remarked Mr. King with great dignity.

The lady laughed good-naturedly. She was pretty and much admired. Mr. King had neglected to pay due homage to her charms, and she took a malicious enjoyment in adding to his evident discomfort.

When it was rumored that his attentions to Miss Benson were losing force, Miss Archer had taken hasty counsel with herself and decided upon a plan of campaign by which she might capture and

retain the regal favor. On this evening she had hoped by a preliminary skirmish to get things well under way, but the gentleman's preoccupation upset her calculations. When she realized that his *fiancée* still held his inner thoughts, her chagrin rose to the surface and was driven hither and thither by the wind of disappointment. She therefore plied her partner with annoying questions.

"You mustn't mind me laughing," said she, as the echoes of a well-modulated effort died away without a struggle, "but you see, Mr. King, you've announced your engagement so many times, and you have transplanted your affection so rapidly from one lady to another, that—well, I presumed your understanding with Miss Benson had by this time become a *misunderstanding*."

"Indeed?"

"Now, you shouldn't be angry with people for thinking this. You've been such a flirt, and it was whispered that your attentions to your present *fiancée* were—well——" The speaker hesitated with charming provocativeness.

"Were what?" asked Mr. King more impatiently than etiquette demanded.

The music had by this time ceased, and he noticed with rising wrath that Mr. Lovelace occupied a divan with Miss Benson and was fanning her assiduously. Miss Archer viewed the same picture with different feelings.

"Well," she continued, "the rumor began to circulate that your attentions were—ah—not as ardent as they might be, and, of course, every one expected soon to hear of your again being fancy-free. You've deceived us so often, you know."

"Every one is liable to make mistakes," retorted Mr. King.

"Certainly; that's why I wondered if your engagement with Miss Benson was still on."

"I haven't made a mistake this time."

A few hours earlier he might not have felt so positive on this point, but he was now bound to foil the donor of the gorgeous bouquet—the hateful flowers which, from time to time, his lady-love pressed to the full lips that rivalled them in color. And Lovelace gazed at her so affectionately that the jealous man saw in him a rival.

"I'm so glad you have decided to settle down," murmured Miss Archer.

"Thank you."

"I must congratulate you on Miss Benson's appearance this evening. Her gown looks almost as good as new, and her bouquet is really the handsomest in the room. You show remarkably good taste."

Mr. King did not mind the cut at his *fiancée*, so uncomfortable did the reference to the flowers make him feel.

"How is it you're wearing a rose of another color?" continued Miss Archer, nodding towards his buttonhole.

"I always wear white."

"It looks pink in this light." The speaker's glance was ever so quizzical.

At this juncture the orchestra launched out into a brisk polka, and with a look of inexpressible relief Mr. King bowed his adieu to the tormenting young lady. With desperate resolve to be alone, he hastened to the smoking-room on the flat above, where a hazy curtain floating about the entrance showed the purpose it served. He was angry at being so unmercifully chaffed by a girl who he felt would be quite content to occupy the place in his heart now filled by another, but he was chiefly upset on account of that bouquet which he had not sent.

He seized a cigarette from the table, and, lighting it by the gas, puffed away violently. He began to feel positive that Lovelace was the man guilty of the unpardonable offence. It was true he should have sent Irene flowers for the ball, but forgetfulness was not a crime, and this was his first offence. The evidence against that cad Lovelace was very strong.

First and foremost, he wore a rosebud the same color as those carried by Irene. Even Miss Archer noticed that coincidence. Then the fellow had put his name down on her programme for three dances on the strength of old acquaintance. A nice excuse, indeed! As Mr. King thought these thoughts his brow contracted in anger. He would put a stop to the thing. Yes, indeed. He would show Mr. Lovelace or any other man that Irene Benson was his own particular property. His eyes flashed fire and his mouth exhaled smoke to such a degree as to lend a fierceness to his bearing which he was not strictly entitled to. He viewed himself in the mirror opposite with satisfaction. Irene would be his.

He certainly had of late fallen off somewhat in his attentions, but he convinced himself that this heralded no change of feeling. It was simply carelessness, and Irene, of course, understood it. She at least trusted him if others did not. She understood him, dear, good girl that she was. And he would show the world that her confidence was not misplaced. He had made mistakes—three mistakes—but he had likewise discovered them before it was too late. Now, however, his choice had fallen on the right person. He did not try to reason out why in the last few weeks he had found enjoyment beyond the limits of the presence he now craved. He either forgot about that reactionary spell or generously forgave himself. "It was his nature to."

He consulted his programme feverishly and found he had the next two dances with Irene. It was well, for with so much on his mind it was exceedingly difficult for him to contain himself.

It took but a few minutes to find his partner and conduct her to the fragrant bower where he had heard the story of the roses. They had begun to droop somewhat—a circumstance that Mr. King

put down as significant: the donor's hopes would die as quickly. Irene, he thought, looked better than ever. In spite of the fact that she had danced almost continuously, her face was as clear and cool as when she had commenced, while the simple and becoming dress that Miss Archer had sneered at seemed fresh and uncrumpled.

Mr. King gazed at her ardently, though he winced slightly whenever she buried her protruding chin in the rose-petals. This chin had become perfectly moulded, in his altered imagination, and he disliked seeing it in such close contact with an unknown's gift. However, it was not his intention to disabuse her mind of the ideas it contained pertaining to his generosity and attention. Certainly he would not again leave himself open to the charge of neglect, and meantime Mr. Lovelace or some other envious rival would deserve his gratitude for having stepped into the breach.

"Irene," said he softly, and after a short search his hand found hers, "we have been engaged for over two months."

"Yes, Bob."

"There is nothing to prevent our getting married at any time."

"No, Bob."

"Then, dear, suppose we fix the day."

"Oh, Bob!" and Miss Benson's pale face became suffused with an exquisite blush that indicated maidenly pleasure not unmingled with confusion.

"Yes, dear, I want you to name the day. But it must be soon—inside of two weeks," exclaimed the enraptured man, his whole being longing for the early possession of this treasure so marvellously more precious with the increased demand.

"I'm afraid I couldn't get my trousseau ready in two weeks, dear," expostulated the blushing damsel; "there is so much to be done."

"Then say in a month," he begged, in amendment to his former motion.

Self-sacrifice and generosity shone in Irene's gray orbs as she shook her head.

"No, dear," she whispered, "I shall not disappoint you in any way. It will be a rush, but since you desire it I'll be ready in two weeks—two weeks from to-day; and this is Wednesday."

"Are you sure it isn't asking too much of you, loved one?"

"Nothing would be too much for your sake," she murmured.

"Brave little girl!" No one was in sight: he rapturously kissed the pretty mouth so close to the flowers. Their odor, while almost stifling him, increased his desire for possession.

"Take one of these roses in memory of this evening," she purred. Her dainty fingers extracted a bud from the companionship of its fellows and held it up within the shadow of his Roman nose. "I shall press the others," she added, "and keep them forever."

"No, no; don't do that," exclaimed Mr. King excitedly. "I'd

rather give you something more lasting—more substantial—to mark the event with.”

“But these flowers are so beautiful.”

“Yes, yes; but no more so than others I’ve sent you.”

“Oh, yes, they are, Bob. You never showed such good taste before.”

“Do you think so?” he asked in a weak, hopeless voice.

“I’m sure of it. And it’s such a handsome bouquet, too. Wear this, dear, won’t you, for my sake? You should wear my colors, you know; and, to be frank, I was a little disappointed when I saw your buttonhole this evening.”

“It was a mistake, darling. Strange, though, isn’t it, that Mr. Lovelace should be wearing a rose the same color as yours?”

“Now you speak of it, it is funny. Oh, wouldn’t it be awful if any one thought that he sent me the bouquet? And people might, too, on account of your wearing pink.”

The pretty mouth contracted in a becoming pout that greatly lowered Mr. King’s opinion of his own qualities.

“No one could think such a thing,” he said with forced gayety, “considering that you are engaged to me.”

“But the world is cruel, dear. I know you and trust you, but other people sneer and say I cannot retain your love because you have been engaged to other girls.” Tears sparkled on the curling lashes; the low voice trembled.

“They’ll see in two weeks. You will then be Mrs. King, and we’ll have the laugh last, you see.”

“My Bob!” murmured the lady.

“Yes; and I’ll announce the date this very evening.”

“And you’ll wear this bud?”

“Certainly I will,” and his manly chest heaved as Miss Benson removed the pink rose and substituted the one of deeper hue.

“Won’t Lovelace be wild!” he mused. Then, addressing his *fiancée*, he said: “Don’t bother about keeping any of those flowers after to-night. Flowers die, you know, and our love is everlasting. A diamond star would be a more appropriate souvenir, and it would look well on your beautiful neck. You may give me something as a keepsake—a lock of your hair, for instance. Yes, by Jove! I must have that for my locket.”

“I shall cut it for you when I go home.”

“Dearest one!” and as no one was near a significant sound followed the words.

“Why, Bob,” exclaimed Miss Benson suddenly, looking at her programme. “I am engaged for all the dances, and the orchestra is playing a waltz now. This is the fourth I have missed. What will my partners say?”

“That I’m a lucky fellow. They’ll be angry, but you are my property, you know.” And she did not contradict him.

Two weeks later Irene Benson became Mrs. R. Sinclair King in full view of the city's *élite*. There were many surprised men, and no fewer jealous women at the ceremony. Mr. King was voted eccentric for having jilted handsomer girls than the bride, with whom he was evidently much in love.

"She'll never know that I didn't send that bouquet of roses," he mused as he escorted her down the church aisle.

At the same moment Mrs. King was wondering if her husband would ever discover that she had spent a precious fifteen dollars on the celebrated bouquet that had been the rapid and successful means of ending her days of spinsterhood.

Edgar Maurice Smith.

GLASSES AND THEIR USES.

SO-CALLED "glasses," or "spectacles," have been in use for many centuries, both as protectors and as aids for the sight; it is only within a recent period, however,—comparatively but a few years,—that the manufacture of glasses has been brought to anything like perfection, and that their adaptation to the various requirements of the eye has attained what may fairly be termed success.

The question is often asked, particularly by those who can recall the customs and experiences of twenty-five years ago, "Why do so many persons nowadays wear glasses?" The answer is easy: "The increase in the number of spectacles worn is not to be regarded as an evidence of modern degeneration of the eyes, but rather that a long-felt necessity has been met." For it should be remembered that within the past quarter of a century much has been learned about the value of glasses, and the range of their application and usefulness has been enormously extended. Of course, the eyes need more help now than formerly, as the amount of work they are required to do is much greater than at any previous period in the world's history. The sewing-machine and many other inventions of its class save the labor of the hands only to add to that required of the eyes. New employments, new amusements, and new fashions are continually being introduced to increase the exactions laid upon these sensitive and delicate organs. The steady decrease of illiteracy, together with the general cheapness of literature and the spread of a taste for it, the enormous circulation of novel, magazine, and newspaper, the ever-increasing use of artificial illumination, all combine to overtax the eyes, and to weaken or possibly destroy the sight unless the required aid and protection be supplied through every means

at our disposal. Thus it happens that the sometime luxury of properly adapted glasses has come to be recognized and understood by very many of the present generation as one of the real necessities of their lives.

Experience in the consulting-room leads me to the conclusion that few even of those who owe so much to optical aids know anything concerning either their manufacture or the character of the materials of which they are made. It is unfortunate that such should be the case.

Both crown- and flint-glass have been used for optical purposes, but since the time of M. Guinaud, of Switzerland, who died in 1823, after having greatly improved the manufacture of flint-glass, the latter substance has largely superseded crown-glass for optical uses. Glass intended for such use must be of the utmost purity and transparency, and entirely free from color, streaks, etc., therefore much care, trouble, and expense are required to secure these qualities. Hardness is another very essential quality, and in this particular flint-glass was found to be greatly superior to crown-glass. But rock-crystal had been found to be harder than either of these two forms of glass, hence lenses cut from the crystal and properly ground, when they became known as "pebbles," were offered as greatly superior substitutes for the softer and more easily scratched glass lenses. These pebbles are of much greater hardness than even the best modern glass, and, having a somewhat greater refractive power as well as greater strength, can be ground comparatively thin and light.

In most pebbles, however, the crystal has been cut in the wrong direction, and, although there may be no flaw visible to the naked eye, such lenses, if thus imperfect, are necessarily inferior to those made of glass. A pebble lens may be distinguished from a glass one by its greater coldness to the tongue, pebble being a better conductor of heat than glass. Excepting, then, being slightly lighter and cooler as well as less likely to become scratched, there is no practical advantage in glasses made of rock-crystal.

Until very recently lenses were ground and numbered according to the radius of curvature of the surfaces in inches, a lens with a two-inch radius being taken as the standard. But owing principally to the differences in the length of the inch in the various countries, this method had great inconveniences, and is now giving place to a universal system in which the unit is the refractive power of a lens whose focal length is one *metre*.

By the addition of various metallic oxides and other mineral substances to the ordinary materials in the melting-pot, colored but still transparent glass can be produced. Blue, green, or smoke are the tints usually supplied in protecting glasses. Smoke-glass diminishes uniformly all the component colors of daylight; hence this tint is to be preferred for use in the daytime; but blue glass affords better

protection to the eyes at night, especially from gas-light, as it absorbs the excess of yellow rays given off by artificial lights.

The subject that will command our further attention in this connection is, correcting-glasses and their uses. There are three principal varieties of correcting lenses,—first, spherical-convex (for correction of long-sight or of old-sight), second, spherical-concave (for correction of short-sight), and, third, cylindrical (for correction of astigmatism); also various combinations of spherical and cylindrical lenses to meet the requirements of each individual case. Prismatic glasses are frequently used to relieve the eye-muscles from undue strain, and may be combined with either spherical or cylindrical lenses or both, as may be found necessary. Prisms afford relief by bending the rays of light so that the eyes are not compelled to turn far in a given direction in order to catch the rays at a proper angle.

The periscopic lens is convex on its outer surface and concave on the inner one, the curvature of one surface being always in excess of the other, according to the requirements. Periscopic signifies “seeing on all sides;” and on account of the distinctness of objects not being materially diminished when viewed obliquely through such lenses, there is less necessity for looking directly through their centres, and the head does not have to be turned so much or so far as when common glasses are worn.

Pentoscopic or bifocal glasses have become quite popular recently on account of great improvements effected in their manufacture, and are being found useful by persons who need different focal powers for reading and for distant vision. The original form of bifocal glasses, which consists of two half lenses, the one for distance above and that for reading below, was first made at the suggestion of Benjamin Franklin, who was slightly short-sighted and therefore needed concave glasses for distance: but as he grew older convex glasses were also needed to read with, so that he found a combination of the two different glasses in one frame a great advantage in many ways. Some time afterwards a questionable improvement was made by grinding the two required curves, one on the upper half and the other on the lower half of the same lens. Within the past few years, however, a decidedly advantageous change has been made, which consists of a thin film of crystal cemented to the inner surface of the distance lens towards the lower edge. Through this small segment the wearer is able to read and write with comfort and still have the greater part of the distance lens for general use.

But the treatment of ocular defects by means of glasses involves also their mechanical adjustment, therefore it is important to have the glasses mounted in frames that will keep them always in a definite position before the eyes with the least possible annoyance to the wearer. Spectacle frames are, of course, generally preferable, and with care the bridge or nose-piece and other parts can be adapted to fit any face accurately. Eye-glasses, on the other hand, are not so

perfectly adaptable to all forms of nose, nor do they retain the glasses so certainly and accurately in the proper position before the eyes. They are, however, more readily removed and replaced, and for occasional temporary use this advantage may outweigh all disadvantages. If one be compelled to wear glasses all the time, there is no doubt as to the superiority of spectacles, but where it is necessary to wear them only for near work there can be no real objection to the use of eye-glasses, provided always that there is no astigmatism of any marked degree. Whichever frames, then, are chosen, they must be fitted so that the glasses shall be of the right width, shall settle and rest at the right height before the eyes, and shall be the proper distance in front of them. The centre of each lens should be exactly in front of the pupil and in the direct line of vision, and while it is desirable to have the glasses as close to the eyes as possible their surfaces should never touch the lashes.

John S. Stewart.

HIS LACK OF COURAGE.

HE had always been a good boy,—a comfort to his mother from the time that he began to walk. She said this to him when he told her of his intention to enlist. She added that she knew he had given the matter serious thought, and that she was sure he must feel very strongly the direction in which his duty lay or he would never have come to such a decision.

He flushed when his mother said these things to him, partly because she had never before bestowed upon him praise so open and unqualified, but also because of a feeling within him that she knew, but refrained from speaking of, the struggle which he had passed through before he could bring himself to the point of enlisting. He had, indeed, felt very strongly what his duty was in the matter. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, but the implication of this statement of the case was not fulfilled by their outward relation. His mother was a strong, wise, self-contained woman, whose love he felt beneath her reserve and trusted implicitly, returning it in kind and measure from the depths of a kindred reserve, which, without knowing it, he held from her. Deep within his own soul, however, lay the knowledge that his mother was stronger than he. He realized that he leant upon her, and in that secret chamber of last resort where we deal truth to ourselves he knew there lurked a hope that she would oppose his going. He was ashamed of that hope, but he could not deny to himself its shadowy presence.

She had not made any opposition. There had been a moment

of recoil from the fact; a silence during which she had seemed to look the situation in the face and to adjust herself to it. Then she had acquiesced in his position, not, perhaps, with her usual promptness, but with the same respectful, assenting consideration which she had shown on each of the few occasions when there had arisen in his quiet life the necessity for a great personal decision. He was grateful that she asked him no questions. He trusted his mother, but he shrank from admitting even her serene self-poise to any acknowledged share in his shrinking from the thing which he proposed to do.

From childhood he had always dreaded physical pain. He was ever of slight, rather delicate, physique, but at school as a lad he often saw boys smaller, less robust, than he venture into peril or endure pain the very thought of which set his own nerves quivering. He had that same sense of weak flinching now when he realized the suffering that was probable for him, as for other volunteers. He was not enlisting in the hope of proving to himself that he was a stronger, a braver, man than he had thought. He felt neither strong nor brave in the presence of this dire necessity laid upon him, but—that was exactly the point: it was a necessity. Men younger than he, with more to leave, with more to lose, with more depending upon them, were enlisting every day. He knew what it had cost some of them. Save for his self-reliant mother, he had no close ties. She was independent of him: they were both well circumstanced. He had warm personal friends—who has not? But they were men whom he loved for the very fact that they would be quick to speed his resolution. Several, indeed, of those whom he held dearest were already at the front, all having predicted in parting with him that he would soon follow. It seemed curious enough to him that they should do that.

The morning after his talk with his mother he enlisted. The captain of the company to which he was assigned was a man whom he already knew slightly, and who introduced him to another new recruit, a tall, splendid-looking young fellow of perhaps two- or three-and-twenty, to whom he warmed at once. Carson, the young chap's name was. The two went off together, and he heard the captain say to the colonel as they turned away,—

“Yes, I'd like to see a whole regiment just like him going to the front.”

Tuttle knew that they must be speaking of Carson, and he felt a glow of pride in his companion as he glanced up at the strong, confident young face, whereon frankness and courage had set their seal. He realized that Carson added generosity to these qualities when the latter smiled down at him in pleased good-fellowship, remarking as he did so:

“I'm glad we've met so soon. I hope we'll be quartered together.”

Tuttle responded heartily, and from that hour a real liking existed between the two.

A few days later the regiment was ordered South. The discomfort of the trip seemed light, for the men were cheered by the thought that they would soon see active service. Delay followed delay, however, and they were condemned to weeks of ineffective waiting in camp at Tampa.

The experience was such as lays bare the souls of men, and Tuttle suffered keenly,—as much, perhaps, from the consciousness that his pain was wholly disproportionate to the actual discomfort of the situation as from the discomfort itself. Disease stalked through the ranks, laying men low all about him, but despite his physical wretchedness it passed him by. He did not blame men for complaining loudly who were in quick succession burned by the heat, nipped by the cold, and chilled by fog and damp, but shame silenced his own murmurs when he realized that despite all these things he was in his usual health. There were in the camp, moreover, men whose uncomplaining patience made him feel stronger merely for witnessing it. Among these was Carson, his tent-mate, whose bravery and determination to make the best of the hardest things that came to them, Tuttle wrote to his mother, silenced every complaint that he himself might feel like making. He did not tell her much of the hardness of camp life, but he could not refrain from giving her some idea of Carson's character. He believed that it would make her feel easier about himself to know that he had the close companionship of such a man; for he was sure that she must realize the peculiar dangers to which his own discomfort-dreading nature exposed him.

Orders finally came that sent the regiment with others to the support of our squadron lying before Santiago. They went out huddled like sheep in the crowded transports, and as North America sunk out of sight from the steamer's deck, Tuttle had a few moments of feeling like a helpless child at the mercy of some undealt-with power.

The night before the battle of San Juan he and Carson, weary as death with the fatigue of the day's horrible scramble through the mud, lay staring at the stars, unable to sleep. Each had given the other instructions, carefully made half-jesting, as to the forwarding of letters "If anything should happen to me," when Carson suddenly raised himself upon his elbows and looked out across the sea of mist to where, spectral in the white moonlight, Santiago slept beneath the San Juan hills.

"Tuttle," he said, "how do you feel when you think of tomorrow's chances?"

In the darkness Tuttle felt himself grow pale, and hated himself for a weakling.

"They are chances that must be taken," he said slowly.

Carson made a sound that seemed like assent. Then he said:

"They are chances that may mean death. Have you thought of it? Hang it, Tuttle, I never thought myself a coward, but I would give something to know how I am going to behave when the time for behavior comes. It goes over me with a rush, now and then, that I may not feel like dying."

Tuttle felt his nerves tingle as he remembered their doing once when, as he lay half-dozing in a wood, a wee titmouse had lit for an instant on a finger of his outstretched hand and looked into his eyes. He had the same recognition of honest courage behind the doubt in Carson's voice that he had felt in watching the little bird. Into his mind came certain words written by wise old Antonius:

"Though thou shouldst be going to live three thousand years, and as many times ten thousand years, remember that no man loses any other life than that which he now lives nor lives any other life than that which he now loses."

He quoted it, more, he felt, for the strengthening of his own heart than to meet any real need his friend's spirit might feel.

Carson reached out a hand in the darkness and found his.

"Thanks, old man," he said; "you always manage to say the right thing. I don't know how I came to go off the handle like that."

He lay quiet again, but presently Tuttle, his restlessness becoming unbearable, arose and strolled off, past recumbent figures, into the soft blackness of the tropic night for a breath of air and a turn with his own thoughts.

The regiment lay in the high grass, gasping for breath, exhausted with tramping hither and thither on seemingly futile errands, grasping their guns and slowly grilling beneath the fierce tropic sun. They knew nothing of what might be doing elsewhere, but they were awaiting orders, or death, according to which came first. In the crawling and the scrambling Tuttle had lost sight of Carson, and, as a matter of fact, this circumstance occupied his mind almost to the exclusion of any thought about the battle of which he, sprawled there, dying by inches in the cruel heat, was supposed to be a part.

"That's right," exclaimed a man at his side, as a bullet cut down a lock of the tall green grass directly in front of them,—“that's right. Cut it down. It shuts off the view.”

Tuttle laughed. He heard a man groan farther down the line, and a little way ahead of him another man swore at the heat. Then a sharp little zip sounded and the swearing ceased. There was not much of it in the line. The heat shrivelled anger as effectually as it stifled laughter. Through Tuttle's mind passed memories of different war-stories that he had read. The reality as he was seeing it was so unlike any of these that he wondered if this was really a

battle. There was very little to make the blood tingle or to stir patriotic emotion in this inert lying in the grass, keeping out of danger as far as that was possible, and growing sick with the heat. The men were even forbidden to return the enemy's fire. That word seemed incongruous. He could not feel any enmity towards the apparently empty space from out which poured those singing messengers of death, calling away his companions one by one.

A comrade at his left gave a start, as though he had suddenly remembered something, and fell forward with a little grunt. Tuttle turned him over and tore open his shirt. There was a neat round hole over the right lung, and the bright blood crept up to the man's lips. Tuttle tried to stanch it, feeling as he did so the futility of anything that he could do. In his eagerness he forgot caution and knelt upright, the better to raise and support his fellow's head. The next instant he was conscious of a sharp little sting in his side, and he fell over without exactly knowing why. The soldier whom he had been holding fell across him, and he felt the poor chap's warm blood soaking into his clothing. It made him feel very sick, and he wondered, with a sense of shame, why he did not do something to help the man. It was even worse than he had supposed if he could not bear with manly fortitude the mere sight of another's suffering. He was disgusted at his own weakness.

Presently two men of the hospital corps crawled through the grass and drew the wounded man off him.

"This one is dead," he heard them say; and then they lifted him to a stretcher laid just back of him. He felt so little pain that he wondered at their gentleness. He turned his head as they lifted him, and saw a short distance off a man suddenly spring to his feet and fall back. In the instant the action occupied he recognized Carson, and knew that the young fellow was wounded, perhaps killed. The thought dispelled the strange inertia that held him, and to the amaze of the men who were carrying him he sat up and called to them to put him down.

"There's a man needs you over there," he said. "Go get Carson. You know Carson, Brice," he urged, recognizing one of his bearers. "I'm all right. He's yonder, down that line. Oh, go quick." He rolled from the stretcher into the grass, to show that he did not need their aid.

Thus urged, the men left him.

"Get down to the ford," Brice said to him. "They'll tend to you down there."

Tuttle watched them go cautiously forward, keeping among the bushes for the shelter hardly to be had from that screaming leaden shower that poured down the whole length of the line. When they were less than a hundred yards away he saw Brice fall. The other man bent over him for a moment or two and finally started to carry him away.

"He's wounded," groaned the watcher, "and Carson won't get help."

Desperate, he began to creep through the grass. Men looked at him pityingly as he crawled past them.

"The hospital tents are down yonder," one called to him.

"Lie still and they'll come and fetch you," said another.

One upon whom he stumbled was lying behind some bushes, holding a hand against his hip. He regarded Tuttle with critical curiosity.

"Why the devil can't you keep still?" he asked. "Go away. You're enough to scare the children."

"Water in that canteen?" called another, who with a shattered arm was trying to aid a comrade worse wounded than himself.

For answer Tuttle tossed him his canteen and watched him hold it to the lips of his charge. Then he asked the man if he knew Carson and had seen him.

"He was just down the line there when I got this puncture," was the reply. "Hard telling where any one is now."

The next man Tuttle came to was Carson, lying upon his back, white and still, but breathing. Spanish bullets were busy there, cutting down the grass and more than an occasional American soldier. Carson was likely to be hit again at any minute.

He was himself desperately weak from loss of blood, but he felt his strength return as he got his arms about his friend's body. He drew him behind some bushes and stopped to get his breath. Then came a brief lull in the deadly storm, and gathering the big form up he staggered down the incline. He had gone a considerable distance when the hail began again, and a bullet, dropping from nowhere in particular, found Tuttle just as a brace of hospital aids were hastening to his assistance.

Down by the ford a surgeon who bent over him shook his head and turned to examine Carson, who had been brought in at the same time. Men were lying on the ground or sitting beneath the trees or walking about with bandaged heads or with arms in slings. One with head and face criss-crossed with blood-stained bandages leaned over Tuttle.

"I can write for you," he said very gently, "if you have any messages."

Tuttle's heart was touched by the tenderness in his voice.

"I suppose there's no hope for me?" he whispered.

The eyes looking into his own were full of tears, and the man laid a hand on his.

"Do you want me to write?" he asked, producing a little notebook.

"There are letters——" Tuttle could just motion towards the inner pocket of his stiffened shirt. "I'm afraid they're horribly messed," he said.

A fierce pain shot through him, and in spite of himself he groaned. The watcher raised his head a little and pressed a flask to his lips.

"You'll hurt yourself doing that," Tuttle whispered. "Be careful."

He flinched, and another groan escaped him.

"I was always a coward with pain," he muttered when he could speak again. "I may as well own it, now; but it helps—it helps to see all you fellows bear it bravely."

Then his spirit said good-by to pain and escaped. The man who had been holding him laid him back upon the grass, touching him reverently.

"A coward," he said, turning away,— "a coward. God send the country more cowards like him."

Adeline Knapp.

DEMOCRACY AND SUFFRAGE.

THE changes which are rapidly bringing new conditions in European and American life turn our thoughts naturally to the first principles of our government and to our own duty in connection with it. What are the fundamental ideas which we must retain to insure the permanence of our democracy? We are the inheritors of thousands of years of struggle and suffering, of toil and of triumph. The mystic grandeur of Egypt, the philosophy, literature, and art of liberty-loving Greece, contributed to the power of the great Roman Empire, to which we trace the beginning of modern civilization. Rome, through her laws and the extension of her power from one country to another, gave the world the first conception of federation on a great scale. Her conquest of Judea, which seemed at first a death-blow to the religion of the ancient Jews, paved the way for the spread of the new religion of Christ, until from its humble beginning it became the centralizing power of civilization. The popes exerted for centuries as mighty a force as the emperors wielded before them, until they in their turn were forced to yield in great measure to the new element brought in by the northern races in their great work of the Reformation.

Mr. John Fiske in his first chapter of the "Beginnings of New England" gives a masterly description of the contrast between "the Roman Idea and the English Idea." It is especially instructive for us now, because he shows clearly that representation is at the foundation of free government. Rome developed laws and federation; England adopted the town meeting or assembly of the mark-men from Teutonic tribes, but it was the English who first used "four discreet men" as representatives. They were the forerunners of

burghers and the germ of institutions that have ripened into modern Parliament and Congress and Legislature. Through centuries of oppression and revolt, of increasing knowledge and growing love of freedom, we can discern the struggles which culminated in three marked English epochs, the Magna Charta granted in 1215, Oliver Cromwell's victory at Naseby in 1645, and the Revolution of 1688, which placed William and Mary on the throne.

Early in the seventeenth century, when church and state were ruled by James I., the Pilgrims and the Puritans exiled themselves from their pleasant English homes. They belonged to the sturdy middle class of England. Their leaders were serious and well-educated men, who freely gave their lives and fortunes to secure religious and political liberty for themselves in the New World. Hardly had they obtained the means of subsistence when they founded a school. The Pilgrim church was gathered in Holland and continued in Plymouth. The Puritan colony was equally zealous for religious life and institutions in Massachusetts Bay. Both colonies brought charters from England, but, owing to the infrequent intercourse of those days, it was not difficult for them to carry on their own local government. They chose "magistrates" and "assistants," and in a few years elected delegates to a "General Court;" and thus the great idea of representative government was born in America.

"All Englishmen were eligible to the franchise of the Massachusetts Company, but until elected by a vote of the existing freemen no one had any share in the government of the plantation or in the selection of its governors."*

For several generations New England contained a remarkably homogeneous and independent population, and the seeds of liberty were developed in church and state especially by means of town government.

"The towns have been on the one hand separate governments, and, on the other, the separate constituents of a common government." †

Here we see the starting-point of future States and nation.

In the eighteenth century Great Britain tried to enforce her claim upon the thriving colonies across the sea. Virginia had at that time the largest population; the Quakers had grown strong in Pennsylvania, and the Dutch in New York, where they brought freedom as their heritage; English Roman Catholics had settled in Maryland; the population of the Carolinas was a mixture of Scotch-Irish and French Huguenots. All united in resisting the increasing desire of England to rule America without representation. After struggles and wearisome delays, the war for independence resulted in triumphant success, and a new nation took its place in the modern

* Palfrey's History of New England.

† Palfrey's History of New England.

world. But great questions remained unsettled. How should the States combine to make a strong and effective nation? The answer is found in the Constitution of the United States, that wonderful instrument, which defines judicial, executive, and legislative powers. The people of this country owe undying gratitude to the faithful and able men who after four months of discussion and deliberation united in presenting this model paper as the result of their combined wisdom.

The adaptability of the Constitution to the needs of a rapidly growing nation is proved by the history of the last hundred years. In some respects the expectations of its founders have not been realized. If men were "born free and equal," and no aristocratic distinctions nor law of primogeniture existed, they hoped for democratic equality and simplicity. But we now see that equal opportunity does not tend to equality. On the contrary, uniformity is more likely to be found under a despotism. In a democracy, superior character and ability have such scope that they override circumstances and lead their possessors to heights far above those reached by average men. That is the glory of our nation and also its danger, for the absorbing nature of business and professional life tends to make our superior men turn away from public careers which offer even its highest prizes to half-educated and self-seeking men. A democracy needs a greater number of high-minded and able citizens in places of authority and trust than any other government; and as the choice rests with the people, its safety depends upon their possessing a high average of character and intelligence. The stream can never rise higher than its source; but cannot we keep the channels through which it flows pure and free? We can do this only by eternal vigilance, by a determination to support men who will truly represent the people and will maintain civil-service reform.

Citizenship in the United States implies serious duty in return for the protection and privileges of the freest country that the sun shines upon. Has the enterprise and rush of modern life overborne the sense of patriotic duty that was the legacy of our forefathers? No, for heroism has never yet failed when men have been called to sacrifice life or fortune for their country. But we do miss the keen eye for evil doings, and the moral courage of our ancestors in the daily discharge of monotonous yet difficult civic duty. The seeds of such virtues must be sown in the home and by the fireside, and must be persistently cultivated by individual and combined effort.

Men, women, and children are alike citizens of the United States; but one especial duty remains with the men in all but four of our States. It is their part to express the will of the people through the franchise. This is a conferred and not an inalienable right. In the early days of the Massachusetts colony, church membership was an essential condition for becoming a voter. Gradually the privilege was extended to men of twenty-one years who could read and

write and who held a certain amount of property. Until recent years the payment of a poll-tax was requisite. A foreigner can be naturalized at the end of a fixed time of residence.

The greatest change ever made in the franchise was its bestowal upon the former slaves after our civil war. As we look back upon that act in the light of experience, we wonder at its daring, and regret the complications and burdens entailed by it. Can we not imagine the gratitude of the colored people if, instead of being allowed to vote at once, the prospect of the franchise had been held out to them as something to be attained in twenty years by men who could read and write and who held property to a specified amount? The stimulus would have been greater, the way would have been prepared for Booker Washington's great work, and the dignity of the suffrage would have been sustained. The ballot has been classed as an educational power in itself; but we may learn by studying the condition of the South after the civil war that it can give the right stimulus only where educational advantages already prevail among all classes. An extended suffrage in an ignorant population brings stress and strain upon government and upon the morals of a community.

It has been stated that woman suffrage is the natural outcome of democracy, but we fail to discover any authority for that statement in the history of our country. Nor do we find it in any noted English writer prior to Mary Wollstonecraft; on the Continent the theory of woman's rights can be traced to Rousseau; but so low is the moral standard of these writers that American suffragists, even when they use their theories, omit any mention of their names, and are often, doubtless, quite ignorant of them.

A Woman's Rights Convention was held in New York State about fifty years ago, but the crude ideas presented there attracted little public attention. After our civil war some of the Abolitionists transferred the zeal and devotion used in working for the freedom of slaves to the problem of enfranchising American women, who were already the freest in the world. Many persons, both men and women, joined them in the belief that the use of the ballot by women would improve their professional and industrial opportunities and would strengthen the temperance cause. But the world has more than kept pace with the Woman Suffragists in all that pertains to genuine advance in civilization, and we find women who oppose them in the front rank of educational and industrial work. Why is it, when the suffragists had a clear field for so long a time, that they failed to convince a majority of their own sex? May we not say, with Richard Hooker, that "In laws, that which is natural bindeth universally; that which is positive, not so." Political duties are unnatural to most women, and their imposition would be regarded as a positive or arbitrary law.

Let us consider for a moment two standing claims of the Woman

Suffragists. One is the plea of Revolutionary days, "No taxation without representation." This has a taking sound, but, in connection with the ballot, no real meaning. Our forefathers rebelled because a population of several millions on this side of the ocean was called upon to pay taxes, while not a single representative was admitted to the British Parliament. A whole people was thus subjected to a great wrong. In our democracy, with regularly elected representatives and executive officers, no similar condition can exist. It is idle to assert that any parallel can be drawn between a nation taxed and not represented, and a sex which, as a rule, is amply represented by its fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons. Cases of individual hardship may exist in spite of this rule, but our government is based on the general welfare of the governed. Taxes are collected from all citizens, irrespective of age or sex, in return for the protection and advantages provided by nation, State, city, or town. As Judge Cooley expressed it in "The Law of Taxation," "The protection of the government being the consideration for which taxes are demanded, all parties who receive or are entitled to that protection may be called upon to render the equivalent."

The common argument that "women have as much right to vote as men" is based upon the fallacy that the franchise is a right that is inborn, like the right "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" whereas it has been pronounced by the highest authorities to be a conferred right. Conferred rights are determined by consideration of what is for the public good. Advocates of woman suffrage claim that the measure has proved of public good in the four States where it now exists. But in Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho the population is small and scattered, and no valuable inference can be drawn from their experience for thickly settled and older communities. In Colorado most contradictory opinions prevail as to woman suffrage, and time only can show if any real gain has been made by its adoption there. Kansas, after years of experience of woman suffrage in municipal elections, refused to admit women to full suffrage by a majority of thirty-four thousand. Washington gave women the suffrage as a Territory, but it is a significant fact that on November 8, 1898, a new amendment granting woman suffrage was defeated by a two to one vote. On the same day, South Dakota refused woman suffrage by a majority of four thousand. The question has been decided adversely in many State Legislatures year after year, in the Constitutional Convention in New York, and by vote on the Wellman Bill in Massachusetts in 1895. Leaders of the National Woman Suffrage Association conducted vigorous campaigns in California and in Iowa in 1897 and 1898, and were signally defeated. They travelled through these States, forming leagues and addressing audiences like stump orators.

When women once enter public life they bear a strong resemblance to men in the ease with which they descend to modern po-

litical methods. Many whom these orators addressed were carried away by appeals to a mistaken sense of duty and a blind desire to advance the cause of humanity, and they signed petitions without serious thought. But later their eyes were opened to another side of the question, and to the perception that true progress will not be advanced by the success of woman suffrage. It must be remembered that in all State Legislatures and conventions decision rests with the legal voters, and that the responsibility is theirs for accepting or refusing woman suffrage. Let men ask if civilization will be advanced by women's sharing political duties with men. They should remember that full suffrage means the right of choosing municipal and State officers, representatives, and presidential electors, and that every voter is eligible to office.

If selected women could have the franchise conferred upon them the danger might be less. But what complications arise when we reflect upon the masses in our great cities and in the black belt of the South! What opportunities would open for corrupting and proselytizing influences among women who know nothing of government or of religious freedom! On the other hand, intelligent and conscientious women might be overtaxed by giving them men's duties in addition to their own. The welfare of the race depends upon the health and environment of the women. The older States would have an unwieldy suffrage, double its present size and of a force impossible to estimate from one election to another, owing to the varying avocations and the impulsive nature of women.

An extract from Washington's Farewell Address is applicable in considering the radical change that woman suffrage would bring into political life:

"In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitutions of a country; that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion exposes to perpetual change from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember especially that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government with as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable."

In applying this wise counsel to the present time, will not conservatives and radicals unite in the conviction that the nation needs more enlightened and conscientious voting, not an increase in the number of votes? Men need to devote more time to the service of the State. Women can best do their part in insuring the public welfare by devotion to the old but ever new duties of family life, education, and philanthropy. These fields are ripe for the harvest, and are broad enough to inspire well-trained and able workers.

If we return to our first question, "What principles of democracy

must we retain?" we find the answer to be, The underlying principles of representation in government, as they were promulgated by our forefathers. Individual ambition must be subordinated to the public good; our leading men, like the "four discreet men" of old, must be chosen for their wisdom and courage, and every citizen be made to feel the importance of his vote.

Our war with Spain has shown us, as we were never shown before, the value of high character and expert training in our statesmen and our commanders. Success was won by forethought, skill, and valor; and the calamities which befell our soldiers were due to the want of those very qualities in high places. Will not our citizens learn the costly lesson, and believe that upright character, ability, and experience are needed in every executive officer, congressman, and legislator, yes, and by every voter in this broad land? Efforts and sacrifices will not have been in vain if there springs up a corresponding effort to preserve our liberty, to correct our shortcomings, and to hasten the time when a vital interest in good government shall dominate the nation.

M. L. G.

KATE.

THE sergeant and I were leisurely returning from the little village cemetery. Each soldier's grave had been decorated with the tiny flag and with the flowers and plants that the school-children had been taught to bring as their yearly tribute to the nation's dead. In chatting groups all along the dusty road were the veterans, their white vests and brass buttons gleaming in the sun, most of them wearing both blue and gray together now, the blue coats and the grizzled locks, while many needed the canes they carried.

"Who is that old lady up at Major Graham's grave?" I asked.

"She ain't no ole lady. She ain't as ole as I be," said the sergeant, as he stumped along beside me. "That's Kate Scothorne, an' she was just 'bout the likeliest lookin' girl in the whole county once. Handsome yet? Oh, yes, but nothin' to what she was then. You see the Fifth was this county's pa'tic'lar regiment, an' most of the village boys was in Company F. Barney Graham was the second lieutenant. I never noticed there was anything special 'tween Barney an' Kate till the day Company F marched away for the war. Lots of the boys an' lots of the girls found out that day how much they thought o' one another, an' I sort o' made up my mind from the glances 'tween Barney an' Kate as we was marchin' off that they was among the number. Not havin' any girl myself, I had plenty of time to keep my eye on the others. Well, we went

off to do the fightin', an' the women folks stayed home to do the waitin' an' prayin'. An' I often thought since that they had the hardest end of the bargain.

"Mo an' Barney was most like brothers, an' I soon noticed that in all our talks 'bout home pooty near everything he said referred some way to Kate. 'Course, we expected to wind up the whole war in 'bout a month. But it dragged on an' on an' on, an' sometimes it looked as if they'd wind us up 'stead of us them.

"Whenever anything happened to us, good or bad, some one would write to the postmaster, an' then he would tell everybody at home. That's the way they got the word 'bout Corporal Morrow bein' killed, only that time the colonel he wrote hisself. An' he read the letter to the whole regiment before he sent it, tellin' how proud he was of the way the corporal saved the colors. You heard 'bout that?"

I nodded, and the sergeant continued:

"Well, 'bout six weeks before the battle of Gettvsburg our company got into a regular hornets' nest. It wasn't a big 'nough fight to get into the histories, but it certainly did play smash with us. The news was so bad nobody wanted to write home. Capt'n Westley, he was a sort o' favorite of the whole county. It wouldn't 'a' been so hard if we could 'a' found his body, but for him to get shot down like that, an' then no one know what become o' him after, was pooty tough. Then they was so many of our boys wounded that we knew the letter would make everybody in the whole county mighty sad. Barney was hit bad, and the Rebs managed to get a lump of lead in me. Of course, our boys made a hard fight an' kept the Johnnies from gettin' the bat'ry they came after, but it takes a pile o' glory to make up for your own people gettin' killed an' wounded. That was the day we got that Rebel flag that's up in our Post-room, the one we kicked 'bout sendin' back, you know. Course, the war's all over now, an' all that, an' I guess our boys has done their share of forgivin', but when some one comes 'long that wasn't in the army at all, an' that don't know nothin' 'bout what we went through,—when he comes 'long an' asks us to forget, he's just askin' a trife too much, I'll state. That flag's all we got to show for all the Company F boys 'round here that never came back, an' I'll be dod gasted if we give 'em the flag an' the boys too. But there, I always do get hot when I think about it, an' that wasn't what I started to tell you 'bout, anyhow.

"As I was sayin', Barney's wound was bad, an' they thought he was goin' to have fever, so the surgeon said both of us would get well quicker at home. That shows how much doctors knows 'bout things sometimes, 'cause neither one of us never did get clear well, like we was before. But, anyhow, they sort of made it up to send us two home 'stead of to the hospital. We didn't more'n half like bein' sent that way, but as we had been gone more'n two years we didn't

kick much. I guess Barney wanted to see Kate pooty bad 'bout that time, anyhow; leastwise she's the first one he asked for.

"My, what a fuss everybody made over us. The town was crazy, all talkin' at once, an' askin' 'bout their boys. You see they didn't have much chance to get pa'tic'lars in them days, like they has now, 'cause the papers was slow, and when they did come they didn't have the very things the people wanted to know most 'bout the boys in Company F. The excitement an' gettin' home kept us up a little, but Barney had to do most of the talkin'. Me an' him answered questions an' told them things as fast as we could till I played out. Then they decided to get 'em all together that night, jus' to give everybody a chance to hear the news at the same time, without makin' our wounds worse by too much talkin.' We had some dyin' messages, too, that we had promised to deliver, an' some trinkets some of the boys had asked to have sent to the folks at home, when they knew they wouldn't get over their wounds, an' a couple of watches an' things we had taken from our boys before we buried them. But the hardest thing of all we had to do was to see Captain Westley's mother and tell her they had never found her boy's body.

"My, what a crowd that was that night! You don't have meetin's like it nowadays. They hadn't heard scarcely any of the pa'tic'lars of things for the last six months. Barney was a great hand at tellin' a story, even when he was sufferin' from his wound. He certainly had the gift of gab. Well, one minute he had 'em holdin' their sides a laughin' over how the boys stole chickens or swapped terbacky with the Johnnies, an' the next the women was all cryin' 'bout John Sanders gettin' picked off the sentry beat by the guerillas that dark night, or 'bout how Harry Daniels lay wounded on the field o' battle six days an' six nights 'fore they found him, an' didn't even die then, but was sent to the hospital at Washington to have his leg cut off. An' they sang the ole songs, 'Tentin' To-night' an' 'John Brown's Body,' while Barney was restin' an' gettin' his breath. An' he certainly did make them see what the life o' camp, an' the hot, long march, an' the lonely sentry beat, an' the battles meant to their boys.

"Well, that's how we happened to be at home at the time.

"My arm got better fast, an' Lieutenant Barney's fever was soon all gone, for it wasn't typhoid at all, but, his mother said, just starvation. As soon as he could be about Barney was at Kate's house 'most all the time,—an' I was there a good deal myself. Kate always had a pile o' sense, an' we talked with her 'bout the war same as if she was a man. But I don't calc'late that was all Barney an' Kate talked 'bout. You see, they wasn't anybody at home them days except the women, an' ole men an' boys. An' you'd been surprised at the difference 'tween the way they talked from the soldier boys we'd left. 'Course, us soldiers was busy doin' somethin' all the time, tryin' to get even for the thumpin's the Johnnies gave

us an' to give them new thumpin's. But at home they didn't have nothin' to do 'cept mourn for their dead an' worry 'bout the wounded an' captured, not knowin' what day word might come of more trouble. We'd just been thrashed pooty bad at Fredericksburg an' Chancellorsville, an' some of the bravest was beginnin' to feel that maybe, after all, we would have to give it up. Then, of course, there was some that was always afraid we'd lose the war ever since Bull Run. The latest rumors was that Lee was gettin' stronger every day, an' was soon goin' to begin marchin' North an' sweep everything before him. 'If Lee ever gets into Pennsylvania,' said mother to me one day, 'we might as well give it up,—we're gone.' That nearly paralyzed me, 'cause it was the first time I had ever known mother to waver durin' the whole war.

"'Nonsense,' I says. 'We'll only begin to waken up in earnest when the Rebs get onto our ground.'

"Nevertheless, I was a good deal more scared than I let on. This town here bein' then fourteen miles from the railroad or telegraph, the news came mighty slow. But rumors kept comin' thicker an' thicker, all sayin' there was bound to be a big battle. You know mostly always when any one died at home they telegraphed to the soldier, an' if there was nothin' important just then he might get a furlough for a few days an' come home for the funeral. Well, Frank Small's little boy Jamie had just died with the scarlet fever,—he was one of the finest little fellows in the world, an only child, an' Frank just worshipped him. We knew it would most break his heart, an' so telegraphed, supposin', of course, he could come to see his boy for the last time. But the colonel answered, 'Deeply regret not a man can be spared now.' I knew what that meant.

"On the mornin' of July 2 Barney an' me was standin' on Kate's porch talkin' it over, an' had just 'bout decided to go back to the regiment, when Bill Haines came tearin' in from Canton, his horse all in a sweat.

"'Bin a big fight, an' we got licked!' he shouted. 'At Gettysburg, down near the Maryland line. The Rebs got into Pennsylvania, an' we can't keep 'em out.' As soon as he got his breath he told us all he knew 'bout the first day's fight. The whole town was crazy in a minute. Every mother that had a son in the army near there, an' every wife an' every sweetheart, was sendin' up silent prayers to the Lord of Battles. It meant another siege of that awful waitin' until the postmaster would get the list of killed an' wounded,—an' then it might mean worse. But the worst of all was the way the confounded Copperheads talked an' acted. There was a lot of them that I never did trust, an' ole man Lackey was one. Guess you never saw a copperhead snake, did you?"

I replied that I had not.

"Well, it's one of the pizenest snakes that is. An' we used to call the Secesh people in the North Copperheads durin' the war days.

I didn't like the way they were actin', an' we decided to just keep an eye on Lackey, an' ole Daddy Bole, an' Pete Loughridge. The whole pack 'd stand watchin'. What made us suspect was that they didn't seem sorry, like the rest, 'bout the bad news. Then we saw 'em sort o' smilin' at one another when they thought we wasn't lookin'. Pooty soon Daddy Bole said, with that tarnation lifeless grin o' his'n,—

“Well, I never did think this war was goin' to win, no how.”

“No, sir, you'll never conquer the South,” chirped Lackey.

“Haven't we been doin' it right along?” says I.

“Well, *you* don't seem to 'a' been doin' much lickin',” said Daddy Bole with a sneer, referrin' to the fact o' my bein' wounded.

“The worms is now eatin' the Johnnie that wounded me, I'll state, an' they ain't no Copperheads neither,” says I.

“They didn't say nothin' to that.”

“You can't tell me,” says Barney, when they had gone, ‘I've felt it all along. They're Seceshes, just come out o' their holes 'cause they think we're licked,’ an' he let out a string o' rippin' oaths, for Barney was a powerful man to swear 'fore he joined meetin'.

“Did you notice ole Lackey a-whistlin' through his teeth an' hiss'n', like the dumned Copperhead that he is, tryin' to hide his smile?” Barney went on. ‘Mother says he never looks happy 'cept when the Johnnies lick us. An' ole Daddy Bole, too. They say when the papers first came with the account of how they whipped us at Bull Run he said “I want to buy that paper.”’

“We've got to do somethin',” says I.

“Just as we got it all mapped out what we was goin' to do, Kate came up an' we told her 'bout it.”

“Don't do it,” says she. ‘It won't do any good to stir up a fuss. You know most of the people about here are loyal, an' what difference does a few old men make? Wait till we get later returns. We're goin' to win that battle. The Rebs can never lick us on our own ground.’

“Late that night another messenger galloped in from Canton.”

“The Rebs 's comin'! Union army 's licked out of its boots! Worst fight of the war! Been ten thousand men killed, an' there's goin' to be another day's fightin'. The Johnnies 're goin' to push on to-morrow an' sack Philadelphia, an' then make for New York.' An' he told us all he knowed 'bout the second day's fight. Mighty, but we was blue an' mad! What made it worse was the way them Copperheads acted.”

“I told you so. I told you so. You'ns are no good. You can't conquer the South,” chuckled Lackey, gettin' bolder and bolder.

“The thing that made us so wrathful was that they had been Seceshes all 'long an' kept it quiet till now. I couldn't hardly keep my hands off 'em. Us soldiers gnashed our teeth, an' the loyal men an' women hung their heads. Even Kate looked beat. No one had

heart to answer the taunts an' sneers. Our faces was long 'nough to eat corn out of a jug. If they hadn't been such old men I believe we'd 'a' killed 'em then an' there.

"That there fight ain't over yet," says I, sort o' hopin' against hope, an' all the time rackin' my brains for somethin' worse than tar an' feathers.

"Which shall we do, go back to our commands, or go an' see what we can do near Gettysburg for the rest of our furlough?" says Barney.

"Go to Gettysburg," says I.

"No, no," said Kate. 'You'll get tangled up there and may not be able to get back to your commands by the time your furlough is out. To-morrow is the Fourth of July. Wait until mornin', and then we will have news of the battle they are fightin' to-day. I tell you the Rebs can never whip us on our own ground!' Then she went in the house again. She spoke so earnest like that we sort o' believed her.

"You stay here to watch the Copperheads, an' I'll go to Canton at daylight," said Lieutenant Barney. 'I'll be back by nine o'clock. You watch for me. If it's all right I'll wave my cap as I cross the bridge at the foot of your hill. If not—an' he let out a string o' oaths—we'll clean out this ——— nest of Copperheads, an' then go towards Gettysburg to meet the Johnnies.'

"I'd like to meet 'em right now, while I'm good an' ready," says I, an', while I am not given to profanity, I did swear at that time, 'cause 'tween the Copperheads an' the Johnnies I was wrathy. Then Kate came out again an' her an' Barney seemed to be so busy talkin' by themselves they didn't have no time for me. So I took the hint an' went home.

"Kate an' I was both there to see Barney start the next mornin'. They did some more talkin' by themselves, an' just as Barney drove off he called back, 'Tell him if you care to.' After he was gone I said, 'What is it, Kate?' She kept blushin' an' puttin' me off for a while, but at last said, 'Well, you're such an old friend of ours that I will tell you. I promised to marry Barney,—if we win this battle.' I laughed an' tried to seem surprised, but I hadn't no notion any battle was goin' to keep them two apart long.

"Well, that started out the bluest Fourth of July I ever spent. All mornin' me an' Kate sat on the porch watchin' that hillside an' waitin' for Barney's return. We thought he was never goin' to come. Our eyes was sore an' our souls sick with waitin'. Nine o'clock came an' went. Then, after an eternity, the ole clock struck ten. If it hadn't been that I could see the penj'lum swingin' from the porch I'd 'a' thought the clock was stopped. Still Barney didn't come.

"No wonder you women folks don't like war," says I. 'I'd rather fight a week than watch an hour like this.' At last, after we

had given up for 'bout the hundredth time, an' when it was near half-past 'leven, we saw a buggy dash over the top of the long hill. It was raisin' such a dust we couldn't see who was in it, but nobody but Barney would drive like that in July. He always was a reckless driver anyhow, Barney was. We strained our eyes till they ached, tryin' to make out who it was, but the dust hid everything, as that buggy kept comin' down the hill nearer an' nearer. When it dashed onto the bridge the wind blew the dust aside for a minute an' we saw Barney an' he saw us. He jumped right up in the seat of the buggy an' waved his arms an' cap an' reins above his head three times, an' his shouts reached us even to there. Kate rushed to ring the farm bell, as we had agreed with the folks 'bout the place, an' I ran to the gate to meet Barney.

"How was it?" I yelled.

"We licked 'em out o' their boots!" shouted Barney. Them was his very words. Kate ran back an' Barney jumped out o' the buggy an' threw his arms 'round her an' kissed her. But we was all so 'xcited none of us seemed to notice it.

"Come on up town!" says Barney.

"Me an' Kate piled in with him, an' he gave the horse a cut an' we went a-sailin' into town, straight up to the town square, an' got out that ole cannon an' shot her off as she never was shot before. Then we jumped on her an' shouted till our lungs ached. Talk about your Fourth of Julys! Everybody was out in a minute.

"What 're you makin' all that racket 'bout?" says Lackey, sort o' cheap-like.

"The Rebs changed their minds about comin'," says Kate.

"And then the Copperheads slunk back to their holes once more.

"Well, that night was the first time I ever saw Barney with that little white ribbon pinned on his uniform. "Them's Kate's colors," says he to me,—'pure white,—an' I'm goin' to keep 'em that way.' The last time? Oh, that was 'bout a year later. After the battle o' Cold Harbor we found the major's body,—Barney was a major then,—clean up beside the Rebel guns. We saw that the bullet had gone right through his heart, an' the blue o' his coat an' the white o' the little ribbon was most blotted out by the red blood. Some folks 'bout here kind of wondered why Kate never got married. But I didn't blame her, myself."

George William.

TWO KINGS.

GAY Life loves pomp and trappings, fife and fee,
But Death awes most by grim simplicity.

Edward Wilbur Mason.

BOOK REVIEWING WITH THE STILETTO.

CONCERNING THE DAUGHTER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ACCORDING to an "irresponsible reviewer" in the *Nation* it seems that all we have been taught on the subject of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga is wrong, that Bancroft does not know what he is talking about, and that Mr. Fiske, when he says on page 343 of his illustrated edition of "The American Revolution," "Burgoyne surrenders," and "after three days of discussion the terms of surrender were agreed upon," is as slipshod and careless a writer as this reviewer would have us believe Mr. Fisher is in "The True Benjamin Franklin." Now the actual facts, as any one can see by reading the next page of Fiske, were that Burgoyne's army marched out of camp with the honors of war, piled their arms, agreed not to serve against America during the war, were allowed to march through Massachusetts to take ship at Boston for Europe, and the officers were allowed to retain their side arms and no one's private baggage was searched. This was a surrender, and in the dictionary meaning of the term, which is "to yield, to give up, to resign, to submit, to relinquish, to abandon."

When Grant and Lee met at Appomattox Court-House Grant paroled Lee's army not to take up arms again against the government of the United States until regularly exchanged, gave the officers their side arms, baggage, and private horses, promised that they should not be punished for treason as long as they respected their parole, and all cavalrymen who owned their own horses were allowed to retain them to work their farms. The army then gave up their arms and artillery and were allowed to depart to their homes. These were even more liberal terms than were granted Burgoyne; and yet we always read of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. The reason is that our reviewer has not yet seen fit to exploit this period of American history. When he does, we shall be compelled to say that Lee did not surrender, and "would have indignantly denied it, with the dictionary and all military men in his support."

The only reason the reviewer had for making such a ridiculous statement was that at the end of descriptions of Burgoyne's surrender it is sometimes stated that Burgoyne earnestly requested that the articles he and Gates agreed to should be called a "convention" instead of a surrender, in imitation of the "Convention of Kloster-Seven," by which the Duke of Cumberland had surrendered his army to the French at Hanover. Gates, of course, granted Burgoyne's request as a kindness to the feelings of a fallen foe. It made not a particle of difference what the paper they signed was called, provided the terms were what Gates required.

These being the facts, nothing but mere maliciousness or the desire of a half-educated man to appear smart could have induced a reviewer to assail Mr. Fisher for speaking of Burgoyne's surrender. Nobody ever refers to it as "the convention of Burgoyne at Saratoga," and if they did no one would know what they meant. Such a criticism is unworthy of any decent newspaper; and padding it with pompous phrases about "the dictionary" and "all military men" in order to deceive the ordinary reader shows a dishonest purpose.

So it is also ridiculous for the reviewer to assail Mr. Fisher by saying, "In the same manner he decides the moot point as to the approximate date of the birth of William Franklin, but, unfortunately, neglects to give us better authority than his own statement." The birth of William Franklin has by common consent of all Franklin's biographers been placed at about the year 1730. That is as near as any one can come to it. Parton and Bigelow approximate it in this way. Mr. Fisher simply followed them, as every one else does, and it was not necessary that he should give any authority.

It is also a frivolous criticism to say, "Worse still is the assertion that the Seven Years' War began with Braddock's defeat." That was the beginning of it in America, and, indeed, it was the first memorable and great event in the war, which launched it on its terrible course. For a few months before that there had been movements and expeditions started, and a few weeks before Braddock's defeat an English war-vessel fired a broadside into a French ship. It was a war which started in small movements and counterplots and gradually grew important. But writing, as Mr. Fisher does, about American affairs, he gives his readers a clear conception of the time and situation by making Braddock's defeat mark the actual beginning of the war in America.

But it would be useless to follow up all the reviewer's points which are manufactured and worked up for mere effect; and while he is talking so much about mistakes he makes some bad ones himself. Franklin's old friend, Mr. Denham, he calls Mr. Dunhan, and immediately after, in quoting from the "Autobiography," alters the passage to suit himself. We prefer to take up the only important question raised in the review, where it is said:

Although Mr. Fisher notes in two places that women correspondents in writing to Franklin called him father and signed themselves "your daughter," and though a little more research would have shown him letters of Franklin couched in the same parental terms, on an allusion in a letter of John Foxcroft to "your daughter," and on three equally vague messages in Franklin's letter to "my daughter," he founds the positive statement that he had an illegitimate daughter.

The best way to discuss the above statement, and a great deal more nonsense that the reviewer has written on this subject, is to

give in full the letters and reasons which have led the members of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania to believe that a certain manuscript letter in the possession of the society showed that Franklin had an illegitimate daughter.

The letter itself, which Mr. Fisher gives in his book, is addressed to Franklin at his Craven Street lodgings in London, and is as follows:

PHILADA. Feby. 2d, 1772.

Dear Sir:

I have the happiness to acquaint you that your daughter was safely brot to Bed the 20th ulto. and presented me with a sweet little girl, they are both in good spirits and are likely to do very well.

I was seized with a Giddyness in my head the Day before yesterday as I had 20 oz. of blood taken from me and took physick weh does not seem in the least to have relieved me.

I am hardly able to write this. Mrs. F. Joins me in best affections to yourself and compts to Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. and Mrs. Huson.

I am Dr Sir

yrs affectionately

JOHN FOXCROFT.

Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Bache, little Ben & Family at Burlington are all well. I had a letter from yr. Govr. yesterday.

J. F.

It is to be observed that the above letter is an entirely serious one from beginning to end; there is no attempt to joke or make sport, as some of Franklin's correspondents did; and the first sentence in the letter states that the writer's wife was Franklin's daughter and that she had given birth to a girl. The letter is apparently written to announce that event to Franklin. Such a statement, made by a man about his wife, is certainly deserving of serious consideration. Would he on such an occasion and in such a manner have said that she was Franklin's daughter unless he firmly believed that she was?

If she was Franklin's daughter, as her husband describes her, she must have been illegitimate, for it is well known that Franklin's only legitimate daughter was Mrs. Sarah Bache.

John Foxcroft, the writer of the letter, is well known as the deputy postmaster of Philadelphia at that time, and Franklin was postmaster-general of the Colonies. Foxcroft and Franklin were close friends and often corresponded on business matters. We shall give, therefore, the letters of Franklin to Foxcroft in which he refers to Mrs. Foxcroft as his daughter, and we shall give them in full, so that the connection can be seen. Some of these letters are in the collection of Franklin's papers in the State Department at Washington, and have been copied from that source. Others are from the collection of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, and one or two can be found in Bigelow's "Works of Franklin."

American Philosophical Society Collection, vol. xlv., No. 46:

LONDON, Feb. 4, 1772.

MR. FOXBOFT,
Dear Friend

I have written two or three small letters to you since my return from Ireland and Scotland. I now have before me your favours of Oct. 1, Nov. 5 and Nov. 13.

Mr. Todd has not yet shown me that which you wrote to him about the New Colony, tho he mentioned it and will let me see it, I suppose, when I call on him. I told you in one of mine, that he had advanced for your share what has been paid by others, tho I was ready to [torn] and shall in the whole Affair take the same care of your interests as of my own. You take notice that Mr. Wharton's friends will not allow me *any Merit* in this transaction, but insist the *Whole* is owing to his superior Abilities. It is a common error in Friends when they would extol their Friend to make comparison and depreciate the merit of others. It was not necessary for his Friends to do so in this case. Mr. Wharton will in truth have a good deal of Merit in the Affair if it succeeds, he having been exceedingly active and industrious in soliciting it, and in drawing up Memorials and Papers to support the Application, remove objections &c. But tho I have not been equally active (it not being thought proper that I should appear much in the solicitation since I became a little obnoxious to the Ministry on acct. of my Letters to America) yet I suppose my Advice may have been thought of some use since it has been asked in every step, and I believe that being longer and better known here than Mr. Wharton, I may have lent some weight to his Negotiations by joining in the Affair, from the greater confidence men are apt to place in one they know than in a stranger. However, as I neither ask or expect any particular consideration for any service I may have done and only think I ought to escape censure, I shall not enlarge on this invidious topic. Let us all do our endeavours, in our several capacities, for the common Service, and if one has the ability or opportunity of doing more for his Friends than another let him think that a happiness and be satisfied.

The Business is not yet quite completed and as many Things happen between the Cup and the Lip, perhaps there may be nothing of this kind for Friends to dispute about. For if no body should receive any Benefit there would be no scrambling for the Honour.

Stavers is in the wrong to talk of my promising him the Rider's Place again. I only told him that I would (as he requested it) recommend him to Mr. Hubbard to be replaced if it could be done without impropriety or inconveniency. This I did & the rather as I had always understood him to have been a good honest punctual Rider. His behavior to you entitles him to no Favour, and I believe any Application he may make here will be to little purpose.

In yours from N York of July 3 you mention your intention of purchasing a Bill to send hither as soon as you return home from your journey. I have not since received any from you, which I only take notice of to you, that if you have sent one you may not blame me for not acknowledging the Receipt of it.

In mine of April 20 I explained to you what I had before mentioned that in settling our private Account I had paid you the sum of 389£ (or thereabouts) in my own Wrong, having before paid it for you to the General Post Office. I hope that since you have received your Books and looked over the Accounts you are satisfied of this. I am anxious for your Answer upon it, the sum being large and what cannot prudently for you or me be left long without an Adjustment.

My Love to my Daughter and compliments to your Brother, I am ever my dear Friend

Yours most affectionately

B FRANKLIN

The above letter is taken from the copy kept by Franklin in his own handwriting in the collection of the American Philosophical Society. The same letter, with some verbal differences and without the last clause relating to the daughter, appears in Bigelow's "Works of Franklin," vol. iv. p. 473.

Library of State Department, Washington, 11 R, 8:

LONDON Oct. 7, 1772.

MR. FOXCROFT,
Dear Sir—

I had no line from you by this last Packet, but find with Pleasure by yours to Mr. Todd that you and yours are well.

The affair of the Patent is in good Train and we hope, if new Difficulties unexpected do not arise, we may get thro' it as soon as the Board meet. We are glad you made no Bargain [torn] your Share and hope none of our Partners [torn] do any such thing; for the Report of such a Bargain before the Business is completed might overset the whole.

Mr. Colden has promised by this Packet that we shall certainly have the Accounts by the next. If they do not come I think we shall be blamed, and he will be superseded; For their Lordships our masters are incensed with the long Delay.

I hope you have by this time examined our private Accounts as you promised, and satisfy yourself that I did, as I certainly did, pay you that Balance of about 389 $\frac{1}{2}$ in my own wrong. It would relieve me of some uneasiness to have the Matter settled between us, as it is a Sum of Importance and in case of Death might be not so easily understood as while we are both living.

With love to my Daughter and best Wishes of Prosperity to you both, and to the little one, I am ever my dear Friend

Yours most affectionately

B. FRANKLIN

Library of State Department, Washington, 11 R, 12:

LONDON Nov 3 1772

MR. FOXCROFT
Dear Sir

I received your Favour of June 22d by Mr. Finlay and shall be glad of an opportunity of rendering him any service on your Recommendation. There does not at present appear to be any Disposition in the Board to appoint a Riding Surveyor, nor does Mr. Finlay seem desirous of such an Employment. Everything at the Office remains as when I last wrote only the Impatience for the Accounts seems increasing. I hope they are in the October Packet now soon expected agreeable to Mr. Colden's last promise.

I spent a Fortnight lately at West Wycomb with our good master Lord Le Despencer and left him well.

The Board has begun to act again and I hope our Business will again go forward.

My love to my Daughter concludes from

Your affectionate Friend
and humble servant

B. F.

There is a letter to Foxcroft in the Library of the State Department, Washington, 11 R, 8, dated London, December 2, 1772, which need not perhaps be given in full, because Franklin sends love to his daughter and then crosses it out as follows:

I can now only add my ~~Love to my Daughter~~ and best Wishes of Happiness to you and yours from Dear Friend

Yours most affectionately

B. FRANKLIN.

He apparently struck out the words "Love to my Daughter and" because they were in effect included in the best wishes and happiness which followed.

Library of State Department, Washington, 11 R, 63:

LONDON Mar. 3, 73

MR. FOXCROFT,
Dear Friend—

I am favoured with yours of June 5, and am glad to hear that you and yours are well. The Flour and Bisket came to hand in good order. I am much obliged to you and your brother for your care in sending them.

I believe I wrote you before that the Demand made upon us on Acct. of the Packet Letters was withdrawn as being without Foundation. As to the Ohio Affair we are daily amused with Expectations that it is to be compleated at this and T'other time, but I see no Progress made in it. And I think more and more that I was right in never placing any great dependence on it. Mr. Todd has received your 200*l*.

Mr. Finlay sailed yesterday for New York. Probably you will have seen him before this comes to hand.

You misunderstood me if you thought I meant in so often mentioning our Acct. to press an immediate Payment of the Ballance. My Wish only was, that you would inspect the Account and satisfy yourself that I had paid you when here that large supposed Ballance in my own wrong. If you are now satisfied about it and transmit me the Account you promise with the Ballance stated I shall be easy and you will pay it when convenient.

With my Love to my Daughter &c I am ever Dear Friend
Yours most affectionately

B. FRANKLIN

Bigelow's "Works of Franklin," vol. v. p. 201:

LONDON, 14 July, 1773.

TO MR. FOXCROFT.

Dear Friend:—I received yours of June 7th, and am glad to find by it that you are safely returned from your Virginia journey, having settled your affairs there to satisfaction, and that you found your family well at New York.

I feel for you in the fall you had out of your chair. I have had three of those squelchers in different journeys, and never desire a fourth.

I do not think it was without reason that you continued so long one of St. Thomas' disciples: for there was always some cause for doubting. Some people always ride before the horse's head. The draft of the patent is at length got into the hands of the Attorney General, who must approve the form before it passes the seals, so one would think much more time can scarce be required to complete the business: but 't is good not to be too sanguine. He may go into the country, and the Privy Councillors likewise, and some months elapse before they get together again: therefore, if you have any patience, use it.

I suppose Mr. Finlay will be some time at Quebec in settling his affairs. By the next packet you will receive a draft of instructions for him.

In mine of December 2d, upon the post-office accounts to April, 1772, I took notice to you that I observed I had full credit for my salary: but no charge appeared against me for money paid on my account to Mrs. Franklin from the Philadelphia office. I supposed the thirty pounds currency per month was regularly paid, because I had had no complaint from her for want of money, and I expected to find the charge in the accounts of the last year—that is, to April 3, 1773: but nothing of it appearing there, I am at a loss to understand it, and you take no notice of my observation above mentioned. The great balance due from that office begins to be remarked here, and I should have thought the officer would, for his own sake, not have neglected to lessen it by showing what he had paid on my account. Pray, my dear friend, explain this to me.

I find by yours to Mr. Todd that you expected soon another little one. God send my daughter a good time, and you a good boy. Mrs. Stevenson is pleased with your remembrance of her, and joins with Mr. and Mrs. Hewson and myself in best wishes for you and yours.

I am ever yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

American Philosophical Society Collection, vol. xlv., No. 80:

LONDON Feb. 18, 1774

MR. FOXCROFT,
Dear Friend—

It is long since I have heard from you. I hope nothing I have written has occasioned any coolness. We are no longer Colleagues, but let us part as we have lived so long in Friendship.

I am displaced unwillingly by our masters who were obliged to comply with the orders of the Ministry. It seems I am too much of an American. Take care of yourself for you are little less.

I hope my daughter continues well. My blessing to her. I shall soon, God willing, have the Pleasure of seeing you, intending homewards in May next. I shall only wait the Arrival of the April Pacquet with the accounts, that I may settle them here before I go. I beg you will not fail of forwarding them by that Opportunity, which will greatly oblige

Dear Friend

Yours most affectionately

It is to be observed of all these letters that, like the original letter of Foxcroft, they are entirely serious. They are business letters. They are not letters of amusement and pleasure, in which Franklin might joke and laugh with a young girl and in sport call her his daughter. They are not addressed to the woman in question but to her husband, and at the close of long details about business matters he simply says "give my love to my daughter," or he refers to her, as in the letter next to the last, as about to have another child. Read in connection with Foxcroft's original letter, they form very strong proof that Franklin believed Mrs. Foxcroft to be his daughter.

But the reviewer says that Mr. Fisher notes in two places that women correspondents in writing to Franklin called him father and signed themselves "your daughter." Mr. Fisher notes on page 332 the letter of a girl written to Franklin in broken French and English, in which she begins by calling him "My dear father Americain," and signs herself "your humble servant and your daughter J. B. J. Conway." The letter is obviously childish and sportive. We do not find the other instance of a similar letter to which the reviewer alludes. The Conway letter is such a frivolous one that it amounts to nothing as proof to overcome the serious, solemn statements by Franklin and Foxcroft in their letters. A light-minded French girl calling Franklin her father is very different from serious, business-like statements by Franklin saying that a certain woman was his daughter.

The reviewer goes on to say that "a little more research would have shown him [Mr. Fisher] letters of Franklin couched in the same parental terms." The meaning of this is presumably that Franklin was in the habit of calling the young women he corresponded with his daughters. This, however, it will be observed, is quite a different matter from Franklin writing to a husband and sending love to the husband's wife as his daughter. But there are some letters to young girls on which a reckless, slap-dash reviewer

would be likely to base the statement that Franklin habitually called women his daughters. Let us look into these letters and see what they are.

Franklin's first correspondent of this sort was Miss Catherine Ray, of Rhode Island. They were great friends and exchanged some beautiful letters, almost unequalled in the English language. They are collected in Bigelow's "Works of Franklin," vol. ii. pp. 387, 414, 495. The letter at page 387 begins "Dear Katy," and ends "believe me, my dear girl, your affectionate faithful friend and humble servant." The letter at page 414 begins "My Katy," speaks of her as "dear girl," and ends with the same phrase as the previous one, except that the word "faithful" is left out. The one at page 495 begins "Dear Katy," and closes "Adieu dear good girl and believe me ever your affectionate friend." In none of these letters does he speak of her as his daughter.

The letters to Miss Catharine Louisa Shipley and to Miss Georgiana Shipley, the daughters of the Bishop of St. Asaph, are friendly but not very endearing in the terms used. He once calls Georgiana "My dear friend," and in the famous letter on the squirrel addresses her as "My dear Miss." He nowhere calls them his daughters.

The letters that come nearest to what the reviewer wants are those to Miss Mary Stevenson. There are quite a number of them, and she and Franklin were on the most affectionate terms. We will give the citations of them in Bigelow, although any one can look them up in the index: In vol. iii. pp. 34, 46, 54, 56, 62, 139, 151, 186, 187, 195, 209, 232, 238, 245; in vol. iv. pp. 17, 33, 212, 258, 264, 287, 332, 339; in vol. x. p. 285. These letters call Miss Stevenson "Dear Polly," "My dear friend," "My good girl," and "My dear good girl." The first of them, vol. iii. p. 34, begins by addressing her as "dear child," and another, vol. iii. p. 209, closes by saying "Adieu my dear child. I will call you so. Why should I not call you so, since I love you with all the tenderness of a father."

This may be what the reviewer had in his mind. But Franklin nowhere calls Miss Stevenson his daughter. The word daughter and child are very different. We all of us often call children we fancy "my child." Franklin's use of the word child as applied to Miss Stevenson has from the context of the letters a perfectly obvious meaning,—no one can mistake it; just as his use of the word daughter in the Foxcroft letters has, from the context and all the circumstances, a perfectly obvious meaning.

It would be endless to discuss all the reviewer's irrelevant and extravagant statements. We shall call attention to only one other illustration of his methods. He closes one of his wild paragraphs by saying that if "Mr. Fisher wishes further knowledge on this subject for 'speculation,' we recommend him to read Franklin's letter to Foxcroft of September 7, 1774."

The reviewer is careful not to quote from this letter or even to

say where it may be found, and the inference the ordinary reader would draw from the way it is paraded is that it contains some very positive denial that Mrs. Foxcroft was Franklin's daughter. But when it is examined, it is found to be a business letter like the others, referring to the lady in question as "Mrs. Foxcroft" instead of as "my daughter," a perfectly natural way of referring to her and entirely consistent with the other letters. We give the letter in full. It is in the American Philosophical Society Collection, vol. xlv., No. 94:

LONDON Sept. 7, 1774.

MR. FOXCROFT,
Dear Friend—

Mr. Todd called to see me yesterday. I perceive there is good deal of uneasiness at the office concerning the Delay of the Accounts. He sent me in the Evening to read and return to him a Letter he had written to you for the Mail. Friendship requires me to urge earnestly your Attention to the contents, if you value the Continuance of your Appointment; for these are times of uncertainty, and I think it not unlikely that there is some Person in view ready to step into your Shoes, if a tolerable reason could be given for dismissing you. Mr. Todd is undoubtedly your Friend. But everything is not always done as he would have it. This to yourself; and I confide that you will take it as I mean it for your Good.

Several packets are arrived since I have had a Line from you. But I had the pleasure of seeing by yours to Mr. Todd that you and Mrs. Foxcroft with your little Girl are all in good Health which I pray may continue.

I am ever my dear old friend

Yours most affectionately

B. FRANKLIN.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



**English Cathedrals
Illustrated. By
Francis Bond.**

"Another guide-book!" you say. Ah, yes; but such a guide-book! Not the dry catalogue of dates and architectural terminology ordinarily associated with the name, but a series of "biographical studies" of these fascinating

buildings.

One gladly welcomes such a guide-book as *English Cathedrals Illustrated*,—in which the word "illustrated" represents a judicious selection of excellent photographs (one hundred and eighty in number), including views of choirs flooded with sunshine; of dim aisles through which one can almost fancy the monks still pacing in their sacred ministry; of transept, crypt, and nave; also, many illustrations of the most interesting details, of which the Angel Triforium of Lincoln Cathedral is a good example.

The text, too, is worthy careful consideration. Mr. Bond knows his cathedrals,—that is evident. And he knows them not merely as an architect (though he is that, too), but as a warm personal friend of each. Whether he is lauding the beauties of Ely, pointing out the interest of Carlisle, criticising the design of anything that seems out of proportion, or inveighing against the careless building that caused many a tower to collapse, his tone is always that of one who criticises with discrimination and justice. A useful little glossary completes the book, which is published by J. B. Lippincott Company in conjunction with George Newnes, Ltd., London.



**King Washington.
By Adelaide Skeel &
William H. Brearley.
Illustrated.**

It is somewhat strange that more notice has not been taken of the episode which gives this romance its name. Perhaps—nay, certainly—Washington's instant and decisive refusal to be king of an American monarchy robbed the offer of half its significance. Yet, that such an idea ever was entertained by any considerable part of the American army, and that it actually developed into a formal proffer of the throne, shows the spirit of the times. Moreover, it is of value as indicating that, though the idea of "American liberty" was firmly implanted, the liberty for which so many brave men died was rather a *national freedom* from English oppression, than the *personal liberty* now so strenuously insisted upon. Furthermore, there has never been a general recognition of Washington's self-abnegation in this affair, though his relentless sense of personal honor in other matters has at all times been emphasized. Essentially an aristocrat,—so much so that he preferred that his officers should mix as little as possible with the enlisted men,—the idea of a monarchy could not in itself have been particularly abhorrent to him. Whatever his motive for refusing, however, refuse he did, in a letter which must have stung its recipi-

ents to the quick. For which letter we and our descendants forever hold the writer in grateful reverence.

King Washington—the April number of the Lippincott series of *Select Novels*—is illustrated by photographs of the historic houses mentioned in the book. Two bindings,—paper and cloth.

Wilson's Formu-
lary. New Edition,
Revised.

Though *Wilson's Formulary* has long been recognized as the standard work of its kind, the rapid development in medical science necessitated its thorough revision to bring it into consonance with the best practice of the present day. The rapidity with which new remedies—notably the coal-tar products—have come into popular and professional favor; the new light thrown upon old problems by the patient research of specialists; the new problems which such research has brought into view; in a word, the whole systematic and specialized development of medicine, has brought about changes so radical as to be almost revolutionary. These changes have been incorporated into this new edition, the obsolete material having been discarded in order that the work might retain its wonted efficiency as a reference book of the practice of medicine. The new edition, like the last, is from the Lippincott press, from which have appeared so many other valuable medical works.

Cyclopædia of the
Diseases of Chil-
dren. A Supple-
ment, edited by W.
H. Edwards, M.D.

The present volume is the first supplement to be issued to Keating's *Cyclopædia of the Diseases of Children*, long held to be the standard—the only—collection of opinions of English-speaking Pediatricists. It has been the purpose of the editor—who was associated with Dr. Keating in the preparation and publication of the original work (1889)—to record the great advance in Pediatrics, than which few branches of medical science have experienced greater development during the last decade. The plan of the present volume is essentially that of the original work: to hold the science of Pediatrics closely in touch with general medical practice, and to render the articles in the work of especial service to the general practitioner, rather than to the specialist.

Among the numerous articles (of which there are over ninety in the book) are found *Advances in Therapeutics*, by H. A. Hare; *Auto-Intoxication*, by Edward Wyllys Taylor; *Toxins and Antitoxins*, by Victor C. Vaughan; *Swimming, Dancing, Bicycling*, by James K. Young and Joseph M. Spellissy—a particularly interesting subject, fully illustrated;—*Diphtheria*, by Lennox Brown (London); *Vaccination*, by R. G. Truman; *Influenza (La Grippe)*, by Charles Godwin Jennings; *Estimation of the Corpuscular Richness of the Blood: A New Hæmatokrit and a New Technique*, by Judson Daland; *Appendicitis*, by John B. Deaver; *The Röntgen Rays in the Surgery of Children*, by W. W. Keen,—with many interesting skiagraphs; and *Hereditary Ataxias and Locomotor Ataxias*, by Joseph Collins,—with figures illustrative of Friedreich's Ataxia. The numerous illustrations are in keeping with the text, and the volume reflects great credit upon its editor and his staff of contributors, and upon the firm of Lippincott, from whose press comes this supplement, a fitting companion to the original four volumes, also from the same publishers.

....STATEMENT....

OF

THE TRAVELERS**LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY,****OF HARTFORD, CONN.**

Chartered 1863. [Stock.] Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

Paid-up Capital - - \$1,000,000.00

Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$22,868 994.16
Liabilities	19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$3,722 635.12

July 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864	\$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life)	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force	94,646,669.00

GAINS.**6 Months—January to July, 1898.**

In Assets	\$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders)	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only)	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 months	2,937,432.77

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.**EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.****J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster.****SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.****PHILADELPHIA OFFICE: S. E. Cor. Fourth and Chestnut Sts.**

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

A ROYAL WEAKNESS.—The Shah of Persia has a weakness for cucumbers, which are a great luxury in the East. On one occasion a large dishful had been placed before him, and the expectant courtiers were looking forward to a good feast when their master had finished. One by one, however, the vegetables disappeared, and after his majesty had demolished over a dozen he quietly proceeded to place the remainder in his pockets and then left the table.

HE HAD TO FIGHT.—“I was down in the mountain region of West Virginia last week,” said the returned special agent of the Internal Revenue Department, “and I happened upon one war incident down there where you would suppose people had enough fighting of their own to do without going to foreign countries for it. One morning, as I was riding through a lonesome valley, I came upon a house at the turn of the hill, and as I passed a man came out and joined me, taking the side of the road, as is common oftentimes where there are a rider and a walker going in the same direction.

“‘How far is it to Sam Morgan’s?’ was the first question I asked.

“‘Old Sam’s or young Sam’s?’

“‘I didn’t know there were two.’

“‘Thar wuzn’t till two weeks ago, when young Sam got hitched and rented the Mullins farm. It’s two miles to the old man’s.’

“‘Do I keep right on this way?’

“‘Yes, foller the crick, I reckon,” he said. Then he went on, ‘Thar is likely to be a war, hain’t thar?’

“‘That is what most people think where I come from.’

“‘Whar’s that, mister?’

“‘Washington.’

“‘Well, I reckon that’s head-quarters, and ef they think it thar, then thar’ll be some fightin’,’ and his face brightened.

“‘Are you in favor of war?’

“‘I never wuz till here lately, and now I’m jist eachin’ fer it.’

“‘I suppose the continued cruelty of the Spaniards towards those helpless reconcentrados, added to the loss of the Maine, is too much for you to bear?’

“‘Well, no,’ he hesitated; ‘tain’t that, I reckon.’

“‘Not that!’ I said, in surprise.

“‘No, stranger,’ and he glanced over his shoulder at the house. ‘Yer see, I’ve been married to John Pressler’s widder fer about six weeks, and I’ve about got to the p’int when I’ve jist got to fight somebody er sumthin’. I can’t fight the old woman, and I don’t want ter fight any uv my neighbors, but I’ve got to fight, an’ I’d ruther fight them dern Spainyards thin anybody else I knows uv. Y’ain’t never been married, have yer, mister?’

“I shook my head.

“‘Well,’ he said, with a long-drawn breath. ‘you don’t know nothin’ whatsoever about the feelin’s a man has got sometimes. No wonder she was a widder. She’ll be another one ef this war gits declared off, er I’m no jedge.’”—*Memphis Scimitar.*

KEEPING FAITH WITH THE BOARDERS.—“I thought you advertised home fare!” said the summer boarder, indignantly.

“Wal,” replied Farmer Corntossel. “that’s what you’re gettin’,—canned peaches, canned tomattusses, canned corned beef, and condensed milk, the same as you’re used to.”—*Washington Star.*



PURE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

FOUR FULL QUARTS,

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID,

For \$3.20.

Four
Full Quarts
For
\$3.20
Express
Prepaid

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your \$3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for \$3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of pure whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

References—Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 670-676 W. 5th St., Dayton, O.
 N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Oreg., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.



We guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees to.—EDITOR.

A WOMAN MATADOR AT CORDOVA.—Now comes the denouement; for upon a final flourish of trumpets the matador, who in this particular performance is a woman, steps forth with a bright red flag or cloak on a staff in her left hand and a good Toledan blade in her right, hidden beneath the right edge of the red flag. The bull makes a dash for the woman, our ladies turn their heads and ask me what I see, and I report a calm, deliberate, and skilful step to the left by the female matador, a quick flash of the sword, a bend of the body to the right, and over the bull's neck a spurting of blood, not very copious, and the sword has pierced the animal's neck close to the shoulder. The jugular is severed, the beast trembles, his knees give way, and he falls amid the applause of the audience at the skill of the swordswoman. Before the matador proceeded to the slaughter she formally asked permission of the presiding alcalde to do the killing, and upon his formal consent proceeded with sword in hand to the front of the bull.—*Baltimore Sun.*

PURCHASE OF A TITLE.—A well-known continental dealer in titles and decorations issues an annual circular. He does not sell his wares directly to his clients, but claims to have influence with the various fountains of honor, which he can "tap" at will. As a proof of good faith, he asks no fee until the desired piece of goods is delivered. The degree of Ph.D. can be had for a mere song. Some of the minor orders of the Continent can be obtained for five hundred dollars. The Austrian order of the Iron Crown is just a little expensive. It will cost fifteen thousand dollars. But you can be a baron or a count in some of the minor German states for five thousand dollars. One hundred dollars will secure the title of court dentist. The price for colonels is not quoted, for even in this the Continental dealer feels he cannot compete with the low scale of the American market in this particular line of things.

SUICIDAL DOCTORS.—Statistics show that the medical profession is more prone to suicide than any other. During the last three years the number of suicides occurring among physicians has been, respectively, forty-five, forty-nine, and forty-seven per annum, an average of nearly one to two thousand; or, as the death-rate among the physicians is about twenty-five to one thousand, nearly one-fiftieth of all the deaths in the profession have been by suicide. It has been suggested that an explanation of this tendency may be found in the development of morbid fancies in the mind of a doctor, on account of his constant association with the sick and dying, or because he has the requisite knowledge of how to die painlessly and conveniently.

A medical journal dissents from all these views, and holds that the leading factor is the accessibility of the poisonous drugs, which are almost invariably used. Suicide is largely a matter of insane impulse. Imagine a man fatigued in body and depressed in spirits—as the doctor very often is—swayed by an overwhelming conviction of the utter weariness of life to the impulse of suicide. If he had to put on his hat and walk to the drug-store and tax his ingenuity for a lie with which to explain his desire for poison, he might postpone the fatal act from mere inertia, or he may meet a friend or have his interest in life aroused by one of a multitude of every-day occurrences, or physical exercise may bring him to his senses. If, however, as is the case with almost every doctor, he has simply to feel in his pockets or walk across his office to get a deadly poison, the impulse may be carried into execution before anything can happen to supplant it in the brain.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*



IF A CADDY MEET A CADDY
COMIN' THRO' THE GREEN
IF A CADDY ASK A CADDY
WHY HIS CLUBS ARE CLEAN
IT'S TEN TO ONE HE'LL ANSWER OH!
I RUB THEM WITH

SAPOLIO

A SHIP STRIKES A TREE'S BRANCHES.—As illustrating the safety with which vessels can pass in and out through the straits forming the entrance to Puget Sound and run right close to the shore without danger of stranding, Captain George W. Bullene told the following story the other day about Captain Farnham, formerly master of the ship *Dashing Wave*.

Several years ago the *Dashing Wave* was beating her way in through the strait in a thick fog. Suddenly the lookout sung out, "Woods! woods!" and the next moment branches of trees could be seen from the poop-deck.

"Put your wheel hard aport!" was the command of the captain to the man at the wheel.

But before the ship could be brought around the jibboom and jib sheets were touching the branches of the trees on the bank.

"Pull in the jib sheets!" came the next command, but before they could be hauled in they stuck in the branches of a tree.

"Get out there quick and get them loose!" yelled the captain at the top of his voice, and no sooner was the command given than two active sailors were out on the boom and had the sheets freed. At the same time a sudden breeze sprung up, the ship swung out, and the two sailors were left perched in the branches of the tree.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

SOLD A MINE ON A BET.—One of the most famous mines in Leadville was the Robert E. Lee. Its promise was discovered when the vein or deposit was first struck, but for some reason or other people did not take kindly to it, and the owners tried in vain to sell an interest. A gentleman who happened to have a few hundred dollars was besought to take a third of it for three hundred dollars. He studied the matter, and, deeming the venture too risky, declined. The Lee was a pockety mine, and some of the pockets contained rich ore. To effect a sale the owners wagered that they would take one million dollars' worth of ore out of the mine in twenty-four hours. By great good luck they discovered a few rich pockets and won the bet. After this there was no difficulty in selling the mine for one million five hundred thousand dollars.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

"CHAPEL OF THE SEAS."—The most wonderful cave in the world is in the island of Tonga, in the South Pacific. Byron called it "a chapel of the seas." It is formed in a rock that is almost surrounded by the ocean. This rock is about sixty feet high, and broad proportionately.

Many years ago a boy, the son of a native chief, was chasing a huge turtle, when his game seemed to sink into the rock. The lad watched and waited until the tide fell, disclosing a small opening in the rock about six feet under low-water mark.

Diving boldly, the young hunter entered the aperture, and, to his surprise, came to the surface inside the rock. The rock was hollow, and its interior was found afterwards, when the natives explored it with torches, to contain many beautiful stalactites.

When attacked and followed by enemies the natives, who know the secret, leave their canoes, plunge into the water, and disappear. Their foes linger, astonished at their disappearance, for no person not acquainted with it would suspect that the rock was hollow.—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

NO LONGER A SWELL.—"I once knew a man whose hair changed from black to white in a single night because he lost his fortune."

"Well, I knew a girl who lost her fortune, and her hair changed from auburn to red in less time than it takes to tell it."—*Detroit Journal*.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists;
all sorts of people use it.

"Life insurance is one of the best forms of investment, because it gives, after one deposit, an instant guarantee to repay principal and interest and more."
—JOHN WANAMAKER.

THE MOST LIBERAL POLICY EXTANT EQUALLED NOWHERE

NOT APPROACHED BY THE CONTRACT OF ANY OTHER COMPANY

ON March 8, 1899, the PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY made a radical departure. It decided upon the issue of any one of its contracts of insurance it would immediately endorse thereon the following:

"This policy is absolutely incontestable from date of issue for any cause, except non-payment of premium, anything in this contract to the contrary notwithstanding."

THE contract of life insurance is so broadened and liberalized that it is a simple and inviolable promise to pay at a given date, or upon death, and nothing in law or equity or circumstance or condition can possibly defeat it. It is the crystallization of the idea expressed in the few words: "You pay us; we pay you." It is freer from conditions than a bond of the United States, and is as

THE effect of the above endorsement upon the policies of the Penn Mutual is to make them a world-wide contract, free from all conditions as to residence, occupation, travel, habits of life, and as to manner, time, or place of death. It is the ultimate in life insurance, for no contract can possibly go any further than to be an unconditional promise to pay.

WITHOUT any increase in premium, or without any stipulation as to the use of dividends, the policies embrace:

FIRST.—Automatic extension—the longest.

SECOND.—Paid up insurance—the largest.

THIRD.—Cash or Loan Values—the most liberal.

FOURTH.—No conditions as to residence, occupation, suicide, duelling, violation of law, or military or naval service.

NOTHING has heretofore been done in life insurance which will command such world-wide attention and instant approval. It shows that the Penn Mutual has reached the goal toward which others are sauntering.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

921-3-5 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE SOURCE OF "YANKEE DOODLE."—A correspondent writes: "It may be news to most people to be apprised of the fact that the air of the American national song 'Yankee Doodle' was originally that of a Cavalier ditty, and was possibly whistled by the London street arabs of royalist sympathies with the object of irritating the Roundheads. Only it was 'Nankee Doodle' then, an unmeaning appellation applied to no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell, who rode into Oxford with a single plume in his hat, fastened in a knot, called at the period a 'macaroni.' 'Nankee Doodle' crossed the Atlantic at a convenient time. Then the term Yankee, applied originally strictly to a New Englander, was beginning to be used colloquially, having been derived from 'Yeng-hee,' the Indian fashion of pronouncing 'English,' when the initial 'N' in 'Nankee' in the effusion was discontinued and 'Y' substituted.

"The tune was adopted by the Revolutionary colonists more in the spirit of retaliation than anything else. When Lord Percy's brigade marched out of Boston the bands played 'Yankee Doodle' as a mark of contempt for the inhabitants. But the colonists uttered a threat, and carried it out, that before the war was over Percy's brigade would have to dance to the despised tune, and they had to. It has been contended that in 1755 Dr. Shuckburgh wrote 'Yankee Doodle,' but the best authorities are agreed that in its original form it was composed to deride the Cromwellians. It may be noted that the late President Grant was so innocent of music that he only knew two tunes. One was 'Yankee Doodle' and the other wasn't."—*London Telegraph*.

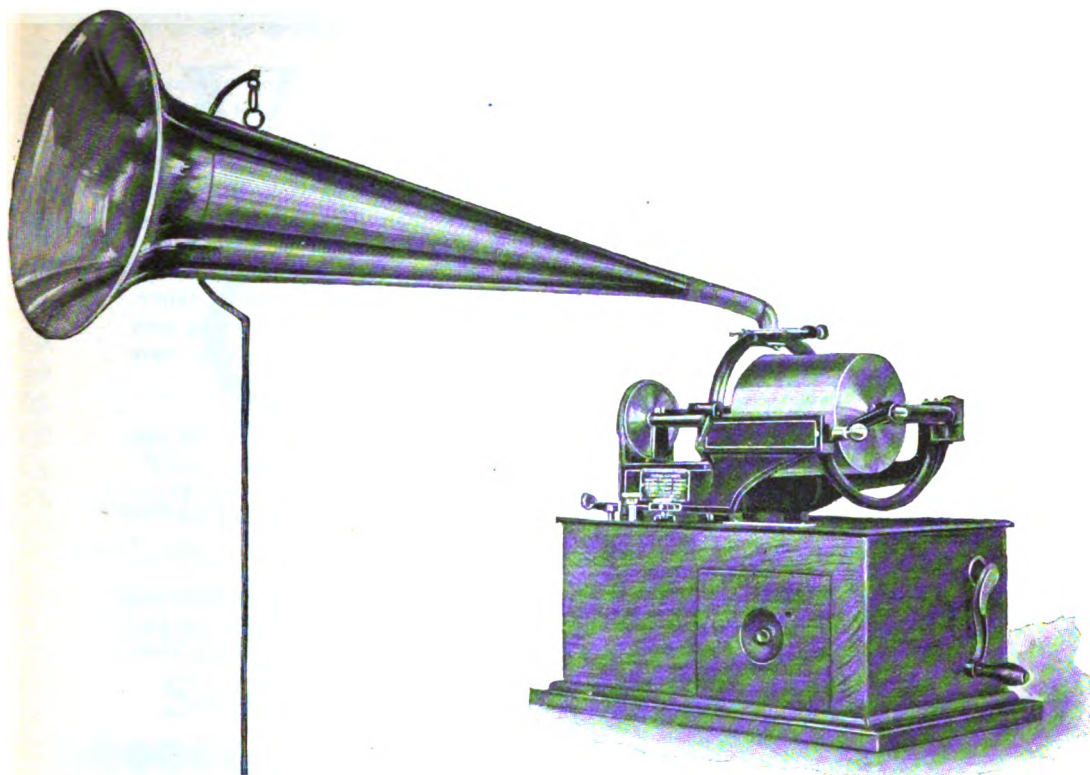
HIS LETTERS.

He indited many letters couched in terms of wildest love,
 He compared her to the angels he had read of up above,
 And he swore no other maiden on the earth was in the swim—
 That she had the sole, exclusive Cupid-halter hitched to him.
 At a later day those letters fell beneath his eyes again,
 And he cursed the hand that wielded the enthusiastic pen
 As the counsel for the plaintiff, with a glad, triumphant face,
 Read them to a grinning jury in a breach-of-promise case.

Denver Post.

THIS story is told in Boston of Colonel T. W. Higginson. He was travelling in the South a few years after the war, and chanced to fall into talk with an old farmer who had engaged a number of old soldiers to help in the haying. "You see over there where those four men are working?" asked the farmer. "Well, all of 'em fought in the war. One of 'em was a private, one of 'em was a corporal, one was a major, and that man 'way over there in the corner was a colonel." "Are they good men?" asked Higginson. "Well," said the farmer, "the private's a first-class man, and the corporal's pretty good, too." "But how about the major and the colonel?" "The major's so-so," said the farmer. "But the colonel?" "Well, I don't want to say nothin' against any man who was a colonel in the war," said the farmer, "but I've made up my mind I won't hire no brigadier-generals."—*New York Tribune*.

SPANISH ARABLE LAND.—It is Mark Twain who observes, in one of his sketches of travel in foreign parts, that the reason there is comparatively little arable land in Spain is because the great majority of the Spanish people are in the habit of squandering it on their persons, and when they die it is buried with them.—*Boston Herald*.



THE EDISON CONCERT PHONOGRAPH.

Mr. Edison has perfected the Phonograph.

This is the instrument.

It perfectly reproduces the human voice—just as loud—just as clear—just as sweet.

It duplicates instrumental music with pure-toned brilliance and satisfying intensity.

Used with Edison Concert Records (made in Mr. Edison's laboratory under his direct personal supervision) its reproduction is free from all mechanical noises. Only the music or the voice is heard.

It is strong and vibrant enough to fill the largest auditorium. It is smooth and broad enough for the parlor.

The highest type of talking machine ever before produced bears no comparison with the Edison Concert Phonograph. The price is \$125.

Full particulars can be obtained from all dealers in Phonographs; or by addressing The National Phonograph Co., New York, asking for Concert Catalogue No. 10.

Six other styles of Phonographs, including the Edison Gem, price \$7.50.

NONE GENUINE
WITHOUT
THIS

TRADE MARK

Thomas A Edison

FOR A SPRING-TIME OUTING.—No region in America is more beautiful or healthful than the magnificent mountain country of Western North Carolina, which is known as the "Land of the Sky" and has forty-three peaks higher than Mount Washington.

Asheville is the centre of this beautiful section, and nearby are the famous Hot Springs, Tryon, Saluda, Sapphire, Blowing Rock, Lenoir, and a score of charming resorts.

Asheville is less than twenty-four hours from New York, and is reached by through vestibule trains upon the Southern Railway, which operates three handsome trains between New York and the South daily, and is the only line in the South operating a system of dining-cars all the year round.

A beautiful book just issued, entitled "The Land of the Sky," sent to any address upon request. A. S. Thweatt, E. P. A., Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York.

BOY SOLDIERS.—The best material of which to make fighting soldiers is found in boys from sixteen to twenty-one. This is the expression of old commanders. There were many captains in the civil war who were under twenty years of age. There were brigadier-generals only twenty-one years old. General Grant was under forty when he entered the war. Stonewall Jackson had won immortal fame at thirty-eight and died at thirty-nine. General Sheridan was a general at thirty. Fitzhugh Lee was a major-general at twenty-nine. Alexander had conquered the world before he was thirty-three. Napoleon became master of Egypt, crossed the Alps, and fought the battle of Marengo at thirty. Young men make the best soldiers. The civil war was fought by young men and boys. There are living veterans of that war who are now only fifty years of age; yet that war began thirty-eight years ago.—*Knoxville Tribune*.

MR. FOGG'S SEARCH.—Mrs. Fogg.—“For mercy's sake, Daniel, what are you doing down there on your knees, peering under that bureau?”

Fogg (who has lost his collar-button and is not in a sweet frame of mind).—“Looking for the Spanish fleet. What do you suppose I was looking for?”—*Boston Transcript*.

A SUPPRESSED PATRIOT.—The cross-roads inhabitant didn't know that war was going on. For the first time in five years, accompanied by his wife, he had driven to town in the ox-cart, and was “doin' some tradin'” in the village store when a regiment of soldiers filed past.

“Hello!” he shouted. “What's up?”

“We're fightin' Spain now,” explained the store-keeper.

“Fightin' Spain?”

“That's what!”

He rushed to the door, and, craning his neck far out, cried excitedly,—

“Durned ef they ain't goin' ter fight somebody! Yander's Mart Wilkins, an' Joe Scuggs, an'—Lord bless me!—ef thar ain't 'War' Williams that I fit with in Virginny! Gimme my gun!”

He reached for his rifle in the ox-cart, gave an old-time rebel yell, and in two minutes' time he had caught up with the rear ranks and was marching along.

The captain objected and tried to push him aside, but it was useless. The whole squad was then halted and charged bayonets on him until he was forced back into the store.

“Durn this here new order o' things!” he growled, as he joined his wife. “They wuz glad enough to git me when Lee wuz in the field, but a old veteran don't stand no chance now!”—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A PLOT AGAINST GLADSTONE.—On one occasion two gentlemen, invited as guests at a table where Mr. Gladstone was expected, made a wager that they would start a conversation on a subject about which even Mr. Gladstone would know nothing. To accomplish this end they read up an ancient magazine article on some unfamiliar subject connected with Chinese manufactures. When the favorable opportunity came the topic was started, and the two conspirators watched with amusement the growing interest in the subject which Mr. Gladstone's face betrayed. Finally he joined in the conversation, and their amusement was turned into gnashing of teeth—to speak figuratively—when Mr. Gladstone said, “Ah, gentlemen, I perceive you have been reading an article I wrote for the ——— *Magazine* some thirty or forty years ago.”—*St. James's Gazette*.

Wool Soap Comfort

You take comfort in Wool Soap using because you know it won't hurt you, and you know it's good for your skin, for it's pure and safe. Scientifically and carefully made, quality, purity, and experience rightly mixed. If your dealer doesn't sell it, send us his name, and we will send you a cake free.

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago

IS IT MALARIA OR ALUM?—Languor, loss of appetite, indigestion, and often feverishness are the common symptoms of a physiological condition termed "malaria." All these symptoms may be and frequently are the effect of the use of alum baking-powders in food-making. There is no question about the poisonous effect of alum upon the system. It obstructs digestion, prostrates the nerves, coagulates and devitalizes the blood. All this has been made clear, thanks to physicians, boards of health, and food commissions. So "highly injurious to the health of the community" does the eminent head of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Barker, consider the alum baking-powders, that he says "their sale should be prohibited by law."

Under these circumstances it is worth the while of every house-wife to employ the very little care that is necessary to keep so dangerous an element from the food of her family.

A pure cream of tartar baking-powder, which is the only kind that should be used, ought to cost about forty-five cents to fifty cents a pound. Therefore, if you are paying much less, something is wrong; if you are paying twenty-five cents or less per pound, the powder is certainly made from alum.

Always bear these simple facts in mind when purchasing baking-powder.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

AN ENORMOUS INDUSTRY.—Our enormous facilities, tremendous output, rapid movement of goods always fresh in the hands of consumers, insures the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the first place in American homes.

HER WATCH.—A young girl took her watch into the jeweller's recently and explained that something was the matter with it. While the watchmaker examined it the owner of the fractious watch remarked that she did not see what made it act so.

"It is always stopping or having something happen to it," she said.

"Possibly you do not take good care of it," ventured the jeweller, closely regarding the interior of the watch.

"Oh, yes, I do. I wind it nearly every night, and I nearly always remember to take it out of my pocket when I take off my dress. The pocket in my gray dress is too large, though, and sometimes it falls into the bowl when I am washing."

"Water would ruin it if it got inside," remarked the jeweller.

"That little bit wouldn't," said the girl, with a very wise shake of the head. "It's only falls that hurt them. Once it fell out of the up-stairs window, but it landed in the rosebush, and it wasn't hurt much. The time Johnny squeezed it by shutting the bureau drawer on it the crystal was broken, though."

By that time the jeweller had discovered that the balance-wheel was out of place and two cogs broken.

"I don't see how it happened," said the girl, in surprise. "It flew out of my blouse pocket yesterday when I was swinging dumb-bells, but I did not suppose that was what hurt it."

"Those things seldom do," said the man, with a touch of scorn.—*Philadelphia Press*.

POISONOUS PERSPIRATION.—The question of the toxic qualities of perspiration, though not quite a new one (inasmuch as M. Berthelot at a recent meeting of the Paris Medical Academy reminded his listeners that, if Africanus can be believed, the perspiration gathered from a horse was used, in ancient times to render arrows poisonous), has recently formed the subject of research. Several experiments have proved that human perspiration is toxic. A series of guinea-pigs and rabbits were killed by inoculations of perspiration gathered from a flannel shirt worn by a healthy young man after dancing a cotillon. A glove worn by a lady who danced vigorously through a ball was utilized for inoculations with equally deadly results. M. Arloing's more recent experiments show that perspiration resulting from muscular exertion is more toxic than that consequent from a vapor-bath.—Paris letter to the *British Medical Journal*.

WHAT ENGLISH MEANS.—Mrs. Smith.—"What are you reading, John?"

Mr. Smith.—"I am reading Herbert Spencer's 'Principles of Biology.'"

Mrs. Smith.—"Why—what—what's that, John?"

Mr. Smith.—"Herbert Spencer's 'Biology.' Let me read you an extract—his definition of life. Listen: 'It consists of the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, but simultaneous and successive, in combination with external coexistences and sequences.'"

"Why, John, what in the world is the man talking about?"

"I am astonished at you, Jane. Why, this is the work of the great English scientist."

"Yes, I know, but what is he writing about?"

"He is defining life, I told you. What did you suppose he was writing about?"

"Good gracious! I thought he was trying to get a patent on a clothes-horse."—*London Tit-Bits*.

Syrup of Figs

**DELIGHTFUL
LIQUID LAXATIVE**

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS
BUY THE GENUINE.

MANUFACTURED BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY.
NEW YORK, N.Y. U.S.A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRICE, 50¢ PER BOTTLE. LONDON, ENG.

A SYMPHONY IN RED AND WHITE.

Its praises are sounded as high as the tones of a bell in a steeple—
The flour they call "snow-white"—
And 'tis offered for sale as a food for the good of the health of white people,
By people called white.

White flour bread, eaten, will make the eater's skin white. Arsenic, eaten, will do the same. But "my love is a rose in a garden of lilies." White bread may give one the whiteness of the lily, but at the same time may banish the rose-tint of health. I went with a friend into a familiar New York City restaurant, something less than a year ago. There was a new face back of one of the counters, among the waiting-girls. Said my friend, "That girl's rosy cheeks tell the story of a new arrival from over the sea." Her sister had served there, and her cheeks, when she first came over, had been as beautifully tinted as the new arrival's, but the bloom had flown, as a frightened bird from its bush. Travel throughout Ireland and Scotland as I have done, and you will observe two things: First, that the distinguishing characteristic of the young men and young women is their complexion, the tint of rich red blood mounting to the cheek "as a rose in a garden of lilies;" and, second, the almost utter absence of white flour. When you come back to America, and note the almost utter absence, comparatively speaking, of wholesomely prepared whole-wheat flour, and the everywhere abounding presence of the done-to-death white flour, the cause of the sickliness and ill-health and increased mortality among our people is immediately apparent.

Let me recall to your mind the story of Daniel. The wise and courageous lad was taken captive and made servant to the king of Babylon. Daniel resolved that he would not be defiled by the wine from the king's table, nor starved with the ultra-

refined food; so for himself and friends he persuaded their keeper to try them for a given period of time on food of their own choosing. Then he and his friends were given "pulse" (flour of the whole wheat, nature's food) to eat, and water to drink, and at the end of the time there were not found in all the king's household such strong and ruddy and handsome and wise young men as Daniel and his friends, so that the king marvelled. The record of that part of Daniel's life is not the record of a miracle, but of the Christian courage and sterling common sense of a country lad who suddenly found himself surrounded by the temptations of high life in a great city.

Such flour as that prepared by the Franklin Mills Company, of Lockport, New York, is a priceless blessing to all who are wise enough to profit by it. If any one is determined to be ghastly, let him put the white flour ghastliness on from the outside, and not develop it from the inside at the expense of life-giving red blood.—From *Christian Nation*, New York, March 29, 1899.

ANGER A DISEASE.—An English journal thus comments on the injurious effects of anger: "Anger serves the unhappy mortal who indulges in it much the same as intoxicants constantly taken do the inebriate. It grows into a sort of disease which has various and terrible results. Sir Richard Quain said not long ago, 'He is a man very rich indeed in physical power who can afford to be angry.' This is true. Every time a man becomes white or red with anger he is in danger of his life. The heart and brain are the organs mostly affected when fits of passion are indulged in. Not only does anger cause partial paralysis of the small blood-vessels, but the heart's action becomes intermittent—that is, every now and then it drops a beat—much the same thing as is experienced by excessive smokers."—*Medical Record*.

POLITICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—"I guess," said the Congressman, as he entered the photograph studio, "that I'd better let you take these back and try it over again."

"Didn't your photographs please you?" asked the young woman behind the show-case.

"Yes. They pleased me first-rate."

"The likeness is remarkably good," she commented, as she held one out at arm's length.

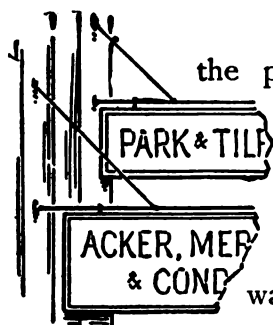
"It is. If the resemblance weren't quite so strong I might have kept them for my family and myself to look at. We'd have told the neighbors it was somebody else, and have made them believe it. But there would be no use in trying to deceive them with that picture."

"What is it you object to?"

"The surroundings."

"But this is one of the most popular backgrounds in our gallery. Everybody understands that such things are only painted on canvas."

"No." was the reply, "everybody doesn't understand it. I wouldn't have one of those pictures get into the hands of the opposition just before election for ten thousand dollars. You'll have to give me some pictures with another background, even if I pay for having it painted to order. Look where you have me! Seated on a plush arm-chair, in halls of Byzantine architecture, with a garden of palms in the background! It won't do. What I'll have to have is a perspective showing a barn and a hay-wagon, with a hired man in the middle distance, while I stand in the foreground, with an earnest expression on my face, as if I were telling him exactly what we must do if we expect to save the country."—*Washington Star*.



Consider

the prosperous grocers in the large cities. They sell the best goods, give good weight, good service, good manners, and fair dealing all round. They please their customers.

That is why this kind of grocer never urges you to try some new and unknown washing-powder when you ask for **Pearline**. They give you what you ask for, and they know there'll be no complaint.

608

Millions NOW USE **Pearline**



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

BEFORE the War of the Rebellion General "Bob" Toombs, as many people remember, went so far as to say that he would drink all the blood that was spilled in the conflict. After the close of the war the general was surrounded by friends one day in an Atlanta hotel, and, as usual, was holding everybody entranced by the spell of his brilliant conversation. An ex-Confederate soldier was in the group. He had heard the speech about drinking all the blood, etc., and straightway he brought it up. "General Toombs, didn't I hear you say you would drink all the blood that would be shed between the North and South?" "Well, d—n it, suppose I did: what have you got to say?" "Only this, general, that you were quite right: you meant you would drink all that you shed yourself."—*New York Tribune*.

GINSENG CULTURE.—The secret of raising ginseng has been discovered at last. It is being grown on Missouri soil and cultivated by a Missouri farmer. China has an unlimited demand for the ginseng root, and, because of its scarcity, pays the handsome price of two dollars and fifty cents for a single pound of it. Heretofore the market has been supplied from certain sections where the herb grows wild. Repeated attempts to cultivate it have proved failures. But, according to Waldo Parks, a guest at the Laclede Hotel, Spencer Brown, a farmer down in Texas County, is cultivating an acre of ginseng. It matures in six years. From the product of that acre he expects to realize the modest sum of twenty thousand dollars. He will limit the product, so as to keep the price up.

Mr. Brown says that the ginseng flourishes in rich limestone soil, shaded from the sun. It requires eighteen months to germinate, and six years for full growth. He is making no secret of the discovery, but explains its mysteries to any one.

By the Chinese ginseng is considered a medicinal ingredient of wonderful powers. A liquor is distilled from it which is supposed to cure all diseases. They have never been able to find the secret of its culture, and have depended upon the wild roots found here and there for their supply.—*St. Louis Republic.*

CASTE IN CUBA.—A Spaniard was born in Spain. His son, who was born in Cuba, is not a Spaniard, but a Cuban. If a Cuban should go to Madrid when he is two weeks old and spend all his life in the palace, he would still be a Cuban and not quite as good as a Spaniard. If a Spaniard should go to Havana when he is two weeks old and spend all his life in that city or upon a plantation, he would still be a Spaniard and enjoy a distinction and social position which a Cuban can never attain. The sons and daughters of a Spaniard are Cubans if they are born in Cuba, but the sons and grandsons and great-grandsons of a Cuban must always be Cubans, no matter if they were born in Madrid and spend their whole lives in that city. No Cuban can ever become a Spaniard, no matter what happens to him, and from the Spanish point of view he is a degenerate.—*Chautauquan.*

LINCOLN'S "SELFISHNESS."—Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow-passenger on the old-time mud-wagon coach, on the corduroy road which antedated railroads, that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing good or evil. His fellow-passenger was antagonizing his position when they were passing over a corduroy bridge that spanned a slough. As they crossed this bridge and the mud-wagon was shaking like a Sucker with chills, they espied an old razor-backed sow on the bank of the slough, making a terrible noise because her pigs had got into the slough and were unable to get out, and in danger of drowning. As the old coach began to climb the hill-side Mr. Lincoln called out, "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?" The driver replied, "If the other feller don't object." The "other feller"—who was no less a personage than at that time "Colonel" E. D. Baker, the gallant general who gave his life in defence of Old Glory at Ball's Bluff—did not "object," when Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough, and began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water and place them on the bank. When he returned Colonel Baker remarked, "Now, Abe, where does selfishness come in on this little episode?" "Why, bless your soul, Ed, that was the very essence of selfishness. I would have had no peace of mind all day had I gone on and left that suffering old sow worrying over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"—*The Springfield (Ill.) Monitor.*

"What is the price of Dobbins' Electric Soap?"

"Five cents a bar, full size; just reduced from ten. Hasn't been less than ten for thirty-three years."

"Why, that's the price of common brown soap! I can't afford to buy any other soap after this."

"Send me a box of Dobbins' Electric. It would be very foolish for me to buy any other."

"I have been a user of Dobbins' Electric Soap for a number of years, and must say it is the best for laundry purposes that I have ever tried, and now that it has been reduced in price to five cents a bar, I would not think of using any other.
MRS CHARLOTTE WEAVER, Pittsburg, Pa."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for over twenty-five years, and it has always given me perfect satisfaction, and have never found any laundry soap to equal it.
"MRS. S. L. SUTPHIN, Rocky Hill, N. J."

"I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap for fifteen years, and think there is nothing like it on the market for laundry use. I have always found it to be the same in quality.
"MRS. ELLA HERBETH, Bucyrus, Ohio."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap a great many years and hope I shall always be able to get it as long as I live to keep house. I could not do my washing without it.
"MRS. HORACE HEWS, Weston, Mass."

"THE EMPIRE OF THE SOUTH."—The second edition of "The Empire of the South," the most beautiful volume ever issued on this vast region, is now ready for delivery. The first edition attracted the greatest attention, and was pronounced by the press as the finest work of its kind ever published. It covers in its treatment all of the States between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, south of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers, and presents in more entertaining and at the same time authoritative manner not only a record of what the South has accomplished on all lines of human activity, but suggests the great possibilities this rich section offers for investment and settlement. The book has nearly two hundred pages nine by eleven, four hundred beautiful illustrations, and is exquisitely printed on heavy-coated paper. It contains no advertisements, concealed or displayed.

A limited number will be sent to persons remitting twenty-five cents to cover cost of postage.

A. S. Thweatt, 271 Broadway, New York.

AT THE UNIVERSITIES.—Some man has discovered and called general attention to the fact that in this country the schools closed to male students exceed in number those closed to female students. Another man, Professor von Hartmann, of Germany, consoles the women who are shut out of the universities in this wise:

"The lecture-rooms seem to have a magical attraction for you. They are for you the paradise of intelligence. Absurd mistake! They are much more like barracks, where one learns mechanically the manual of arms. I am going to tell you the great secret: the best means of education is reading. Let those of you who care little about diplomas and whose sole ambition is to cultivate your minds stay at home and read. Get it well into your heads that your brothers and your future husbands, who, after leaving the university, do not read, will never be anything but stupid ignoramuses, and that all the universities in the world are useless to a woman who knows how to read."

CHICAGO'S ELEVATED ROADS.—This is now pre-eminently the city of rapid transit, for the electric trolley-lines and the elevated railways have invaded the very heart of the city, and there seem to be cable or electric lines on nearly every street in the business centre. The elevated railways form very extensive systems, which will soon be connected by the new loop line, the actual operation of which will be interesting to study, in view of the very complicated arrangements of junctions and switches.

In regard to the elevated railways, it must be admitted that the spans of the Metropolitan Line, crossing the streets, which have curved connections (for appearance mainly) between the girders and columns and a slightly decorated outline, have a much more pleasing and graceful appearance than the plain rectangular girders resting squarely on the columns which are to be seen on most lines. It has been objected that there is too much "decorated construction" on this particular line, but it is not obtrusive, and certainly produces a far better-looking structure.

The iron-work is all painted a smoky gray color, which is unobtrusive and does not show the soot and dirt which Chicago's atmosphere deposits upon it.—*Engineering News*.

BEEF-EATING IN JAPAN.—A Japanese contributor in the *Popular Science Monthly* says: "When I was a young boy, the custom of eating beef began to spread. As blood was regarded as unclean, and also as Japan had been a strong agricultural country, there was a deep-rooted disinclination to eat beef. In this, of course, one has also to recognize the influence of the vegetarian principle of Buddhism, but to anybody who had ever tasted beef it was so delicious that he could hardly control his natural appetite by his religious scruple. My father was one of those who knew its taste, and so now and then we used to treat ourselves to beef. But where did we eat it? We did not eat it inside of the house? We cooked it and ate it in the open air, and in cooking and in eating we did not use the ordinary utensils, but used the special ones kept for the purpose. Why all these things? Because beef was unclean, and we did not like to spread its uncleanness into our house wherein the 'god shelf' is kept, and into our ordinary utensils, which might be used in making offerings to the gods. The day when we ate beef my father did not offer lights to the gods nor say evening prayers to them, as he did usually, for he knew he was unclean and could not approach the gods."

VERY PARTICULAR.—The hen-roosts at the little village of Luxemburg, just south of Carondelet, were systematically and persistently robbed, and the colored population of New Memphis grew fat and looked prosperous until several farmers from out in Pennsylvania moved into the neighborhood. Shortly after this Captain Sam Boyd, then of the First Police District, met an old negro, and the following conversation passed between them.

"How are times down in the country?" asked the captain.

"Porely, sah, porely."

"What is the cause?"

"It's de comin' o' dese Pennsylvania Dutch, sah."

"How did they cause hard times?"

"By t'arin' down all de ole smoke-houses and chicken-houses, sah."

"Why did that make any difference?"

"What? Why did dat make any difference? Sah, da tore down de log houses and put up brick houses, with locks on de doar. Da needn't be so particular. Nobody wasn't goin' to steal nuthin."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

\$2.50



TRI-ON-FA

LADIES SHOE

This shoe is making a great sensation among women and among shoe dealers, on account of the stylish shapes, the fine workmanship, and the remarkable leather of which they are made. Shoe dealers have only to show them to sell them. Women always buy a second pair. The leather used in all Tri-on-fa Shoes is the best that money can buy. It is soft, delightful to the touch and wears remarkably.

We are placing them with good shoe men everywhere, but if yours does not have them, we will send you a pair on receipt of \$2.50, and will refund your money if you wish. Our shoe book shows over twenty styles. Shall we send you one?

THE HURLEY SHOE CO., Lynn, Mass.

RACYCLE

The RACYCLE NARROW TREAD

Saves 27 per cent. of the labor
of cycling.

Applies the rider's power to the best advantage. In bicycles this construction increases internal strains and friction, but in the **RACYCLE** the supports of the strain (the balls) are at the ends of the shaft instead of in the middle. This so distributes the strain and reduces the friction that 27 per cent. of the labor is saved. The rider goes farther and faster, and the wheel lasts longer.

The TAPER HEAD permits stronger bracing where the frame strain is greatest.

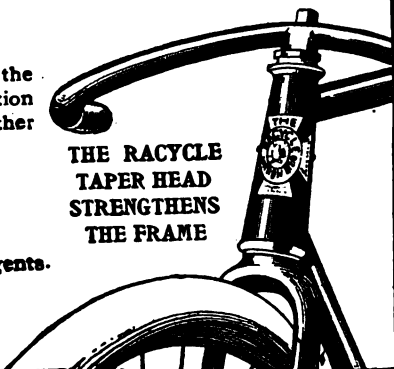
We have a handsome catalogue to send you. We want Agents.

MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.,
Middletown, Ohio.

NARROW TREAD



**THE RACYCLE
TAPER HEAD
STRENGTHENS
THE FRAME**



HE GOT AWAY.—“What is the sense of the meeting?” asked the president of the new woman’s club as she brought down the gavel.

“It has none,” shouted a red-faced man who had sneaked into the rear of the hall. And he just escaped half a dozen clubbed umbrellas as he rushed through the door.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HER PAPA.

My papa’s all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought, when first I looked at him,
My papa wasn’t mine.

He’s got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It’s blue, with buttons, oh, so bright
I guess they must be gold.

And papa’s sort o’ glad and sort
O’ sad—I wonder why;
And ev’ry time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who’s Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa’s joking, ’cause he knows
My uncle’s name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He’s ours—and yet
My mamma can’t help cry.
And papa tries to smile at me
And can’t—I wonder why?

Boston Globe.

HANGED BY HIS FRIENDS.—At Ballarat a ruined gold miner once committed suicide in a dramatic manner. During the time of the gold rush a certain deserted claim was for years held sacred, and the tools strewn about the windlass were left to rust away untouched. A party of ’varsity men, old school-fellows and of gentle birth, had sunk their shaft there and worked without success until their money was spent. One evening one of them at work at the bottom of the shaft shouted, “Haul up, boys, the time is come at last.” They hauled up, and when it came to the top they found their comrade’s lifeless body hanging from the chain. He had detached the bucket, tied a noose about his neck, fastened the noose to the chain, and was hanged by his dearest friends. The party had been much liked and respected by the other miners, who would readily have subscribed a thousand ounces of gold dust to give them a fresh start, but ere the dawn of the next day the whole party had disappeared, leaving their claim in the same state as it lay at the time of the tragedy.—*Weekly Telegraph.*



THE BUCKEYE CAMERA

1899 MODEL. FOR FILMS OR PLATES
MAY BE LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

• PRACTICAL, COMPACT, PORTABLE •

FOR FILMS ONLY | FOR BOTH FILMS AND PLATES

3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Buckeye, - - - - - \$6.00	3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Special Buckeye, with one holder, \$9.00
3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Buckeye, 1899 Model, 8.00	4 x 5 Special Buckeye, with one holder, - 16.00
4 x 5 Buckeye, - - - - - 10.00	

... We recommend the NEW AMERICAN FILMS for Hand-Camera Work . . .
PHOTOGRAPHY FOR ALL, an elementary text-book. Price, 25c.; postage, 3c.

CATALOGUE of all kinds of cameras and all requisites for photography mailed on application, FREE.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
45, 47, 49 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.
ESTABLISHED 1842.

"It's all in the Lens"

Our Lenses are Famous.

Use the
KORONA CAMERAS

We invite the attention of photographers to these Cameras; to the unequalled character of the lenses used, to the nicety of manufacture, and to the moderate prices. In these particulars they are unique.

These Cameras are made in all sizes and styles, and all equipped with our famous lenses.

Send for a Catalogue.
Gundlach Optical Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

LADIES

If you desire a Transparent, Clear, Fresh Complexion, Free from BLOTCH, BLEMISH, ROUGHNESS, COARSENESS, REDNESS, FRECKLES or PIMPLES, use

DR. CAMPBELL'S
Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers
AND FOULD'S MEDICATED
ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

Ladies all over the world who are social successes, pronounce Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap the best toilet preparations ever offered for clearing the complexion and developing the form and figure.

The only real true complexion beautifiers in the world. Wafers, by mail, 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Six large boxes, \$5.00; Soap 50c.

Address all mail orders to
H. B. FOULD, 214 Sixth Ave., New York.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Now Anybody Can add, subtract, multiply, divide rapidly and accurately with smallest, lightest, cheapest, strongest, fastest **PRACTICAL COMPUTING MACHINE**, carrying any number of columns automatically.

GOLDMAN'S ADDING MACHINE

Calculates everything calculable. No noise, No wear, No keys, bars, disks, tapes, cranks! Makes experts of beginners! Saves experts mental strain. Conveniently moved over page, fixed to desk or placed in pocket. Request descriptive Booklet No. 16.

The International Arithmachine Co., Roanoke Building, Chicago.

CHAIRS FOR INVALIDS

TRICYCLES FOR CRIPPLES

CATALOGUE FREE

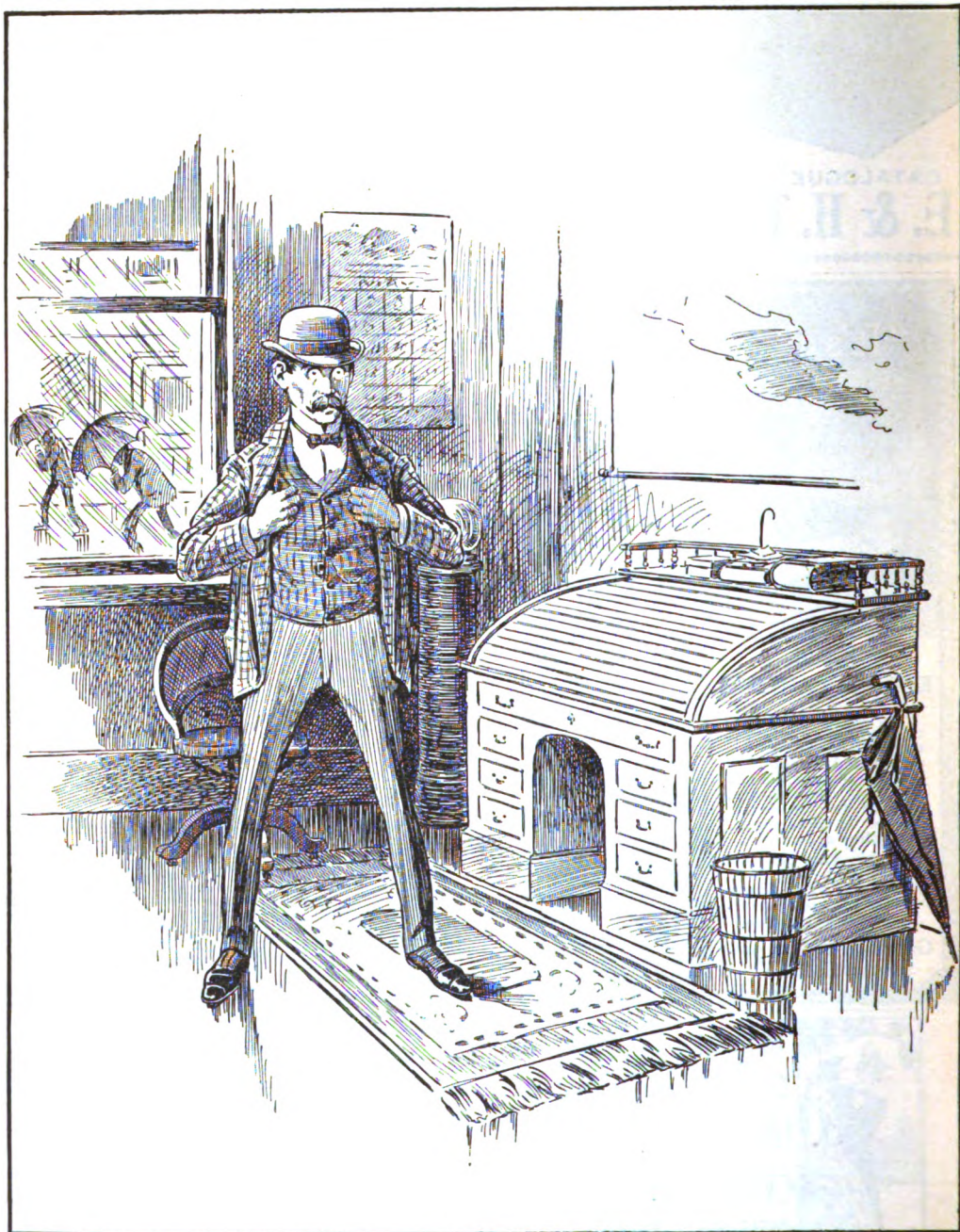
FAY MFG CO
ELYRIA OHIO
33 Pine St.

NEW FIELD AND OPERA GLASSES

These glasses, called Triëder Binoculars, have eight to ten times the power of the ordinary construction. They are compact, convenient, durable; invaluable for use at the theatre, by Army and Navy, at regattas and race-meets, while travelling, or on plains and ranches. For sale by all leading jewelers and opticians. ✪ Send for catalogue.

C. P. Goerz,
52 E. Union Sq., New York.
Head Offices: BERLIN-FRIEDENAU.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."



GEORGE.—“This certainly is nice,—eight miles from home, and pouring. So much for living in the suburbs. Guess I'll have to borrow that umbrella of the boss's, and take chances on getting it back without his knowing it.”



SOMETHING INTERESTING.

You would not think it just the proper thing to select a farm wagon for park driving, and it would be equally inappropriate to use a trotting wagon for knocking about over rough country roads with a heavy load.

We believe in the "eternal fitness of things," so our designers and mechanical experts have produced a special light roadster, (styles 64-65), adapted for the use of discriminating riders who want a mount affording the maximum of satisfaction and safety with a minimum of weight.

This bicycle weighs 21-22 lbs., depending on equipment, and every fraction of an ounce that does not make for safety, has been taken off.

Tire equipment is our new Burwell detachable—the nearest approach to perfection in bicycle tires; more resilient than others; perfectly dependable; you can repair it yourself; no tools required.

The bearings are Mr. Burwell's new Ball and Roller system—dust-proof and self-oiling; under test show a great saving of power and are practically indestructible.

Style 65 in this model is especially recommended for delicate women who tire of riding a heavy wheel.

We would like to tell you more about these and other Cleveland—recognized as *Standard for Excellence* the world over. Send for catalog 9.

H. A. LOZIER & CO., Mfrs.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

BRANCH HOUSES—New York, 337 Broadway; Philadelphia, 830 Arch St.; Chicago, 307-309 Wabash Ave.; Boston, 396 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 615 Main St.; Detroit, 244 Griswold St.; San Francisco, 304-306 McAllister St.; Toronto Junction, Ont.; London W., 24 Orchard St., Oxford St.; Paris, 6 Place de la Madeleine; Hamburg, Neuerwall 36.

**CLEVELAND
BICYCLES**

'MOST ANY TIRE IS SOME GOOD
UNTIL SOMETHING HAPPENS TO IT—
THEN YOU WISH IT WERE A

G&J TIRE
DETACHABLE

THE FLAP
on the inside of

G&J TIRES

protects the
air tube from puncture
by the spoke heads.

**NO OTHER
DETACHABLE TIRE**

has that feature.

We mail a G & J TIRE
catalogue on request.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.
Chicago.



STERLINGS
The Highest
Grade Bicycle Built

Chain Models \$50
Chainless - - \$75
Tandems - - \$75

Illustrated Catalog Free

STERLING CYCLE WORKS
Kenosha, Wis.

\$5 to \$30 3000 BICYCLES

Everyone a Bargain.

NEW AND SECOND HAND.

2d Hand—good as any for service, \$5 to \$12.
New '09 Models \$12.50 to \$30. None
higher. We guarantee to save you money. Largest
variety to select from. Lowest prices ever quoted.
Every customer satisfied. Shipped subject to examina-
tion and approval. No money in advance. A few
good AGENTS WANTED. For price list and particu-
lars address the old reliable cycle house,
BROWN-LEWIS CO., (BY) 293 Wabash Av., Chicago.
[The above Co. is reliable and every wheel a bargain—Editor.]



MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE
OR EXCHANGE
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."—Continued.



SUE.—"I'm glad you're home, George. I was afraid you'd get drenched. Where did you get the umbrella?"

GEORGE.—"It belongs to the boss. He won't be back till Tuesday, so I thought I'd borrow it. He's such a crank about his things that I'll have to return it bright and early Monday before he misses it."

"GLOBE" GASOLINE ENGINES, FOR MARINE AND STATIONARY SERVICE.

LAUNCHES, YACHTS AND WORKING BOATS,
ALSO FOR SUPPLYING AUXILIARY POWER FOR SAILING CRAFT.

NO FIRE
NO SMOKE
NO SMELL
NO HEAT



NO EXPLOSIONS
NO DANGER
NO GOVERNMENT
INSPECTION

ALWAYS READY FOR INSTANT SERVICE,
NO EXPENSE EXCEPT WHEN IN OPERATION.

PENNSYLVANIA IRON WORKS CO.

NEW YORK OFFICE 621 BROADWAY PHILADELPHIA, PA. WRITE FOR CATALOGUES PHOTOGRAPHS & INFORMATION

Beautiful Wild Flowers

From Yellowstone Park, nicely pressed and mounted, can be obtained by sending your address and FIFTY CENTS to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

We have a limited number of books, 6 by 8 inches in size, containing TEN specimens of wild flowers common to the Park. These books are nicely gotten up, and, in mailing, are carefully wrapped so as to avoid injury in the mails.

The flowers are carefully mounted on heavy paper, the freshness of color is well retained, and the common and botanical names are given, together with a brief statement of where each flower may be found.

Two full-page illustrations of Park scenery are given: one of the Excelsior Geyser in eruption, and the other of the Lower Fall and Grand Canyon.

These herbariums are precisely alike, and make very nice souvenirs of the Park, particularly for those who have visited the Park, or those who are interested in botanical studies. Send fifty cents and your address, and be sure and state where the advertisement was seen.

THE INTERNATIONAL

A monthly illustrated magazine for cultured people at the prevailing popular price.

SELF-INSTRUCTION FRENCH LESSONS

Prepare for the great Paris Exposition Universal of 1900.

SELF-INSTRUCTION SPANISH LESSONS

For wide-awake business men and women.

THE GRAPHOPHONE—Talking Machine

A marvellous language teacher - introduced by us. Our language courses are complete in themselves, but with the talking machine as teacher they are peerless.

HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE

Aguinaldo, Sienkiewicz, desuetude? "Current Words" tells you and keeps you posted as to new words and phrases.

A. T. H. BROWER, Ed. and Prop'r

10 cts. a copy
25 cts. a quarter
\$1.00 a year

358 Dearborn Street
Chicago, Ill.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

49

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."—Continued.



SUE (the next day, Sunday).—"Isn't it too bad! it's just pouring rain, and I wanted to go to church so much, and every umbrella in the house is broken except that one of your boss's."

GEORGE.—"Well, take that. Guess I won't go to-day. I don't feel very good, and I'll stay at home and look over the Sunday papers. Be careful of that umbrella."



Feder's Pompadour SKIRT PROTECTOR

(Covered by United States and Foreign Patents.)

Soars high above all

other Skirt Bindings

It is unapproachable in quality and durability. It sweeps away all worry and care of how to keep skirt edges well bound, neat and clean, and withal it is guaranteed to last as long as the skirt.

Feder's is the Original—as it is also the Best, and it retails at **7 cents** per yard. The enormous and growing sale of Feder's has made possible great economies in the cost of manufacture, and the low price of 7 cents thus made possible will further increase it's popularity.

THE GENUINE has the name FEDER'S stamped on every yard, and is wound on spools, as illustrated above.

Don't accept worthless and fraudulent imitations at any price,—for it's impossible to make anything better than Feder's, which is itself the best, and to save a cent or two in price and get trash is poor economy. Send back anything that has not got the word Feder's on every yard, and insist on having Feder's charged at 7 cents.

At all first-class dry goods stores, or write to

J. W. GODDARD & SONS, New York.

(Copyrighted by Pettinelli, N. Y.)

Established in 1847.

SPUN GLASS LININGS

The appearance justifies the name

They are to be had in all colors and retail for 25c. a yard, and are superior to Taffeta Silks in strength, durability, and appearance. All Dry Goods Houses, or write to

J. W. Goddard & Sons, 98 and 100 Bleeker St., N. Y.



There's just one hook that stands the test,
And holds a lady, when she's dress't,
Securely in her waist and gown;
And here's its title to renown:

See that

hump?



The DeLong
Hook and Eye

Richardson & DeLong Bros., Mfrs.,
Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

PROMOTES HEALTH

Jaeger

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Send for Illustrated Catalogue,

New York: { 16 West 23d Street.
 166 Broadway.

Brooklyn: 504 Fulton Street.
Boston: 169 Tremont Street.

This is your opportunity!
Will you improve it?

We will take of that which you can best spare and give you in exchange for it what you most want.

To illustrate our plan we offer you the opportunity of supplying your table **without cost**, with a complete set of the best Silver Plated Ware made,—that of

1847 Rogers Bros. A1.

Write us, and if your letter is one of the first three from your locality, we will mail you one set of coupons **FREE**. **THE GREEN CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY CO., 111 Chambers St., New York.**

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."—Continued.



SUE (after church).—"George, what do you think? Some one's walked off with your boss's umbrella."

GEORGE.—"Good heavens! I'll lose my job for taking it without permission. Now I am in a fix."

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes.

Inebriety—A Disease

Inebriety, Morphine, and other Drug habits are dependent upon a diseased condition of the nervous system.

The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions. The will-power he would exercise, if he could, is no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is as inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

Over 300,000 men and women to-day have been permanently cured of the disease of inebriety through Dr. Keeley's treatment, which is administered only at institutions authorized by him.

The treatment at these institutions is pleasant, no restraint is imposed; it is like taking a four weeks' vacation; the patient only knows he is cured.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the following institutions:

Address the KEELY INSTITUTE at either: Hot Springs, Ark. Denver, Col. 18th & Curtiss Sts. West Haven, Conn. Washington, D. C. 221 North Capitol St.	Dwight, Ill. Marion, Ind. Crah Orchard, Ky. New Orleans, La. 1608-38 Felicity St. Portland, Me., 151 Congress St.	Lexington, Mass. Benton Harbor, Mich. 179 Pipestone St. Kansas City, Mo., 716 W. 10th St. North Conway, N. H.	Buffalo, N. Y., 359 Niagara St. White Plains, N. Y. Greensboro, N. C. Columbus, Ohio, 90 N. 4th St.	Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St. Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave. Charleston, S. C., Vanderhorst & Smith Sts. Providence, R. I.	Salt Lake City, Utah, 17 Grape St., east North. Richmond, Va., 101: East Marshall St. Waukesha, Wis. Address the Institute nearest you.
---	---	--	--	---	--

"Non-Hereditary of Inebriety," by DR. LESLIE F. KEELEY, mailed upon application.

WE SOLICIT THE BUSINESS OF HIGH-GRADE, UP-TO-DATE PRINTERS, AND PROMISE

Finest Goods,
Ensuring highest results.

Perfect Working Inks,
Ensuring satisfaction to pressmen.

Closest Prices,
Ensuring strictest economy.

Prompt Attention,
Ensuring quick delivery.

We are the leading and largest manufacturers of BLACK AND COLORED PRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHIC INKS in America.
Specimen Books and Quotations on Inks, Dry Colors, and Varnishes, on Application.

Ault & Wiborg,
441-447 Pearl Street, New York.

The Ault & Wiborg Company,
Cincinnati, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.

G. S. BROWNELL, Resident Partner.
CHAS. W. BROWNELL, 14 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.

GENERAL EXHIBIT
BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.
ESTABLISHED 1843

THE "ROYALS LIMITED"

MOST SUPERB DAY TRAIN IN THE WORLD.
DAILY BETWEEN

**NEW YORK,
PHILADELPHIA,
BALTIMORE,
WASHINGTON.**

LV. NEW YORK 3:00 P.M. AR WASH'N 8:00 P.M.
LV. WASH'N 3:00 P.M. AR NEW YORK 8:00 P.M.

Lucy Knox As danced by Gen'l Washington with Lucy Knox. Full details of Costumes and Minuet n' King Washington." 94 pages; \$1.25. All book-stores, or J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa.

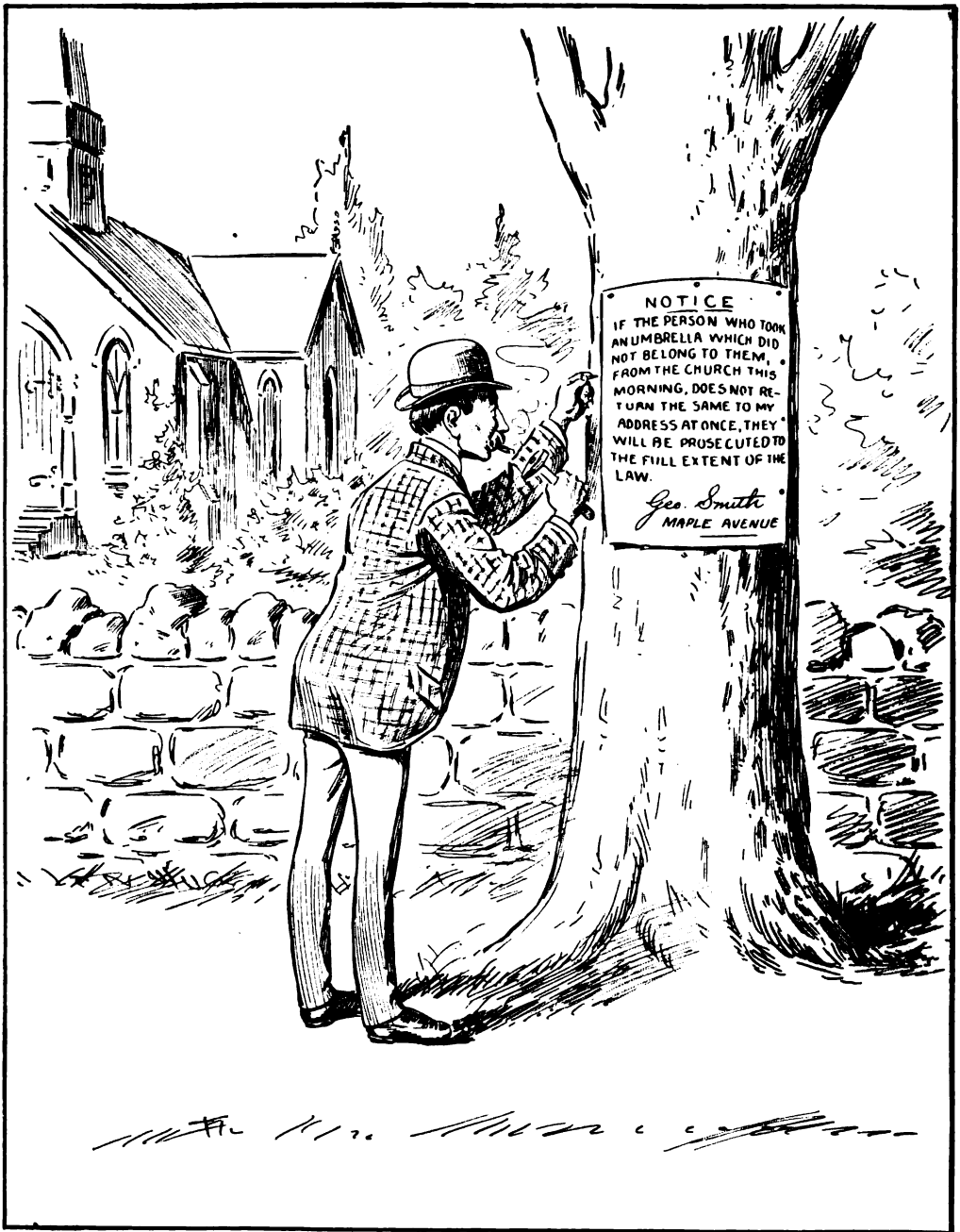
Balls In Colonial Costume.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.
T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER
SORE EYES

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."—Continued.



GEORGE.—“Now we'll see what the effect of this will be. I've got to get that umbrella back.”

A. M. CROSS, M.D.,
SPECIALIST IN

OBESITY

ONLY OFFICE,
3 West Twentieth Street, cor. Fifth Avenue,
NEW YORK CITY.

Corpulent persons, either sex, who desire to reduce weight two to five pounds weekly, without submitting to any radical dietary system, nauseating drugs, sickening purgatives, or tight bandages, will be interested in my new and comprehensive treatise, which will be sent, sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of two stamps. I am a regular practising physician, not a medicine or appliance vendor, and will not take a case unless I can guarantee a safe, prompt, and permanent reduction of weight, at same time improving complexion, physical form, and health.

Write to me as above, mentioning that you saw this in *Lippincott's*.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM



TOILET POWDER

AFTER BATHING
AND SHAVING.

Delightful After Bathing.
A Luxury After Shaving.

A Positive Relief for
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING and **SUNBURN**
and all afflictions of the skin.
Removes all odor of perspiration.
GET MENNEN'S (the original),
a little higher in price, perhaps,
than worthless substitutes, but
there is a reason for it.

Refuse all other powders,
which are liable to do harm.
Sold everywhere, or mailed for
25 CENTS. (Sample free.)
Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.



A Week at Niagara.

You can go to Niagara Falls from your home in the Mississippi Valley, see the greatest natural wonder of the world, recuperate your strength by a week's summer outing, and return home at a total cost of \$50, including railroad fare, hotel bills and all necessary expenses. If you live east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River, it will cost you less than \$50; if southwest of this territory, but little more.

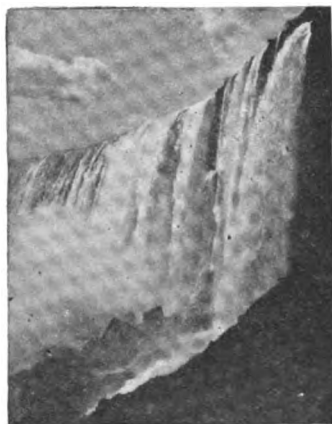
Our booklet, "*Lake and Sea*," suggests

Summer Tours,
\$20 to \$100,

illustrates them with beautiful photo-gravures and half-tones, and gives valuable information to the contemplating summer vacationist. It is free.

Give us some idea of how long you can take for your summer outing, how much you want it to cost you, etc. Ask for any information you may desire about any trip you have in mind. We will cheerfully answer any and all questions, and can make suggestions from the experience of others which will save you money and enhance the pleasure of your summer outing. We may be able to suggest just the trip you have been looking for. It will cost you but two cents postage. Address,

SUMMER TOUR DEPARTMENT, WABASH RAILROAD,
1014 Lincoln Trust Building, ST. LOUIS.



"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."—Concluded.



When George and Sue arose next morning they were very much surprised.

GREEN WITHES

BY

JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

AUTHOR OF "GROUND-SWELLS," "THE MARTLET SEAL," ETC.



PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Copyright, 1899, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1899.

GREEN WITHES.

CHAPTER I.

"MIDAS," as his fellow-sojourners called him, quite independently of the hotel register, in which, with some rather superfluous flourishes, he had entered himself as Major Morgan Leffbridge, New York City, U. S. A., sat pondering many things.

Beneath the balcony on which he sat smoking his after-dinner cigar, the best of its kind, lay stretched one of the quietest streets in the city of Rome. Not quiet just then, for it, too, throbbed with the feverish gayety of carnival week.

He pondered the probable outcome of an experiment he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean to make; the wisdom of having selected carnival time for a first visit to the Eternal City; the inadequacy of boundless wealth to secure mankind's most imperative necessity, good health. He pondered many things, in that futile fashion which comes of ample leisure and solitude.

As to the timeliness of his visit, he was scarcely to be held personally responsible for it. "She" had wanted to come just when they had, and what she wanted was rapidly becoming the regulating motor of his existence.

Presently, when she should wake up from her after-dinner nap, he would have to obey the command laid upon him before she fell asleep. He was to take her out upon the streets of Rome. She wanted to witness the annual romp of a city full of gaily irresponsible maskers.

He had ventured to suggest that a carriage would be much safer

and more decorous. Unquestionably it would have comported more decidedly with his own ideas of comfort. The suggestion had been scorned and the suggester snubbed.

"Afoot, or not at all, papa. I had much rather see other people in carriages pelted with confetti than be pelted myself. I mean to do as Rome does while I am in Rome. You have brought me up on that old saw; you know you have."

Another old saw rose to Midas's lips, but got no farther. He wanted to retort with "Circumstances alter cases;" instead of which, he sighed and quietly relinquished all hope of seeing the carnival through a carriage window. Afoot,—just he and she, shoving and elbowing their way through the foreign rabble, two unknown insignificant factors of that wild revel,—they would present a sorry picture. The prospect was full of terror for him.

Before lying down she had sent her maid out to procure a domino and a mask. They lay ready on a chair by her lounge. There was slight room for hope that she would change her mind on awakening. The perilous sortie was inevitable and imminent.

She was Major Morgan Leffbridge's daughter, his only child, and a motherless one; all of which should be taken into account by scornful disciplinarians inclined to flout him for a weakling in a state of abject subjection to his own offspring.

There were other extenuating circumstances. The lonely smoker recalled some of them, as he sent the smoke-rings afloat upon the soft Italian air. He had prefaced this sombre review of the situation by taking himself roundly to task for not having given a firm denial to Teckla's wild request to be taken out on the crowded streets that night. But—he had been ordered to furnish her exciting experiences. This one, of prowling around the streets of Rome during the carnival, promised to be deucedly exciting. He only wished he was safe through with it.

For four years now,—in fact, ever since he had received that startling letter from Madame Eunice Wheeler, the lady to whom he had confided his motherless girl with a sense of shifted responsibility, in which she said that "Miss Leffbridge had developed some mental peculiarities which she found herself unable to cope with,"—he had been in a most pitiable state of bewilderment and anxiety.

In the wake of madame's note had followed that dreary pilgrimage from specialist to specialist, which had stretched over thousands of miles. Out of the tomes of advice that had been heaped upon him gratuitously, or measured out to him at so many words per dollar, he had so far evolved but one idea and no help. His beloved Teckla was the victim of some nervous trouble, fraught with baleful possibilities for the future.

During the four anxious years, spent in speeding from spot to spot as promises of healing were held out to his anxious heart, he had experienced many revulsions from hope to despair, from in-

credulity to blind trust. Surely somewhere Wisdom must have her abiding-place, and he would yet force her to yield up her secrets.

They were lighting the lamps in the streets below his balcony. Gay-colored paper lanterns, borne on the end of painted sticks by the masqueraders, multiplied rapidly. The vociferous fun of the populace waxed uproarious. He hoped against precedent that Teckla would change her mind about going any nearer to "the racket." It really promised to be "confoundedly unpleasant."

A clear, high-pitched young voice, close behind his chair, ruthlessly dissipated the hope and brought him out of his sombre reverie.

"I am ready, papa. How do I look in my pink mask? Won't it be fine fun? I am wild to start."

The major surveyed the tall, slim figure in its disguise of black gown and pink mask with a manufactured smile.

"How do you look, my pet? Like a black paper-cambric lady with a rather expressionless pink face. I can see two shining eyes that I am sure belong to Miss Teckla Leffbridge; but, I am glad to say, I should not have known my own girl in that rig if I had met her outside our own apartments. That is just as it should be. As for the fun, we can speak more intelligently later on."

Outside the hotel door, he stopped to protest once more.

"It is not too late to call a carriage yet, Dolly. I am not much at making my way through a crowd, you must know. It will be the innocents abroad when you and I are swallowed up by that Italian mob."

"I am not going in a carriage, father," came firmly from under the pink mask, and the major surrendered unconditionally.

"All right, if it is your ladyship's will."

"It is my will."

"Then stick to me like a burr to a donkey's tail. If we ever get separated, as well look for a shoe-button in the ocean as try to find each other again."

She laughed nervously and clasped two hot little hands tightly about his arm.

If there is one thing above all others that it behooves the uninitiated to hold fast by, when casting himself upon the tumultuous sea of carnival revelry, it is his temper.

The American, portly, short-winded, and inexperienced, managed admirably in this respect, until his shining silk hat was skilfully lifted from his bald head and set to gyrating frivolously from the end of a tall staff. It immediately became the nucleus of a laughing, yelling, gesticulating mob. To the babel of sounds, already making night hideous, the major added one good round American expletive. Perhaps Teckla's was the only comprehending ear it reached. There was more of irritation than of sympathy in her comment.

"It was really absurd, papa, don't you think, to wear a tall hat in such a crowd? I suppose you must either make a target of your

poor head by tying it up in a handkerchief, or run the risk of a dreadful cold. Of course you will have to give up your hat."

They had halted opposite an old palace, whose closed doors and barred windows proclaimed it tenantless. The deep embrasure of a door, removed from the street by two or three low steps, had not invited the excited merry-makers. The major almost dragged Teckla up the low flight and planted her against the closed door, with more decision than he would have ventured upon with her ladyship under ordinary circumstances.

"Well, I guess I sha'n't have to give up a brand-new silk hat if you will show a spirit of accommodation for once. There; don't you budge, child, until I come back for you. If those rascals will just be obliging enough to keep that hat spinning aloft five minutes longer, I'll recapture it. All you've got to do is to rehearse the first act of Casabianca and stand stock still."

Then he started off briskly, in resolute pursuit of his hat. The increasing denseness of the crowd and his unfamiliarity with carnival tactics made his progress slow and uncertain. His shining silk hat still spun merrily, in unharmed conspicuity, high above the heads of the revellers. The light of a thousand lanterns gleamed upon its polished cylinder. It was the accepted rallying-point for the masses, a sort of *bonnet noire* to its boisterous captors. Towards it the major labored with fist, elbow, and boot-toe. Teckla, leaning far out from the safe harborage of her door-way, fixed her eyes upon it anxiously.

She had long since lost sight of her father's struggling figure. But the hat still gyrated. People said the revellers were always good-natured, so what could happen to him? Then the hat went down. Of course her father had recaptured it. He would hurry back to her, she knew.

She caught her breath with a frightened gasp. From the direction of the plaza, where she had last seen the hat, a deep, sullen roar went up from a thousand throats. Something had happened to change the mood of the mob.

Perhaps her father had undertaken to lecture them on their bad manners. The folly of it! They would surely punish him for it. Perhaps he was even then being maltreated by an angry mob. The attention of the swarming populace seemed to focus itself on that angry roar. Hundreds faced about to hurry in direction of it. To Teckla's excited fancy, "*Il Americana*" were the words uttered by more than one pair of lips. If they should do her father a hurt, she alone would be to blame for it. She had forced him against his will into this silly expedition. With a fast-beating heart she leaned far out of her door-way. She could stand it no longer: she must try to get to him. With never a thought for the absolute folly of the undertaking, she sprang recklessly down the low marble steps and flung herself into the crowd. It swallowed her up as some hungry monster might have swallowed a humming-bird. She stopped,

struggling for right of way, and stood still, a frightened, bewildered lost child, of no more importance in that seething throng of humanity than one fluttering leaf among the millions in a storm-swept forest.

She had lost her bearings entirely. The heads of the surging mass hid the monument on the plaza, by which she had expected to guide herself. She had made but one or two turns, and already her bewildered faculties were unequal to finding her door-way again. She could not form any idea as to the direction of her hotel from where she stood. In her frightened distress she uttered a childish cry for help.

"Oh, papa, where are you? I am so frightened."

A party of four men, young ones, with faces full of fun and coats beflowed with confetti, stopped a few paces off at command of one of their number. They too were hurrying towards the plaza.

"Hold on, boys. That was a countrywoman's voice, and in distress too. Let us go for it."

"Hang it all, Lester, we'll lose by stopping now. A deucedly shrill voice it was,—some American shrew giving her husband a swipe for looking at a pretty Italian."

"Your imagination is vivid. I wish she would cry out again. I only heard the note of distress. You fellows go on. I am going in the direction of that sound."

"There's better game on the plaza."

"Then make for the plaza."

The one who had called a halt was already forcing a passage for himself towards a spot where he fancied he heard hysterical sobs. He had located it accurately. Leaning against the marble basin of a street fountain he found a slim black figure surmounted by a gay pink mask. From under the pink mask came those frank childish sobs. The young man stood immediately in front of her before Teckla distinguished him in any way from the surging crowd that had passed her by, some with a laugh, some with muttered words of sympathy in a foreign tongue.

Some one was speaking to her in English. Some one was standing before her, holding a rather rusty brown soft hat high above a fine head of curly brown hair. Some one was peering into her masked face with a pair of kindly eyes, as soft and dark as a fawn's.

"Pardon me if I am blundering, madame, but I fancied I heard the voice of a countrywoman in distress, and I did not like to pass on."

"If you are an American, I am your countrywoman, and anybody can see I am in distress."

The petulance in her voice threatened the gravity of the soft dark eyes, but she did not wait for an invitation. She poured out her story with hysterical emotion. "And, oh," she moaned, in conclusion, "if you will only help me to find my poor father, dead or

alive! I am sure it will be dead. They have murdered him long ago. I told papa his quick temper would get him into trouble."

Lester offered such consolation as came to hand.

"It is not at all likely that anything serious has happened to your father, worse than having lost his bearings and not knowing how to find his way back to you. This is a give-and-take sort of crowd. You had much better let me try to find your harbor again, so that I can leave you there while I make an effort to get to the plaza. Of course he will look for you there."

"But I have gotten miles away from it already. I wouldn't know it if I were to see it. Poor papa just backed me up into it in such a dreadful hurry."

"Then there is nothing for it but to take you back to your hotel." He spoke with gentleness, but with a certain finality which made Miss Leffbridge lift her crest.

"I have not said yet that I wish to go back to my hotel."

"Pardon me, but standing here all night is entirely impracticable. Your father—Mr.——"

"Leffbridge. Major Morgan Leffbridge is my father. I am Miss Teckla Leffbridge."

"Most happy," said her rescuer, recognizing this formal introduction with a demure smile and a grave bow; "but as I was about to say, Mr.—Major Leffbridge, not finding you where you were left, will naturally go straight back to the hotel."

Just then a huge bunch of flowers, sent with well-directed aim, lodged itself upon Teckla's pink mask. Flowers and mask went down together, revealing the girl's pale, beautiful face, all aflame at the moment with angry disdain.

"This is insufferable. Please call a carriage and put me into it. My father said I should take one at first."

The demure smile deepened under the brown mustache on Lester's lips. "I am sorry to seem disobliging, but calling a carriage here and now would be about as rational as summoning Cinderella's godmother with her pumpkin. If you will trust yourself to me, Miss Leffbridge, I will soon have you safe in your own apartments."

He drew her hand within his arm with gentle decision. He did not propose wasting any more arguments on the situation. He cordially congratulated himself upon having offered his services before having caught a glimpse of her exquisite flower-like face. The arm that was pressed to his side trembled.

"I am afraid you are cold," he said kindly.

"I am. I am cold and frightened and miserable."

"Pray believe that you are as safe with me as with your own brother."

"I know I am. I am sure of it. I am not thinking about myself. It is father that I am trembling for. You must help me to find him. I cannot go back to the hotel until I have learned his fate."

"You are going back to the hotel with me at once. After I have placed you in safety, I will try to find your father."

She lifted a gaze full of amazement to his face. No one had ever before told her that she was going to do a thing. He was smiling down upon her with infinite gentleness.

"I will do whatever you say is best," she said, with a sweet humility that would have made her father stare; and Lester soon had the satisfaction of handing her over to her maid.

"And now," he said, lifting his hat in adieu, "I think it not improbable that I can find my way to that door-step. I shall wait there for Major Leffbridge, if I do not find him there in advance of me."

On the way back to the hotel he had extracted a more minute description of the locality than Teckla had been able to give him in her first agitated attempts.

He did not have to wait. The major was there before him. The little man was fairly frothing at the mouth, and swearing in unclassical English to repeat an episode in the history of the Eternal City by "burning Rome to a cinder." Lester, who, in common with every American in Rome, knew Midas by sight, laid a quieting touch upon his arm and explained the situation in as few words as possible.

Anger is the universal corollary of extreme fright. Assurances of Teckla's safety wrought an instantaneous revulsion in the major's mood.

"It was a confounded piece of officiousness on your part, sir. You should have left my daughter where I put her."

Lester flushed darkly, but answered forbearingly:

"My acquaintance with Miss Leffbridge is slight and accidental, but she does not impress me as likely to stay 'put' under any circumstances. I promised your daughter to return here to relieve your anxiety about her. Good-night, sir."

A belated sense of justice made the major apologize.

"You are a somewhat peppery youngster, I take it, but you must make some allowance for a man who has been badgered out of existence, frightened out of a year's composure, and bullyragged generally by a mob of confounded Italians. I beg your pardon, Mr. whatever your name may be."

"My name is Lester, and I beg your pardon for my pepperness. May I hand you my card?"

He did hand it, and as it revealed the fact that Teckla's friend was connected with the New York *Evening Blanquette*, Major Leffbridge executed a subdued whistle. He supposed that meant that "this whole demmed mess, Teckla and all," would figure in the next issue of the *Blanquette*.

They had stopped under a street lamp while the newspaper man presented his card. Leffbridge looked frankly up into the young man's fine face. It might be best to placate him.

"It is not late. I would like to have you walk home with me and take a glass of wine. The fellow that runs our place sets out a pretty fair vintage."

The newspaper man declined.

"Well, you will come round to-morrow and let Miss Leffbridge thank you properly. If I know her, she was too badly frightened to do anything of the sort to-night."

To this Lester returned a less positive answer, and at the first corner separated from his companion on the plea of getting off some "stuff" before he slept.

CHAPTER II.

"To be picked up on the streets of Rome, like a lost parcel or a kitten without an owner!"

The major laughed softly into his pillow as he recalled the vigorous "hauling over the coals" he had received for allowing Miss Leffbridge to be brought home by an utter stranger.

"And, by George, how her eyes flashed and her cheeks reddened! No lethargy about that. Who knew if, perhaps, as some of the wise idiots said, her mind had been unbalanced by some great shock, which the Lord knew he had never heard of, this great shock of fright about him might not jolt reason back onto its throne?" From a scientific point of view the major's reasoning might be open to criticism; but as he found temporary comfort in it, it was not without virtue. His habit of mind was rather to look for consolations among the wreckage of his plans than to bemoan their miscarriage.

When he entered his daughter's sitting-room the next morning, he found her seated by the window that overlooked the street. She returned his cheerful morning greeting almost inaudibly.

A flood of morning sunshine fell through the uncurtained window directly on her yellow hair. Its loosely brushed strands framed her flower-like face in an aureola of gold. Her thin white hands were clasped idly on her lap. The gems he loved to load them with danced and sparkled in the sun's rays. She was gowned in pale blue, which intensified her pallor and gave the delicate tinting of her small ears a transparent look.

Her father's heart sank at sight of her lassitude. It was as if he had seen the light burn in some rare lamp of alabaster, only to be remorselessly extinguished. He had learned early in the days of his consuming anxiety to hide every sign of disappointment from her. He stooped now and kissed her tenderly.

"Well, my Dolly, what plans for to-day?" he asked cheerfully.

She looked at him languidly. "I have no plans, father."

"Tired out? Last night too much for you?"

"No, I am not tired."

"Then how about all them picture galleries? When you're in Rome, and so forth, don't you know?"

She puckered her delicate brows into a frown. "Please say 'those,' father. You are so careless."

Her father laughed good-naturedly.

"All right, 'those' goes. Where's that 'Complete Guide to the Eternal City'? It's tremendously convenient to be told what you ought to admire." He tossed the books on the table about, until the "Complete Guide" revealed itself. "Now then, get out your pencil and tablet, Dolly."

"I am not going out of the house to-day, father."

The major affected infinite surprise. He elevated his shaggy gray eyebrows, spread his fat white hands dramatically, and emitted an astonished whistle. In his sorely tried heart he was saying, "The same old tune. O Lord, how long?"

"Not going anywhere, Dolly, when we've come all the way from home just to do the correct thing by the old masters and the rest of the old duffers?"

"I am not going anywhere at all," she repeated slowly and dully, and turned her gaze outward through the window.

A tall oleander, blossoming in a tub on the balcony, dropped some white petals into her lap. She crumpled them absently between fingers scarcely less soft and white. The sun's rays seemed to shine into and through her somewhat prominent eyeballs, touching their crystal depths with opaline tints.

Her father could have cried aloud for the pity and the pain of it all. Instead, he smiled, drew a chair close up to her side, and clasped the restless little fingers in his own. She neither accepted nor rejected his caress.

"I'm thinking, Dolly, it's a pity to waste such a fine day indoors when our time is short here and there's so much to see. Now, the 'Complete Guide' says——"

She drew her hand out of his clasp with a petulant sigh.

"I don't care what the 'Complete Guide' says, father."

"How would a drive along the water-side behind a fast team go?"

"I am not going to drive."

One of the "wise idiots" had cautioned him against importuning her. He abandoned exhortation for conversation.

"That was a real gentlemanly chap that brought you home last night, Dolly. Clever of him to go back to hunt me up. Good-looking fellow, too. Didn't you find him so?"

"I don't remember anything about his looks. I did not see him." This without any petulance of voice or manner; simply a dull monotone of utter indifference.

"Didn't see him! Oh, come now; what manner of girl is it that pretends she don't know how her knight looks?"

"He was not my knight. What he did he could not help doing."

"By the way, he gave me his card. His name is Lester, and he's a newspaper man. Belongs to the New York *Evening Blanquette*."

"And I suppose," she flashed, "that he spent the night writing you and me up. He could make a pretty item out of finding Miss Leffbridge alone on the streets of Rome at night."

"I don't believe he is that sort of a cad, Dolly," her father answered forbearingly. He received her little flare of temper with silent gratitude: anything was better than stony passivity. "But we were talking of his looks."

"I was not. You were."

"A dumpy little chap, shorter and fatter than I am."

"He is a foot taller than you are, and he has not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones."

"No? Then it must have been his round blue eyes, for all the world like a rubber doll's, that gave me the impression of fat."

She turned a level look of scorn on him.

"Are you talking nonsense to amuse yourself, father, or to irritate me? The gentleman who was good enough to save me from an Italian mob was very handsome. I hope you thanked him properly."

The major grinned furtively at the success of his ruse.

"I tried to, but in case I didn't, you can make my shortcomings good. I asked him to call. He may be here before luncheon."

He was carefully trimming the end of a cigar. He glanced cautiously at her from under his bent brows. To his knowledge, the young-man element had never entered into Teckla's life. Poor child, all of her short young ladyhood had been spent in search of healing. Would she be glad or sorry to see her rescuer again? The shot had told. A soft flush, such as one sees on the cheeks of a child newly roused from slumber, spread slowly from her throat to her brow. He read Lester's welcome in it.

From his healthy normal point of view, it was just as essential that lads and lasses should consort as that the birds should pair. He had always meant that on leaving school his girl should enter upon a social career as brilliant as her own beauty and his money could make it. But then had intervened that strange blight, and lips of man had never whispered word of love into his Teckla's ear.

A luminous idea came to him. He would throw the burden of entertaining this newspaper chap entirely on her. Talking to a young man would be an exciting novelty. He took out his watch with an assumption of just recalling something.

"By George! I nearly forgot I was to be at the dentist's by ten. I'll throw the appointment over if you feel like changing your mind about a drive."

"I shall not change my mind, father."

"All right, then I'll go." He had gotten as far as the door when

he turned to observe casually, "By the way, daughter, if that young man should call while I am out, I hope you will treat him civilly, for the sake of last night. Keep him until I get back, if you can. I want to take a look at him in daylight."

"I sha'n't treat him rudely, papa, but I make no promises about keeping him until you get back."

Disappointed, baffled, bewildered, the old man passed straight from her presence into that of the specialist he had crossed the ocean to consult. Teckla's apathy, following so closely on the excited exuberance of the evening before, plunged him into despair. Perhaps this famous Roman chap, he thought, could account for the strange fluctuation.

The Roman chap listened to the rich American with a patience born of callousing experience and the certainty of a large fee. He asked a few questions and uttered a dogmatic opinion.

"She is hipped. Too much money, too little work. Needs an object in life. Marry her off as quick as you can. Husband and children to look after will cure all her vagaries."

And the major left the great man's presence scarcely a degree less miserable than when he entered it. The fellow ordered him to marry his only child off, as if she were a case of damaged goods to be gotten rid of at any price. Midas had amassed his fortune in the wholesale dry-goods line; hence the simile.

"Marry her off!" Within the whole range of his acquaintance there did not figure a single young man to whom Teckla, refined and fastidious to a painful degree, could be induced to say half a dozen civil words.

Husbands could not be compounded by a doctor's formula at the nearest drug-store, nor did he know where to look for the alchemist who could transmute his child's dire necessity into an acceptable lover. The Roman chap had prescribed a husband; but, while he held himself in a state of over-readiness to accept a son-in-law of the right stripe, he was not going to fling his girl at any chance way-farer's head.

The shadow of his new perplexity darkened his kindly face when he parted the curtains that divided his own parlors from the rest of the apartment. Then he smiled at sight of a pleasant picture that greeted him.

Leaning contentedly back in a big arm-chair, Teckla sat with calm eyes fastened on Neumann Lester's handsome face. He was giving her a spirited sequel to their meeting of the previous night. While he talked she curled the long satin ribbons of her tea-gown about her slim white fingers. Lester was not sorry to hear a man's footfall. While he found Miss Leffbridge a very beautiful object to look at, she was as cold and statuesque as Galatea before she left her pedestal. Would this girl ever leave hers? He met the major half-way of the long salon.

"Miss Leffbridge was kind enough to say that I might stay until you got back, sir."

"Right, just exactly right. I told her to keep you. Glad to see you again. Very glad. Sit down, sit down. I want to hear some more about last night's orgie. Didn't get enough of it ourselves, you know." He endorsed his own jest with a loud laugh, and went towards Teckla with a basket he had brought in with him. "You'll find some tolerable grapes among the flowers, Dolly. And a sprig of citronalis. I know you like that."

He placed the basket of fruit and flowers on a stool by her chair. She searched it eagerly until the sprig of lemon-scented verbena came uppermost. Passing it across her lips, she leaned back in an ecstasy of sensuous satisfaction.

"Father," she said, glancing shyly at their visitor, "Mr. Lester has promised me."

"Promised you what, Dolly?"

With a pretty gesture of command she waved the sprig of citronalis towards her visitor.

"You must promise papa, too."

"That I would not make a newspaper item out of last night's accidental meeting? I am sorry Miss Leffbridge found it necessary to extract a promise, sir. It robs a voluntary act of self-denial of all virtue. I assure you both that before I reached my portfolio last night I had put aside all temptation to write up a tremendously fetching situation."

"That was fine, very fine. Miss Leffbridge and I both thank you. Don't we, daughter?"

"Don't we what, papa?"

Lester glanced at her curiously. Her voice had lost all its animation. It was as if the breath of the poppies that gleamed redly among the pale-green grapes in the basket near her had lulled her into sudden drowsiness.

Perhaps he had stayed too long, and this was a delicate hint flung out by a social adept. He was on his feet the next moment.

"I have stayed a most unreasonable length of time, but I wanted to see you, sir, once more before leaving the city, to ask if you suffered from last night's exposure."

With a curious sense of catching at a straw in the rushing tide of a torrent, Leffbridge put out a detaining hand.

"You are not going to leave Rome?"

"To-morrow night. A newspaper man is here to-day, there to-morrow, you know."

"But we don't want to lose sight of you so soon. Do we, Dolly?"

With the eyes of the two men turned full upon her, Teckla blushed vividly and bent low over the basket on the stool. Her father hastened to cover her embarrassment.

"You see we are not very good at picking up new acquaintances,

and when chance brings us one that we like the looks of we are sort of inclined to make the most of him."

Lester accepted this frank flattery with a demure smile. This rich American was doubtless a good sort of chap at heart, but not absolutely faultless of manner.

"You must dine with us before you leave town; mustn't he, Dolly? To-night, say? How will that suit you, daughter?"

Teckla folded her hands over the handle of her basket and gave Lester a brief upward glance.

"I should be glad to have Mr. Lester come, papa, if he does not think we are presuming on a chance that threw us in his way."

There was a sweet graciousness of manner about this fragile young thing that stirred Lester with a strange sense of pity. He bent over the little hand she held out to him with a grave smile.

"While I seriously object to Miss Leffbridge's way of putting a most tempting invitation, I am presuming enough to accept it."

As he walked back to his hotel he tried to fathom the extreme cordiality of this multimillionaire for an unknown newspaper man. The key to the problem was not yet in his hands.

CHAPTER III.

THAT night, before he dressed for dinner, the major wrote a letter. If, he said to himself, as he flattened the stamp to the envelope with his fat pink thumb, she shows any particular interest in this young fellow during dinner, I shall know what use to make of Fulkerson's report when it comes. Fulkerson was his confidential man.

Then a sense of humiliation overtook him. That he should be casting about for somebody to take his little Teckla off his hands!

Life seemed to be going all awry for the rich man. He had always expected Teckla to marry. Had drawn many satisfying pictures of a serene old age for himself, spent in the fine mansion on the Riverside Drive, which he had built in preparation for her prospective belleship. Teckla's husband and Teckla's children were to help fill up the big house.

Suitors for his girl's hand were to come in eager platoons. Perhaps a foreign prince, or a count or two, might be among them. Nothing was too good for his Teckla, nor was the retired merchant superior to the American weakness for a title. But as things had turned out—he ground his strong white teeth at thought of it. Here he was, actually preparing to entrap an unknown newspaper reporter for a son-in-law.

The dinner to which he had bidden this chance acquaintance was to be a touchstone affair. Teckla's affection or disaffection towards

the young-man idea was to be put to the test. Also, Lester's fitness to be admitted into a closer intimacy with his daughter was to be decided.

Before the evening was many hours older his mental tablets were scored with a good many points for further consideration.

Teckla had brought out the wonderful Paris gown, at which he had been permitted only a glimpse in justification of the phenomenal bill that had come with it. Against its corsage—a complicated confection of silk and chiffon—she had pinned some of the pale pink carnations he had brought her that morning; a band of turquoise velvet was pinned about her slender throat with the diamond pin he had given her on her last birthday and never seen since. Also, Florence had taken unusual pains with her glorious hair.

He found her standing before the long mirror in their private parlor. She turned a gravely anxious face towards him as he approached, asking, "How do I look, father?"

"Prettier than any picture in the Louvre, my darling."

And Teckla smiled contentedly, not even taking him to task for his insult to the old gallery.

Presently Lester came, and the major scored another mental note.

"Never saw such a look in the child's eyes. Didn't know she would blush so at the coming of any living man. She looks as if her soul was just waking up."

There were no jealous pangs mixed up with the major's wondering comments. The matter at issue was entirely too grave to admit any such littleness. The man who could bring that look into his girl's eyes was to be grappled with hooks of steel.

Having fully satisfied himself that the mere fact of Lester's presence filled Teckla with a strange, shy happiness, he turned his investigations upon Lester himself. The result was not altogether satisfactory.

The newspaper man was conspicuously a gentleman; and he was a brilliant talker, who would have been quite at his ease in the presence of the pope of Rome, or, to go higher still, the President of the United States. But he was manifestly exerting himself to give a *quid pro quo*.

Wherein the major did not err.

Lester had charged this dinner to the account of services rendered. Multimillionaires did not wine and dine impecunious reporters from purely philanthropic motives. With impartial politeness he broached subjects likely to please father and daughter equally. His attitude towards his entertainers was absolutely impersonal.

Of this fact the major made a discontented note.

"He acts like a man who wanted to pay for his dinner with good talk. He doesn't lay any particular stress on Teckla's presence. He is polite enough, and, of course, he can't help seeing that she is beau-

tiful. But he don't act like a man guarding himself against the danger of falling in love with a girl out of his reach. She might be another man at the table for any embarrassment she causes him. She's more struck on him than he is on her. That's as plain as the nose on my face."

As the nose on the major's face was no inconspicuous feature, that point was firmly established in his perturbed mind.

At the close of the dinner the men lingered to finish a bottle of wine. When they rejoined Teckla, they found her at the piano. As he laid one hand on the curtain that divided the music room from the corridor, Leffbridge laid a finger on his lips.

"She thinks we are at table yet," he whispered huskily. "She's as shy as a woodchuck. She hasn't played a note in weeks. Isn't that music for you?"

Lester stood enchained. Those wild, weird notes seemed rather the outcry of a soul in pain than the diversion of a young lady in rustling silks and sparkling gems.

They entered the room with reverent steps. Stealing quietly up behind the player the major laid detaining hands on her smooth bare shoulders.

"Now then, Dolly, this is like old times. It does me good to see you at the piano. Of course you like music, Mr. Lester?"

"On general principles I should answer 'No,' but such playing as Miss Leffbridge's would revolutionize any one's ideas on the subject of parlor music."

It was the first direct compliment he had paid her. Her father felt her delicate frame thrill under his hands. She had recognized their invasion by letting her hands drop from the keys with startled suddenness upon her lap. She lifted her lids now, and shot a glance of shy gratitude up at Lester, where he leaned against the piano.

Her father's heart thumped violently against his ribs. Had his darling given her heart away already, unasked, perhaps unwanted? He moved restlessly and laughed.

"Oh, you haven't heard her yet. That little nocturne doesn't show her at her best. I hate that piece, Dolly; it brings out the goose-flesh on me. Why, sir, she can knock Chopin into next week, and Liszt isn't a mouthful for her."

Lester laughed. Teckla frowned and stood up. The glance she cast at her father blurred the spiritual beauty of her face, as a storm-cloud might darken the clear face of a lakelet. She had been jarred through every fibre of an exceptionally sensitive nature.

"Father, you can say such horrid things."

Lester felt a strange impulse to experiment upon this delicate organism. Could he restore her serenity, or bring those jangled bells into harmony again? He looked steadily into her lovely troubled eyes. They fell before his like those of a child anticipating a chiding.

"If Miss Leffbridge will resume her seat, I should be so glad to

hear some more music of her sort. My opportunities in that line have been very limited."

He spun the stool a degree higher. She swept her long train aside and sat down with a docility that made the major stare. She lifted shy eyes to Lester.

"What shall it be?"

"I leave the selection to you."

"But I should like to play something that you like very much. Perhaps, though, I should not play it to please you."

Her humility baffled and embarrassed him. Was this the coquetry of a vain girl angling for another tribute to her talents? He looked steadily into her uplifted eyes,—strangely deep eyes, with purple irises that darkened into blackness as he held them. There was no coquetry in the glance that answered his. It was rather as if she craved the boon of his forgiveness for her display of temper.

It gave the major a queer turn to see his despotic darling come so immediately and so entirely under the influence of this strange man. It was a clear case of hypnotism. He spoke out abruptly.

"Would you mind our smoking—out on the balcony, of course, Dolly—while you are playing?"

"I would rather, much rather, you would."

She answered dreamily. She was running her fingers tentatively over the keys. There was no score on the rack before her. "I am just waiting," she added, "for Mr. Lester to mention some of his favorites."

Lester looked blank. In his globe-trotting after items of interest for an omnivorous public, he certainly had not accumulated any musical lore. He frankly confessed as much, and, begging her to be guided by her own taste, followed his host out upon the little rose-wreathed balcony. He located his chair where he could command a view of the girl at the piano.

The tall banquet lamp, with its shade of amber silk, flooded the room with a radiance as soft as moonlight. In the subdued light the slender figure on the piano-stool looked ethereally slight. Her round white throat did not support her beautiful head with the proud poise of a woman conscious of a certain importance in the social plane, but rather with the drooping grace of a flower that is athirst for the life-giving dews of heaven.

Like drops of crystal water dripping slowly from some hidden fountain, the notes fell tremulously at first from her uncertain fingers. Gradually she glided into a melody so soft, so sad, so heart-stirring, that Lester, glancing furtively at his companion, found the old man's head bowed upon his breast. While his neglected cigar burned itself out on the balcony rail. He roused up under Lester's glance and sighed heavily.

"Ask her for something livelier, Lester. She will break my heart if she keeps that up much longer."

Already was he appealing to this stranger? But Lester answered softly:

"She seems to be under a spell of her own weaving, a very tender one. Why should we break it? Her face is transfigured. Your daughter is a very beautiful woman."

"Poor child, poor Dolly! She is as lovely of soul as of body, if I do stir up a little tempest once in a while."

Lester's reflections on the queerness of the adjective, as applied to a young and beautiful heiress, seemed to penetrate the major's inner consciousness.

"You see," he said, more briskly, "she is an only child, and I call her 'poor' for that; she's got no one for companion and confidant but a stupid old daddy, who don't know anything but business, and I call her 'poor' for that. My girl is a lonely little creature."

"If she were bent on conquest, she could have the whole world at her feet," said Lester gallantly.

"Of course she could, of course. You're right there. But hush; Dolly doesn't like talking when she is playing."

They resumed their cigars and their speculations.

Lester asked himself what there was about this frank, outspoken old man and his beautiful, fragile daughter that stirred him to the point of compassion. These were rich people, travelling at their ease for their own pleasure, and he was presumptuous enough to pity them. Why did he feel that he could help them,—in fact, that he must? Was it the outcome of that first meeting? Because he had found them both in a state of helpless fright about each other, on that carnival night, was he presuming to patronize them? He called himself a cad.

Those who knew Neumann Lester best called him a modest gentleman.

Into this reverie the major projected a question keyed too low to reach Teckla.

"So you leave Rome to-morrow?"

"Not so soon as I expected. Since I was here this morning I have received a fresh assignment from my chief. He wants me to write up the Uffizzi Gallery, also some of the Vatican sculpture. I have a good three weeks' job ahead of me."

"Good. I'm very glad to hear it." The major seemed to think his extreme heartiness needed an explanation. "You see, Dolly and I haven't begun on the pictures yet, and I was thinking what a godsend it would be to me personally if she could see them under your guidance. I'm no good when it comes to a thing of that sort."

Lester was at a loss to account for this extreme of complaisance on the part of a rich man with a susceptible daughter on his hands. His guess at a solution was not complimentary to himself. "He ranks me too low in the social scale to recognize any danger."

He foresaw hampering complications in the major's proposition.

He wished he could negative it positively without discourtesy to Miss Leffbridge.

"I am afraid," he said, a trifle dryly, "Miss Leffbridge would derive neither pleasure nor profit from seeing the picture-galleries on a newspaper basis."

"We will let her decide it."

And so they waited until the last strains of music died away in a plaintive, faraway note of liquid sweetness, like the notes of a heaven-searching lark. Lester, still gravely pondering the several problems of the moment, saw Teckla's hands drop upon her lap with a pathetic gesture of utter weariness. He was by her side in a moment.

"We have been very selfish. It was so pleasant to sit out there under the clear stars and listen to you, and—may I say it?—look at you, a most fair St. Cecilia."

The smile that rewarded this pretty speech was as sad as tears.

"Music always tires me. It seems to take so much from me."

The major called in from the balcony.

"Is Lester asking you about doing the pictures with him, Dolly?"

Lester accepted the inevitable gracefully, and explained the project to her.

"I am afraid," he said, "it will be very much like looking at the old masters through a magic lantern. I will have to do them so rapidly."

The major had come in. She looked from one to the other in a moment of perplexity. Then she said, with childlike eagerness,—

"If you don't think I should be in the way, papa; oh, if I only might!"

It was Lester who said that she might.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE weeks of dreaming and of loving, for the girl in the case; of anxious if somewhat transparent manœuvring on the part of her father; of curious speculation on Lester's—then a climax.

So far as Leffbridge's confidential clerk's letter, in reply to his of inquiry, went, it was entirely satisfactory:

"Party referred to in yours of first ultimo is the son of a country doctor, practitioner in a small Connecticut town. Son educated for his father's profession, but threw it over for journalism when father died. Left alone in the world without money or kin when mother died five years ago. Has lived in New York, doing reporter's work about a year. His office speaks well of him. Is pronounced energetic, honorable, trustworthy. Nothing more to report at this present writing."

And the major was glad that no adverse comment had been made

on Lester in the letter. That Teckla would say "yes" if he asked her to marry him was scarcely a matter of conjecture; whether or not he would ask her was.

This good-looking young newspaper reporter was not exactly the Prince Charming the major had confidently prepared for while his girl was still under Madame Eunice's care, but he had readjusted his expectations on a much lower plane since those days.

Lester's manners towards Teckla had been a curious study to him. Deference, such as an impecunious young man would naturally extend to a gracious young heiress; that tender consideration for her comfort which manly strength always exercises towards feminine weakness; unquestioning homage to her extreme beauty,—all were plainly in evidence. But "how about that torrential passion which sweeps every consideration of prudence and common sense out of its pathway in its clamorings for possession?"

The major had never loved anybody that way himself. He and Mrs. Leffbridge had come together in the most prosaic manner imaginable, but he had always expected life to be lived on a higher emotional plane by his Dolly.

As for Teckla, she abandoned herself to the sweet surprise of this, the first love-dream of her life, with the joyous unconcern of a happy child who has suddenly grasped the supremest good that can ever come to her.

Lester's gentleness, his frank daring, and his perfect physical beauty all appealed to a fancy uncloyed by previous experience of love or lovers. During the long mornings spent in the Roman picture-galleries, while Lester, with pencil and pad in hand, passed rapidly from canvas to canvas, making crude, crisp criticisms upon the most sacred pictures with true reportorial audacity, the major and Teckla had been his inseparable companions.

It was undisguised boredom to the major, who usually brought up the rear loaded down with impedimenta in shape of Miss Leffbridge's fan, discarded wraps, camp-stool, etc., etc.; but, so long as Teckla was content to scurry through the galleries when Lester scurried, to loiter when he slackened pace, to admire where he approved, to frown on what he condemned, the little man bore his martyrdom with smiling fortitude.

In the early morning hours, before Lester could reasonably be expected, she lapsed into the dull lassitude so drearily familiar to her father. He reflected upon this phase with anxious forebodings.

"She's got no interest in life except what he infuses into it. She lives in him alone. He is too clear-headed not to have discovered this for himself. If he loves her, it will give him courage to speak. If he does not—good Lord, what then?"

The morning was warm. Teckla had signified her wish to have breakfast served on the little flower-decorated balcony. The white oleanders gave her a sense of coolness and refreshment.

Later on the major was to go in a carriage to fetch Lester. The picture-galleries were not in the day's programme. They were to drive to some old ruins so far from the city as to necessitate luncheon hampers. Personally the major did not sympathize with the fancy for eating on a rock with lizards and bugs making incursions into one's salad or wine, but Lester had suggested it and Teckla had approved it; so, of course, it was to be done.

When he joined her for breakfast, he found Teckla already dressed for the drive. A cool gray linen gown, a small chip hat banded with her favorite turquoise blue, and a white gauze veil made her look as cool and refreshing as the white oleanders. Her eyes danced with the joy of the day that was before her.

She was peeling an orange with dainty precision, stopping every now and then to dip her pink finger-tips into the finger-bowl where a leaf or two of her favorite verbena floated. She made a refined, delicately tinted picture.

Her father wondered if she knew that this was the last day they were likely to have Lester with them? A nervous shudder passed over him at thought of taking up the old life with her when the newspaper man should go his way.

He opened a paper which he found among his mail matter on the table. It rustled audibly as he turned it about with a frequency that betokened lack of interest in its contents. A frown wrinkled Teckla's smooth forehead.

"Father, please don't turn your paper about so restlessly. That horrid rustling puts my nerves all on edge."

The major threw his paper on a chair with a casual remark:

"It's the New York *Evening Blanquette*. I was looking for Lester's column. Summer days in Rome, does he call it?"

Like the lighting of a lamp in a darkened room, the girl's face was suddenly illumined. She laid down her fruit-knife and wiped her wet fingers hastily.

"I have not seen it yet. Let me have the paper, please."

"Hadn't you better drink your tea, or eat a little fruit first, my dear?"

"No, I want it now. Breakfast can wait."

"He's more than meat and drink to her," the major said in his anxious heart, but he turned the paper down at "Summer days in Rome" and passed it across the table to her. Then he cast a hazardous die.

"I guess that will be about the last of them. Pleasant reading, too."

He did not look at her. The grapes on his plate seemed to require all his attention. He heard her give a short, quick gasp, as if some one had suddenly dashed a glass of ice-water over her.

"Why do you say that, papa?"

"Well, you know, when he began doing the pictures he said that

it would be about a three-weeks' job, and we've been tagging at his heels for about that length of time."

"It has been a lovely time—a perfectly heavenly time. I wish it might go on forever."

Her father looked at her wistfully.

"Why, Dolly, why didn't you tell me that you liked pictures that much? We must lay in a stock before we go home. I'm not satisfied yet that I wasn't bit on that St. Cecilia, but I guess there must be some honest picture-dealers somewhere hereabouts. Maybe Lester could give us some hints."

"Of course he could. Get him to buy them for you."

"By George, that's not a bad idea!"

She had gone very white while Lester was under discussion. There was in her eyes the recoiling terror of a child conscious of an awful abyss yawning in her pathway. Her breakfast stood before her untouched. The paper her father had handed her was crumpled between tightly clinched fingers, unread. Suddenly she flung it from her, and buried her face in her outstretched palms, not before her father caught the white agony of it. He sprang towards her in alarm.

"Teckla, my girl, what is it?"

She was gasping for breath as one does under strong physical oppression. He held a glass of wine to her lips. She drank it with feverish eagerness. Then, holding out her trembling hands to him in piteous appeal, she bared all her poor quivering young heart to him.

"Father, do not let him go away from me. I shall die if he does. Don't be shocked. If this is being in love, God pity all who suffer its exquisite pain. He is necessary to me. I cannot say why, but he is. I seem never to have truly lived, freely breathed, before he came. It is as if he held a key to a cage in which my soul was locked away. If he goes, father, he will turn the key and leave me imprisoned again. All my life I have felt like a frightened child groping in the uncertain darkness, not sure of one step ahead. He floods my soul with light, and I walk uprightly without fear. I need him, father. You look ashamed for me. I feel no shame in telling you all this. It is myself I am pleading for. I have walked in darkness so long, father,—longer even than you know."

"Dolly, haven't I been good to you?" There were tears in the old man's voice.

"You have been good to me always, father. But when I am alone with you I feel as dull and tuneless as an unstrung harp. When he comes he is like a skilled harpist, who can take the poorest instrument and attune its warped and broken strings to the noblest melody. When his hand touches the strings, father, they vibrate to the key-notes of love, hope, and charity. All that is good in me is but the reflex action of his touch."

Her father put out his hands to silence her.

"Teckla, my daughter, you are breaking my heart. You are talking what sounds like the wildest nonsense to me. Perhaps it is because I'm nothing but a money-making clod that has missed all those fine chords you are prattling about, but if there is anything in God's green world that you want, if money can buy it, you shall have it."

She looked at him in a puzzled way. "I don't want you to buy me anything, father. Only don't let them put me back into my prison cell."

He seized his hat, and, muttering something about being time to order the carriage, he left her. "Crazy, plum crazy," he groaned. Then, with a grim smile, "I've committed myself to it; it's got to be compassed some fashion or other." He walked rapidly to Lester's hotel. He found him writing rapidly.

"Busy, as usual."

Lester laid down his pencil with a welcoming smile.

"About as usual, but nothing urgent."

"I suppose you are winding up things here."

"Well, yes, if a reporter ever winds his work up."

A cold perspiration broke out on the major's forehead. He had imagined it would be easy enough for a millionaire to offer his daughter to a penniless scribbler, but with those fine, piercing eyes of Lester's fixed so honestly on his face, it took on another aspect. He mopped his forehead vigorously. Lester looked at him kindly.

"You are worried about something this morning, major. Do you want to declare that long drive off? If Miss Leffbridge has changed her mind——"

"Lord, boy, no. Dolly would sulk all day if we disappointed her. But you are right about my being worried—tremendously worried."

"Can I be of any service?"

"If you can't, nobody under the canopy can."

Lester stared a little at the extreme fervor of this response. The major laughed nervously, as he said inconsequently,—

"Dolly and I were thinking we would like to avail ourselves of your judgment in the matter of buying a lot of pictures for our house on the Riverside."

Lester hastily disclaimed all knowledge of such matters.

"Yes, but, hang it all, Dolly would like anything you selected, just because you did select it; see?"

Lester was determined not to see.

"That is very kind of Miss Leffbridge, but I assure you her confidence is entirely misplaced."

"Perhaps it is. I don't doubt it for a moment. But Dolly's a strange sort of a girl. Not at all like the ordinary run of girls. When she likes a person she likes him tremendously; see?"

"She has not diluted her affections by diffusion," said Lester, with impersonal vagueness.

"That's just the way to put it. You seem to understand her as well as if you had known her all her life. In fact, she says as much."

"That is very kind of her, I am sure."

The smooth suavity of these pointless rejoinders rasped the major into heroic measures.

"Confound it, Lester, I've got something to say, and I don't know how to say it."

"I wish I could help you."

"You can, and you must. I say, do you belong to that fellow you call your chief, body and soul, for any particular term of years?"

"I belong to the proprietor of the *Blanquette* just so long as I find it to my interest to work for him, not a minute longer."

"Good, as far as it goes. Then, if I was to offer you the position of my private secretary at a salary to be named by yourself,—I really—that is, I guess I need a secretary,—you would accept?"

"What would my duties be?"

"Oh, well, hang it, man, what do private secretaries generally do?"

Lester gravely explained the duties of that functionary.

"Well, I guess that would about fit in comfortably. You see, Dolly and I have gotten sort of used to looking to you for advice on a variety of topics. I guess we would keep you pretty busy."

"You are tremendously flattering. I don't deserve such kindness; but, as journalism is my destiny——"

The major looked at him wistfully. Confound the fellow, was he holding himself carefully in hand, to avoid mistakes, or was he a block of marble upon which Teckla's beauty could make no impression? Whichever it was, he must clear the road of rubbish before the ride to the ruins came off. He passed his handkerchief across his forehead with a gesture of increasing perplexity.

"We both seem to be confoundedly wordy this morning. I say, my dear boy, don't let us bandy any more empty sentences. I have a child who is dearer to me than all the world holds besides. I want to make her happy, but I am such a clumsy old dolt I don't know how to handle such a rare bit of china. One of my private secretary's chief duties would be to study Miss Leffbridge's wishes. Two young people like you and my Dolly naturally understand each other, and will gravitate towards each other like the needle to the pole when all imaginary obstacles are removed. Mine will be the task to remove the obstacles; you and Dolly will do the gravitating. Hey, understand?"

A deep red suffused his broad honest face, crimsoning it up to the roots of his silvery hair. He got up hastily and held out his hand.

"Well, I suppose we will see you later. I've ordered the carriage for eleven. I just thought I'd run around and give you something to think about."

Lester held the rich man's hand in a long firm clasp, looking down into his worried face kindly. He thought he knew what that interview had cost the major. Also, he thought he knew why it had been undertaken.

"Yes," he said, "I will be with you on time."

CHAPTER V.

SAVE for the restless movement of his right arm, as he persistently stabbed his blotting-paper with his pen, Lester sat motionless a long time after his visitor's departure. Then he flung his head back after a fashion of his when facing a difficulty.

Major Morgan Leffbridge had done him the honor of offering him his beautiful daughter in marriage! There was no mistake about it. He was neither a conceited cad, to imagine this thing, nor too dull an ass to comprehend the meaning of words so flimsily veiled.

Strangely enough, he seemed to have expected something of this sort to happen. His was not an ungenerous nature. He rather prided himself on his ability to take broad views of men and things. He put himself in the major's place, and tried to put himself in the girl's. His conclusions were not so very remote from the facts of the case.

The old man was in a state of bewildered anxiety about this eccentric child of his. His own early medical studies had made an observant physicist of him. He had long since decided that the beautiful Miss Leffbridge was peculiar. Perhaps not more so than many another only child pampered into a condition of self-absorption. If she had been left to the guidance of a judicious mother instead of a frightened, doting father, her peculiarities might never have become marked. As it was, however, any great nervous shock or disappointment might entail serious consequences.

He smiled pitifully. "That is what the old man is trying to ward off. If she had set her heart on the moon, he would have implored high heaven for the impossible. As she has set her heart on my insignificant self, he proposes—an alliance."

He shook himself almost angrily, and went on with his analysis of the situation. If the case did not present such very grave possibilities, he should pronounce himself a consummate cad for sitting there dissecting the heart of an ignorant, innocent girl with what looked like brutal deliberation; but the seriousness of the situation precluded all vanity. Whatever his decision was to be, it must be

arrived at before he joined the Leffbridges for their drive to the ruins.

He felt no particular elation at this turn in the tide of his affairs. Taken at its flood, it would certainly lead on to fortune, but it might also lead on to the relinquishment of his most cherished plans of life. He was young. Life was all before him. He had well-defined plans for his future and, best of all, he had the fullest confidence in himself.

He proposed mounting the journalistic ladder, round by round, until the unknown reporter should be editor-in-chief and perhaps proprietor of a big New York daily. Leffbridge's money would unquestionably hasten the hour of proprietorship, but the essential manliness of his moral fibre made him reluctant to advance his own interests, unless he could give a full equivalent in happiness to father and daughter.

Perhaps the child did not know her own mind. He might be taking an unfair advantage of an eccentric girl's fleeting fancy. Since they had been thrown together by chance, she had come to imagine he was necessary to her happiness. Around and around the circle of his perplexities he travelled, coming no nearer to a solution, until the sound of wheels under his windows reminded him of the lateness of the hour.

"The day will have to shape its own destiny," he said, as he rapidly exchanged his smoking-jacket for a coat.

As he took his seat opposite Teckla in the carriage, he studied her from a new point of view. This was inevitable after what had passed between him and her father.

The extreme pallor of her cheeks was not concealed by her thin white veil. Dark rings encircled her eyes. The corners of her sweet mouth drooped pathetically. The hand she offered him in greeting struck a chill into his through its kid glove. A wave of compassion swept Lester towards a sudden decision. Her vitality was at its lowest ebb. He should feel like an executioner if he—disappointed the old man. He preferred wording it so.

Teckla did not meet the requirements of an ideal wife as he had often pictured her to himself. His wife was to be his companion. She was to be that sadly rare thing, a perfectly healthy woman. She was to be superior to the feminine vanity of tight corsets or small shoes. She was to be his companion in-doors and out. When the fancy seized them to wander, they would go, just with their bags in their hands and no fears of overtaxing her strength.

From an introspective review of this familiar picture he glanced at the fragile creature opposite him. The stain of her recently dried tears was upon her wan cheeks. The pitiful downward curve of her lips moved him to a strangely impersonal attitude. After all, would he not be better fulfilling the end of his being by conferring happiness than by seeking it for himself? He had encountered only in

imagination that ideal wife of his, with sparkling eyes and bounding vitality. He had never seen her in the flesh, perhaps never would. With an impulse of protecting kindliness, he leaned forward to adjust the lap-robe more securely about Teckla. He touched her hand in doing so, and pressed it slightly. It fluttered like an imprisoned bird at his touch.

"I hope I have not planned too fatiguing an excursion for you to-day. You must not let my insatiable curiosity about these old ruins inconvenience you in the least. You are to order us home the moment you feel like going yourself."

Her eyes glowed with newly lighted fires.

"I wanted to come. Papa asked me if I had not better stay at home, but that would have been to lose our last day with you."

Her father looked at her anxiously, and blundered,—

"She was sort of shaky this morning. Dolly's not the strongest lassie in the world."

The major's indiscretion jarred upon Lester almost as harshly as upon Teckla. She drew her straight black brows together in an angry pucker.

"Father is always presenting me to outsiders as a hopeless invalid. I hate it."

Lester laughed the strained situation aside.

"Well, we shall have a fine opportunity to-day to prove to him that he has underrated your walking capacity. I have cut out a day's work that would tax any one not inspired by pure love of the beautiful. The carriage has to be left at the foot of a very long climb."

She rewarded him with the smile of a grateful child.

"I am going to enjoy it very much, and I am not going to tire."

If Lester had glanced towards the major he might have received a supplemental reward in the shape of more grateful smiles, but his eyes were fixed on the misty blue of the long hill they would presently be climbing.

He was distinctly conscious that he had himself drawn the coil tighter,—into a fatal knot, indeed. "The thing is inevitable," he was saying to himself, and in that moment he bade farewell to his ideal wife. He would speak the irrevocable words up there among the vine-clad ruins of the old castle.

In spite of his pronounced antagonism to eating in the abiding places of lizards and toads, the major was the only one of the party who brought any appetite to bear on the luncheon. Teckla nibbled at an olive, and Lester frankly slighted the whole repast.

He had selected a nook among the ruins that gave them a superb sweep over the valleys, glowing in the rich beauty of harvest-time. A fallen column, softly cushioned with the rugs the major had laboriously transported from the carriage at the foot of the hill, made a luxurious lounge for Teckla. With Lester lolling at his

ease on the grass at her feet, his shoulders supported by her marble couch, his beautiful head close enough for her to have laid her trembling hand upon it, her face shone with the light of a perfect content.

The major decided that it was a propitious moment in which to efface himself. "If Lester wasn't a plum idiot he would speak now, if he ever intended to." Mumbling something about looking for the soft side of a rock to nap on, he disappeared.

Teckla unconsciously precipitated the crisis.

"After you go away, there will be no more such lovely little excursions. Papa and I are dreadfully stupid tourists. We only do what the guide-book tells us to do. You know that is not inspiring."

"I am glad if I have been able to mend matters measurably for you. We have had a very pleasant month together. You have been so kind, Miss Leffbridge, that I have lost sight of the recent date of our meeting." He appeared to be answering by rote. But Teckla was not critical.

"It is not that I have been kind. It is that you have made things so much better worth seeing."

"I shall be very sorry to go away from Rome and—from you," he said, looking far away over the valley.

"Must you go?"

Her voice sank to a tremulous monotone. She put out one hand impulsively and drew it back shyly. He pushed his hair back from his forehead with a gesture of resolution, and looked searchingly up into the sweet troubled eyes bent upon his face. "There must be no blundering in this matter," he told himself.

"Shall you be very sorry to have me go?"

"You know I shall. Oh, I think you must know it. I am not an accomplished woman of the world. I am not good at hiding what I feel. I sometimes compare myself to a shallow pool, that any one can fathom at a glance."

"When you have seen more of the world and of men you will place a higher estimate upon yourself."

"I shall never see more of the one, or know more of the other," she answered sadly. "I have always shrunk with absolute repugnance from meeting strangers. Before you came into my life, father's was the only voice I heeded."

"That makes me hope that I have done you some little good."

"Yes, you have made life better worth living. I think you know it too. You must."

Why should he play on her feelings, untaught child that she was?

"I shall be glad to think of the kind things you have said to-day when I am far away."

"Then you are going? You must go?"

"Unless you tell me to stay."

"Stay."

It was almost a whisper. She reached out both hands to him. He took them gently, quietly, and bent his lips to kiss them. Without any lover-like impetuosity, without haste, he was simply doing what he had decided it was best to do.

"Then I will stay, dear," he said simply.

Teckla's bosom swelled with the ecstasy of the moment. Her head drooped low over her clasped hands. He saw the unshed tears shining on her long lashes.

"Poor child," he said softly to himself. To her he murmured, "What if, in the years to come, you should reproach me for this moment, reproach me for taking advantage of a fleeting fancy? You know so little of my sex, dear, you have no standards by which to measure my imperfections."

She laid one of her soft little hands upon his shining hair with a caressing touch.

"I shall never reproach you for anything. I love you. I seem to have been waiting for you all my life. Existence is complete now that I have found you."

It was rather sweet to be made love to by a beautiful girl. Lester found the situation altogether bearable. He drew down the hand that was weaving itself through his hair and kissed it again. The major selected that moment for his reappearance.

"Thank God-a-mighty," he whispered; "oh, thank the Lord for all his benefits." Then he blustered into their presence with an announcement.

"Seems like we are not the only people bent upon climbing that awful hill to-day. I see another party of three toiling their way up towards this old heap of rubbish."

Lester rose to his feet and holding out both hands drew Teckla up to his side.

"Well, we will give them our nook. It has served us nicely. I hope they will have as pleasant a time. Major, I want you to say that you will not be sorry to have me for a son-in-law. Miss Leffbridge—Teckla has been so good as to promise to be my wife."

In the absence of all precedent, this calm climax to the tumultuous joy of the hour did not fall below Teckla's expectations. He had asked her to marry him; of course he loved her.

The major blurted out what sounded curiously like congratulations to his daughter, but they were none of them in a critical mood. Then they passed out from their sheltered nook, the major loading himself down like a little pack-mule.

In the narrow beaten pathway by which they must descend the new-comers were toiling upward. Lester drew Teckla slightly aside and stood with her leaning upon his arm. The major with his burden of gags and shawls made an effective background.

"We shall have to give them right of way." And they stood still.

A sweet, clear young voice floated upward to them. A girl who had gotten far in advance of her elderly companions was calling back a warning.

"Father, don't hurry mother up this steep path. You rest, while I take some snap shots."

"She is a kodak girl," said Teckla; then, enviously, "I wish I could climb that way."

"There is a good deal in believing one can do a thing," said Lester, assuming prompt guardianship of the fragile creature he had promised to care for. "I shall have to put you in training."

"By George!" the major interrupted; "that minx has turned her camera on us."

They heard a clear, silvery laugh. The deed was done. They had been transmitted, as a family group, to the film which the daring young woman placidly locked away in her kodak case. The incident served to give the party on the crest a personal interest in her. Lester looked down on the rapidly advancing figure with a curious sense of recognition.

From her trimly clad ankles, showing with every swing of her short drab skirts, to the fluffy freedom of her brown hair, there was something absolutely familiar about her appearance.

As she walked with her shoulders thrown well back, her pretty round chin uplifted, he could see the ruddy hue of perfect health in her cheeks. Her bright eyes eagerly scanned the scenery; her bosom rose with the regular respiration of perfect ease. Her kodak swung from her shoulders now by its leather strap. As she reached the crest of the hill she nodded in friendly recognition of the other party.

"Did the climb tire you?" Teckla asked, shyly wanting to return the courtesy of the nod.

The girl laughed, showing a perfect mouth with sweet upward curves.

"Oh, no; nothing ever tires me. That is what makes me so horridly inconsiderate. Poor old mamma!" She sent an encouraging view-haloo towards her more slowly moving companions.

"You climb like a goat, miss," said the major, with complimentary intentions, which made the kodak girl flash another of her bright smiles on them all.

With that strange sense of recognition growing upon him, Lester glanced from the vivid beauty of the new-comer towards Teckla. There was between them the difference that makes a rich damask rose unkin to a pallid wood violet, both claiming the family name of flower. As he turned away from the damask rose, with his affianced wife clinging to his arm, he knew that at last he had stood face to face with his dream-wife.

CHAPTER VI.

MAJOR MORGAN LEFFBRIDGE sat writing letters late into the night,—writing as if it were his last opportunity of making his wishes on a variety of subjects clearly understood by those who had the fulfilling of them. His correspondents were his confidential man Fulkerson, the man he had left in charge of his real-estate affairs, his firm of lawyers, and the care-taker of the big Riverside house.

Moreover, before sleeping, he had a question of conscience to answer.

The next day, at the early hour of ten, Teckla was to become the wife of Neumann Lester. They were to be married unostentatiously, in a little foreign chapel, by an English-speaking priest, after which they were all to go travelling.

The major's own preference would have been for an immediate return to America, where, with a great fanfare of unprecedented trousseau, decorated church, ushers and flower girls, bridesmaids and best men, he should give his only child away with the pomp and circumstance due her exalted social expectations.

But Teckla, ably seconded by Lester, extinguished his plebeian ardor for display and expenditure.

"I don't know anybody, father, except the school-girls I separated from four years ago, and I had no particular friends among them. You are a power in business circles, but scarcely known at all in society. We would go to all that expense and trouble for a lot of gaping strangers, for whom none of us care."

"Moreover," Lester submitted, "if we are to start immediately on the two years of travel we have mapped out, don't you think, sir, it would be something of a pity to go all the way back to America, just to make a fresh start?"

So the little man had agreed to everything. The main thing was that Teckla was happy. Nothing else mattered. And so the major wrote on and on, late into the night, until the clock struck twelve, then one, then two. The stumps of diver cigars were scattered about his writing-table, and he had almost emptied the pint bottle of white wine which he had called for after dinner.

He was not much of a scribe, and he usually retired with the chickens; but to-night he must keep awake until he had made his people at home understand how he wanted matters conducted while he was globe-trotting; hence the extra cigars and the wine.

His first and longest letter was to his man Fulkerson.

"You will be pleased to hear that the gentleman of whom you sent me so excellent an account is about to become my son-in-law. One I firmly believe, who will make my dear daughter a good husband, and me an acceptable prop in my old age.

"He has no money, but he has brains, energy, and probity. When I shift the burden of affairs off on to his younger shoulders, I

trust, my good old friend, that you and he will work together harmoniously.

"Immediately after the wedding we start to explore the universe. If you hear of my riding across the desert on a camel's hump, or dining with a cannibal chief off cold roast missionary, you are to presume that I am enjoying myself. As we may bring up at the North Pole or in the planet Mars, I want to put you into position to carry matters for an indefinite period without getting them into a snarl. How I shall enjoy doing nothing for two solid years remains to be seen."

Then followed pages of dry business details.

The letter to his lawyers embodied a generous idea that had come to him in connection with Lester. He ordered a certain sum of money to be banked to the account of Neumann P. Lester.

It was to be his wedding present to be given to "the boy" when they all got home and Lester should be casting about for that big daily he wanted to buy. He did not mean that Teckla's husband should feel like a pensioner on her bounty. In the three short weeks of the engagement the major, in his bluff, kindly way, had asked Lester many direct questions, and had mastered the young man's plans as far as they had crystallized in his own brain.

"Make my little girl happy, dear boy, and your way shall be made easy."

It jarred slightly. Lester had much rather have lost that impalpable sense of striking a bargain in his marriage contract; but then, the major was—the major,—a none too fastidious man of generous impulses, warm gratitude, and pardonable if somewhat over-weening self-appreciation.

To the care-taker of the big house he wrote:

"Have up a first-class upholsterer and make him overhaul the entire house. Tell him to prepare a suite, overlooking the river, especially for my daughter, Mrs. Neumann Lester. It is to be made as handsome as his artists can make it. He is to spare no expense and to begin in time. I want no scrimped work about it."

All these letters the major went out and mailed immediately. What with the chapel and the breakfast and the getting off to-morrow, they might be forgotten. He tiptoed softly past Teckla's room when he came back, then retraced his steps, and, noiselessly drawing the curtains aside, went in and stood by her bedside.

He almost wished that his movements, quiet as they were, might disturb her slumber. He should like her to awake, put her arms about his neck, as she used to do when she slept in her little white crib by the side of his bed, and once more say, "Daddy, I love you."

After to-morrow she would belong more to Lester than to him. He was glad—oh, very glad. He hastily drew out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. A great hot tear had threatened Teckla's marble-white forehead. She looked very beautiful in sleep.

She had drawn the curtains to her window far back. There must be no oversleeping to-morrow,—so much to do before ten o'clock.

The moon was at its full. A flood of silver light filled the small chamber, embracing the sleeping girl, her white enamelled couch, and the bridal robes laid ready upon a chair at its foot in a white radiance that seemed scarcely of this world.

She had fallen asleep with the smile of a happy child on her face. One round bare arm was curled about her head. The diamond ring with which Lester had sealed their engagement flashed like a star in the white light. Her face was marble-like in its repose. The long dark lashes that rested on her cheeks looked like finely pencilled shadows.

Her father knelt softly by her bedside and buried his face in his hands. Slumber locked her senses, but the angels heard him praying that she might be kept from sorrow:

“She is all sweetness and purity, dear Lord. I have tried to make her worthy of the mother who left her to my ignorant keeping a little white-souled child. If I have failed, visit it on me, dear Lord, not on her. Make her well. Keep her from sorrow.”

The little white satin slippers in which she was to tread her way to the altar gleamed in the moonlight. He took them up and kissed them. Then he bent his gray head over the feet they were to clothe and kissed them too.

He was in hopes it would break that heavy slumber chain, but the girl's statuesque repose remained undisturbed. The old man got laboriously to his feet again and sighed heavily.

He ventured next to drop a kiss upon her forehead. With it he sealed his own effacement.

“She is his now, all his. I've given her up. Good-by, my little girl. I would have liked you to stay awake with me a little while to-night. I would have liked to hear you say once,—just once,—‘God bless you, father,’ but it's all right, I guess.”

He passed through his own bedroom back into the room where he had been writing. He was not yet ready for bed. There was that question of conscience to answer yet. Was he doing the square thing by Lester in not telling him what order of malady the doctors threatened Teckla with?

“Doing the square thing” had been the guiding rule of the major's long life. If he had hesitated in this case, it was because a horrible alternative had faced and overawed him.

Suppose, when Lester knew, he should draw out of the alliance? What would become of his child?

But the nearer the hour of consummation came, the more heinous the fact of concealment appeared. It was Lester's right to know about the terrible cloud that hung over the woman he was going to marry. Over against this unanswerable proposition he set the risk to Teckla. Should her own father rob her of this one chance to

mend the marred conditions of her sad young life? That Roman chap had said, "Give her an absorbing interest in life: marry her off, and she will be all right." Was he called upon to snatch this cup from her lips at the very moment when she was about to taste its fullest sweetness?

That was the question he set himself to answer before he slept that night. He seated himself before his writing-table and lighted another cigar. Then he poured out the last wine in the bottle. He was not a man given to over-indulgence, but this was an extraordinary occasion. He wanted to calm his nerves by smoking, and keep up his courage with the wine. There was yet time to tell Lester before the irrevocable words were spoken. Should he go to him the first thing in the morning?

"Then, should he draw out, I might as well have taken my knife and plunged it into that sleeping girl's bosom. It would make me no more surely her murderer."

Conscience had set him a hard problem to solve. The moon went down behind a ragged old olive-tree in an ancient garden across the way; the morning star burned its bright pathway towards the zenith. The last drop of wine had long since been drained from his glass, and the gray ashes of his burnt-out cigar dropped noiselessly on the floor. His outstretched arm lay motionless upon the arm of his chair, his tired head resting against its leathern cushions. He had closed his eyes with a sense of absolute impotence.

"He must"—"He could not"—"He would"—"He dared not." Backward and forward, to and fro, with the tireless monotony of a pendulum, inexorably, his will swung, slower and slower, slower and slower. The pendulum stopped: the works had run down. The question was left unanswered.

When his man came in the morning, bringing with him the wedding-garments, he found him so. Lester was summoned, and then the doctors.

There was nothing to do but to tell Teckla. From the trance of horror into which she was thrown by the news of her father's death from a stroke of apoplexy she recovered, and fixed her startled eyes on Lester.

"I have no one but you in all the wide, wide world, Neumann. Oh, be good to me and love me."

And Lester, taking the white quivering face between compassionating hands, said solemnly,—

"As I deal with thee, my poor little Teckla, may the God of mercy and justice deal with me."

And Florence, Teckla's idolatrous maid, a stern-visaged sceptic with a rigid backbone, added an audible "Amen."

"And, Neumann?"

"Yes, dear."

"This must not change our plans. We will go just where we

planned to go, only there will be two of us, instead of three. It would be harder than ever now to stay in one place. I want to go on and on forever, with no one but just you in all the world to care for."

So the English-speaking priest had a double ceremony to perform that day,—a wedding and a funeral. They laid the major to rest in the grassy yard behind the little chapel, there to await their return to America.

Eighteen months later Neumann Lester stood alone on the deck of the Umbria, watching the fast receding shores of England. In a luxurious "Retreat," just out of London, he had left his wife. In the cabin of the steamer, in the keeping of a fresh-cheeked Swedish girl, was his two-months-old daughter. The physicians gave him no hope that Teckla would ever know him or her child. The blow had fallen quickly, but with fatal force and inexorable sureness.

A few more days, and again he stood alone on the deck of the incoming steamer, watching the statue of Liberty loom bigger with every turn of the screws, and the harbor lights of home flame brighter.

Was ever stranger home-coming than his? He had left New York over two years ago, quite long enough for his few acquaintances to have forgotten him entirely. An unknown newspaper reporter, with no capital but his pencil, his heart had been buoyant with hope and void of a care.

He was returning to it, still unknown, but as his child's guardian, in practical control of millions. Was his heart still buoyant and void of care?

He sighed as he thought of Teckla. Thoughts of their child did not drive the shadow of care from his brow.

"My poor little Teckla! As I deal by the daughter she will never know, may I be dealt by."

But this time there was no one to say "Amen." Florence, the severe handmaiden with the rigid backbone and the loyal heart, had elected to share Teckla's exile.

CHAPTER VII.

A SPIRITED controversy threatened the harmony which was highly essential to the effective workings of the committee on invitations to the ball of the Lake George Annual Regatta.

As the committee was composed of six men and six women, its unbroken harmony had been matter of admiring, if significant, comment. But on this, its third annual session, the elements of discord, perhaps of disruption, manifested themselves distinctly.

This annual ball was a most exclusive affair. The mere posses-

sion of money was not sufficient to secure one of its coveted invitations. The applicant must have other and higher recommendations,—must be somebody, or belong to somebody that somebody on the committee knew, or, at the very least, must have been heard of by somebody whom somebody knew.

A new and entirely unknown name had been laid before the committee. One of the six men was responsible for the daring innovation. The name, as he laid it before the chairman on a card, was "Neumann P. Lester, New York City."

The Chair gazed reflectively around the table and invited views on the subject of admitting this Mr. Lester to the "Annual." She gave her own first, with the manner of a woman accustomed to being listened to when she did speak.

"We know very little about this gentleman, so very little. The fact of his putting up at the Passamaquoddy establishes him financially, of course, but, as you all know, the club does not lay any particular stress upon money by itself. I should like the committee's views on the subject. My dear?"

As she looked squarely at Mrs. Julius Deems, that lady considered herself individually addressed.

"He is awfully handsome, don't you think so, dear Mrs. Clendinning? Such an intellectual face. He looks dreadfully sad, and no one seems to know much about him. I don't believe he has spoken to a woman in the two years he has been coming to this hotel. What do you think, Miss Milbanks?"

Miss Milbanks had really never given the man, or the subject of his avoidance of her sex, a single thought. As Mr. Griggs had proposed the gentleman, perhaps he would be so good as to tell the committee a little about him.

Mr. Griggs was holding himself in a state of crisp readiness.

"Of course, I should not have submitted the name if I had not been quite sure of my man. Mr. Lester's name is better known, perhaps, in newspaper row than in New York parlors, but that is the loss of the parlors. He is a high-toned, brainy fellow, and no end of good company at the clubs. He belongs to the Union, University, and Lotos. I don't believe there is a better-read man in any one of them. He has the kindest nature imaginable."

Miss Milbanks's chin went up resentfully.

"Then what makes him so dreadfully disagreeable to women? I don't believe he has been in the parlors since he came."

"Perhaps he comes here for a rest."

Five committeemen grinned cautiously. Six beplumed hats were lifted haughtily. The atmosphere grew cloudy. Mr. Griggs spoke more tartly:

"I'm inclined to think he would refuse the invitation anyhow, so we may as well drop the subject."

That settled it. Before he slept that night Lester was in pos-

session of a cream-tinted envelope, containing a card embossed with the magic letters R. B. C. of Lake George.

As to whether he should accept with thanks, or decline with regrets, Lester proposed to give himself a day's margin. He found the placid life he was leading on this loveliest of all lakes entirely to his liking. Nowhere else could he have obtained such perfect rest from the growing exactions of his duties as editor-in-chief of the paper that Morgan Leffbridge's generosity had made possible.

He laid particular emphasis on the natural advantages of the resort, its beauty, health-giving properties, and quietness, trying to delude himself into the belief that he had returned for no other reasons than to enjoy them a second time. But the habit of his mind was honesty.

He frowned at the delicately embossed card, and weighed matters. Should he go to this ball, conventionally coated and cravatted, prepared to do his full social duty by the senders of it, just for the chance of seeing one face, hearing one voice, bringing himself perilously near to one fair girl?

To himself he frankly confessed his reasons for returning to the Passamaquoddy at the time of the annual club ball. The ball was to him a meaningless climax to the annual boat-race. The first boat-race had overtaken him as a brilliant spectacular surprise which narrowed down to a vivid interest. He had come purposely to repeat the experience of the year before.

It was on his first visit to the lake that, lying prone in a little boat in which he had rowed himself into a small inlet to one of the many islands that sprinkle its clear bosom, he had looked up at the blue concavity of the heavens and thought about—Teckla.

Poor child, he had paid her his third annual visit early in the spring, and come away hopeless. He was absolutely effaced from her memory. He had talked to her of their little daughter. She had stared at him vacantly. She was but a child herself. She babbled of the playground and showed him her big doll.

"It will never be any different," the doctors said with conviction, and he had come away from her, comforted by her childish cheerfulness, despairing of any betterment. Life resolved itself into a question of just stewardship of his child's fortune. The sacrifice of his freedom had been a costly and a useless one. He had yielded to a sense of compassion for father and daughter. The result did not flatter his pride of judgment. The bank account he had found placed to his credit when looking into his father-in-law's affairs had furnished him an easy stepping-stone to the topmost round of the ladder he had most coveted. So that now he was even denied the excitement of pursuing an object made all the more alluring by intervening difficulties. At the age of thirty he was where he had expected to arrive when he was sixty.

The rhythmic dip of oars had broken up this sombre-tinted

reverie. Then distant shouting and clapping of hands. He drew himself lazily into a sitting posture. He remembered hearing something in the hotel lobby about the annual boat-race. He supposed it was on.

Unquestionably it was on. A boat had just turned the tall painted stake he saw half a mile from his leafy haven. But what manner of crew was it that manned the boat in the lead? He drew his field-glasses from their case and focussed them on the leading boat.

The stroke-oar was a girl of magnificent physique. She bent to the oar with the free grace of a bird on the wing. About her round white throat, from which the broad sailor collar of her blouse fell in boyish freedom, she had knotted a crimson handkerchief. From beneath the visor of her white yachting cap eyes as bright as twin stars shone with the excitement of the race.

Then it came back to him that this race was between the college girls and boys of two rival institutions. He found himself in instant sympathy with that crew of pretty girls in their red blouses and white yachting caps. If that dashing young stroke-oar should fail to win the day, he would feel a sense of personal defeat.

But she would not fail. She could not fail. Indomitable purpose and superb self-poise were stamped in every curve of her graceful figure. He must see the finish. He pulled impulsively out into the lake and rowed rapidly in the wake of the racing boats. And presently, when the end came, he found himself waving his hat and hurrahing vociferously, in company with the crowds that blackened the little pier of the Passamaquoddy.

There was no difficulty in finding out who the pretty stroke-oar was. She was a Bryn Mawr girl. Her name was Miss Dorothea Fairbanks, and she lived in New York City. That was all the information he had carried away with him on his first visit. He was perfectly conscious that he had timed the second one so as to take in the regatta. Miss Dorothea Fairbanks, as stroke-oar of a boatful of charming college girls, was well worth looking at a second time.

He was glad that none of the people from the various hotels had ever invaded the particular inlet to what was called Hermit's Island, which he had appropriated on his first visit to the lake, and to which he now rowed himself, with his invitation in his pocket, to ruminate over its acceptance or rejection.

He was quite sure that Miss Fairbanks in evening dress, fluttering a fan and talking parlor inanities, would prove disappointing. Perhaps that would be clear gain for him. There were two ways to break the subtle spell this unknown girl had woven about him. One was to turn his face resolutely away from the regatta, which was to come off that afternoon; the other, to see Miss Fairbanks in conventional garb surrounded by a swarm of "society manikins."

This was a very spiteful designation for the faultlessly arrayed

young gentlemen who are the legitimate appendages to every pretty girl's train. For some inexplicable reason, Lester felt distinctly malicious that morning. He pushed the sharp nose of his little row-boat far up among the overhanging bushes when he reached Hermit's Island. The dews of early morning still lingered in that shady nook and fell over him in a sparkling shower as he shook the low branches of the trees in landing. He was disinclined for inaction that morning. He could better walk off his perplexities. He sprang up the bank and pushed his way through the tangle of bushes and vines that clothed it. He would penetrate to the tumble-down hut he had discovered on his first exploration. Tradition had it that the love-disappointed hermit who had given the island a name had there ended his days. He had always meant some day to give the house a thorough examination. To-day he found it well worth a nearer approach.

He had come upon it in the rear, as indicated by a roofless lean-to. As he stopped meditatively under a noble silver birch which shaded what had once been a house-yard, the sound of violent sobs smote upon the stillness of the air. It apparently came from the sunken front door-steps. He quickened his steps in rounding the gable end of the old house. In a heap upon the steps, with her head completely buried in her outstretched arms, sat a girl sobbing her heart out. He approached her sympathetically.

"My good——"

At sound of a human voice a wet handkerchief was flung petulantly on the steps, and the drooping head was raised with an angry disclaimer.

"I am not anybody's 'good' anything. I did think there was one spot on this lake where I could get away from people."

"Miss Fairbanks?" Lester said tentatively.

"Yes, Miss Fairbanks, in a stew."

He raised his hat stiffly.

"I can only make amends for my unintentional intrusion upon Miss Fairbanks's privacy by an immediate retreat."

"Oh, now you are in a temper too. Anybody could see that. If you only happened to be a doctor, instead of a big New York editor, you might be of some service. You see I know who you are, Mr. Lester."

Lester smiled gravely down upon the wet upturned face.

"If the fact that I studied medicine before going into journalism can redeem me in your eyes, I shall be most happy to make the admission."

The stroke-oar's face grew luminous.

"Did you, really? Then I am fortunate. Look at that, please; and the race coming off at five o'clock!"

Talking rapidly, she had unbuttoned the wristband of her blouse, and bared her round white arm for Lester's inspection.

"However I came to do such a clumsy thing as to give my arm an ugly twist this morning, of all the mornings in the year, I shall never be able to explain. I rowed myself over here before breakfast, as I have been doing every morning for three seasons now, to practise with my clubs. It is so nice and private here, you see."

Lester had seated himself on the step just below her, and was examining the swollen arm with professional deliberation.

"If I could find something that would hold water," he said reflectively. "Perhaps the old hermit left a bucket or two behind when he departed for happier spheres. Let me explore."

He came back in triumph with a rusty tin bucket and handleless dipper. Filling the one with water from the lake he placed it in position under her arm and lifted the dipper.

"If you can stand letting me pour water on the sprain from a height for half an hour, I think we can reduce the swelling materially."

"But that will be asking too much of you."

"I think not." Her eyes fell suddenly before the inscrutable look in his. "Besides," he added dryly, "I have enough of the medico left in me not to submit to dictation from my patients."

Silence prevailed for the next few minutes as Lester, standing over her, poured dipperful after dipperful of the clear cold water from a height upon her arm.

"Presently," he said, "I shall row you home and get from the drug-store a lotion with which you must bathe the arm until you find you can move it easily."

"That was what I was crying about when you came up."

"About my rowing you home?"

"No, not exactly. About not being able to row myself home. I knew I would have to hail a passing skiff, and then, when the boys should hear that I was disabled, they would expect to have a walk-over."

"I am glad my chance coming has been the means of averting such a catastrophe."

"Do you know," she said, with that vivid smile of hers that lighted up her whole face, "the whole time you have been pouring that water over my arm I have been trying to recall when and where I have seen you before?"

"If I had ever seen Miss Fairbanks before, I should not have the slightest difficulty in recalling time or place."

She frowned up at him.

"You are disappointing. Any man could have said that. I did not look for a commonplace compliment from the man who wrote 'Woman as Man's Comrade.' You perceive I read your editorials and remember them."

He flushed with pleasure at the admission, but said carelessly,—

"There are a good many editorial writers on the *Conservator*."

"Yes, but I think I have learned the note of yours. I shall be dreadfully disappointed if you say you did not write that particular one."

"Then it must stand confessed."

The temptation to enlarge upon his favorite theme with that fair young athlete for his only auditor was great. Instead, he confined himself strictly to the business in hand.

"Now then," he said as he threw the dipper aside, "by using the lotion I shall order for you, and refraining from using your arm until afternoon, you will find it in serviceable order."

"How can I thank you?"

"By winning the race."

"And if I lose it?"

"I shall be very sorry, and lay it all at the door of my clumsy doctoring."

"You will be at the ball to-night?"

"I hardly think so."

"Oh, but you must come to see how your patient has stood the strain."

"Since you put it that way, of course, yes."

They did not talk much on the short row back to the hotel. She was searching her memory for the time and place when she had surely seen this sad-browed man before. He was reminding himself of the danger of playing with edged tools.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE first snow of the season was sifting with silent persistence through the leafless branches of the trees in Washington Square. Already tiny drifts had lodged themselves in every depression of the carving on the handsome monumental arch which gives the Fifth Avenue a terminus of stately elegance.

The dry fountain-bed in the centre of the square showed two fast whitening mounds, where the park gardeners had heaped last year's leaves for muck. The benches under the leafless trees were empty of their warm-weather contingent of tramps. The city's army of vagabonds had gone into winter quarters; where, few knew, fewer cared.

Aristocratic dwellers in the staid, red-brick, white-faced mansions on North Washington Square could look directly through the naked trees at the squalid homes of South Washington Square, if they chose to. They seldom chose to.

Perhaps nowhere in the imperial city do superfluity and pinching want stare each other in the face at closer range. South Washington gazes enviously through the old trees upon a row of handsome homes

where women are clothed in purple and fine linen and toil not. North Washington simply ignores its shabby neighbors. Younger members of the old aristocracy wonder at the tenacity of local affection that interferes with the hegira that has set towards the other end of the city. But the decorous state of the red-brick mansions remains undisturbed.

Perhaps Miss Dorothea Fairbanks endured her ungentle environment more philosophically than any girl of her age in the locality. But then Dorothea was an exceptionally well-balanced young woman, in consequence of which some people called her "queer."

She was utilizing this gray snowy morning by "straightening up things" in her writing desk. At least, that is what she called the process of elimination and destruction that had been going on among her papers ever since breakfast. By the time every pigeon-hole and every drawer had contributed its contents without reserve to swell the pile on the open lid, almost any idea but that of "straightness" was suggested.

The rustling of paper as she tore or crumpled discarded items and dashed them into the waste-paper basket by her side was the loudest sound in the quiet room. A cat, sleek and slumberous, as became a cat who lived on the north side of the square, purred on the hearth-rug before the open fire.

A scarcely less somnolent figure was that of Dorothea's mother, who sat in her big arm-chair by the fire. A pile of bright-colored wool lay heaped in her lap. The long ivory needles she had been knitting with lay crossed on her work. Her thin blue-veined hands were folded in motionless grace. The white bands about her wrists and neck proclaimed her widowhood, but did not account for the subdued sadness of her high-bred face.

Mrs. Fairbanks had other anxieties, more recent troubles than the passing away of a husband in the fulness of time. The girl at the desk was one of them.

At that moment the girl at the desk was as remote from her immediate surroundings as if the Atlantic Ocean had rolled between her and the hearth-rug where the family cat was dozing and her mother silently "worrying."

From the hearth-rug across the old-fashioned room, superb in its dimensions, quaint in its furnishings, a plaintive protest finally found its way.

"Dorothea, my love, if you only would get through with that job and go to the piano. It seems to me you are neglecting your music sadly of late. And this morning ought to tempt you to practise."

The girl lifted her head so as to look over the top of the desk.

"Presently, mamma darling. I have started out to find something in this desk, and I can't rest until I unearth it. It is such a

delightful day for making a mess without being put to shame by visitors."

Mrs. Fairbanks lifted her needles resignedly and knitted a few rows in silence. Presently she made another request.

"I wish you would ring for tea, Dorothea. I am sure it must be nearly noon."

Dorothea consulted the mantel clock and laughed.

"Just half-past eleven, dear. Time must be dragging with you."

"It is, dreadfully. Thank goodness, Virginia and the rest of them will be here to dinner, and they will enliven the evening a little."

"More than a little, I should say, especially if Bob is along. I have it. I knew it was here somewhere."

She had drawn a small drawer from its socket with a violent jerk, made necessary by its resistance. She flung its contents about with such excited absorption that Mrs. Fairbanks gave a little well-bred scream.

"Mercy, Dorothea! What is it,—a mouse?"

The girl at the desk laughed gayly.

"No, deary, a photo,—only an old unframed photograph that got stuck in the back of the drawer." She came towards the fireplace wiping the dust off her treasure-trove with her handkerchief. "I knew I had it somewhere. Do you remember it, mamma?"

She laid the picture on her mother's lap. Mrs. Fairbanks took it up and turned it round about to catch a better light on it.

"I can't say that I do. Where was it taken? Oh, it is one of those silly group pictures."

"I took it in Italy. The last time you and papa and I went to Rome."

Mrs. Fairbanks dropped the picture in her lap and sighed audibly.

"Oh, what a lovely trip that was, and he to be taken only one short year later! Do you remember, my dear——"

Dorothea hastened to avert the threatened flood of reminiscence.

"Don't you recollect that dreadful hill I dragged you and poor papa up, to see the sunset view from the old ruins near Rome, and how I took a snap shot at a party we found there before us?"

Mrs. Fairbanks smiled helplessly. "My dear child, you were taking snap shots at everybody, everywhere. I really think you used your kodak very audaciously."

Dorothea laughed softly. "It was immense fun. This particular party looked so tempting. The exceedingly pretty girl, the old man behind her with his arms full of gay rugs, and that tall young man with the velvety brown eyes. Look again, mamma, and see if you don't recall him, at least."

Mrs. Fairbanks obediently looked again, with no better results.

"I can't say that I do, my dear. Group pictures are so very unsatisfactory. Have I ever seen any of these parties since?"

"You have seen that man with the splendid head bared to the evening breeze often and often since."

"I can't recall him at all."

Dorothea left her chair to lean over the back of her mother's. She fastened an intense gaze upon the picture as it lay on Mrs. Fairbanks's lap. There was that in her eyes that no one had ever seen before,—a tender longing, a sweet solemnity, absolute surrender. She spoke absently, as if addressing the man in the picture.

"It was dreadfully elusive, but I knew that I could place him if I only persevered."

"Place whom, my dear?"

"Mr. Lester. Why, mamma, can't you see the likeness? I hate so to be baffled. I have known, ever since he doctored my arm for the boat-race, year before last, that I had seen him somewhere."

"You have certainly seen him often enough since," said Mrs. Fairbanks, not with entire approval.

Dorothea lifted the picture from her mother's lap and returned to her own seat in dignified silence. A jarring note had been struck. Mrs. Fairbanks looked at her plaintively.

"Now you are going to get cross. I am sure, Dorothea, you cannot accuse me of over-strictness, but Virgie says——"

"Oh, I took it for granted that Virgie had been 'saying.'"

"And who should, if not your oldest sister?"

"I don't exactly see that anybody is called on to say anything; but the views of one's married sisters generally smack of what their husbands think. Mr. Bob Estell and Mr. Lester happen to disagree in politics, hence Mrs. Bob disapproves of—the existing state of affairs."

It was not the first time the subject of Lester's long-continued attendance had come up for discussion, and always with exasperation to the girl.

"Well, then Laura," said Mrs. Fairbanks, with a note of irritation in her amiable voice.

"Laura? And Nan too, I take it for granted. So the entire tribe has been in executive council over me and my affairs."

"I must protest, child, against such an unfair way of looking at this thing. It is quite proper that your married sisters should express themselves freely to me. Of course, they are anxious to see you as happily married as they are themselves, and I think they all admire Mr. Lester, but—well, in short, we are all agreed that it is time this affair reached a climax of some sort. It was only yesterday that Nan——"

A dark shadow dropped suddenly over the brightness of Dorothea's face. She compressed her lips angrily.

"Let me have it, mother. All of it, please."

"Well, I suppose if I don't you will be imagining all sorts of things."

"I certainly shall."

"All that poor dear Virgie did say was that Bob said that when a man of Mr. Lester's assured position and fixed income danced attendance on a girl for more than a year without coming to the point, he should be sent about his business. And Nan, who was present, said that nothing injured a girl's chances more than to allow one man to pay her attention to the exclusion of others."

"Insufferable," Dorothea said between clinched teeth.

"And Laura said that, in view of your very independent way of conducting your social affairs, she would be glad to hear that Mr. Lester had said something serious."

Dorothea laughed scoffingly. "Mr. Lester has said a great many serious things. In fact, he is a very serious man."

"And Laura says that Fred says——" Mrs. Fairbanks flushed and halted.

"What does Laura say that Fred says, mamma?" There was an inexorable note in the fresh young voice.

"Now, child, you are really making yourself very disagreeable in this whole matter. Fred, as a minister, is compelled to take more rigid views of things. He never did like your rowing in those boat-races. He don't approve of——"

Dorothea interrupted her imperiously.

"I don't want to show you any disrespect, mamma, but please spare me any more of the family's opinion about me. As it will not have the slightest bearing on my treatment of Mr. Lester, it is scarcely worth while taxing your memory to recall their united wisdom."

"But, Dorothea——"

Dorothea went over and, dropping a kiss on her mother's wrinkled forehead, said: "Mother, you have always been good and patient with me. Trust my father's daughter, please, not to go very far astray."

Then she walked back to her desk, with the picture still in her hand. She placed it on the desk-lid, and, supporting her head in both hands, fixed her eyes on the central figure of the bare-headed man with the pretty girl clinging to his arm.

"I know now," she said softly to herself, "why I was so long recalling him. He has lines in his face that were not there then. It has not been Time's work either. His eyes have lost the bright, hopeful, outward look they wear in this picture. He is carrying some trouble hidden away from all the world, even from me, his friend—his little comrade, as he calls me. I wonder what has become of that girl? I shall ask him to-night."

She heard the outer door open and close vigorously. She knew that one of the women who had been criticising her was imminent. She glided through a side door, only stopping long enough by her mother's chair to say:

"I sha'n't come down to luncheon, mother. You and Virgie can take your tea together. I am going out for a tramp."

"But it is snowing, child, and——"

"I am all right, mamma." The door closed after her fleeing feet.

"Positively disrespectful," said Mrs. Fairbanks, smoothing her white wristbands, as a tame pigeon might smooth its ruffled plumage.

With furred arctics buttoned well up about her trim ankles, a heavy boa wrapped many times about her throat, a dreadnaught cape over her shoulders, Dorothea was ready to defy the elements. The slanting gusts of snow cut her face like so many needles as she ran recklessly down the slippery stone steps.

She was glad to escape from the steam-heated house. She was in a defiant mood. She had laid out no route for herself. She just wanted to get away from them all. One of the empty park benches would do as well as anything else. She bent her head and crossed immediately over into the street.

She sat down to think. A weeping, half-clad child belonging to the other side of the square passed her by slowly, with her head bent as if seeking for something. Dorothy beckoned her nearer, and, holding one of the little, cold-stiffened hands in hers, questioned her kindly.

Money had slipped out of her frozen grasp, and punishment was imminent. Dorothy made good the deficiency from her own purse.

"Poor little mite, so you have your troubles too." She unwound the boa from her own neck and transferred it to the child's. "Virgie would call me a fool, but she does look so dreadfully cold."

As if fearing that the gift might be reclaimed, her beneficiary darted out of her reach, and, with the long boa fluttering wildly in the storm, sped across the square. Dorothy laughed at the comical little figure. Then a sober light came into her bright face.

The stain of a sordid suggestion had been cast upon the ideal whiteness of her intercourse with Lester. She had not asked that "anything should come of it."

"We have been such good chums. Why could they not let us alone? They have made me afraid to look into his eyes,—such gentle, wise eyes. He might read their questioning in my shame-faced consciousness. Why should anything come of it? Why can't we go on in this same pleasant way forever and forever?"

The snow sifted with slow persistence down through the leafless branches of the old trees. It lodged among their brown gnarled roots. It softly effaced the footprints of the child Dorothea had comforted. She still sat there, moodily pondering the attitude of her family towards an innocent and satisfying friendship.

With the ferule of her furred umbrella she traced something in the tablet of thin snow at her feet. In a few seconds other flakes had effaced the scrawled letters.

"My friend" was what she wrote, and what a few snow-flakes

effaced. Would her friendship with Lester, then, be as readily effaced?

The spreading branches of an old oak were about her. She was absolutely healthy: no harm could come to her from sitting there on an empty park bench watching the half-frozen sparrows pecking for subsistence—excepting that somebody from among the neighboring windows might see her and call her “queer.”

“Poor mamma! It hurts her, not me.” But she got up and began that tramp she had declared her intention of taking.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL the clan was to rally about Mrs. Fairbanks’s long dinner table that night. It was somebody’s birthday. Somebody’s birthday was an ever-recurring excuse for those dreadfully ponderous family dinners, which Dorothea declared always left her bordering on nervous prostration.

She looked forward this time, with entire satisfaction, to an early personal escape. Lester was to come to take her to Steinway Hall to hear Canon Farrar talk about the Talmud.

She hoped that would be proper enough to placate the tribe, also stupid enough to gratify the most venomous of her critics.

Lester came early and found her in a state of complete readiness. Mrs. Fairbanks waited discreetly until the outer door closed upon them before remarking, with an air of conscious rectitude:

“I think, my dears, Dorothea understands our views perfectly. I signified to her in unmistakable terms this morning that it was time this affair reached a climax of some sort. I gave her a synopsis of the opinions expressed by you and your dear husbands.”

Mrs. Virgie, who by right of seniority always led in family councils, said severely,—

“It is ruinous to a girl’s prospects to have one man dangling at her heels over a year in this vague fashion.”

“Lester won’t be half a bad match for the child if he means business,” said Mrs. Virgie’s husband; “but at the club he is not looked upon as a marrying man.”

And then the girl was dismissed from their thoughts.

As the outer door closed upon them, Lester drew her hand within his arm with almost caressing gentleness.

“Do you know,” he said, “that one of the most delightful things about you is that you never keep a man waiting?”

By the electric light they were passing under he caught her bright upward glance.

“I have carefully cultivated all the masculine virtues. Punc-

tuality ranks high among them. I think, if I were a man, I should hate a woman who insolently consumed time that had a value for me on the tying of a sash ribbon at a particular distance from the ground, or the location of the dots in her veil so as not to speckle her nose. You must have had extensive experience of the unready sex to bestow such a big adjective as 'delightful' on my punctuality."

"No," he answered gravely; "my experience of woman and her ways is extremely limited. My mother died when I was a college boy, and I had no sisters."

"Girl cousins then."

"I never had one."

"How about that girl on the hill-top?"

The question trembled to the tip of her tongue, but she did not ask it. It could wait. It was not a thing to be disposed of in the second of time it took them to circumvent a trampled crossing of icy slush. When she asked it, she wanted to have him where she could look him directly in the eye. She never had fancied talking seriously to a man while she was clinging to his arm as if it were a life-preserver.

"How dreadfully slippery the streets are since the snow has frozen over!" she said instead. To this he replied inconsequently,—

"Since you have arbitrarily separated the virtues into masculine and feminine, I feel a growing curiosity to hear you catalogue them."

"Don't you agree with me that there are certain virtues without which a man dwindles into a mere tailor's block, and others that are particularly becoming to nice young ladies?"

"To illustrate?"

He liked to hear her talk. She was altogether original, and as frankly outspoken as a child. She once told him that he always left her with a sense of having been interviewed out of her most private convictions.

"Of course you are interested in the male catalogue?"

"Naturally."

"Well then, at the head of my list stands bravery. Not that mere brute courage which goes with well-developed muscles and a healthy organism. I fancy that the courage which would carry a man unblinkingly up to the muzzle of a loaded cannon, or make him remember even the stewardess on a sinking ship before thinking of his own safety, is not so very rare. But I mean that finer, subtler bravery that would make him scorn a lie in any one of its manifold shapes."

"Go on," he said, almost peremptorily.

"You are in one of your monosyllabic moods. I suppose I shall have to 'go on,' if we are to continue on speaking terms." In a voice of gentle sympathy she added a question. "Is my friend suffering from one of those hateful headaches?"

"I am quite well. But—your ideal man?"

"Must be very gentle: that is the second of my masculine virtues. Gentle and infinitely patient wherever he finds weakness to succor, helplessness to uplift. He must be habitually cheerful, too. Not with that noisy surface hilarity which revels in a joke or beams benignantly over a plate of good soup, but with that large serenity which acts like a sedative on the nerves of a whole household."

"But you are not a nervous woman," he said stupidly.

"Neither am I under discussion."

He did not answer this. His abstracted silence affected her unpleasantly. She laughed a little nervously.

"There, now; isn't that a pretty good off-hand impressionist portrait of a gentleman?"

"A most excellent sketch. I fancy, however, that it is only the description which is off-hand."

"Perhaps you are right. I believe you are. I must not claim too much on the score of readiness. My ideas on the subject of manly men crystallized long ago. I do not claim to belong to that contingent of nice young ladies who are entirely too well regulated to think about the members of your sex until their hands have been asked in marriage."

"Is the catalogue complete?" he asked abruptly.

"Pretty much. Of course, punctuality and honesty are among the virtues which go to the moral equipment of every successful business man."

"Of course; yes, of course."

He said it absently. Then, in a dull monologue, as if he were conning a task, he repeated softly, "Too brave to admit of a lie in any one of its manifold shapes."

"You know," she said, as if he had commented, "there are all sorts of lies. I think, if there can be degrees of loathsomeness to that which is absolutely loathsome, the lie by implication comes under that head. One can ferret out and punish an outspoken lie, but the other sorts—bah!"

She shuddered as if recoiling from actual contact with an unclean thing.

Lester winced. The lie by implication lay heavy upon his conscience at that moment. He was glad that further conversation was impossible. Steinway Hall opened its maw and swallowed them up with the throng of others who had set the elements at naught to sit at the feet of the learned dean.

The lecture was a long one. Lester's physical attitude was one of absorbed attention. He did not hear a word of it. He roused himself with a start only when he perceived that people were leaving their seats. When they had finally disentangled themselves from the throng on the sidewalk, Dorothea laughed teasingly.

"I am not at all sure that you did not go to sleep."

"No; I was not so comfortable."

"Well, you are in a flattering mood." There was no resentment in her voice. He and she understood each other too well for tiffs.

"I wish I might come in," he said pleadingly, when they stood once more on her door-step.

"I have not said that you might not. It is early, and—I want you to. I have something to show you,—something I found to-day."

She gave him her latch-key. He fitted it into the lock with the slow deliberation of a man warding off the moment of his execution. She led the way straight into the large library where she and her mother had discussed Lester that morning. Lights were still burning brightly there. The faint suggestion of sachet powder and good cigars mingled confusedly in the warm atmosphere. Dorothea nodded towards an easy-chair by the fireside.

"Sit there while I get out of my things."

He dropped wearily into the chair which Mrs. Fairbanks usually filled with the majestic sweep of her bombazine draperies. Dorothea stood before him rapidly unwinding her boa and drawing off her gloves. Her cheeks were aglow with the freshness of the outer air. Her great limpid eyes looked into his with the fearless honesty of a child who was ignorant of guile.

"I am going to show you something, and ask you a lot of questions. You did not know that curiosity was among my feminine vices, did you?"

Was it her fancy, or was it the sudden upflaming of a blue gas-jet from the soft coal that cast that grayish pallor over his face?

She turned her back upon him with a sense of bewilderment and pain. How strange he was to-night! She flung her things on a sofa, and walked across the room towards the desk she had "straightened up" that morning. She came back almost immediately, with the photograph in her hand. She held it loosely against the folds of her dress while she leaned against the low mantel-shelf and looked down upon him.

"Don't you remember how often I have told you that I was sure I had seen you somewhere, some time? And you were silly enough to say it was a case of metempsychosis. That, in some other stage of existence, I had been a big damask rose and you a bee hovering about me."

"I remember," he said hoarsely.

"Well, it was there."

She flung the photograph into his lap. The gray pallor of his face was beyond dispute at that moment. From the fading picture he looked up to the radiant face opposite him with a wintry smile.

"Then it was my damask rose. I called you that there and then. Strange I should not have known it all this time."

"It makes a woman feel about as small as a shoe-button when she finds that she has remembered a man who has forgotten her completely. I will forgive you under the circumstances."

"Under what circumstances?" he asked dully.

He was consciously fencing with Fate, fighting for a moment of time. All through the lecture he had been trying to formulate his confession. Before reaching the hall he had sworn to himself that he would not leave her any longer in ignorance of Teckla's existence and his own bondage. But then, he had sworn and broken that oath countless times before. Life was sweet only when she smiled upon him.

Before speaking again, Dorothea seated herself on the other side of the fireplace. She found increasing difficulty in sustaining a tone of banter.

"A beautiful girl was hanging on your arm. You could not be expected to remember another girl's face, and she a stranger."

"Yes," he almost whispered.

She looked at him seriously, and went on insistently.

"Girls are quick at discerning some things. She seemed—that pretty girl, I mean—to cling to you with an air of new proprietorship, as if she had not gotten used to the pleasure of possession."

Lester slowly turned the picture face downward on the arm of his chair. For a moment the ticking of the mantel clock was distinctly audible. Then he dashed his hand across his forehead with a passionate gesture.

"I had just asked her to be my wife, and she had said 'Yes.'"

Dorothea gasped, and brought her hands together with a convulsive movement. After that betraying second she sat quite still, regarding him questioningly. Surely she had a right to hear more than this. She had been very honest with him. Not the shadow of a reservation lay upon her consciousness.

"It is strange," he said, in a low hoarse voice, "and cruelly hard, that this matter should be put into such a shape just as I had resolved that before I slept the lie by implication should be wiped out. Now you will think my confession has been forced from me."

She put out her hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Then there has been—a——"

"Lie. A black hideous cloud between you and me—yes."

Her sweet face had grown whiter than the snow that lay in unsullied drifts on the carvings of the marble arch in the square; her lips were compressed sternly; her beautiful eyes grew dark with the pain and the perplexity of it all. Lester cried aloud in the anguish of her changed aspect.

"My little comrade, my consolation, Dorothea, my only love, I beseech you not to condemn me unheard."

"I do not in the least understand what all this means." There was a new note of querulousness in her voice.

"You shall. I have meant all along that you should know. Every time I have left you I have said, 'The next time I will tell her.' If I have put off the evil hour, pardon it to a man who was

slaking a thirst which he knew must consume him presently when he returned to the arid plain of duty stretching inexorably before him. You have been to me like some pure spring of unsullied water blessing a weary wayfarer. From the fulness of your benefactions you will miss nothing, my beloved, when I shall go out of your life to be forgotten."

She drew her straight fine brows together in a stern frown.

"You are talking to me in fine figures of speech, when I am panting for the plain, unvarnished truth. Let it be never so crushing, I want the truth. I had never thought to plead to you for it."

She dashed an importunate tear from her lashes.

It was hard for Lester to tell his story with those stern young eyes piercing into his very soul; but the hour of doom had struck for him. He did not flinch as he said slowly,—

"I knew that, sooner or later, I must give you the right to spurn me from your presence."

"Oh, as to that—later."

Then looking away from her into the fire from which all the gay little gas-jets had burned out, he told her all about himself and Teckla. The clock on the mantel-piece struck more than once before the dreary recital was finished. Dorothea had never once interrupted by word, look, or gesture. She sat as if turned to stone, staring dully into the gray ashes of the dying fire.

When he got upon his feet to go away, she lifted cold eyes to his haggard face. The white pain in it sent a spasm of pity through her heart.

"If she would only dismiss me without harshness," he was saying to himself. He should like to think of her always as sweet, charitable, and just.

"Is that all?" she questioned, with dry lips.

"That is all," he answered, with bowed head.

"Then," she said, in a voice of infinite weariness, "I should like you to go away. I want to think about what you have told me. I can't think clearly with you standing there, pleading for the forgiveness my heart refuses. Perhaps, later——"

She buried her face in her hands. He stole out of her presence.

CHAPTER X.

Not infrequently, in Mrs. Fairbanks's "set"—a most unimpeachable set—she was called "a saint upon earth." As for her ultimate inclusion among the saints in heaven, not one of her friends entertained the shadow of a doubt.

As Mrs. Mercer Davenport, she had reigned regally in the old house on the square, both as the wife of a successful Wall Street

operator and as his consoled widow, bent upon establishing three handsome and showy daughters in luxurious homes of their own.

The Wall Street man had kindly left enough money behind to accomplish this object, and also sufficient for the support of his successor.

It was when the handsome widow exchanged the name of Davenport for that of Fairbanks that her security as a saint upon earth was firmly established.

"A retired army officer with nothing but a fine figure and half-pay?" "And a child?" "Dear Mrs. Mercer must surely be a saint upon earth if, after toiling and moiling over three girls of her own, she is willing to go through with it all for a fourth." "And such a child! Pretty and bright, but just the hoyden that was to be looked for under the circumstances."

Exactly to what extent Mrs. Davenport had toiled and moiled over her own girls was never made manifest, but when the little romp, undisciplined Dorothea Fairbanks, was promoted to the abandoned nursery, ample occupation was provided for several persons.

When it became apparent that no more claimants to the Davenport money were likely to spring from the second marriage, Mrs. Bob and her sisters took a more cheerful view of the interloping colonel and his little girl.

"Mamma never could have lived happily with any son-in-law on earth, so it is just as well she should have formed a second establishment."

It worked very well for the twelve years that the colonel enjoyed his predecessor's thrift, and even after he had followed that gentleman into the land of shades. Dorothea, with a keen perception of what might have been if she had been left entirely to the careless guardianship of her father, loved her stepmother with an intensity enhanced by a sense of benefits received.

It was of her stepmother she lay thinking the morning after the lecture, as with wide haggard eyes she watched the pallid light of another day creep over her windows.

She rose into a sitting posture and sat on the edge of her bed meditating. She wished breakfast-time were already come. Not that she craved food. She felt sick unto death, body and soul, but her mother was never accessible until after that meal was despatched.

The unpardonable sin in Mrs. Fairbanks's decalogue was to discuss family affairs before menials. She looked at Dorothea anxiously several times during the uncheerful breakfast of that morning, but said nothing. She had not steered three girls through the labyrinth of fashionable society into safe harborage of their own without learning to read a girl's face.

Something had gone wrong with Dorothea. Either she had satisfied herself that Lester's attentions meant nothing at all, or else, contrary to every one's expectations, she had refused him.

When they had adjourned to the pretty morning-room with its bay-window full of vivid geraniums and glossy palms, Mrs. Fairbanks unfurled her knitting and Dorothea mechanically took up the morning's paper.

"Well, my dear?"

It was a distinct invitation. Dorothea started as if from a bad dream. There were dark circles about her eyes; her lips were compressed into a thin scarlet line. The invitation resulted blankly. Mrs. Fairbanks preferred a second request in a congealed voice.

"As you seem disinclined for conversation, perhaps you will kindly read the death and marriage column to me."

Dorothea looked at her pleadingly. "Presently, mother, but first I should like to have a few words with you. I have something to tell you."

Pleasurable anticipations of a belated love-story brightened Mrs. Fairbanks's pretty old face. She nodded encouragement at the girl.

"Certainly, my dear; the paper can wait. So can the dear dean and the Talmud. I was quite sure you had something on your mind."

Dorothea flung out her hands with a passionate gesture, as if to sweep any pleasant anticipations promptly out of the way.

"Not that, mother. Oh, not that. I know what you mean, but I shall never marry Mr. Lester. I shall never marry any one. Never, never, never."

Mrs. Fairbanks's face grew stern.

"You are talking like a simpleton, Dorothea; and, as Wexham is still in the butler's pantry, you will please not let your voice rise to so shrill a pitch."

"I beg your pardon, mamma, for that and all my other offences. I am afraid I have been a sore trial to you, mother, these fourteen years."

"Fourteen years? Are you really twenty years old? Dear, dear! How time does slip away!"

"I am really twenty years old, and if I don't do something soon the time for doing it at all will be gone."

"I am afraid I don't catch the drift of your remarks."

"I mean just this, mother. When we were last in Berlin, that time with papa, you promised him that, if ever I should express a desire to pursue my musical studies in earnest, you would send me back to that lovely conservatory."

This preface was so distinctly what Mrs. Fairbanks had not expected that she stared at the girl's white face without answering her question.

"Didn't you, mother?"

"Didn't I what, child?"

"Didn't you promise my father that?"

"Well, yes, perhaps I did. I remember your dear papa suggested

that you should stay there for a year of musical study, but you would not stay."

"That was because I was a little fool, and ought not to have been consulted. But that I did not know what was good for me then, mamma, is no reason why I should not make amends to myself for my folly. I want to go back to the conservatory, mother. I must go back. I am going back."

With her increasing vehemence her cheeks grew whiter, the thin scarlet line of her lips redder, and her eyes glowed feverishly. Mrs. Fairbanks looked alarmed.

"Dorothea Fairbanks, what is the matter with you? You look positively wild."

Dorothea got up with a harsh laugh and looked at herself in the mirror over the mantel-shelf.

"I don't look pretty this morning, do I? That is because I lay awake last night thinking about—Berlin."

"But what has filled your head with that notion so suddenly, to the exclusion of everything else? I took it for granted——"

"The Crupton girls are going."

"Yes, I know that. But the Crupton girls are only sixteen and eighteen, and they are fitting themselves to teach."

"I am only twenty, mother, by the calendar, if I do feel so old and tired—so old! I too want to prepare myself to teach."

There were tears in her stepmother's gentle blue eyes. "Dodo, have I ever made you feel that way?"

Flinging herself impetuously on her knees before her mother, Dorothea clasped her hands over the thin, blue-veined ones resting on the pile of gay wool.

"Darling mother, your goodness and mercy have followed me all the days that have come and gone since you took me, a forlorn little orphan, out of my father's careless keeping."

"Thank you, my dear. But perhaps—are you afraid that when I die——"

Dorothea interrupted her tempestuously.

"I am afraid of nothing, mother, that you could ward off. But I want to be doing something. If you won't send me to Berlin, I will make Bob raise the money for me on those ridiculous wild lands in Texas that papa threw away his money on."

Her stepmother looked at her with a growing sense of her own powerlessness. She had yet to see that look of inexorable determination come into Dorothea's eyes without feeling that some one must yield, and that it was not at all likely to be the girl herself.

"At least, you will let me talk the matter over with your sisters?"

"Oh, as for that, I suppose it is inevitable. The Crupton girls sail next week, mother, and I am going across with them. I am so glad to think that your sister and her two nice daughters are to spend the winter with you. I should not have liked to leave you alone."

She said all this with an air of finality. Then, dropping a kiss on her mother's cheek, she got up from her knees and went up-stairs to her own room. Presently she heard the carriage drive round to the front door, and knew she was about to be thoroughly canvassed in family council again. There was nothing for her to do until the result of the conference should be brought to her but to think about Lester and his confession.

Her intercourse with him, extending now over two years, had been singularly free from love-making as a pastime. There had been none of that coy manoeuvring to be alone with each other which generally marks an incipient love-affair. Dorothea had been calmly conscious of her preference for Lester's society over that of any man who had ever attached himself to her retinue. She wanted to be pleasing in his sight and to live up to his ideal of womanhood as revealed oftener in printed columns than in his speech with her. She had never rowed in a boat-race since the one that had brought them together. He had alluded vaguely to the undesirable publicity of it, and the club knew her no more.

There had been no flirtation, nothing on either part that could be construed into an attempt to ensnare. She was too high-toned for the one, he too conscious of his fetters for the other. Without the clumsy aid of bald assertion, they had reached that point where each knew that the other was the one thing in the universe altogether to be desired, absolutely soul-sufficing. To be consciously first with him had filled the measure of her contentment brimming full.

But now? Her breath came fast and hard. She felt as if a heavy stone had been placed where her bounding heart had beaten only yesterday. She got up and busied herself about preparations for her journey. And while she busied herself thus, Mrs. Fairbanks was pouring her perplexities into Mrs. Virgie's wise ears. Mrs. Virgie summoned her sisters by telephone, so the magic circle was complete.

"I can't imagine what it means, my dears," said the perplexed old lady in conclusion; "but I do believe, if she is not let go, mischief of some sort will come of it."

Mrs. Bob had earned a reputation for astuteness by the cheap device of contracting her fine brows judicially and holding her tongue for an appreciable second after listening to any family chronicle. Finally she delivered an oracular opinion.

"I know exactly what it means, mother. The child is in love with Neumann Lester. A blind man could discern it from just listening to her voice when she is talking to him. She is very much in love with him. She satisfied herself last night that his attentions meant nothing at all. You will all remember that Bob has said so all along. Dodo is proud, and she has been stung to the quick. If you can afford to let her go to Berlin, mother, I don't know but what it would be best."

"Oh, as to that, it would be very little additional expense."

"Well, then, I should let her go. It may save us all the disagreeable sensation of a social anticlimax."

"I believe you are right, Virginia. You generally are, my love. It is a great comfort to have your clear, calm judgment to fall back upon. Laura, my dear, I should like an expression of opinion from you."

Mrs. Dick Vandecourt was called the "close" member of the family. She declared that she thought it rather creditable that Dorothea should want to fit herself for a teacher. "You know, mother, she has no real claim upon the fortune papa left, and I think she takes a proper view of it. I say, let her go."

Mrs. Mercereau—"Nan"—was more discursive.

"It is a strange turn of affairs. If ever I saw two people who looked as if they were surely but slowly drifting towards matrimony, they were those two. It certainly would have been a good match. He has made a solid reputation for himself, and could have given her a position in the literary set she so much affects. Of course, there will be talk. I say, by all manner of means get her out of the way for a little while."

And so, when Dorothea and her mother met again, all that the older woman said was,—

"A week is a very short time for preparation, my dear."

And Dorothea answered without enthusiasm, "It will be all too long for me, mother."

There was that in the steely brightness of her eyes that discouraged further discussion.

Neumann Lester had given the art critic of the *Conservator* leave of absence for a month's run on the continent. Sitting in an "L" car one morning, he glanced over the departures on the *Urania* to see if his man had gotten off. "Forbes" was the name he searched for. He caught his breath quickly.

"Fairbanks, Dorothea, Miss," preceded Forbes.

He sat for a long time staring stupidly at the printed name. He had not known until that moment how much he had hoped for. He had been looking for a recall, in which she would say some kind word to ease the intolerable anguish of his spirit. But she was gone—gone without one word of comment on the story he had told her that night before the gray ashes of the dying fire.

"How unforgiving a good woman can be!" he said bitterly to himself. In the next breath he was asking that she be kept in the hollow of the Omnipotent Hand.

CHAPTER XI.

THE soul that cannot be reached by the appealing solemnity of a fine organ touched by a master hand is much to be pitied.

Loving music always as an art, appreciating it with the zest of a cultivated ear, since she had come abroad ostensibly to study it, Dorothea found in it at once an inspiration and a solace.

Within a few rods of the quiet little Pension des Demoiselles, where she had deposited herself as a parlor boarder immediately upon reaching Berlin, was a small Roman Catholic chapel, of which she became a constant frequenter.

She had come to feel quite at home there, in an obscure side seat under its frowning galleries. She could listen there to the organ, and unobserved herself, study the faces of the nuns as they filed past her into or out of the little chapel for matins or vespers.

Had those meek-eyed women ever lived the joyous vivid life that she had exulted in up to—that night? Had they ever loved and suffered as she had loved, as she loved now and suffered? Under those decorous unbeautiful robes did there beat any rebellious hearts crying out in secret for woman's heritage of love and happiness? Had the sunlight of existence been blotted out in one terrible moment for any one of them?

She wished she might question some one of them. She would like to halt that beautiful young nun with the deep-violet eyes, full of the peace that passes all understanding, a girl scarcely older than herself, and ask her what had made her give up this bright buoyant world to join that sad-browed sisterhood.

She wrote home about the little chapel,—to Mrs. Fairbanks of course. She never wrote to any one else.

"I like it best in the afternoon, when the westering sun slants through the low-browed doorway and lights up the chancel's stained window with a glory not all his own.

"Then the nuns come in couples from the convent to which my little sanctuary belongs. A long double row of white-hooded women, some tall, some short, some old and tired-looking, some young and resolute; all strong enough to set aside this great fascinating world, that I have loved with the sensuous love of a pagan, as a thing of no moment. Strong enough to live only to God and for suffering humanity, they compel my respect and set me to wondering.

"Do you suppose such a badly organized, rebellious creature as I could ever fit herself into such monotonous placidities? Think of voluntarily blowing aside all the froth and sparkle from one's cup of life, and calmly accepting the lees! What a drab-colored prospect! I am afraid I am too essentially frothy myself to contemplate the process with equanimity.

"But, then, the peace of it all! The certain knowledge that tomorrow cannot possibly bring you anything more startling than the

assignment of your daily routine by your Mother Superior. No danger of any nerve-shattering shock. No fret and worry from the world you have turned your back on. Just so much praying, so much working, so much sleeping. Ah, the sleeping—that is best of all.”

“The child is not happy,” said Mrs. Fairbanks, folding this letter up after reading it aloud to her sister Jenny. And sister Jenny answered that it sounded a little that way.

“It convinces me that I was right in saying something happened between her and Lester that night.”

And sister Jenny replied that something generally had happened when girls began to eulogize convents, but that was merely a phase. She remembered once herself thinking that a convent must be the loveliest place in the world for heart-bruises.

And then the two clinked their tea-spoons against the cups and fell into a dissertation about green and black tea.

Vespers were over. The last solemn chords of the Ave Maria still vibrated on the air. Dorothea left her obscure side seat more promptly than usual. She had resolved on a bold step. She was going to speak to that beautiful young nun with the violet eyes. She wanted her for a friend. She wanted to ask her how people—people like herself, for instance—got to be good enough to be acceptable to that serene sisterhood. She gained the sunlit porch in advance of the sedate procession. As she issued from under the dark arch of the doorway, some one stepped from behind a pillar and confronted her with outstretched hands. A deep, rich voice, the voice that was never out of her heart, called her name. Neumann Lester stood before her with beseeching in his eyes.

“At last! I thought they never would have done with their mummery.”

She uttered an inarticulate cry, and turned as if she would take sanctuary in the empty chapel. He took forcible possession of her hand. He spoke to her in low, imperative tones.

“Dodo, things cannot go on in this way. You must speak to me. You must say that you forgive me. This thing is sapping all my force; it is killing me.”

“Killing you?”

There was a depth of anguished scorn in her voice. He looked tenderly down upon her white quivering face.

“Believe me, dear child, if by my death I could efface all memory of the last two years from your mind, I would go to it gladly. If I could only go away from you with the assurance that I am not utterly condemned by you, life would not be the intolerable burden it has become of late.”

Dorothea glanced about her impatiently.

“We cannot talk here. I do want to say something to you. I must. Come with me to my pension.”

She walked so swiftly that he had to quicken his pace to keep abreast of her. No more words passed between them until they found themselves alone in her private sitting-room. When she flung her hat and veil aside he could see how thin and white her sweet face had grown.

"Oh, my little damask rose, to think that I, who love you so dearly, should be the one to rob you of your bloom!" he said gloomily.

"Why did you come here?" she asked huskily.

"Because I could not stay away."

"Have you been—have you seen——?"

"I am just from there. I have seen a happy child, surrounded by luxury, supplied with every pleasure in life she is capable of enjoying. She is tenderly ministered to, she is contented. Her health is excellent. Her physicians say that in all probability she will live on, just so, to extreme old age. Mentally she has retrograded to that period of childhood at which the experts think she must have received the unbalancing shock."

"Did she know you?"

"I am utterly effaced from her memory."

"And her child?"

"Does not exist for her. Her whole world is bounded by the garden walls of her beautiful retreat. Florence, the woman who has been her attendant since her mother died, is the one link between her and the past."

"And she is happy?"

"Absolutely."

"While you and I——"

She sat mute, casting about her hopelessly for some crumb of comfort for him. For her own hurt there was no balm. He looked careworn and sad. And she loved him. She stretched out her hands despairingly.

"Oh, it is too horrible, too utterly cruel. Why did you ever come near me? Why did you make me love you?"

He bowed his head in mute abasement. She went on feverishly:

"I need you. I long for you with a passion of longing that is a physical pain. My days are such heavy, weary days. Life without you is a blank. It is worse than a blank, it is a burden. I am so young, and life bounds so lustily through my veins. Must I live on and on through the desolate future, with nothing to brighten its gloom? She is the happier of the two. She has you, and all else in life that goes to make her happy. And yet I have said in my heart, 'poor Teckla.' I have tried to be just to her. I have called myself a thief. And yet she is 'absolutely happy,' while I——"

He lifted his head and looked at her with the eyes she loved full of unutterable anguish. He tried to frame an answer to her wild outburst. No words came at his bidding. She stretched out her

hands to him. A smile sadder than tears curved her trembling lips. She pointed to a stool by the arm of her chair.

"Come nearer to me, Lester. There, sit at my feet and let me look into your dear eyes. I want to see if you too have suffered—suffered with a pain comparable to mine."

He did as she bade him. He bowed his head over the hands folded upon her lap and kissed them.

"Dorothea, my love, my little comrade, speak one word of forgiveness, and then slay me by exiling me."

She took his bowed head between her hands and lifted it. Holding it in a firm clasp, she looked deep into his eyes, with a long intense gaze that left them both trembling. Destiny was taking the control of their affairs out of their grasp. An overruling, an impetuous power dictated Dorothea's next utterances.

"Yes," she said, with trance-like slowness, "you, too, have suffered, my love. It is hard, cruelly hard, that we should be doomed to walk our separate paths heavy-hearted and alone. Is there no way out of this morass?"

"For me," he said, "the punishment is just. I yielded to compassion where I should have stood firm for principle. If I could but carry this cross alone!"

Her face shone upon him as the face of an angel. She encircled his neck with her arms, and bent to bring her whispering lips close to his ears.

"We can bear it better together."

It was her head that dropped now, as, seizing her hands in a firm clasp, he fastened burning eyes upon her face.

"Child, do you know what your words might mean?"

She returned his burning gaze with one of holy serenity.

"I know what they do mean. We can bear all things together, my beloved. We can make a world of our own. Apart, we are nothing better than two storm-blighted trees, useless, shadeless, fit for nothing but to be cut down and cast into the fire."

She drew his face closer, and, bending towards him, pressed her lips solemnly to his forehead.

"With this kiss I seal the covenant. I am yours, only yours, all yours, from this time forth, until death do us part. Ah, what have I done?"

He was on his feet before her, trembling, flushed, triumphant. He drew her into a standing posture and held her from him while he searched her very soul with his burning eyes.

"Dorothea, I do not ask this thing. I love you too well to ask it. With that pure kiss resting on my forehead like a benediction let me go my way alone, beloved."

Her eyes fell before the burning fires in his, but she answered firmly.

"I need you. You need me. The world holds no compensation

for us. I am yours, dear. Where you go, there let me go, my own, my very own."

The rich red blood mantled her cheeks. She hid them against his shoulder. He caressed her shining hair tenderly, reverently. He bent to whisper a question into her ear.

"Do you know what you have said, Dodo? Shall it be so?"

She drew herself out of his arms, and, placing her folded hands on his breast, said solemnly,—

"I know full well what I have said. Let it be so."

"And you are strong enough to give up the world, to defy its customs, to ignore its sneers, for the man you love?"

"I was on the eve of giving up the world for a monastery that I hate. I could not mingle in it and know that you were nothing to me. Is not your heart a holier place of refuge? As for defying its customs, they are but so many green withes that snap asunder at the touch of my hand. No priest may bless our betrothal, Neumann, but we will go to the little chapel I love so well, just you and I, dear, and, kneeling there, with no eye but the all-merciful One resting upon us, we will take his vows upon us."

"Greater love than this hath no woman shown," said Lester, folding her to his heart.

A few days later another letter found its way to the old house in Washington Square.

"DARLING MOTHER,—Rest satisfied. 'Something has come of it.' Mr. Lester and I were quietly united day before yesterday in the little chapel I have written to you about. You ought to be very much obliged to me for saving you a lot of trouble about clothes and things.

"Before returning to America I have the pleasant prospect of six months of travel through Switzerland and Scotland. You know how I adore mountain scenery. I hope all this will not prove very disappointing to you."

Dorothea sat a long time pondering this letter before sealing it. Lester had gone out to complete arrangements for their journey. A smile, not void of sadness, curved her lips.

"An ingenious document. A fair specimen of the lie by implication which henceforth I am to live." Then she flung out her hands with a tragic gesture and laughed. "What manner of woman am I? I have snapped my green withes asunder, and sit whimpering over the ragged fragments."

Then Lester and happiness returned, and life was complete.

They were loitering through the summer days at Inverness, when a letter came to Dorothea from the old house on the square, but it was not addressed in Mrs. Fairbanks's stiff, old-fashioned hand. She read it, and looked across the table at Lester, who was busy with his

own mail. Her eyes were misty with tears, but there was a glad ring in her voice.

"Mamma is dead, Neumann. Virgie writes that she caught a violent cold going to church one wet night, and pneumonia carried her off in four days. I am glad."

"Glad, my love?"

"Very glad. She went in the fulness of time. There was nothing left for her to enjoy or to suffer, and—and—now I shall never have to look into her dear face and shrink at thought of the horror that would fill it if she only knew. She went believing in me. I am glad of that."

Later in the day Lester said to her, folding her in his arms,—

"Dodo, my heaven-granted wife, if you should ever repent the snapping of the withes—if I should ever see a cloud on your dear face—"

"You would——?"

"I would hate myself."

"You will never be called on to hate yourself, dear."

"And you are happy, my own?"

"Perfectly, entirely. Let us go on this way forever, dearest."

That night, as he sat alone smoking, he looked through the open window into her dressing-room. She was kneeling in prayer. He bent his head reverently and mingled his aspirations with hers.

That she might be kept from sorrow and from futile remorse was his prayer. He feared that she would find the path she had elected to tread by his side steeper and thornier when they should have returned to America, where she must mingle with people she knew. They were both consciously putting off that evil day.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER Mrs. Fairbanks's death the old house in Washington Square passed into other hands, and henceforth all the anniversary observances were transferred to Mrs. Bob Estell's.

Somebody's birthday had punctuated the family calendar again. The usual formula of a ponderous dinner and a clan rally were in progress. Dorothea had come late. Lester had come later, and they both left early. He pleaded a press of editorial work; she, an engagement for the opera.

The clan sipped its coffee and smoked its cigars in ruminative silence for a moment or two after their departure. Mrs. Bob contracted her brows into what that ruddy-faced gentleman, Mr. Bob, called her "profundity frown," and remarked, with a vagueness worthy of her supposed clairvoyant insight into everybody's affairs,—

"I don't know what it is, but it is there—unmistakably there."

And Mrs. Dick Mercereau added quickly, as if glad to have the key-note struck, "It certainly is."

And Mrs. Vandecourt said, "I was thinking the very same thing."

Mr. Bob Estell eyed his wife and sisters-in-law lazily through the murkiness of atmosphere produced by three cigars.

"If you women would be only a trifle less mysterious, we men might decide whether or not to agree with you."

Mrs. Bob enlightened the men.

"We are speaking of an impalpable something in Lester's manner to Dorothea that had puzzled us ever since they returned from abroad. The girls and I have spoken about it before."

"'Impalpable something.' I should call it tremendously palpable. He is awfully gone on Dodo, and doesn't seem to know how to hide it. For a man who everybody declared was not a marrying man, he has got the married act down fine."

Mrs. Virgie included the three men in one superior glance.

"That is just exactly it. It is entirely too subtle for you men to catch the flavor of it. But really, my dear, you are growing astute."

Mr. Bob was in no danger of being satiated by words of commendation from his clever wife. He was too dense even now to detect the vein of sarcasm threading her reply.

"Well, that's the way it strikes me," he said stoutly.

Mr. Vandecourt contributed an opinion.

"I should say they were gone on each other. Dodo is worse than Lester. She seems to cling to him as a drowning woman might cling to a spar in mid-ocean."

Mr. Bob yawned frankly. "A deucedly uncomfortable figure of speech, Van. But where's the use of discussing the Lesters all night, when we might be knocking the billiard balls about? They've been a staple topic of conversation ever since they got back, about six months ago."

"If I had a husband," said Mrs. Dick Mercereau slowly, so slowly that the Reverend Mr. Mercereau got in a feeble witticism to the effect that he hoped the one she had would prove serviceable for some years to come, "I should prefer his not putting me on quite so lofty a pedestal. I really would not know how to maintain my balance. Lester makes Dodo absurd with his reverential manners."

"Oh, as to that," said Mrs. Laura, looking vaguely over her husband's head, "it must be perfectly delightful to have a husband who does not save all his good manners for other men's wives."

"I guess you are ready for those balls, aren't you, Van?" Mr. Bob shoved his chair back with a laugh, and the three men left the room.

"And we will be more comfortable in the library, my dears. I

have told Nannie to keep the children all up-stairs until they are called for," said Mrs. Bob.

And so, with closed doors and all adverse elements eliminated, the three sisters were in position to settle the status of the Lesters to their own satisfaction. Mr. Bob had a way of alluding slyly to his wife's mortar and pestle, which she used for braying reputations. They were called into service this evening.

"It is just this," she said, neatly fitting the tips of her jewelled fingers together. "We had a right to expect Dodo to take a position in society which would reflect credit upon us as a family. She is easily the handsomest woman in her set. Her long residence abroad would give her plenty to talk about, and, whether Bob agrees with Lester in politics or does not, the fact remains that he is recognized as one of the strong men in power. I confess to being very much disappointed."

"She might hold salons equal to any those celebrated old French women used to hold," Mrs. Mercereau added querulously.

"And, instead, she leads the life almost of a recluse in that house of theirs, which has one of the most artistic interiors in New York City."

The sisters had a distinct grievance against Dorothea. Laura did, indeed, offer a remark in extenuation:

"Well, you know what excuse she makes for herself. That Mr. Lester's work is so exacting, she does not care to add the tax of taking her to places. And there is something in that; don't you think so, Virgie?"

"I think society would go all to pieces if wives generally took such an absurd position. Thank heaven I have no Griselda-Cinderella meekness in my make-up. If Bob wants to stay at home and knock the billiard balls about, which is the acme of happiness to him, why, I just let him; but as I don't want to knock balls about and do want to go to places, why should we both be miserable?"

"There is something in that," said Mrs. Vandecourt, stowing Mrs. Bob's wisdom away for future use. "Now, there is Lucia Helm. We all know that there is a Mr. Helm, but strangers would never suspect it. Her receptions are just perfect."

"And Mrs. Fred. Furniss. Her husband is not even in the city half his time. He is off golfing or fishing or hunting, or something or other. If Nellie Furniss took Dodo's stand, that she does not care to be seen in public without her husband, she would have a lovely time, now, wouldn't she?"

"It is so absurdly crude, so provincial." Mrs. Bob waxed wroth. "So—what shall I call it?—absolutely milkmaidish. Dorothea has moved in good society long enough to be superior to any such Darby-and-Joan business."

"With some people the honeymoon never wanes," said Nan enviously.

"Oh, as to that, no one has a right to expostulate, but it would be better form not to let the world see too much of the state of your affections."

"Now I think you are being a trifle severe, Virgie dear. Neither Lester nor Dodo are ever lacking in perfect good breeding."

Mrs. Bob contracted her brows judicially.

"No; they are simply frankly in love with each other and are willing to give society the go-by in order to enjoy life in their own fashion. Perhaps it is just as well that they are seen in general society so little. The world is so hard on people's weaknesses."

"Much harder than on their faults."

"Their weaknesses are their faults, don't you think, dear?"

"Well, then, crimes, if you like the stronger word."

Dorothea and Lester did not separate when they left the Estells. His plea of pressure of editorial work was not an idle one, but he did all of his night-work at home now.

A neat dark-panelled brougham was waiting for them at the door. He put Dorothea into it and flung himself on the seat beside her with a sigh of relief.

"Thank heaven, it can't recur until this time next year."

"Oh, yes, it can. Don't flatter yourself. There is a birthday every month of the year in this family."

"The next one will find me violently indisposed."

Dorothea did not answer this. She had laid her ungloved hand upon his and he had retained it in a loving clasp. They had a long drive before them, and speech was never among the exigencies for them.

A lovely old colonial mansion, far up on the heights that overlook the palisades, had come into the market about the time of their return to America. Dorothea declared that it was just what they would both like, "if it was not too far from the office."

But the problem of distance weighed as nothing with him against her lightest wish. She had filled his days with a fulness of joy, a richness of flavor, that had surpassed his brightest hopes. His life's task was to make her happy.

He watched her dear face with an almost tremulous anxiety. If she was silent too long, he feared that she was brooding; if the roses faded out of her cheeks, he lashed himself into a very agony of apprehension.

During that dreary dinner she had saved the whole thing from becoming a family chronicle of the sayings and doings of the two-year-old Vandecourt, in whose honor they had assembled. She had talked in her most brilliant vein about the music she had heard, the places she had seen abroad. Since they had driven away from the Estells she had grown so very quiet that he wondered if any chance dart had found lodgement in her tender heart.

He drew her head down upon his shoulder and kissed her ten-

derly. She did not leave it there, as was her custom, but, lifting herself into an upright posture, said quickly,—

“Neumann, I have been thinking about something. That is, I want to do something.”

“Yes, dear.”

Her voice was so solemn that his heart stood still.

“I went up into Virgie’s nursery, before dinner, to give little Louise Vandecourt her birthday gift. You know it was Louise’s fête.”

“I confess I had not particularized to that extent.”

“Well, it was, and they looked so happy, all those dear little romps, tumbling over each other like so many happy kittens, that I fell to thinking. Those particular children have so many people to make them happy.”

“Children, as a rule, are happy, I suppose, if they are healthy.”

“Is hers, Neumann? Is your little one happy?”

“She is well cared for, and she is healthy. She is too young yet, I fancy, to care for anything else.”

“I am glad, so glad that she is too young yet to have missed—anything. Where is she, Neumann?”

“In the Orange Hills, in the care of a Swedish woman, who would give her life for her, I do believe.”

“I want her. I want her in our own home, Neumann. I will be so good to her that she will never know what she lost at her birth. She is yours, dear; she must not be left to hirelings. Give her to me.”

He lifted the hand he still retained in his clasp and kissed it reverently.

“My precious one, my noble Dorothea, do you ask this thing because you think it will make me happier?”

“It will, won’t it, Neumann?”

“If anything could add to the happiness you have bestowed, it would be to have my little daughter with me. Poor little one, she is too young yet to have missed the love of father or mother, but——”

“Bring her to me, Neumann, and she shall know both. And then, I shall feel as if I were making amends to her.”

To Lester’s dismay, the last words came with a gusty sob, as, with a passionate gesture, she flung herself upon his breast in childlike abandonment.

Had the hour of futile remorse struck?

CHAPTER XIII.

"PRIVATE grounds. Excursionists courteously requested not to intrude."

No one could gainsay the suavity of the prohibition, but that there should be any prohibition was a surprise and a menace to that large sense of personal liberty which is the American tourist's natural equipment.

There was no pretending not to see it, for, painted in large black letters on large white boards, nailed to the gleaming stems of four silver birches, that prohibiting sentence defended the four approaches to Hermit's Island.

That ever-ready sense of personal injury was intensified in the present instance by the fact that, ever since the old man who had retired to the island to sulk out the remnant of his days had departed this life, it had been a favorite port of entry for all sorts of pleasure craft from the neighboring hotels.

Large yawls loaded with roystering picnickers and full hampers would put into one of its many inlets for a day under the silver birches; tiny canoes, with just room enough for one pair of lovers, had always been at liberty to seek there that dual solitude which makes for antenuptial bliss, under its overhanging vines; crews in training for the annual boat-race had found it a choice half-way resting-place. For divers and sundry reasons the general public resented those staring boards painted to limit their liberty.

That Neumann Lester, Esq., the well-known editor of the *New York Conservator*, should have chosen to purchase the entire island from the descendants of the old hermit, and convert it into a summer home, which, from the tantalizing prescribed distance looked like a bit out of the garden of Eden, was, of course, perfectly legitimate, but none the less exasperating.

Glimpses of dark, mellow-tinted walls showed where a large house had risen on the site of the old hut; charming vistas, cut by skilled landscape-gardeners, preserved the privacy of the dwellers therein, while giving them lovely glimpses of the water; clumps of vivid canna dotted the close-clipped sward that sloped gently from the door-step to the lake. Scarlet geraniums and golden jonquils had usurped the bramble patches. Sometimes the joyous laughter of a happy child would float out to passers by as a yellow-haired sprite, all aflutter with ribbons, would chase a tawny St. Bernard playmate unhidden across the flower-beds. Above their noisy mirth the harshly complaining cry of a peacock would rise, and the lustrous eyes of his spread tail would add another spot of color to the pretty picture. A trim boat-house, with a full complement of row-boats moored to its neat pier, stood on the water's edge.

In the two years that the people who filled the neighboring hotels had been resentfully discussing the transformation of Hermit's

Island, its new owners had won for themselves the reputation of being "too horribly unsociable for anything." A lawn fête or two would have been a gracious concession.

But it was not of themselves as usurpers, nor of their neighbors' resentment, that Dorothea was thinking as she walked by Lester's side towards the boat-house in the early sweetness of a June morning.

Another parting was imminent. The gayly painted little skiff, in which Lester was to make the first stage of his journey, was straining at its mooring chain as if impatient to be off. Dorothea laid a detaining hand on Lester's arm.

"Let us stop here a moment, dear. I have something to say before we get within earshot of Jennings."

An iron bench, hidden by a thicket of lilac bushes from the boatman who lolled at his ease in the waiting skiff, was within a few steps of the gravelled path. Dorothea dropped upon it wearily.

Lester was about to start on his annual pilgrimage to Teckla's retreat, the third since he and Dorothea, kneeling before the altar of the little foreign chapel, had given themselves to each other with vows more solemn than ear of priest ever heard. Since then the love that had overleaped every obstacle had deepened into a tenderness that was not without its pathos.

She reached up now and drew him down beside her. Her hand was as cold as marble, but her touch was firm and purposeful. Lester looked at her anxiously.

"You are not well, my love. You tire so easily these days. Do you want me to postpone this trip?"

She rewarded his solicitude with a wan smile.

"I am absolutely well, Neumann. No, I do not want you to postpone this trip by a day. I want to say something to you before you go. I have something to give you."

His arms were about her, his tenderest croonings filled her ears, but the profound sadness in her eyes did not lift.

"My dear one, you are not well," he repeated. "You are pale, and your eyes are heavy-lidded. Say it is your wish, and I will wait a week."

"No; oh, no. I want you to go. It is your duty. Remember, Neumann, you are really hers. I am but an interloper, a thief." Her lips twitched nervously.

The pain in her sweet face was mirrored in the gloom of his eyes.

"Dodo," he said hoarsely, "if the time should come when you shall turn away from me with reproaches——"

"Reproach you—oh, my beloved, my dear, what have I to reproach you with? Did you ask me for anything but a kind word of forgiveness? Was it at your instigation that I snapped the green withes of convention so boastfully? No; oh, no. On my head alone let all the blame be cast."

"Blame? Has it come to that already? Is this ideal life of ours,

this beautiful union of two souls that fit into each other as the two halves of one perfect sphere, to be discussed from the chilling standpoint of convention? Has it come to that, Dorothea?"

She lifted her head and looked far beyond him down the avenue of silver birches. The calmness of a seer, scanning the vista of the coming years, overspread her beautiful face. Presently she turned deep tender eyes upon his.

"Yes, it has come to that. There is an inexorableness about the customs to which we have bowed all our lives which refuses to be set at naught. Customs which the best wisdom of the ages have prescribed for the conservation of society command us to take heed. You and I loved each other with a perfect trust and absorbing intensity, Neumann. We flattered ourselves that because we were kinless the world had no claims upon us. No other man's love could have so blinded my reason. Without you the world was a torture-chamber. With you—ah, my beloved——"

He closed her lips with a passionate kiss.

"Dorothea, I am going away from you. I am going on my sad and futile errand as guardian of a happy witless creature's comfort. The ocean with all its perilous possibilities will soon roll between us. I implore you to let me leave you with a happier look upon your dear face. Do not send me away from you feeling like a criminal. I always do when the slightest cloud dims the brightness of your dear face. I have tried to make you happy—I have made you happy, have I not, dear one?"

She tightened her clasp about his neck, she looked deep down into his troubled eyes. When she answered him, her voice was scarcely louder than the sighing of the wind in a near-by poplar-tree.

"All that mortal man could do to make a woman happy you have done for me. You have made me happy, but——"

"Let it stop at that. I beseech you to let it stop at that. 'You have made me happy.' Let those be the last words I hear from your dear lips until you welcome me home again."

"Let it be so, then," she said in grave assent.

Taking a package of letters from her pocket, she laid them in his hand.

"You will be six days crossing, Neumann. I want you to read one of these letters each night before retiring. Read them in the succession of their numbers, and it will be as if I were bidding you a good-night. When you reach Liverpool you can stop long enough to answer them all in one. And now, unless I am really contriving that the boat shall leave you, I must let you go."

They both rose, and, placing her hands on his shoulder, she lifted her trembling lips for a farewell kiss.

"May He who stilleth the raging of the sea have you in His keeping."

The time lagged aboard ship for Lester until he could conscien-

tiously open the letter marked number one. It was not a very long one, and through every line of it there breathed a tenderness of devotion that thrilled him with the exquisite sense of possessing the most precious gift of God. But——

“Was she happy?”

He found himself asking that question with ever-recurring insistency, as he read her letters night after night. There was an under-current of sadness in them that “resembled sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain.”

It was with a hand trembling with unexplainable emotion that he opened the last of her letters on his sixth night out, read it—read it again—and sat stunned until the gray dawn of his last day on the steamer outlined the round window of his state-room with a pale disk of light. The question, “Was she happy?” was answered.

“All that mortal man could do to make a woman happy you have done, Neumann, but, oh, my beloved, there are depths to which you cannot penetrate. Conscience refuses you admittance.

“The green withes of convention, which in my arrogant self-sufficiency I snapped asunder, have turned to iron bands that are crushing the life out of me as surely as the iron collar of the garroter crushes it out of a condemned criminal. A woman must be either essentially gross or very plastic in her nature to adjust herself comfortably to the conditions I invoked in my frantic fear of losing you again. I am neither.

“I believe if the world really knew me for what I am, I should suffer less. For I do suffer, dear. But this living a lie, while claiming and receiving the respect of those who hold fast by the conventions I have defied, is killing me.

“Tortured by the fear of losing you, I undertook to be a law unto myself. No priest-blessed wife has ever loved her husband with more single-hearted devotion than I have given you. You need no assurances of my deathless devotion; but, Neumann, if every woman who found her chosen road to happiness blocked by the restrictions society has imposed should undertake to snap her green withes as daringly as I snapped mine, what would become of the hearth-stones of our land? And if the customs I have despised are essential to the welfare of mankind at large, who am I that I should set them aside?

“When I hear people speak of ‘my husband’ wielding a pen that makes always for the moral good of society, I could cry aloud for the pain of it all. I stand between you and your work as a crusader against all that militates against the high moralities.

“It is when I look into the sinless eyes of your little Lilian that the torture of all this grows most poignant. I want to be a lamp to her feet, not a dim deceptive misleading light, but such a one as men might call a beacon-light. And you must help me.

“My beloved, let us walk our separated paths alone. Let us no longer cheat ourselves by calling our union ‘divinely sanctioned.’

God does not sanction that which would make for the misery of His meanest creature. Leave me this refuge, but do you go out among men and achieve your predestined greatness unhampered by me. I shall watch and bless you from afar.

"Perhaps a nine days' sensation will be created by the separation of the Lesters, but it will not materially affect your happiness or mine. Fashionable society will not be long in forgetting my very existence. Whether you will leave baby Lillian to bless me with her innocent love until she is old enough to go to school is for you to determine. I am clear upon one point only.

"I shall never look upon your face again, my beloved. When some one tells you that I am dead, then you may once more kiss the marble lips that thrilled under yours to my own undoing. I have cast my puny weight against the bulwarks of society, only to fall back a bruised and broken thing. They, thank heaven, stand firm."

When Lester walked across the gangway of the steamer to go ashore he looked years older than when he had set foot upon it on leaving New York.

Dorothea's bewildering letter lay crumpled against his heart. He would not give it too much thought until his errand was fulfilled. Not see her again? Silly child! She might as well tell him not to draw another inspiration of God's fresh pure air.

He found Teckla's beautiful suite of rooms in the Retreat tenantless. Her attendants flocked about him with white scared faces and confused statements. Her physician came hurriedly, and, drawing him into a private room, poured a strange story into his ears.

They had only been waiting to satisfy themselves that Mrs. Lester had really succeeded in eluding them to cable him. It all came of the woman Florence being allowed such large liberty. Mr. Lester must acquit the management of all blame in that matter, as the woman had been specifically objected to.

"Mrs. Lester was fond of her. Pray postpone your apologies until I have a clearer understanding of what has happened," said Lester coldly.

That was easily done.

"The woman Florence has been bitterly homesick for months past. Mrs. Lester has been so strong and cheerful latterly that we have permitted the woman to take her among the shops. It always amused her. From one of these expeditions they had failed to return. By the aid of detectives they had been traced to an outgoing steamer of the Cunard line. The woman sailed with Mrs. Lester for America yesterday."

"But the money?"

"Was doubtless raised by the sale of Mrs. Lester's jewels. You remember it was your desire that she should not be deprived of anything that served to amuse her."

"Yes, yes; let that go. You speak of my—Mrs. Lester being so

well and cheerful of late. Am I to understand that her mental condition has improved since my last visit?"

Teckla's physician stroked his chin sententiously.

"Improved? Well, I should scarcely select that word to describe Mrs. Lester's condition. There has certainly been a marked change in the past three weeks. The word cheerful did not fit it at all. From habitual childish contentment she has passed into a phase of fretful restlessness that certainly indicates increased mental activity. It is the opinion of my *confrères* and myself that the woman Florence, herself tired of exile, has worked habitually on the feeble mind of our patient to induce some expression of desire to be taken home."

"Did the doctors consider Mrs. Lester in a physical condition to stand this long journey? She always suffered on the water," Lester said.

"Then we can but hope for the best," the doctor said, with a gravity that suggested fears of the worst.

Lester chafed like some caged thing at the enforced delay in his own return. The fugitives would have been in New York days before he could possibly reach it. For Teckla he felt unfeigned solicitude. He had expected her blighted life to be lived to its allotted end, surrounded by every pleasure her enfeebled mind was capable of enjoying. He had so disposed of Morgan Leffbridge's money that, when his little Lilian should come of age, she would come into undivided possession of her fortune. Towards Teckla and her child his conscience was void of offence. If marrying her from an impulse of compassion had been a crime, surely he had expiated it in the bitterness of his own bondage.

Of Dorothea, and the blight that would fall upon her fair name should the story of his married life be blazoned abroad before he got home, he would not think. That way lay despair.

CHAPTER XIV.

LESTER drove straight from the steamer to the Leffbridge house. Of course, the woman Florence would take her helpless charge immediately to her old home. Before his cab drew up in front of the handsome house, sitting high above grassy terraces, he had discovered the glimmer of lights behind the lace-draped windows of Teckla's apartments.

On his first return from Europe, after his marriage, he had gone there to announce the death of its master, and to discharge the large retinue of servants awaiting the coming of the bride who never came.

The beautiful suite of apartments prepared for Teckla he ordered left undisturbed; the major's desk he sealed up. When his little

Lilian should come of age it might be necessary to make some other disposition of all this useless elegance. Until then they must be left to the care of the old man who had been the Leffbridge factotum for years.

He had paid a few perfunctory visits since to the great silent mansion so full of rich upholstery and costly bric-à-brac; so empty of interest to any living creature, never without moralizing on the futilities of life.

The unusual sound of the front door-bell ringing at that hour of the night brought Florence herself to the door. The large central hall behind her was unlighted, save for the small bedroom lamp she carried high over her head. She and Lester looked at each other for a second of silence. Then she moved slowly backward for him to enter.

"I was hoping it was you, sir."

"How is Mrs. Lester?" he asked coldly, as he stepped past her to deposit his bag and hat on the hall rack.

She answered him evasively. By the dim light of the lamp she held he could see that her rugged face was worn and haggard.

"She's asleep right now. She's likely to sleep on till near about midnight. Then she'll grow restless. You won't be wanting to see her to-night, will you, sir?"

"No. Let her sleep on. But with you I have a reckoning to make. We will go into the library, if you please."

She preceded him in rigid silence. She was a tall, gaunt Scotch woman, spare of figure, hard of feature. The one soft spot in her soul was filled by Teckla. Teckla had been her nurseling, was still her well-beloved child. She placed the small lamp in the middle of the large library table with mechanical precision. Its meagre flame lit up her own careworn face and Lester's tired one, leaving everything else in obscurity.

Lester flung himself into the big revolving desk-chair that used to creak and twist under the major's ponderous weight. The woman on the other side of the desk stood with her long brown hands folded patiently upon her flat waistband. Lester looked at her severely.

"You have done a very daring and inexcusable thing, which needs an explanation. I hope you are ready with one."

"You mean my bringing her home without your permission?"

"I do."

"Daring, maybe, but inexcusable it was not. It wouldn't 'a' been necessary for me to steal her away if those money-grabbers over there hadn't 'a' thought more of what she was worth to them in hard cash than of what would make her happy. I had to do what I did, or let her die there and then with all her longings unsatisfied."

"Her longings? Woman, I left her happy and care-free, with her child's heart full of contentment."

Florence waved one hand majestically.

"Oh, I've got no fault to find with you. Unless you had 'a' gone into the retreat with her and lived there, with her not knowing you from Adam, you could 'a' done no more than you did. But I asked them months ago to write to you and tell you that a change of some sort was coming over her. They denied it, but I knew her better than the whole lot of them put together. For I loved her, and love is clear of vision, if folk do call it blind."

"They admit the change, but charge it to your door."

"They charge what to my door?"

"Her extreme restlessness. They say you plied her with questions to arouse her memory and make her long for America; that you were homesick."

The Scotch woman drew her gaunt figure up to its last inch.

"When they say I plied her with questions that made her restless and unhappy, they lie; when they say that I was homesick for America, sick with a longing that such beggarly souls as theirs can never know nor even understand, they tell a gospel truth. I have never drawn a breath that wasn't loaded with longing for home since the day I turned my back on it; but what was that weighed in the balance against what was best for her?"

"I've loved her better than myself ever since she was put into these arms, a puny thing in long clothes for me to wet-nurse. I loved her with a heart full of pity when her mind seemed to stray away from her sweet young body and lose itself. I loved you, when you came into her life, because I could see that it was happiness to her just to breathe the same air with you. And I loved you better still because, in the short time that fell between the old man's death and the Retreat, you did all that man could do to make her happy. But the doom fell in spite of you, and when it came to be so that my old withered face was the only one she remembered, I just wiped out self and gave myself to her for good and all. The pitiful money-grabbers, to dare say I was considering myself!"

Her harsh voice had risen to a shrill angry key. Her wrinkled face writhed with the passionate force of her protest against the injustice done her. Tears moistened the yellow furrows in her cheeks. Lester pointed to a chair near his own.

"Sit down, Florence. If I have done you an injustice by listening to them, I beg your pardon."

She refused to be seated. She did not even unlock her rigid arms. She waved his apology aside with a sniff of scorn.

"That's neither here nor there. I want to tell all there is to tell before I go back to her. I shouldn't like her to wake up and miss me from her side."

"As I was telling you, it was about three months ago that I noticed a change in her. Before it came on she seemed to be gaining in strength and flesh. She used to love to wander about the shops with me. They let me keep her out just so long every day. Dear

heart, it was sad rubbish she would buy and take home, but I never crossed her. If the spending of her money on a bit of ribbon or a new doll gave her one ray of happiness, I thought it well spent. You agree with me, don't you, sir?"

Lester answered huskily,—

"I agree with you entirely. But I have been worried about this journey. I am afraid you lacked funds to make her comfortable."

Florence laughed scoffingly.

"What have I been doing with my sinful high wages all these years?"

"Go on. About the change in her?"

"Yes, that's the main thing. It was a rainy day that I first noticed it. She had took a notion to dress her biggest doll in red satin, and I'd gone down town alone to fetch her some. When I came back I found her sitting on the floor in front of one of her trunks. She had pitched things right and left until the floor about her was a sight to behold. Clean down in the bottom of the trunk I had folded away her wedding-gown and veil. She had dragged them out too, and was turning her wedding-gown over and round-about with a curious sort of frown on her face. She looked up at me when I stood over her, but the frown never left her face. She passed her hand over her forehead, as you've seen folk do when they're just waking up from a long sleep, but she never left off smoothing the wrinkles out of her wedding-gown with her poor little thin hands. Presently she asked me, so sudden like that I fairly started, 'Florence, where are they?' And when I said, 'Who, my darling?' she said, 'My husband and my little baby.' You could have knocked me down with a feather, sir. I just unrolled that red satin and talked doll fast. It was after that that she got so restless. She would beg to go home, and she would cry like a heart-sick child."

"My poor little Teckla! Poor child!" Lester murmured, in a voice of tenderest pity. "And you told all this to her physician?"

"Every word of it, sir, and begged that it should all be written to you. They said it was a passing phase, and by the time you could get their letter she would be as happy and contented as you had always found her. But I knew better. So I made all my preparations for stealing away with her. I took all her valuables out of her trunks. I even bought the tickets, and then one day when I was given leave to go to the shops with her I took her aboard, and here we are, sir."

"And since?"

"Ah, sir, that is for you to say after you have seen her. One thing is sure. She is no worse for being brought home when her heart was sick with longing for it."

"You have done well by my wife, and I thank you, Florence."

The rough voice of the Scotch woman softened to a caressing note.

"And I've been looking at your white, tired face long enough. I made ready a room for you days ago. I said, 'He will not tarry by the way when he finds the nest empty.' And glad I am to share the responsibilities of her with her own dear husband."

She took up the lamp, and Lester lifted himself heavily out of the major's chair. He felt like a man walking in his sleep. There was an unreality in his being there in Teckla's home, with Florence doing its honors; in the fact that a crisis of some sort was pending; in the ghostly draperies of the long parlors that they passed on their way to the room Florence had prepared for him. Nothing was real but the awful fate he had involved Dorothea in.

"I suppose," he said listlessly, as he took the lamp from Florence's hand, "that you will let me know when I can see her."

"Not before eleven, if you please, sir."

"Has she seen a physician since her arrival?"

The woman shook her head impatiently.

"No. Bother the doctors! I know more about her than they do."

And in that statement Lester found a solitary crumb of comfort. If Teckla's malady had undergone one of those inexplicable changes that science could not foresee, at least Dorothea's name might be spared.

He laid awake pondering the startling turn affairs had taken, until the sleep of exhaustion overtook him. Before he slept, the harsh alternative which was all that was left of two wrecked lives lay plain before him.

He would take Teckla and go to the ends of the earth with her. Society need never know more than that the beautiful Mrs. Lester of its ken had assumed the rôle of divorcee for reasons of her own, which the world might never fathom.

He was lingering over his scarcely tasted breakfast, when Florence came to him the next morning. The stain of fresh tears were upon her cheeks. He got up quickly as she entered the room.

"Do you mean that I am to go to Mrs. Lester now?"

"Yes, sir; but, Mr. Lester——" A look of fear came into her eyes.

"Well?"

"I thought I was used to her whimsies, but the strangest one of all has overtook her. You will find her waiting for you, dressed just as she was the day you and her went to the little church over yonder to be made man and wife. She would have it so. I never cross her. She says she is waiting for you."

Lester paled to the very lips. "Waiting for me? Have you told her——?"

"I have told her nothing. Only Him who twisted her poor brain can understand its workings. When she opened her sweet eyes this morning she said, as quiet like as if nothing had ever gone wrong

with her wedding-day, 'Florence, make me look as pretty as you can to-day, for I'm going to be married to the man I love. And he is coming—Lester is coming.'

A great lump came into Lester's throat. He walked forward like a man in a dream. He felt as if he were living in two worlds at once. As he entered the bridal chamber, which had been hung in pale-blue satin, a vision of loveliness met his gaze which seemed scarcely to belong to the world of material things.

Teckla, fully arrayed in her wedding-gown of shimmering satin, with her long veil pinned to her fair hair by the diamond spray her father had given her for the purpose, sat before a dressing-table whose costly silver decorations glittered in the morning sunshine.

She had grown thin to the point of attenuation. Her complexion, always delicate, had become etherealized by confinement until it was like nothing more gross than the inner petals of a white rose. In her lap was a great heap of white violets and carnations. She was twining them into a spray bouquet.

At the sound of the opening door she lifted her head with a fretful sigh.

"Florence, they won't go together. The violets are too short, and the carnations too long-stemmed."

Her eyes rested on Lester's advancing figure with no surprise in them, only a sweet welcoming smile.

"I am almost ready, dear. How prompt you are! I like that. I should have been sorry if you had come to me with lagging feet. Where is papa? Tell him I will be ready as soon as the tiresome little violet stems stop breaking off."

Lester seated himself on a low chair beside her and laid his hand over the ones that were restlessly twisting the flower-stems.

"Teckla, do you know me?"

She turned a wondering look on him.

"Do I know you? Why, Neumann!"

"And are you glad to be at home, my poor child?"

"Home? Oh, yes. It is so cool and pretty here. I cried until Flo' said she would take me home. Oh, yes, I am happy now. But why don't papa come? He always scolds me for being late. And on my wedding-day too!" She contracted her brow frowningly and looked at him with a frightened look.

"Has anything happened to papa? I never knew him to be late, and it is time we were starting for the church."

With a sudden outward movement of her hands she sent the white flowers in a shower over his lap. And then a shrill cry pierced the silent house. Memory resumed her throne for a brief cruel second.

"I remember, I remember everything. Father, father! Oh, Lester!"

Her voice died away in a weak wail. Her lids closed wearily.

She lay in her husband's arms as white and still as death. Florence came and took her away from him.

"It is what I looked for," she said, as with streaming eyes she unpinned the glittering diamond spray that held the wedding-veil in place. "I knew it wasn't a natural betterment."

They laid her on the bridal bed. There she lingered a painless week and was released. With her passing, Neumann Lester's golden fetters fell away.

Three weeks had passed since he and Dorothea had lingered under the lilac bushes to say good-by. Night had closed in about Hermit's Island when he left the skiff and walked rapidly through its fragrant garden-paths towards her and happiness. The odor of the heliotrope they both loved was heavy upon the night air. The tawny St. Bernard stretched his noble length protectingly across the door-step. Through the open window he saw Dorothea sitting by a lamp-lighted table. At her knees his little Lilian knelt as she always knelt in evening prayer. He stole closer to hear the petition he knew by heart.

"God bless my father, and make my poor sick mamma well."

He stepped through the open window and gathered the child into his arms.

"Lilian, God has answered one part of your prayer. He has made your mother well, and taken her to live with Him. And now ask Dodo to answer the other part and bless your father."

As a priest-blessed wife Dorothea returned to the world.

"At last," said Society, "Mrs. Neumann Lester has grown sufficiently weary of her husband to do her duty by the world. Every one knew that she was a born leader."

What a wise old world this is.

THE END.

THE SUMMER'S BIRDS.

IT is often asked how, when, and where those birds are to be found which, with the flowers, go to complete the summer? There are many seekers who never meet with failure, but who cannot clearly reveal the manner of the search. It varies indefinitely, and no rule applies to the period or the precise locality of any bird. The available information must be general, and such knowledge too often fails to prove of use.

I would say, go lovingly. Go as to a museum, where things are to be seen, not touched. Go with your hands behind you. You may be painfully homely; the bird will excuse this: but never for an instant will they tolerate your swinging arms.

Aware that in a general way there are many birds about us, what is the initial step towards determining their character? There are numerous hand-books and an abundance of persons who know, or profess to know. My suggestion is to begin with the birds nearest the house, and with increasing knowledge to venture farther afield.

Most prominent at my own home is the little house-wren. It is dull brown in color, and would be inconspicuous were it less restless and fearless. Unlike most birds, its tail points either directly up or down, and seldom outward as a mere continuation of the creature's tiny body. By this alone the bird may be recognized, but more surely by its song. This is a series of short, sweet, somewhat sibilant notes, uttered with an energy that is remarkable. The bird seems anxious only to get rid of them. There is lack of melody, perhaps, but not of cheerfulness in the song, the volume of which is surprising. No satisfactory syllabic description—seldom a success in any case—is possible. The wren, it should be noted, sings at all times and in all weathers. I have heard it above the rolling of thunder and the roaring of the wind in the pines.

The song-sparrow, which is both resident and migratory, is more readily recognized because more easily described. It is a brown bird, but streaked and spotted with black and white, and is about six inches long. No bush is too near the house for it to nest in, but it prefers the garden to the door-yard. Once heard, its song can never be mistaken. The best description in words that I have seen is "*Please—please—please! Please—to—listen—now!*" Of course, there are endless variations, but the song never lacks a mannerism that is unmistakable.

A smaller sparrow is the almost domestic "chippy," so called from its feeble attempt at song, an earnest reiteration of "*chip. chip, chip.*" variously prolonged. The rich chestnut-red crown is sufficient to identify the bird. Closely akin, but a bird of the outlying farm rather than the door-yard, is the field sparrow, much lighter in color

and far more musical. Its notes are the clear, metallic tinkling of bells, and every one in tune. This is an early comer and may be heard in April, before the grass is green. A bird that loves to linger near our homes, and does so whenever our silly prejudice is laid aside, is the small, slate-colored thrush, the common cat-bird. We all know it by sight, but too seldom have a closer acquaintance, and here we err. Grant that the complaining, cat-like note it utters, whence the common name, is not pleasant, there is more than compensation in the splendid singing of the early summer; and even if a few cherries are stolen, the bird, I hold, pays for all it takes in music sweeter than the fruit. Cat-birds are widely distributed, but they would come very near to the door-step if encouraged. They always ask to be friends as soon as they arrive, and suffer much at our hands before retiring to some far-off thicket.

While yet you loiter in the yard there is likely to be heard a very simple song, yet one that is altogether pleasing, it is so suggestive of content. There are two notes only, well expressed by "*pee-wee*," and from them comes the common name of the little, dark slate-colored flycatcher to which I refer. In it we have another instance of a bird indifferent to man's approach, provided actual interference is not attempted. Before we were cursed with English sparrows the pee-wee built in our porches, in all the out-buildings, and came year after year to the same nest. Now it is forced farther afield, but in feeding often draws near enough to our homes for its plaintive song to be heard.

The pee-wee has a cousin that loves the deep, dark woods, but it too may be heard elsewhere if there are a few large trees about. Its song is much the same, but sweeter and more drawn out. Another of the family is larger, lighter colored, and a chatter-box of the rankest type. Its voice is execrable,—harsh, loud, and penetrating. The bird builds in the hollows of old trees, and, when it can get one, hangs a snake-skin at the nest's entrance, and sometimes has one or more inside. A fourth very common flycatcher is our king-bird: dark slate colored above, white beneath, slightly crested, and not a singer in any sense. Its energy is spent in chasing crows if they come anywhere near its nest.

All these birds of places near at hand are dull colored, and if mute would be sorry creatures indeed, so far as man is concerned; but there is really no lack of color if we look a little more closely. Wherever there is considerable deciduous shrubbery we can find the summer warbler, a small, restless, yellow bird, the breast and sides dashed with red lines. The song is a short series of lisping notes. Often associated with it but much more a bird of the woods, is the abundant redstart, also a warbler, but with indifferent vocal powers. Its color, however, renders it even more conspicuous than much larger birds. The male is deep black, orange, and yellow, and so constantly on the go, always spreading and closing its tail feathers, that

it never fails of notice. The song is more harsh than that of the summer warbler, having a *tz* sound rather than the simple *s*. The redstart is a miniature oriole in general color effect. A word now concerning the latter.

Gorgeously arrayed in orange and black, and with a voice that travels far before lost in the hum and thrill of a June morning, the Baltimore oriole, though a "fruit thief," is nowhere unpopular. Its song seems usually to be considered an equivalent for the few cherries it takes. By those who think otherwise let the fact be remembered that the bird prefers imperfect and wormy fruit to that which is sound.

The Baltimore oriole and its less showy cousin, the orchard oriole, are both disposed to come close to our houses and build in the trees that shade them. The long, pendent, purse-shaped nests of the former are swung from the tips of out-reaching branches, and frequently are so concealed by the tree's foliage that they are quite inconspicuous until autumn. The nest of the orchard oriole is supported by the branch, and not pendent, and so passes unnoticed unless we are ornithologically inclined. To find the nest we must closely follow the movements of the bird, and having determined the "home-tree," the uppermost branches must be closely scanned until the nest is discovered. I have said the "home-tree," for it will be found that during the early summer birds have head-quarters, or places to which they continually resort, and these must be determined before we can get very definite knowledge of how and where a bird lives during the breeding season. Nor must it be supposed that birds come and go without a thought of the possibility of being followed by an enemy. Very often the nest is approached in a most intricate and roundabout way, and your ingenuity is likely to be taxed in endeavoring to follow the bird that is homeward-bound.

The song of the Baltimore oriole is a short, sharp whistle, that is fairly well represented by "*Ju'die, here!*" indefinitely repeated, and varied by the utterance of a series of less emphatic notes. Individuals greatly differ as to the intonation, and occasionally the song is mellow and flute-like, but more generally suggests the ear-piercing fife. The song of the orchard oriole is always more melodious and never wearies by too constant repetition.

There are other birds that we may see and hear while yet at home, but unsuspected pleasure awaits the rambler, for wheresoever he may wander, whether on the hill or in the dale, through retired woods or along the open river shore, he will meet with birds peculiar to the locality. Not that such birds are strictly confined to given limits, for this is not the case. Geographical distribution, whether on a large or small scale, is ever full of surprises. With the exception of our marsh wrens, that never allow dry ground beneath their feet, I believe I have found every one of our birds where no one would think of looking for them.

Once in the open fields, a bird of the summer that will surely attract attention by reason of its song is the brown thrasher, an exaggerated wren in many respects, nearly twelve inches long, reddish brown above and white beneath, streaked with black. On some tall tree on the headland he loves to perch and sing with all the energy at his command. It is a wild, rollicking song that defies description. Ecstatic, without limit in its exuberance of joy, it is the spirit itself of exultant bird-life and bird-love, and without one melancholy note. The song is an invitation to Nature to don her gala dress and make merry. The season's progress to full fruition may be dated from the brown thrasher's song.

This has been claimed for the familiar robin, but with far less reason, for it is not a bird of any one season, but of all. It comes and goes, at least in the Middle States, without regard to time or temperature, and may often be heard in March or earlier, singing with greater animation than weeks later, when it has a nest in the orchard. As a summer bird the robin is noisy rather than musical, and often a source of great annoyance when we wish to listen to other birds.

There is a sparrow of the fields in appearance much like the song-sparrow of the garden that will attract attention and is worthy of consideration. You will know it by the white feathers in its tail. Generally it rises from the ground and alights there, but you can always distinguish it by its tail. It is the grassfinch, or bay-winged bunting. It loves a cloudy day, and then will sing at noon, but is at its best when the sun is setting and a quiet pervades the lonely fields that invites the bird to sing its sweet evening hymn; hence the best of its many common names, the vesper sparrow.

Very different is the abundant indigo bird, a lover of the hottest sunshine and a tireless singer; but every note is harsh and fairly sizzles, like fat on the fire, when the thermometer is ninety degrees or higher. The indigo finch is a bird of the tropics out of place.

On the other hand, the American goldfinch, or thistle bird, gives the observer no cause to be critical. Its black and yellow plumage makes it very conspicuous, yet it is never so prominent a feature of the landscape that we see nothing of its immediate surroundings. It never completely fills the field of vision, as do some birds, but blends with that with which it comes in contact. It is, as it were, a fruit of the thistle when clinging to that prickly weed, or like a red apple dangling from its green twig. The song is simple, but superlatively sweet, a merry "*tsee dee de de dee*," that keeps accurate time with the bird's undulatory flight.

If there chance to be a tall tree standing amid-fields, there is often perched at its very top a beautiful brown, yellow, and black bird that whistles in a most charming way. It seems to say, "*See me. you ca'n't see me!*" and very often you cannot. But if you wait awhile, the bird will come from its outlook to the ground, and when

you step forward this bird and a dozen of its kind will rise into view and, scattering, their pleasant, bantering songs will fill the air, as if every bird of them were laughing at your confusion. This is the old field or meadow lark.

Leaving the open fields, plunge at times into a thicket; it will pay to do so. Never mind if you are greeted with "*What folly! What folly! You fool, you!*" It is the Carolina wren, a bird of all the year, yet never in the background because of summer's tuneful host thronging the underbrush. This bird sings with a worthy purpose,—it wants all who hear it to share its happiness: a mere whim, this, of my own, perhaps, but one that I have always cherished. No other bird except the mocking-thrush has a wider range of notes, but the bird's individuality is recognized in them all. Many an utterance, I am sure, is attributed to other birds that is the song of this wren.

In many a tangled, impenetrable thicket, upland or lowland, it matters not, we are likely to meet with the beautiful cardinal gross-beak: bright red, crested, and with a trace of black on the face sufficient to show off the manifold attractions of this jaunty bird. Highstrung, bold, and inquisitive, the cardinal is never long in the background, and his fine vocal powers command attention always. Whether it is the clear whistling of "*whoit! whoit! whoit!*" or the more pretentious "*ch'ip—a—ree!*" or some one of many modifications, it matters not, all are musical in the best sense of the term, though not a note is technically correct.

In the same thicket we may find the wood-thrush, and if we do we will have a change of conditions that is absolute. Not a bird that has been mentioned but sings of the present moment and the passing joy; not so the thrush. Its song is one of retrospection, a recalling of the greater joy of other days rather than of content with what now is: not melancholy, yet nearer that than a song of thankfulness for mate and nest and young. Flute-like, free from all dross of harshness, mellow as the fruit the summer's sun has ripened, a magically melodic song is the weird, uplifting hymn of the thrush at close of day.

As well attempt to describe the varying cadences of an æolian harp as the song of a wood-thrush. Let it suffice to say the effort proper is usually preceded by a "*chuck, chuck,*" like the taps of a band-master's baton, followed by an exquisite rendition of "*te'e—o—ree ree oo—oo;*" but there are endless variations, and I think no two thrushes have precisely the same song. This bird sings at other times as well. It salutes the dawn with "music sweet as love," and in the shady nooks at noon-tide rivals the rippling glee of the ever-flowing brooks.

Wandering from the thicket to the stately grove or deep, dark woods, if any are in reach, we face a new and less thrilling order of bird-song. Here we are sure to see a little gray-green bird, light on

the wing as drifting thistle-down, that has, I think, but the one thought, that of catching insects; and after swallowing each victim it squeaks its satisfaction by uttering two words or syllables, "*ch'e-bec.*" This is our smallest flycatcher. Its habit of darting from a twig and returning to it with its prey enables us to distinguish it and another of its family, the Acadian flycatcher, also the larger wood pee-wee, which looks almost black and is not so restless.

In the same woods, usually among the tree-tops, but making continual visits closer to the ground, are three insect-hunters that resemble each other in color and habit, but differ widely in their songs, and so are more readily distinguished by what they say than by what they do. They are the red-eyed, warbling, and white-eyed vireos. They are olive-colored birds of small size, with yellowish breasts, and are extraordinarily restless, forever searching for insects that are hidden, except to them, on the leaves and twigs of trees.

The red-eyed vireo has been called the "Preacher," and is held to sing hopefully, "*Hear me! Do you believe it?*" The warbling vireo, on the other hand, sings in a more querulous strain, as if the bird long since despaired of converting you. The white-eyed vireo is an eminently worldly bird, and sings with wren-like energy, "*Take it e'asy, e'asy!*"

In the woods, too, but, as is true of all birds, not only there, the rambler will often catch a tantalizing glimpse of a scarlet tanager that does not "glow like a star," but suggests rather a firebrand. The bird's body only is red, the wings and tail dull black. If only seen for the moment, the loss is not much. Its color is the bird's sole attraction, the song being a failure, and the bird seems to know it and so does not persist in singing; from which fact many a man might derive a useful hint. But splendid coloring and a superb voice are associated in the rose-breasted grossbeak. The bird is black, white, and rose-pink, and for me has a far more animated and inspiring song than any other minstrel of the woods or fields. The notes have a slight resemblance to the chatter of the tiresome robin, but differ from it as the performance of a skilled musician excels the feeble attempt of a novice. The grossbeak's song is the spiritualization of cheerfulness.

Never hesitate to leave a tract of woodland and take to a swamp if you are in earnest in your search for birds, and never associate "dismal" with a swamp. It is a rank libel on nature's handiwork. The addition of water to a woodland tract is never a blemish, and quicksands, fathomless mud, and impenetrable thickets are not dangerous in any way if you proceed with reasonable caution. Man gets what good he can from all that the earth possesses, but nature provides nothing solely for man's benefit or pleasure. We must search the world to learn what is in it, and unless we go occasionally to a bit of swampy ground we are likely to miss some birds' songs that are worth hearing. It is here that the pipilo, a big, black, brown, and

white finch, cheerily chirps "*che-w'ink, che-w'ink,*" or perching for a moment on a shrub or tree, charmingly warbles, "*ch'ee do, de de de.*"

And it is here, too, that a beautiful yellow and drab bird, with jet-black cheeks, the Maryland yellow-throat, will entertain you by the hour with a song that drives all care away,—"*witchery, witchery, witch!*"

And while you listen, day-dreaming in a most delightful way, you may be startled at any time by strange sounds the very opposite of melody,—groans, it may be, of some animal in pain, and you look everywhere, but in vain, for the distressed creature. The sounds appear now to come from the ground at your feet and then from directly above you, and again from the right or left, from in front or behind you, alternately; and very soon you are utterly bewildered. Then follow notes that are unmistakably those of a bird, and by dint of patient peering in all directions you will see at last an olive-backed, yellow-breasted bird, and the problem is solved: it is the chat, the most accomplished ventriloquist among our birds.

A word in conclusion. It is always our own fault if we have not birds in abundance ever about us; and he is the best citizen who does the most to protect them from their worst enemy, thoughtless man.

Charles C. Abbott.

RESOLUTIONS.

I.

I WILL think of the path past the meadow lot;
 I will hear what the wind shall say;
 I will think of the ferns and lichens fine,
 Of the crag with its rough-scarred gray;
 I will think of the white wild rose I found,
 Of the sky, with its cloud-swept blue;
 Of the glow of the last red columbine—
 But I will not think of *you!*

II.

But I heard your step on the crackling path,
 And your voice in the wind's quick sigh;
 And I felt your strength in the rugged crag,
 And your touch in the fern close by;
 And I found your kiss in the warm wild rose,
 And your glance in the storm-swept blue;
 And the columbine seemed your glowing heart—
 So I only thought of *you!*

Margaret Gilman George.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MUCH has been written about John Greenleaf Whittier by competent or incompetent pens, and, boy and man, I have read a large share of it, but not greatly to my edification, for I have long doubted the value of contemporary opinion. We are all too deeply interested in the movements of our own time to judge them coolly and critically, partly because our sympathies with them or our antipathies to them are rather temperamental than intellectual, and partly because they are rather tentative than determinative. The fortunes of a battle are seldom perceived by the soldiers who are engaged in it,—never, indeed, while they are surrounded by its sulphurous vapors; besides, it is full as much upon battles lost as upon battles won that the close of a campaign depends. Before we can understand a writer, particularly a poet, we must know something of his ancestry and life, and before we can measure him correctly we must understand the period in which he lived. Every poet reveals his heredity and reflects his period, and of all American poets Whittier most.

He was born on the seventeenth day of the twelfth month of the seventh year of the century, in the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and he was nurtured in their peaceful tenets and simple ways, which sufficed him all his life. They were poor, as were most of the country-folk of New England, from whose sterile acres only the ceaseless labor of strong hands could wring a scanty subsistence. They worked early and late, summer and winter, bartering the surplus products of their farms for what they needed in the shape of West India goods, for money was scarce, and when once laid hold of was hoarded. Plain living was imposed upon them, and high thinking was infrequent. They felt more than they thought, the *res angusta domi* were so imperative, and when they thought it was in theological and political directions, for they were sturdy theologians and ardent politicians. They were not uneducated,—the people of New England were never that,—but their education, which was procured with difficulty, was of the scantiest and simplest. There was a Bible in every house, the blank leaves of which were inscribed with the wedding-day of the parents and the dates of the birth and death of their children. Hymn-books were not so common nor so necessary, for the precentor still held his own in the meeting-house, where he gave out in couplets the hymn which the choir was to sing. All who could afford subscribed to the journals of the time,—*Gazettes* in which rural statesmen fulminated over Roman signatures, *Recorders* which chronicled the little happenings of their neighborhood, *Intelligencers* which belied their name, and other primitive sheets designed for the bucolic mind. Only the well-to-do possessed books, and those but few and

not of an entertaining kind,—Blair's "Sermons," Hervey's "Meditations," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," possibly the "Rambler" of Dr. Johnson and the poetical works of Pope. American literature there was none, though of American writers there had been many,—Trumbull, for example, who published his "McFingal" about thirty years before Whittier was born; Dwight, who set forth his "Conquest of Canaan" a year or two later; and Barlow, whose "Columbiad" appeared in the year of Whittier's birth. If these poetic ponderosities were read, it was by the literati of cities like Boston, New Haven, and New York, not by the farmers of little towns like Haverhill, certainly not by the Whittiers, poor, unlearned, incurious folk, who, content with the Bible and a writer or two of their own faith, neglected the letter of knowledge for the Spirit which was within them. American literature was not, but its possibilities were, immanent, for the men who were to create it had appeared when Whittier first saw the light, Irving being twenty-four, Pierpont twenty-two, Dana twenty, Cooper eighteen, Bryant thirteen, Hawthorne three years, and Longfellow about ten months, the elder of Whittier.

There was nothing poetical in the life of an American farmer's boy like Whittier, whatever there may have been in the life of the English farmer's boy of whom Bloomfield sings. Treated with more kindness and consideration than his little English cousin, he was expected to do the chores that were assigned to him, whether they consisted of the easy one of driving the cows to and from the pasture, or the more laborious one of raking and stacking the hay and stowing it away in the barn; he was expected to be useful on and about the farm. When his day's work was done he could read, if he cared to and if books were procurable, and in winter he went to the district school, where he was instructed in spelling and reading, in writing and arithmetic, in geography and grammar, in composition and declamation,—in whatever, in short, was supposed a century ago to constitute an education. Whittier supplemented the teaching of the district school by a year of academy life, the cost of which he earned by shoemaking, an industry which was pursued by the sons of New England farmers until within a comparatively recent period. He was not a lettered man in the sense that Longfellow was, and Hawthorne, and Bryant, but a man of the people.

What it is in the head or heart or both which makes a man a poet is a mystery. I have known and observed poets all my life, and my favorite reading has always been the lives of poets, but the more I read about them and the more I observed them the less I understood them, though I have often thought I understood them as well as they understood themselves. The most that we know is that they possess a gift which is denied to their fellows. It seems to have been created with some, with others to have been evolved by circumstances; but, speaking generally if not critically, I should say that poets were both born and made. To know what poetry they read in

their impressionable years is, if not to account for their poetry, to account at least for its early manifestations, which are always bookish. We know what the young Milton read, and Pope and Burns and Keats, for we find their reading reflected in their verse. What the young Whittier read I know not, but, whatever it was, it could not have been much. We know only that he read Burns and a forgotten Scottish poet, Robert Dinsmore, who used to contribute to the *Haverhill Gazette*. Dinsmore wrote in his native dialect, and, following in his path or in the harder track of Burns, Whittier wrote in the same. It was not a felicitous beginning for an American poet, but it might have been worse, for he might have begun by imitating Pope, as Bryant did in his "Embargo," or by imitating Bryant, as Longfellow did in his "Sunrise on the Hills."

The intellectual life of Whittier up to his thirty-third year was not calculated to develop his chief powers, nor to mature the lesser ones which it did develop. It was spent in tasks which others might have performed as well as he, if not better, and of which the result was necessarily ephemeral. Whether they were undertaken for the purpose of earning his livelihood by other means than farming, or from a sense of duty towards his countrymen, I know not, but probably for both reasons, for his family was poor and his conscience keen. They were not of a kind for which he was fitted by his education, which was scanty and rustic, and to have stood up and not broken down under them was creditable to his sense and his talent. That he did this, and more than this, is certain, since journalism is the one thing of all others here in which failure is not condoned. We forgive indifferent books, but not indifferent newspapers.

Whittier's first appearance in print was in the Poet's Corner of the *Haverhill Gazette*, whence his contributions will probably be exhumed by his biographers. His second appearance was in the columns of the Newburyport *Free Press*, which was edited by Mr. William Lloyd Garrison. The character of this paper may be inferred from its title and from the personality of Mr. Garrison, who was nothing if not independent and aggressive. That there was political as well as poetical promise in Whittier's writings in the *Free Press* there can be no doubt, nor that the attention which this journal attracted led to his departure to and sojourn in Boston, where he edited the *American Manufacturer*, a sheet devoted, of course, to that much befogged economic question wherein all Americans have been and are supposed to be profoundly interested,—the tariff. His next venture in journalism was as editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, and then of the *New England Weekly Review*. Of the two positions the latter was the more important, since it called him to Hartford, where the *Review* was published and where he enlarged the circle of his friends. His work in Hartford was more purely literary than it had been in Haverhill and Boston, its first-fruits being "Legends of New England in Prose and Verse" and a memoir of the poet Brainard

(who had died about four years before) prefixed to the second edition of his poetical effusions. From Hartford Whittier returned to Haverhill, where he remained until his thirtieth year, working in his private capacity as a farmer on the old homestead, and in his public capacity as a writer in anti-slavery journals, as secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, and as a member of the State Legislature. From Haverhill he removed to Philadelphia, where he edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, a paper so offensive to the mob of that city that they sacked and burned the building in which it was published. This proceeding relegated the editor to Haverhill.

No American poet of note with whose life I am acquainted ever owed so little to circumstances or was ever so hampered by heredity as Whittier. By circumstances I mean the conditions of life in which he was born, the enforced restrictions of his boyhood and youth, and the laborious task-work of his young manhood; by heredity I mean whatever we may suppose he derived from his Quaker ancestors and their way of thinking and acting. He was unlettered when compared with Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell, whose early associations were bookish and who were college-bred. He inherited probity and sincerity, conviction and earnestness, but with these sterling qualities, which were the fibre of his character, he inherited also what seems to me a certain narrowness of view and an intensity of feeling which if not unreasonable was sometimes intemperate and violent. A poet should be dowered with "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," but he should also be dowered with the love of love. Living when and where he did, he could not escape his moral environment, and, being what he was, he could not help the emotion which it created nor the indignation which it stimulated. It was in his blood to hate oppression, and that the white race in America oppressed the black race was a blot upon the white race the removal of which cost hundreds of thousands of brave men and millions upon millions of hard-earned money. I do not blame Whittier for being an Abolitionist, for it was a dangerous honor to be one when he was, but I wish he had written less Abolition verse. It may have encouraged his brother Abolitionists, if they needed encouragement,—which was hardly the case, I think, since fanaticism thrives when persecuted and the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church,—and it may have made more Abolitionists, but all the same it was not poetry.*

Taking up the Household Edition of Whittier, I turn to "Voices of Freedom," of which there are forty. They were written between 1833 and 1848, and they represent only a portion of his work in this direction, which was continued at intervals down to the close, and possibly beyond the close, of our great civil war. They are not pleasant reading, the themes which they celebrate being of a melan-

* This is Mr. Stoddard's opinion, from which many readers will dissent.—Ed.

choly character, as may be imagined from some of their titles: "The Slave-Ships," "Our Countrymen in Chains," "The Hunters of Men," "The Christian Slave," "The Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother," "The Branded Hand," "The Slaves of Martinique," with variations in the shape of lines on a Message of a Governor of Pennsylvania, for the Anti-Slavery Society in New York, on the Third Anniversary of British Emancipation, and tributes in honor of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Thomas Shipley. The feeling in these pieces was potent enough to give them a vogue in the anti-slavery journals to which they were contributed and other journals in which they were copied, all of which last, it need scarcely be said, were north of Mason and Dixon's line. There was an undeniable spirit and vigor in them, a vehemence of expression and a profusion of rhetoric, which, restrained, would have made them more effective. They read as if they were improvised, many are too long, and all need revision. I speak from a critical, not a political, point of view, for with Whittier's politics, which were less mental than temperamental, I am not concerned. They were the man—at the time.

The literary condition of the American people was neither active nor promising in the early decades of this century, nor was it improved by the treatment to which it was subjected by English critics, who assumed that all books not written in their own right little, tight little island were necessarily provincial. "Who reads an American book?" they asked, and there was no answer until Irving and Cooper forced one from their unwilling lips. We took them more seriously than they deserved, and, resenting their disparagement, resolved to have a literature of our own. It was necessary that we should have one, and certain patriotic gentlemen among us who professed to be critics cudgelled their brains to discover what it should be. It must differ as much from English literature as our great New World differed from little old England, as much as our vigorous republican institutions differed from effete monarchical customs, as much, in a word, as two literatures written in the same language, by people of the same blood, could differ from one another. Our writers hearkened to our critics,—at any rate, some of them did,—and sought to create this American Literature. Cooper discovered one element of it in our Revolutionary struggles, and was thought by some to have discovered another in the noble savage. There was a glamour about the Indians which captured our versifiers, who devoted themselves to the manufacture of spies, Yamoydens, Powhatans, Frontenacs,—a fruitless industry, which received its quietus when Longfellow published "The Song of Hiawatha." Whittier was afflicted with this aboriginal contagion at twenty-eight, when he wrote "Mogg Megone," and thirteen years later, when he wrote "The Bridal of Pen-nacook." These compositions abounded in vivid descriptions of forest scenery and the stock properties of Indian life, but they were not remarkable, for considered as stories they were not worth the

telling, and considered as poems they were not poetical. The reading which led to them was valuable, however, in that it was in historical directions, and if Whittier missed his way therein when he struck the Indian trail, he found it when he ventured into the by-ways of colonial tradition, as in "Cassandra Southwick," "The Exiles," and other of his early ballads. In balladry he discovered the clue of his genius, but, not seeing whither it would lead him, he suffered it to slip from his fingers and went on without it, following whatever *ignis fatuus* crossed his path. What most strongly attracted him to our colonial period were the darker features of the Puritan character, its narrowness of vision and its fierce intolerance, the cruelty that persecuted men of his faith for their peaceable ways, the fanaticism that hanged women and children of its own faith for being witches. This was an important element in American life, which demanded recognition in American literature, and which obtained it in the ballads of Whittier as surely as its strangely supernatural element obtained recognition in the tales of Hawthorne.

Reading the verse of Whittier in the order in which it was written, as nearly as we can arrive at it in the collected editions, we detect, as the years go on, more romantic and tender qualities than we noted at first, a wider range of sympathy, and a greater maturity of thought, more precision and choice of expression, sweeter and more varied melody, and throughout and above all the nameless something which we feel to be Poetry. We hear everywhere the still, sad music of humanity. His best note is in balladry, which, beginning with lyrics of a personal nature, as in "St. John," "The Familist's Hymn," "The New Wife and the Old," and "The Knight of St. John," at last attains national significance in "Songs of Labor."

The origin of the species of verse to which these poems belong was Schiller's "Song of the Bell," the intention of which, or one of its intentions, is to cast a poetic halo over a handicraft through the human associations connected therewith. How far he has succeeded in this venture I know not, but, judging from such translations as I have seen, it strikes me as being inferior to Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," published, I believe, in the same year as "Songs of Labor." These, missing the unity of impression that attaches to a single employment, attain the variety that attaches to seven different employments, whereof four or five, if not peculiar to, are distinctive of, American life. An English poet or a German poet might have celebrated shipbuilding and shoemaking as they are practised in their respective countries, but only an American poet could fitly celebrate drovers, fishermen, lumbermen, and huskers, and that poet was found in Whittier, who in these "Songs" of his, so spirited, so picturesque, so natural, and so native, honored his countrymen by becoming their Laureate of Labor. The life which he depicts is not of a kind that would seem to admit of poetical treatment, it is so simple, so common, so rustic, so material, expending, as it does, all its force in the

production of daily necessities, but that it does admit of poetical treatment was perceived by Whittier, who from his boyhood had been familiar with it, and who understood it better than a more lettered and imaginative poet might have done. Of the people, as Lincoln was, he saw as the people did, and felt as the poet did, though more keenly than most of them. This keenness of feeling on his part turned the current of his thought into the channel of politics, which always a strong is seldom a permanent one, and prevented it from flowing calmly and beneficently elsewhere. It was beguiled at intervals into the rich field of colonial tradition, to which he might have shown a clearer title than any poet of his time, but when he followed it thither it was not for long. His submission to his feelings was greater than his submission to his gifts, of which he caught a glimpse in some of his early ballads, which he discovered in "Songs of Labor," and of which he had full possession when he wrote "The Barefoot Boy," "Maud Muller," "Telling the Bees," and "Snow-Bound."

These poems, to which should be added "Skipper Iveson's Ride," "Barbara Frietchie," and a few others of the same class, are to me more purely and distinctively American than anything else that Whittier has written; and I wish he could have persuaded himself to write more like them. They reflect, they depict, they embody, the individuality of the people, their lives, their customs, their ways of thinking; and centuries hence, when these shall have changed, as no doubt they will through the introduction of strains of other blood than our own, students of social history as well as students of national poetry will read them as they now read the songs of Burns and the poems of Chaucer.

The ethic element in much of Whittier's verse never at any time impressed me, except with profound respect for his manly and upright nature and the sincerity of his moral convictions. Personally I ~~prefer objective creation to subjective meditation in poetry~~, and consequently I find less to admire in the latter manifestation of his genius than do most of his countrymen, to whom he is the noblest of lay-preachers.

I never saw Whittier but once, and then it was not on a favorable occasion, though it was devised to show him honor. It was at a great breakfast at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston, and the day set apart for it was his seventieth birthday. As I had attended the celebration of Bryant's seventieth birthday at the Century Club thirteen years before, I made a pilgrimage to Boston and witnessed the celebration of this second septuagenarian birthday. Everybody who had the least claim to be considered a man of letters, and many who had no claims at all, were present, poets, novelists, historians, biographers, essayists, critics, journalists,—

Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all.

There were more than a hundred of them; and, what with their irregular arrivals, the introductions in the anterooms, the greeting of old friends, the chat of new acquaintances, and the necessary waiting for somebody or something, they were all hungry when, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they sat down to breakfast. What the imaginative reporters called the splendid banquet-hall was at once a voracious and lively scene, the feast, as they declared, being worthy of Apicius, while the wit that set the table on a roar was worthy of Horace—or Holmes. The magnates sat apart by themselves, at the head of the horse-shoe which the tables were supposed to represent,—Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Howells, and Houghton; the lesser lights twinkled farther down: they swallowed the oysters, gulped down the soup, devoured the roasts, played with the pâtés, toyed with the chops, and sipped the white wine and the red. When their first fierce thirst was somewhat satisfied, they drank to each other across the tables and lighted cigarettes. By and by they were rapped to order, the regulated toasts were proposed, and were followed by the regulated responses, the prepared impromptus which no one ever fully commits to memory. A great many speeches were made, and a great deal was said about American Literature, mostly by young persons who had yet to learn what it was. They enjoyed the sound of their own voices and were applauded, as politeness required. They began to separate at midnight, and I went over to where Whittier sat. I had a tolerable sonnet in my pocket, but I felt it was not the time nor the place to read it, for he was tired, I was tired, all were tired; so I merely shook his hand once more.

Then, quitting the white wine and the red,
I said "Good-Night," and stole to bed.

I corresponded with Whittier when I had anything that I wished to say, but not as often as I might have done, for I remembered the difference in our ages, and, besides, was always averse from personal communications, for, call me what they may, neither my friends nor my foes can call me a man of letters. I must have written to Whittier, however, oftener than I remember, for I find a note of his, in reply to some opinion of mine, probably about his memorial poems on Charles Sumner, which I greatly admired:

AMESBURY,
6 Mo. 13, 1870.

DEAR FRD.

Thanks for thy kind words about my poem, I wish I could feel satisfied with it. Reading it over in print now, I see its faults, though I am not sure that I could correct them. If, however, such critics and authors as Stedman and thyself do not regard it as a failure, I am somewhat reassured.

I remember thy own fine poems of this kind—Thackeray particularly. All are good. I shall be happy to see thee if thy feet ever lead in this direction.

Very truly thy frd.

JOHN. G. WHITTIER.

Some twelve years later than this, when Longfellow died, full of years and honors, I undertook to prepare a medley in prose and verse

wherein his life and work should be estimated, however imperfectly, and when it was finished I asked Whittier to allow me to dedicate it to him. Here is his reply:

DANVERS, MASS.,
6 Mo. 1, 1882.

MY DEAR FRD STODDARD:—

I have just reached here from Amesbury, and find thy proofs awaiting me. I have looked over them with great satisfaction, though I sometimes take exceptions to thy critical estimate of some of dear Longfellow's poems, which may not be equal to others, but which I like too well to find any fault with. But as a whole thy book is a noble tribute, and I like especially its opening pages, the description of young Longfellow and his surroundings. I am very glad to have my name associated with it in thy dedication, and thank thee for the kindly way in which I am mentioned in the book.

I have just got my friend Underwood's book, but have not had time to read it. It is elegantly got up, and will, I doubt not, be found interesting, for he had great opportunities as the first editor of the *At. Monthly*, and as a resident for some years in Cambridge.

I presume the family of L. will have a larger and fuller biography sooner or later.

I am ever and truly thy friend.

JOHN. G. WHITTIER.

R. H. Stoddard.

CONVINCED.

I SANG the praise of Death,
And boldly bade him come.
He came. I caught my breath,
In sudden anguish dumb.

“The grave is good,” he cried;
“Therein is perfect rest;
Quiet, and not too wide,
Surely the grave is best.”

Words I myself had sung
He echoed in ghastly jest;
Mad words from mad heart wrung,—
“*Surely the grave is best.*”

* * * * *

I knew that I had lied;
I spurned Death where he stood.
“None praise thee who have died;
Life, Life alone, is good!”

Geraldine Meyrick.

CHEMISTRY IN THE KITCHEN.

THE ordinary person eats a few more than a thousand meals during a year, and if living to the age of forty years consumes not less than forty tons of solid and liquid aliment. This great amount of nourishment serves the twofold purpose of maintaining the warmth of the body and of repairing the waste of tissue caused by exercise.

Many of the lower forms of living beings absorb their food directly from the surrounding world without first subjecting it to any particular changes. Plants absorb gases from the atmosphere, and thus build up their parts. These gases, previous to absorption, undergo no treatment by digestive fluids secreted by the plant. Man resembles the plant, inasmuch as important articles of nutrition are received directly from the inorganic world, but certain physical and chemical changes affect the food before it is fitted for absorption.

There is no doubt that the whole constitution of the body may be changed by diet alone. By it the fluids may be thinned or condensed, rendered mild or acrid, coagulated or diluted to almost any degree. Even brief attention to these things shows how directly health depends upon a proper regimen. It is not an easy matter to ascertain the exact amount of food proper for every age and constitution, for it was never intended that mankind should measure and weigh their food. We are taught by nature when we have enough, but the quality of the food we use merits especial consideration.

To wander through a great city's market-place in company with a man skilled in the chemistry of foods is a means of acquiring much interesting and valuable information concerning what we eat.

Few in all that crowd of eager buyers who throng every nook and alley-way stop to think that steak of a light red color and having white fat is the tenderest and juiciest. The flesh of a bullock about the age of four years furnishes the best and strongest nourishment, and is peculiarly well adapted for the use of those persons who labor or take much exercise. It will often lie easy on the stomach that can digest no other kind of food. Veal not younger than four months is considered a proper food for persons recovering from an indisposition, and may even be given to fever patients in a very weak state, but it affords less nourishment than the flesh of the older animal; it is easy of digestion, yet of all meats is least suitable for removing acidity of the stomach.

Mutton from the age of four to six years and fed on dry pasture is an excellent meat. It is less firm than beef and not so tender as veal. The lean part is nourishing and conducive to health, but the fat is hard of digestion. Lamb, like veal, is not so strong a food as

the flesh of the more mature animal, but it is light and suitable for delicate stomachs. Hot-house lamb, though much esteemed by many, is possessed of the bad qualities common to the flesh of all animals raised in an unnatural way.

Pork affords rich and substantial nourishment, and it is wholesome when the animal is properly fed and enjoys pure air and exercise. The flesh of swine reared in towns is both unwholesome and hard of digestion. When salted and smoked, the fibres of pork become rigid, the fat is likely to become rancid, and the entire meat is hard of digestion and more suitable for a relish than for diet. Pork should be particularly avoided by persons liable to cutaneous diseases.

The flesh of wild game, like the deer, bear, hare, and squirrel, is of a nourishing quality, but is attended by one inconvenience, which is that though much disposed to putrescence, it must be kept for a little time before it becomes tender.

Under the watchful eye of the food inspector, whose office is one of great responsibility in any city where good administration of government obtains, meats are not likely to reach the retailer's stall in other than a wholesome state; but the system of stall-feeding practised in the large stock-yards of the country, where thousands of animals are confined in contracted quarters, is a menace to the inherent wholesomeness of flesh foods. Casting this objection aside, the flesh of animals slaughtered in the elaborately equipped abattoirs is usually in better condition than that of those killed by the country butcher. In the latter case the animal is sometimes overheated from running or excitement at the time of killing and is feverish; the cellular membranes are full of blood, which remains in the meat, to its injury; the animal salts are increased, and in consequence gross humors are often occasioned in persons who eat the flesh. An unclean custom of filling the cellular membranes with air is pursued by some butchers that the flesh may appear rich and juicy which not only spoils the meat and renders it unfit for keeping, but is unsanitary.

Milk is deserving of more strict attention as to purity than any other article of food, for it enters so largely into the regimen of children and invalids that if tainted with disease or absorbed poisons it is capable of causing widespread distress. It is generally supposed that the purity of milk may be judged by its specific gravity. This is true only to a limited extent, and food inspectors use various ways, more or less complicated, of determining whether milk is adulterated. The most common frauds practised by those who dispense milk to city customers are the sale of skimmed milk for the whole article, the addition of water to either whole or skimmed milk, the addition of sodium acid carbonate to hinder or prevent the coagulation of milk, and the addition of starch, flour, chalk, or similar substances to increase the specific gravity of diluted milk. The best

milk is that taken from a cow three or four years old about two months after becoming fresh. Milk coagulates in all stomachs because of an acid set free after digestion, but the caseous or cheesy part is dissolved later by the digestive juices and rendered fit for the purpose of nutrition.

Some persons inveigh against the use of butter, even when pure, as pernicious. They might with equal reason condemn the vegetable oils, which form a considerable part of the diet in southern climates and seem intended by nature for a beneficent purpose. Butter, like every other oily substance, doubtless has a relaxing tendency, and if long retained in the stomach is liable to become rancid. Eaten in moderation it will not prove hurtful in any great degree. The worst consequence produced by it is the obstruction in the flow of saliva it causes during mastication. It is suggested that this may be overcome by eating dry bread at the beginning of each meal until sufficient saliva has been carried into the stomach for proper digestion.

Cheese also is reprobated by many as extremely unwholesome. It is not a delicate food, and when eaten in quantity may load the stomach uncomfortably. Toasted cheese is agreeable to most palates, but the cheese is rendered more indigestible by toasting. Epicurean taste has determined that cheese subjected to that process must be decidedly ancient. It is related of Charles Lamb, the great wit, that he visited a cheesemonger for the purpose of buying some fine ripe Stilton cheese for toasting. When the article was placed on the scales Mr. Lamb's attention was forcibly arrested by the lively gambols of a number of little creatures which came to the surface of the cheese. "Now, Mr. Lamb," said the cheesemonger, "shall I have the pleasure of sending this home for you?" "No, th-th-thank you," said Charles. "If you will give me a piece of tw-twine, I c-c-could perhaps l-l-l-lead it home."

The flesh of birds differs in quality according to the food on which they live. Such as feed upon grain and berries afford in general good nourishment, if we except geese and ducks, whose flesh is hard of digestion. A young chicken is tender and delicate food, and extremely well adapted for use when the digestive powers are weak. Of all tame fowls the capon is the most nutritious. Turkey and guinea-fowls afford substantial aliment, but are not as welcome to the stomach as to the palate. In all birds those parts are most firm which are most exercised; therefore the wings and in the larger birds the legs are commonly the toughest. The flesh of wild birds in general, though more digestible, is less nourishing than that of quadrupeds, being dryer on account of the constant exercise which birds take. Those birds which subsist upon worms, insects, or fishes do not furnish wholesome food.

Eggs are the last of the terrestrial animal foods I will mention. They furnish a simple and wholesome aliment. Those of the turkey are superior in all the qualifications of food. The white of the egg

is dissolved in a warm temperature, but by much heat it is rendered tough and dry. The yolk is highly nourishing and contains much oil, though it has a strong tendency to putrefaction. On this account, especially when not exactly fresh, eggs should be avoided by people with weak stomachs. Eggs require the free use of salt to stimulate the action of the stomach.

From the sea come many varieties of fish. Some of these furnish food that is light and easy of digestion, though they afford less nourishment than vegetables or the flesh of quadrupeds, and of all the animal tribes are most disposed to putrefaction. Fresh salt-water fish are better food than the inhabitants of inland streams—whittings and flounders taking rank with the best. Salted fish, like salted meats of all kinds, lose digestibility. Acid sauces and pickles are usually served with fish, and fulfil an important function. Oysters are preferable as food when raw in point of both digestibility and nutriment. Heat dissipates their tender qualities as well as the salt water which promotes their digestion. They should be eaten of sparingly, no matter in what form, as should, also, clams, lobsters, and related denizens of the deep.

At the head of the vegetable foods is bread. It is so common that any remarks about it may seem trite; but I may say that wheat bread is among the most nutritious of all the farinaceous kinds, especially when the entire contents of the wheat-berry are embraced in the manufacture of flour. Bread is very properly eaten with flesh to correct the tendency of the latter to putrescence, and is most expedient with such articles of food as contain much nourishment in small bulk. To render it easy of digestion, bread should be well fermented, thoroughly baked, and not consumed before it is twenty-four hours old. Eaten hot with butter it produces flatulence, heart-burn, wakefulness, and kindred complaints.

Bread made of rye is apt to sour on the stomach because of its disposition to acidity and fermentation, and it is not well adapted for the diet of those persons having a choleric temperament, or those afflicted with dyspeptic, hypochondriac, and hysterical symptoms. On the other hand, it is useful as a preventive or cure of scurvy, and is eaten in great quantities by European soldiers. Corn-bread, made from the meal of maize, appears to agree well with all persons who like it, and when the meal is mixed with wheat or rye flour or both the resulting bread is especially palatable and keeps moist a long time. Buckwheat flour is used for bread-making in some countries, though we know it best as the chief ingredient of the festive batter-cake which comes on our tables with sausage and maple syrup. It is likely to cause itchings and cutaneous eruptions if its use is long continued, and cannot be regarded as essentially wholesome.

Oats and barley, when cleared of husks and properly prepared, are softening and wholesome. Oatmeal is becoming an almost universal breakfast dish in this country, and is a food which prepares

the body for prolonged mental or physical strain. Contrary to the opinion of some, it is a strong food and rich in muscle-building elements. It should be eaten slowly and with bread to insure the distribution of saliva among all its particles, otherwise it forms a mass in the stomach and is hard of digestion. Rice is likewise nutritious, and is the food of one-third of the human race. The notion that its use is injurious to the sight is a vulgar error, and its economic value argues for a wider use than now obtains.

The value of potatoes as food depends upon the amount of starch they contain and the manner in which they are cooked. When roasted they are most fit to be eaten. Their starchy property varies with the season, unripe tubers containing scarcely two-thirds as much as those wholly matured. As an article of food potatoes are deficient in albuminoids and phosphates, and among the Irish peasantry, where they form a large portion of the diet, the custom of eating them with buttermilk or skimmed milk is founded upon correct principles, as the milk supplies the elements in which the potato is lacking. Tubers that are green from exposure to the sun, either while growing or afterwards, are acrid and unfit for food. Any acidity in the throat after eating them indicates the presence of an alkaline poison, solanine, and demands that such be rejected.

No other root is eaten so universally as the potato, but a few not less known to the American cook have claims upon our attention. Among the more common we find turnips, carrots, and parsnips. These are all nutritious articles of food, but are not very digestible and are disposed to flatulence. Parboiling followed by baking is suggested as a means of making them both palatable and digestible.

Parsley, onions, garlic, and shallots are of an aromatic and stimulating nature, which renders them valuable to assist digestion, dissolve humors, and expel flatulency. They are considered best adapted for the use of persons having cold and phlegmatic constitutions. Celery is slightly aromatic, wholesome, and mildly sedative, though it is not especially easy of digestion.

In taking up a short discussion of the fruits, apples very properly command first attention. They are not only wholesome, but have medicinal qualities which make them valuable to keep the family health good. In general they agree best with the stomach when eaten in a baked or roasted state, but the more spicy and tender varieties are quite fit to eat raw. Pears resemble sweet apples in their effects. They have more of the laxative quality, though they are acted upon less quickly by the juices of the stomach. Cherries are wholesome when agreeable, and are valuable in diseases of the putrid kind. Plums should be eaten only when quite ripe, being then nourishing and healthful. Peaches are not very nourishing, but are full of juice, which is a good corrective in bilious complaints. Apricots are richer than peaches and have much the same qualities. Gooseberries and currants resemble cherries in their food value.

Strawberries are agreeable in every way, and no one need fear to eat them.

Philosophers yet differ as to whether the tomato is a fruit or a vegetable. Suffice it to know that its dark red pulp is wholesome for all who enjoy it. It causes sore mouth with some persons and an annoying prickly sensation of the skin with others. Its acid is a recognized corrective when hearty dinners of rich viands are partaken of.

Cucumbers are cooling and agreeable to the palate in hot weather, but to prevent them from proving injurious they should be allowed to stand well salted till their greenish juice is pretty well extracted and then washed, when they may be eaten with impunity.

No one can condemn or recommend tea or coffee in unqualified terms. The extent of their use in all cases depends upon temperament and occupation. Mild solutions of tea tend to produce pleasant exhilaration and a temporary feeling of rest. This action is due to the effect of the *theine* and tannic acid which it contains. Continued use of strong solutions of tea causes headache, indigestion, enfeebled action of the heart, and derangement of the nervous system. Coffee produces similar effects, which are due to the *caffeine* and essential oils which it contains. No doubt most persons would have better health if both beverages were eschewed.

A word about cooking. It is a process designed to render food fit for digestion, to develop its flavors and make it more inviting to the senses, and especially to destroy germs of disease. The more simple and plain the manner of cooking, the more fully are these ends attained. When foods are boiled together in a promiscuous manner, or fried so that grease is thoroughly mixed with them, or seasoned with much salt or spice, they are rendered less easy of digestion. Roasting and baking usually prove to be the best methods of cooking. The custom of flavoring food with alcoholic liquors of any kind is dangerous, as the taste for such drinks may be either aroused or created.

Health, as determined by food, requires that the articles used shall be sound and fresh, that the food shall be suited to the season of the year, and that ease of digestion shall not be prevented by bad cooking. Flesh food is usually quite easily digested and yields a ready supply of energy to the consumer, though it does not serve the purpose of great endurance as fully as do the grain foods. The modern tendency is to depart from a plain and simple diet and resort to various mixtures made palatable by artificial flavors. Such mixtures are often pernicious in their effects and give rise to grave disorders.

Albert G. Evans.

FATHER McGRATH.

THE railroad was to Cayote what the Civil War was to the South. It divided the history of the camp into two epochs—the romantic and the prosaic. Before it stretched its rusty rails across the sandy plain Cayote was isolated. The camp was only one hundred and twenty miles from Phoenix, but those miles were dusty and wearisome, and a bouncing, swaying stage, although exceedingly picturesque, is not a thing of comfort. There be few things meaner than stage rides over a country where the scenery is a Beardsley poster of nature. The eye grows tired of the same bleak plains of shifting alkali; the ragged hills—barren but for a few grotesque tamaracks and gnarled cottonwoods—but serve to accentuate the ghastliness of the landscape, and the occasional patches of gray sagebrush drooping beneath their burden of white dust seem the whitening bones of vegetation.

Added to the horrors of the stage-ride was the fact that Cayote did not encourage immigration. The inhabitants of that camp were an unholy crew of ruffians, and their methods of breaking in newcomers were novel and startling. Reports of the trials to which "tenderfeet" were subjected filtered slowly to the outer world, and these tales had a tendency to discourage ordinary mortals from investigating Cayote. The sheriff of the county made one official visit to the camp and decreased its population slightly, but when he went away he was escorted to the edge of the camp by some twenty men of recognized hardness, who told him that Cayote was a good place to keep away from in the future. The sheriff was a wise man and the head of a family. He at once struck Cayote from his visiting-list.

Right here is this to be said: A deal of opera-bouffe nonsense has been written about the romance of the West, and a number of picturesquely impossible characters have been enthroned in that mysterious region between the Rockies and the Pacific; but that nonsense has a tinge of truth. While men run stock on the range or wash the sands for gold there will be happenings; and while towns exist whose inhabitants are all men there will be recklessness of speech and action. This is as true now as it was thirty years ago. And Cayote had seventy-eight able-bodied men. The three women were not nice. They are deserving of notice only in that they enabled the camp to complete the smashment of the decalogue.

The arrival of the stage from Phoenix was distinctly an event. The once-a-week trip of that lumbering vehicle was the only means of communication with that other world which Cayote affected to despise, yet whose news it was more than anxious to hear, and the

stage-driver was the official fount of information. The freighters occasionally brought great tidings, but the freighters were not always reliable. They knew that Cayote expected tales from them, and that were there no events to be chronicled the camp would be disappointed greatly. The result was that the freighters had no dearth of news. One of them, named Johnson—playfully called “Whispering” for the reason that his lightest word could be heard for a mile—was the most conscientious of narrators. He always had a startling tale to tell, even if he had to invent one. Things went well for a time and he prospered, but the dramatic instinct was strong within him, and with each new tale he sought to cap the climax of the last. This brought him to grief.

One evening he reported the death of the German emperor, and, seeing the effect on his hearers of this piece of news, he took heart of grace. Then followed a very St. Bartholomew of royalty. Johnson promptly drowned the Queen of England, lynched the Czar of Russia, dynamited Humbert of Italy, and then, in default of more crowned heads to massacre, calmly slew the then President of the United States. Johnson bribed the stage-driver to corroborate this ghoulish lie, but the liberal application of whiskey loosened Jehu’s tongue and the truth oozed out.

The mendacious freighter had prepared an elaborate argument tending to prove that the camp was under obligations to him as a purveyor of news, whether that news was accurate or not, and this thesis he intended to use on the boys in case they taxed him with misrepresenting the facts, but when he saw most of them coming with suspicious haste in the direction of his cabin he decided to postpone the debate. “The boys,” he said confidentially to the heavy door, “air a leetle excited, an’ mebbe won’t be reasonable like. Yes,” he continued softly, as he watched the approaching crowd through a chink in the wall, “they look kinder nervous. Reckon I’ll jest skin out the back way.” He closed the heavy door and piled things against it. Then he took to the woods. What the boys said when they burst into the cabin was not pretty.

A week later Johnson came back on the stage. He was seated beside the driver, and he was quivering from suppressed excitement. There was a general shuffling and shifting of feet at sight of him, and men hitched their six-shooters closer to hand. These things smelt of evil to Johnson. But as the stage drew up before the “Nugget” saloon—which was also the hotel—and the freighter sprang down to open the door, the onlookers forgot their lethal intentions and leaned closer for a first glimpse of the solitary passenger. A stout, middle-aged man in clerical garb clambered stiffly out of the stage and looked at the crowd silently. The crowd expressed its views in one unanimous oath. Then the returned prodigal stepped forward magnificently.

“Boys,” said he, and his voice brought out the faro-players from

the back room of the saloon, "this yere is Reverent McGrath, of 'Frisco."

The boys stared.

"Well," roared Johnson, "where's yer manners?"

That brought the scattered wits of the crowd together, and the men swung awkwardly forward to shake hands. Then, with that peculiarity of Cayote crowds for which no good reason can be given, it adjourned to the "Nugget." The completion of every ceremony in Cayote was marked by an immediate movement of the participants in the direction of the solitary saloon. It was an old custom, and the boys were conservative.

As the boys were telling one another what they thought of the new arrival, Whispering Johnson entered in company with the priest, and the two marched straight to the bar. The boys were suddenly quiet, and every man strained his eyes and ears for what was to follow. Then Johnson, sure that he was the observed and envied of all Cayote, said to the man behind the bar, "I'll take whiskey. What'll it be, Father?"

There was a dead silence. Men stopped breathing and leaned forward to catch the answer.

"Give me the same."

A small cheer from the crowd attested its pleasure at the reply, and when the priest turned and invited wholesale irrigation at his expense an enthusiastic chorus of "Same" shook the room. The newcomer met with Cayote's approval,—so much so that the money tendered to Yankee Jim, the barkeeper, was refused.

"No, you don't," said that worthy shortly; "this is your treat, all right, but—well, it's on me." The priest divined the attempt at courtesy, and was pleased. Which shows that he was a man of rare comprehension.

But when the first shock of pleased surprise wore away there was a decided undercurrent of dissatisfaction among the boys. They felt restricted without knowing why, and grumbled greatly thereat. The mere presence of Father McGrath was enough to stop the most voluble in his string of oaths, and on the one occasion that Dutch Joe with true Teutonic obstinacy continued his vitriolic objurgations, regardless of the priest's nearness, "Poker" Jack Hopkins—the hardest swearer in Cayote—took it upon himself to make a suggestion to the irreverent German. The suggestion was backed up by a forty-four calibre man-killer. For a few days after this event Cayote was uneasy, and matters were discussed quietly, with the result that a delegation was chosen to wait upon Father McGrath and lay the camp's views before him.

"Tell him," said Hank Judson, as the embassy started on its mission, "that this yere camp ain't no prayer-meetin'—not by a colossil major'ty. Ef he kin put up with our style he's welcome to stay yere, but we ain't goin' to hev Cayote turned into no Sunday-

school. Ef he lets things alone he kin hev th' best we've got, an' no questions ast."

The last clause was one of peculiar delicacy in Cayote. The surest proof of confidence that the camp could show to a man was to refrain from inquisition into his antecedents. A few of the boys had once been a credit to some Eastern community, but had fallen under the spell of rough and reckless life in mining camps, and gone to the dogs as only a man who has been decently reared can go; while others were the born scum of the gutter, and with a natural bent towards lawlessness had drifted westward to where the strong arm of the law was weak. Cayote knew these things, and placed its own value on each man, with "no questions ast."

The committee appointed to confer with Father McGrath and expound to him the camp's somewhat unusual ideas regarding the threatened union of church and state lost no time in wordy deliberations, but immediately tramped noisily up-stairs to the priest's room, and, not finding him therein, tramped noisily down to the bar-room. As the delegation entered, the leader stopped and whistled softly. Then he poked the nearest man violently in the ribs, and pointed at a small table near the door. The delegation was stumped. At the little table sat the man it had been instructed to discipline playing seven-up, and the two worst characters—one of whom was a woman—in Cayote were playing with him. Also he had the air of a man who had done such things before. The delegation looked foolish. All Cayote was there and saw that it looked foolish. The delegation swore softly to itself, wished it was out of town, and then did the only thing it could do. As it ranged up to the bar the delegation handled its weapons suggestively. There would be no laughing—not openly. The delegation felt as though it was the victim of a scurvy joke, and it itched to have the jester against the muzzles of its guns. But from that hour Father McGrath's standing was unquestioned.

The priest's attitude towards the camp was singular. His sphere of action was not limited to the Sunday evening talk—it could not be called a sermon—to the boys. He was with them all through the week, ministering to their bodily as well as their spiritual welfare. When Poker Jack was brought in one night with a neat round hole in his breast, Father McGrath was first at Jack's side. As the priest examined the nasty wound the boys gathered around and said discouraging things. They believed more in their weapons than they did in his surgery.

"It's no use, Father," explained Yankee Jim, as the priest washed away the blood on Jack's breast, and probed gently for the bullet; "yer wastin' time, an' gettin' yerself all messy for nothin'. He's bound to go. These yere guns ain't no dummies, an' w'en a man gets it in the breast like that there he shore cashes his chips. An' Jack wasn't no good anyways."

Father McGrath could not be convinced. The wounded man was taken to the priest's room, and the camp sat around lazily, waiting for news of the death. None came. The battered slug of lead was extracted, and such small surgery as the priest had was exerted. Midnight came and no token of dissolution. The boys shook their heads and went away. Three weeks later that unprincipled card-sharp walked into the "Nugget," and one of Cayote's traditions was lost. But Yankee Jim saw the possibilities of such astounding cures, and laid aside his six-shooter. Thereafter his bar was decorated with a double-barelled shotgun. Then he explained.

"I ain't a vi'lent-like man," he said quietly, "but w'en I goes gunnin' for a man I shore wants to get him. They's nine buckshot in each side of that there shotgun, an' a leather wad so's they kain't jam in the barrel, an' three fingers of black powder behind that. Now, I reckon," he concluded judicially, "that if I turns that loose somebody'll quit fer good—parson or no parson."

The fame of Father McGrath spread over the land. The stage-driver was responsible for this. That person told his tales at every camp along the line, and he lied invariably. He spread the report that the "parson down at Cayote run a faro game all week and shouted hellfire and damnation at the boys Sundays"—which was plainly impossible. But on the strength of these misrepresentations Father McGrath became known far and wide as the "Poker-Playing Parson."

In Cayote the priest was popular, but his popularity was due more to his recognized value as a nurse and funeral director than to any religious sentiment he may have inspired. At the first funeral after his arrival in the camp the boys turned out unanimously to "par-tis-se-pate in the festivities," as Whispering Johnson profanely observed. It was on this occasion that the boys learned how much the priest had become to them, and what a high place they occupied in his regard. Father McGrath had come to love the boys greatly, although a more promising set of gallows-birds could hardly have been found outside of a penitentiary.

The occasion of this funeral was a misguided spirit of enterprise displayed by the proprietor of the "Elite" saloon at Pilot Rock. That aspiring person imported a piano—thereby scoring one against Cayote. Yankee Jim was appealed to and requested to maintain the dignity of Cayote by "seeing the raise of that there Rocker and going him one better." Whereupon Yankee Jim nobly sustained his sobriquet. To get a piano meant an outlay of over one thousand dollars, and no prospect of increased receipts. "The boys," Jim argued to himself, "kain't drink any more then they does now—it's a physikle impossibility—an' I ain't a-goin' to make an egrejus ass of myself just because that Rocker did. Blow in all that good dust for a dern pianner? Not for Joe."

He laid the case before the boys, and they admitted the justice

of his claim. The clinching argument was that the importation of a piano meant the importation of some one to play it, and Cayote wanted no increase in population. But there was one thing they could do—they could go to the Rock and “smash what ye can’t bring back.” The boys embraced the proposition enthusiastically. A brotherhood of destruction organized and paid a visit to the benighted hamlet known as the “Rock.” They brought back few things and destroyed many. Among the things destroyed was the piano. Among the things brought back were four that had once been men. Three others were hesitating. They had accumulated so much lead in their persons that bets were even as to their recovery. But the honor of Cayote was vindicated.

Father McGrath had the quartette of corpses carried into the tiny church, where for six hours they were what Poker Jack called “on exhibition.” The boys expected something out of the ordinary at the interment, but the priest with amazing obstinacy refused to consider the four as martyrs in a good cause, and emphatically declined to deliver a Fourth of July oration over their remains. He said the boys were little better than heathen. But the priest’s eyes were alarmingly moist as he read the funeral services over those four dead ruffians, and the boys looked strangely solemn as the unfamiliar words sounded in their ears. Several times the voice of the priest shook slightly, but as the first shovelful of gravel rattled grimly on the lids of the plain pine coffins he broke down utterly and stood miserably silent, the tears running down his face, while even the boys hemmed and hawed with mournful gusto. They were full of sorrow, but their sorrow was for Father McGrath. It was a very quiet procession that marched from Dead Man’s Hill into Cayote.

After this first show of emotion the camp backslid into its old unrighteousness, and it is to be feared that Missouri John expressed the opinion of the boys when he said, “Right yere’s where we skin the Rock. Our funerals is strickly bang-up affairs. They’s some style in havin’ a parson do a song an’ dance over a man. Kinder gives a feller a high-toned send-off, don’t it?” Cayote agreed that it did.

Then Father McGrath braced himself to wrestle with death for the lives of the wounded men. He strove mightily for the preservation of those three worthless existences, and it was his unsleeping attention that held them back from the final leap and gave the hangman extra work. The priest was literally a father to the boys, and Cayote appreciated the fact. But as a priest he accomplished little beyond setting a good example—which no one followed. His work ended one night.

For some time past there had been a coolness between Poker Jack and Dutch Joe. The rumor had gone forth that the bullet which had come so near ending the gambler’s life had been from Joe’s revolver. Jack said nothing regarding the shooting except that it

was an attempt at assassination and that the bullet was of forty-five calibre. The only revolver in camp of that calibre was carried by Joe, yet the gambler refused openly to accuse any one. But he was sure the ball was of forty-five calibre. Now the difference between a forty-four and a forty-five bullet is, as every one knows, very slight, especially when the bullet in question is badly battered, and Cayote considered the classifying of the bullet as a practical accusation—as was intended. Cayote also knew that when the rumor reached Joe's ears an accounting would be demanded. Joe heard the tale. Cayote took good care that he did.

The German was a man of slow words, and before seeking explanation he carefully examined his revolver. He did not purpose committing suicide by drawing a useless weapon on the quickest and coolest man in Cayote, nor did he desire to lose his life through a missing of the first shot and the subsequent sticking of the cylinder. Men have died that way. The weapon was taken apart and oiled, put together again with great care, and a few test shots were fired to make sure that all was in working order. Then he went to the "Nugget."

All Cayote was there. News had been abroad that there was to be a settling of differences between the two men, and the boys all turned out to "see the fun." There were no bets made. The boys knew that Joe would be carried away. They had an original and peculiar notion of "fair play." They did not approve of ambushes or assassinations, but they would stand by and see a man who was slow and clumsy taken advantage of by a dead shot. The old gambling adage that "a man who has no chance to win stands no chance to lose" was not regarded by the boys when it came to a question of merely human life.

Poker Jack was indulging in his favorite pastime—which was also his means of livelihood—when Joe entered, and the boys drew to one side to give the two men room, and incidentally to keep themselves out of range. There are few things more discouraging than being shot by mistake. The priest was quick to notice the sudden shifting of positions, and instantly understood the situation. Then he moved closer to Jack. Joe walked up to the gambler, and, leaning over the table, said that he heard Jack had accused him of attempted assassination. Jack dropped his cards and looked up quietly.

"Well?"

Joe explained. He said he wanted no trouble, but he did not like to have such reports circulated about him, and as Jack had started the rumor, why——"

"Well?"

The cool insolence of the tone angered Joe, and he lost his head. An old maxim in lawless communities is to shoot a man first and call him a liar afterwards. It is not a pretty thing to do, but it is

sometimes wise. Joe forgot this and stepped recklessly forward, saying briefly,—“You lied.”

Father McGrath thrust himself between the men as two shots rang out. There was no third shot fired. Through the blue haze of smoke the boys saw the priest sinking to his knees on the floor. The heavy ball from the gambler's revolver had struck him just below the collar-bone, and it was a question of seconds now. Stimulants were freely used, and the priest had a flash of returning consciousness. Jack was on his knees beside him, cool and quiet as ever. “Father,”—he shook the priest's shoulder slightly,—“do you hear me? I didn't go to do it.”

The priest seemed to gather himself together by sheer power of will. He half raised on his elbow; his arm was extended, his fingers made the sign of the cross; his voice came thickly and with effort: “Ego”—he could hardly be understood, but the boys bent close—“Ego te absolvo.”

The men rose slowly to their feet and looked unsteadily around. On the other side of the table Dutch Joe was quietly bleeding to death. He had not drawn his revolver; Jack's first shot had come too quickly. Behind Poker Jack stood Yankee Jim with his shotgun, the muzzle of which was within a foot of the gambler's head. There would be no running away.

Fifteen minutes later the gambler was standing on the back of a Cayuse pony. One end of a stout grass riata was looped about his neck, the other end made fast to the limb of a cottonwood-tree. This arrangement commended itself to Cayote for its simplicity; when all was ready the pony would step aside, allowing the condemned to drop four feet before the rope tightened. Jack was familiar with the arrangement. He looked carelessly at the crowd for a moment. There was not a tremor in his voice as he spoke.

“Well, boys, here's hell.”

The swish of a quirt was heard, and the boys caught their breath as the lash snapped sharply on the pony's back. The pony sprang forward.

Theodore Gallagher.

THE LOMBARDY POPLAR.

SOME heavenward yearning stirred the breast of earth.
 And this fair tree sprang from the flowery sod—
 A leafy thought that in the mould had birth,
 An aspiration mounting straight to God.

Ella Calvert Hall.

FIRES IN METALLIFEROUS MINES.

THE terrible fires which are now raging in the mines of Smugler Mountain, near Aspen, Colorado, in which forty miles of underground workings are consuming, and the severe one recently in the Utica Mine of California, again direct public attention to these subterranean conflagrations in mines of a non-carboniferous character. The presence of the deadly fire-damp, or carburetted hydrogen, in coal-mines, and its liberation by the removal of coal, to accumulate in some excavated chamber, often reasonably enough account for explosions in those mines, followed by fire seizing upon the mineral and clinging thereto with stubborn, even irresistible, tenacity. There are mines of coal which are now burning and have been burning for twenty years, despite all efforts to assuage the devouring element. Into these fires the steam of sixty boilers has been steadily turned for many months, and then, after all efforts to extinguish them had proved futile, further attempts were abandoned, the district of the fire was cut off from the mine, walled up, and left to smoulder to itself, with its dead heat and confined caloric eating its way through the carbon.

Fires in coal-mines are readily accounted for, for there is fuel there to be consumed; but it would seem that among the barren rocks and non-combustible ores of the metalliferous vein there is nothing to burn, and that a fire in such a mine would be impossible; and if, in spite of seeming reason, a fire therein did occur, it would be not alone a phenomenon, but a paradox.

And yet in a metalliferous mine there is a fuel body wholly inconceivable to the coal-miner. This exists in the timbering. In coal-mines there is but little timber, and what there is is called "bratting," and is poorly placed to the eye of a metal-miner. The reason of this is that coal-mines are shallow and their mineral deposits lie in strata, while metal-mines are deep, the ore bodies presenting the forms of ventricular masses following the dip and depth of a line of fissure, either in one zone of rock or at the contact between rocks of different characters.

In a coal-mine the layer of mineral is dug out, except the columns which are left standing to support the roof. When the stratum is excavated and there are no like deposits above or below in the members of the formation, then most of the pillars are dug away and the roof is allowed to cave. In such mining timbering is a science but slightly called into play. It is different in a mine in which shafts are sunk two thousand, even three thousand, feet into the earth, and where tunnels are miles long; in which caving is never allowed, and drifts, stopes, and winzes are kept open, even after all the ore is taken

from them. In such mines, with their many levels and galleries, the art of timbering to sustain the sides and roofs rises to the highest forms of mechanical study. This is intensified by the various degrees of integrity of the formations through which the workings are run. When this is solid rock, the subject is comparatively simple. But when, as is often the case, one or both walls are of friable rock or loose conglomerate containing boulders, or when it is serpentine or talc, often wet, and sometimes with water that is scalding hot, when the foot- or hanging-walls may swell with an irresistible pressure after the drift is dug, then timbering is a problem worthy of the keenest intellect.

While the mines of the West were yet new and small, timbering consisted of mere "stulls" or sticks of wood braced into an opening immediately against that part of the wall which showed a bulge, and there was no system in their disposition. This method is used even now in some small mines or prospecting drifts on the deserts where timber is scarce, the wood employed being tamarack, juniper, or cottonwood; when this is unobtainable, green yucca is pressed into service with favorable results.

But in large mines timbering has come to be the most important branch of engineering, and into their labyrinthine recesses is driven, stick by stick, whole forests of logs. The wood most used is the sugar pine, but for no other reason than that it is generally the wood most abundant on the mountains contiguous to the mines.

From one plan and method of supports to another timbering has advanced to what is called the "square set" system, an admirable arrangement of frames and braces, but which requires an immense quantity of wood; so that these subterranean alleys, which ramify through miles and miles of the earth in a single locality, are really great cities of wooden buildings. As such, a fire in them, when it manages to communicate from one level to another, becomes an enormous empyrosis, and too often is a holocaust.

Thus it can be seen that there is abundance of material in a metalliferous mine with which to support a fire, and this material is frequently in a condition very readily to invite combustion. The air forced from above through all parts of a mine, with the high temperature which is generally present in deep mines, soon seasons the greenest wood and makes it dry as tinder; then a lighted candle, the most common article in a mine, held too close to a post or cap may ignite some fibres of old bark and so carry the flame behind the sprags or lagging, subsiding there in a smouldering fire which eats and chars but does not blaze.

This manner of burning was strikingly exemplified in a fire at the Green Mountain Mine in Plumas County, California. They had an engine on one of the levels fed by steam piped into the mine from a boiler above ground. The heat of the steam-chest so carbonized the wood of several posts on the side of the level that a

candle-flame, touching one of them, flashed into ignition, and before the men could get out of the mine the fire, through a "dry" process, had spread so that two of the hands were caught below and were asphyxiated.

Nor is wood the only combustible substance found in metalliferous mines. It is the belief of those now fighting the fire in Smuggler Mountain that it has ceased burning the wood and is burning mineral. But what mineral can there be in a silver-mine that would hold fire? The Smuggler people say that the vein of those mines lies upon a bituminous shale, and that it is this shale that is burning. This theory, when it was sent out by the correspondents to their newspapers, was received with an incredulous laugh by mining engineers and mineralogists all over the West, and even the types of the editorials pointed the idea with puns. But the statement is probably true. It is certainly not without precedent that bituminous shale should form a foot-wall of a metalliferous vein, even though the impregnation of bitumen might not be detectable in the rock with the naked eye. Bennett H. Brough mentions, in the "Transactions of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers," that such shale exists in a lead-mine in Derbyshire, and that gas emanating from it collects in fissures of the lime-rock wall and occasions fire-damp; and at the Silver Islet Mine, an argentiferous deposit on the north shore of Lake Superior, gas shot forth from a drill-hole and threw a flame nearly forty feet long. Some men were drilling in the foot-wall when water began to run from the drill-hole. It did not flow copiously, but they withdrew the drill, and one of the men for purposes of inspection held a lighted candle close to the hole. Instantly there sprang from the orifice a jet of fire which, as the hole inclined obliquely, blew with a furnace roar far down the level. When the first burst of ignition was over, which momentarily filled the entire opening with flame, the men hurried out of the shaft. They returned shortly after without a candle, and drove a wooden plug into the hole. When the gas had been forced out of the workings by pumped air they held a candle to the spot again, and again the gas ignited, there being a leakage notwithstanding the plug.

This gas is quite common in iron-mines, which often lie contiguous to beds of lignite; for it is remarkable that nature has often, and with seeming intelligent anticipation of the needs of man, arranged her distribution of iron in convenient propinquity to her storehouse of carbon. It occurs, too, in salt-mines, generated through decomposition of vegetable substances, and lodges in the crevices as fire-damp.

And there are other inflammable gases besides light carburetted hydrogen which are sometimes found in mines and cause fires. No ore is more commonly distributed through the masses of metalliferous veins than iron pyrites, a chemical combination of iron and

sulphur. The decomposition of this, which may occur through contact with water and air, evolves sulphuretted hydrogen, an inflammable gas; and as the process of its generation is attended with great heat, it might be possible for ignition to be started through this process and combustion spontaneously ensue. Fires starting from decomposing pyrites are common enough in coal-mines, and there is no reason to suppose that, with a chamber densely filled with sulphuretted hydrogen emitted from such a source, it might not be lighted from the same retort that produced it. Decayed wet wood in a moist atmosphere will engender an inflammable gas similar to marsh gas; this has frequently been found in abandoned parts of metalliferous mines where the timbers have rotted and the air is foul.

With all the readiness with which underground framework frequently takes fire, it is a fact that fires in the classes of mines I am discussing do not occur with anything like the proportional frequency with which they happen in buildings. To this fact is due a great deal of carelessness on the part of miners in handling fire below-ground. In the early days of mining, before powder came to be used as an explosive, veins were blasted by building fires up against them, heating the surface to a high degree, and then dashing cold water against it. The sudden contraction of the ore-body would cause much of the rock to spall off, while fissures more or less deep would break through parts of it and considerably lessen the work to be done by the pick or maul. But this kind of mining is peculiar to shallow mines, and is unsuitable to workings of great depth and distance. Deep workings like those of the Comstock or the Hecla are as much the results of the discovery of nitroglycerine and of scientific timbering as is the tall building a consequence of the elevator.

Divers phenomena are noticeable in connection with deep-mine fires, and among the most prominent are those affecting ventilation. It has been discovered that a fire above the opening of a mine, as the burning of a shaft-house, will draw all the air out of the lower recesses, and will at once smother all the life there is below. This was shown at the fire at the Hayden Hill Mine in Lassen County, California, in which such a condition was presented. There were two men in the mine at the bottom of a two-hundred-foot shaft. They knew the shaft-house was on fire, for the rope which connected the bucket with the drum of the hoist above burned off and fell to the bottom. They coiled the rope up in the bucket, knowing as they did so that their fate was sealed. Then they went up in the mine and crawled into the highest stope, doubtless hoping that enough air might remain there to support their lives. Their dead bodies were found in this chamber after the shaft-house had been consumed. The pathos of their situation was increased when it was discovered that at the time of their death they were within four feet of the top

of the ground, and that a few strokes of the pick through the earth which roofed their enclosure, and which they could easily have reached, would have made an opening through which they might have obtained pure air.

And the fact that fire above will draw the life-sustaining air from below, even when the air is abundantly pumped into the apartments beneath the fire, was fully and with fatal results demonstrated in the great conflagration which occurred on the Comstock Lode in 1869. The fire started in the eight-hundred-foot level of the Yellow Jacket Mine, and was caused by the timber catching from a lighted candle. It was not discovered until charred logs broke beneath the weight of the crumbling roof, and unsupported rock fell with a crash, choking up the gallery and expelling a blast of foul air and smoke through connecting drifts into the shafts of the Crown Point and Kentuck Mines, which were on the same lead of ore as was the Yellow Jacket. John Murphy, station man of the eight-hundred-foot level of the Yellow Jacket, heard a roar like the bellow of wind rolling through the drift, and saw fifteen lights in the station go out at once. He was stifled by the foul blast and fell down; but he managed to get into the cage, though he lost consciousness before he reached the top of the shaft. When he regained his senses he recollected that at the moment he fell he heard a voice in a level below him crying, "Murphy, send me a cage; I am suffocating."

As the deadly carbonic oxide gas rushed through the various channels of the mine, men were thrown down and were asphyxiated before any attempt at rescuing them could possibly have been gotten under way. The insidious gas expels the air, often imperceptibly to the victim. The first warning he has of his danger is usually the burning low and finally the extinguishment of his candle. While the light is fading he becomes conscious of a sense of dizziness, then a pain affects him in the region of the liver, and this is followed by an oppression upon the chest, as though there were some inert foreign fluid filling the lungs which he could not raise. This feeling does not continue long: he succumbs to unconsciousness, and if he is not speedily removed or provided with air, death quickly ensues. Men rescued from these horrors are temporarily demented; they gasp and laugh, or cry, shout, stagger, and sprawl in the most terrible of intoxications. Indeed, many of those gotten above-ground while unconscious do not recover, the poison having taken too deep a hold upon them, and death ends suffering of a few hours' duration.

Thirty-four persons were lost in those awful crypts of the Comstock, and some of the bodies were never recovered. Meanwhile air was being vigorously pumped from above into the nine-hundred- and one-thousand-foot levels, where a large shift of men had gone to work just prior to the breaking out of the fire. These levels being below the region of the fire, it was thought that the men in them might survive until the cage could be gotten to them, especially if they

took position near the tube of the blower conduit, as they would certainly do if they could. A lighted lantern was placed in a cage, appended to which was a pencil and a piece of pasteboard bearing the following message:

“We are fast subduing the fire. It is death to attempt to come up from where you are. We shall get you out soon. The gas in the shaft is terrible and produces sure and speedy death. Write a word to us and send it up on the cage and let us know where you are.”

The cage was sent down, and a few moments of breathless silence and fear fell upon those at the top of the ground as they waited to hear the signal gong strike to hoist; but it did not come, and presently the vehicle was drawn up. The light was out, and the card and pencil were intact; they told a tragic tale, for it meant that twenty-three men in that shaft were dead.

The methods of extinguishing fires in deep mines are much the same as those employed in coal-mines, though the damaging results from such operations are usually much greater in the former than in the latter. The most common way to suppress a fire in a mine is to flood it. In a coal-mine this can be done with but little injury to the future working of the property; but in a metalliferous mine it is very different. The timbers become saturated, swell, and burst, allowing serious caves where such would otherwise not occur. And then, though water will unquestionably put out a fire wherever it reaches it, there are parts of a metalliferous mine which may still be dry and burning when the mine is filled with water so that it will run over the top of the shaft. These are the stopes and winzes, those perpendicular *cul-de-sacs* or inverted wells rising from a level into the vein from which the ore is dug. These being filled with air and their timbers burning, the water will rise in them only so far as it is permitted by the resisting air; and so a portion of them remains dry while the oxygen in the volume of atmosphere which they contain will sustain the slow and stubborn fire until the water is removed, and so continue as a source of foul gas generation and communication for future spreadings of the fire.

The use of carbonic acid gas as an extinguisher affects combustion in a mine much the same as does water: the fire is extinguished where the gas reaches, but being a heavy fluid, it moves and rises much the same as water, and is in like manner repressed by the confined air in the stopes. It does not, however, damage the timber as does water, neither does it moisten it, and as soon as the gas is driven out of the mine the timbering is left dry as before, ready to rekindle almost upon the touch of a spark.

Steam as an extinguisher was exhaustively tested at the Comstock fire. All shafts were closed down, and for seventy-two hours

steam was forced into the mine. At the end of that time water was thrown down the shafts to clear the atmosphere, and men were sent below. The fire was found to be still burning, and as soon as the air reached it, it began to blaze. The hatches were thereupon replaced and the steam was again turned on for nearly four days longer. Men then entered the mine with hose and a hand-to-hand fight commenced. The hose party advanced and put out the fire, while gangs followed who cut out the burnt timber and replaced it with new. There was some caving, but the débris of this was removed and the cavities timbered up. It was in this way that the fire was gotten under control; but three weeks after so much was done and the men had resumed regular work in taking out ore, the fire again took head and it was necessary once more to close the shafts, turn on steam, and proceed to do battle with the hose as before. And when this had been continued long enough to show its inadequacy as a method of fighting fire, it was finally decided to set apart the worst of the fire districts in the several mines and wall them up, cement them air-tight, and leave the coals to extinguish themselves with the fumes which their combustion exhaled, a phenomenon which will take place if the air is entirely excluded. The fire in other parts of the mines was finally suppressed; yet six months after the burning was supposed to have been wholly quenched, men working in the upper levels of the mines would drive their picks where fire still smouldered.

The losses occasioned by fires in deep mines may be little short of the full sum invested in the underground improvements of the property. Not only must the timbering be replaced, but even the excavating must, to a large extent, be done anew. The vein, too, may, whenever it is exposed, be so spalled and disintegrated, its sulphurets burnt out, the ore melted into matte, that it may be difficult to gather any part of it. In short, a fire in a deep mine may be a ruinous calamity; and that they do not oftener occur may be adjudged, under present systems, more a matter of luck than care. In some mines, however, wise adaptation to the advances of science have removed nearly every element of risk from this source. The lighting of the workings with incandescent lamps has abolished the smoky and danger-breeding candle, and the replacing of sawdust with infusorial earth in the manufacture of giant powder allows no chance of ignition from explosives.

These appliances, with the directions for care against fire printed among the regulations of the mine and their observance enforced under penalty of discharge, would make infrequent those fires in metalliferous mines which sometimes culminate in such terrible scenes as are now being enacted in the bowels of Smuggler Mountain.

John E. Bennett.

THE SAMOAN FEAST OF PILAUI.

THE islands that lie scattered over the wide surface of the South Pacific contain but little animal life. No wild beasts lurk under the shadows of their luxuriant forests; not a song-bird wakens the echoes of their silent valleys with its note. A few of the very small quadrupeds, such as rats and mice; a few lizards of no great size; some paroquets, and insect-eating birds,—these, and the great bats that flit weirdly among the trees in the twilight, make up the list of land animals on all but the very largest islands of the great southern ocean. It was to have been expected. When the lost continent which once drove the waters northward till they covered the greater part of the land in the northern hemisphere sank into the ocean depths, it took with it, no doubt, whole classes and tribes of living creatures so strange and wonderful that, if we could but recover them, their bones would be esteemed a treasure to-day. Of that great continent none but the mountain tops are left, and as these were generally active volcanoes, they offered no refuge to the animals of the submerged land.

But with the ocean it was different. The life so strangely wanting on land abounds on the shores and in the sea. The bath of tepid water which surrounds each island within the circle of its coral reef is full of life. There coral shrubs of every form and color stretch their slender branches, and among them fishes, blue, and green, and scarlet, glide and linger; there shell-fish of the most lovely shapes and delicate tints lie under the shade of the coral shrubs, and huge bivalves from a foot to two feet in diameter bask like giant oysters in the warm water. Huge sea-slugs—the beche-de-mer of commerce—move slowly along the white floor of the still lagoon, like dark splashes on a surface of white marble. Sea-crabs are seen through the crystal water as they chase their prey, while on the neighboring shore the land-crabs climb the cocoanut-trees and cut down the ripened nuts to fall and break on the coral beach below, and there be devoured by the ingenious gatherers. Turtles sleep on the calm water, or come stealthily ashore by night to lay their eggs in the sand. A thousand forms of ocean life find homes in the warm lagoons, which are frequented by all but the sharks and other fishes of large size, too cautious to trust themselves within the zone of coral rock, where they would be at the mercy of their natural enemies.

One strange feature of this sea life of the tropics is the regular recurrence of migratory swarms of fish of very small size, that return in huge numbers year after year with such absolute regularity that the natives calculate on the event on a certain day in each year, and even within an hour or two of the day. One such swarm of fish

forms the occasion of an annual holiday and feast at Samoa. The fish is not unlike the whitebait for which the English Thames has so long been celebrated, and each year it arrives at Samoa on the same day in the month of October, remains for a day, or at the most two days, and then disappears entirely till the same day of the following year. Why it comes, or whence, no curious naturalist has yet discovered, nor has anybody traced its onward course when it leaves the Samoan group; but the fact is unquestionable that suddenly, without notice, the still waters of the lagoon which surrounds each island within the fringing reef become alive with millions of fishes, passing through them for a single day and night, and then disappearing for a year as though they had never come.

A visit to Samoa enabled me to see this strange phenomenon for myself, and to witness the native feast by which it is celebrated year by year. I had been in Samoa for a month, and in that month I had enjoyed almost a surfeit of beauty. I had coasted the shores of its islands in native canoes; I had bathed in the warm, still waters of its lagoons, fringed to seaward by the white reef on which the ocean broke in golden spray, and to landward by the silver beach of coral sand, flecked with the tremulous shadows of the swaying palms. I had climbed with my native guide the abrupt hills, covered with dense forests of tropical luxuriance, through the arcades of which I caught glimpses of the flash and lustre of the ocean's myriad smile; and again we had plunged into deep valleys among the hills, where little headlong stream murmur under the shade of the wide-spreading bread-fruit-trees, and wave the broad leaves of the great water-lily of the Pacific islands.

I thought I had seen nearly everything the islands had to show, and I ventured to hint as much to my friend, the old French priest, as we sat under his wide veranda and sipped a little of the wine he had succeeded in making from the grapes grown on the mountain some fifteen hundred feet above the sea.

The good father laughed as he replied, "But no, my son; it is that you will not yet have seen Pilaui." I was forced to admit it, as I did not even know to what the name referred, and I asked him where or what Pilaui was. "Ah," he said, "it is well. To-morrow you go to Savaii, and on Monday you return. On Monday, yes. Come then to me; it is that I will myself show you Pilaui."

My trip was a delightful one, and I had all but forgotten the good priest's promise till my canoe had crossed the little strait between Savaii and Upolo and I found myself once more in the calm waters of the lagoon. It was already late in the afternoon, and as the canoe skimmed swiftly over the glassy water I noticed that at each point along the shore where the conical roofs of the native huts could be seen rising, like gigantic bee-hives, from the undergrowth and trees, there were more than the usual signs of life. The bright, golden-brown skins of the tall, handsome girls shone in the sunshine

as they sat in groups on the beach, busily engaged in preparing kava, the native drink. Here and there the tall, stately figures of the younger men could be seen as they stalked leisurely around, taking an interest more or less lively, but always superior, in the work of the girls, the sound of whose laughter came softly across the water. There was a holiday air about the people such as I had never observed before, and I asked the native who was paddling nearest where I sat in the stern what it meant. For an instant he seemed unable to comprehend my question, and then, stretching his hand out to seaward, he pronounced the single word "Pilau." My eyes followed his hand, but, except the flash of the surf as it broke in musical thunder on the reef, and the dusky shadows when the sea-breeze ruffled the glassy surface of the lagoon, there was nothing to be seen that could explain his answer.

"Pilau?" I said. "What is Pilau?"

He glanced at me over his shoulder, and a smile lit up his handsome, good-humored face as he replied, "Pilau plenty good. When sun go to sleep Pilau come."

"Come?" I repeated impatiently. "Come? Where Pilau come from?"

Again he raised his hand, this time with a free sweep which seemed to embrace the visible ocean horizon, as he answered, "From sea—from all place—Pilau come."

"From the sea?" I asked. "Is Pilau a fish?"

"Pilau plenty fish; Pilau plenty good," he replied with emphasis. I let the matter rest at that. After all, it was only an ordinary feast of fish, and no doubt the natives I had seen on the beach had been engaged in cooking the fish and getting ready the other elements of the feast. I felt as if I had been rather imposed upon. A native feast would be interesting to a stranger, no doubt, whether fish or pork formed the principal item on the menu, but I looked upon myself as no stranger, on the strength of my one month's residence in the islands, and it seemed to me that my friend, the French priest, must have been laughing at me when he aroused my expectations.

When I reached his house at last I found that he was away on duty, and without hesitation I took possession of his dusky and comparatively cool study to await his return. A smoke in the worthy father's reclining basket-work chair proved the introduction to a sound sleep, from which I was awakened by his hearty voice as he shouted his welcome. I must have slept for some time, for it was already dark, and he had lighted the lamp before he discovered my presence.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "but it is that you will have come back for Pilau, and yet you will sleep."

I hastened to assure him that I was wide awake, and fully prepared to see anything that was worth seeing.

"It is well," he replied; "but it is that you shall first have of the coffee, and then it is that you shall see."

"But won't the feast be ended by that time?" I asked, by way of letting him see that I had penetrated his little mystery as to the nature of the sight he had promised me.

He smiled. "But no," he said. "It is that Pilaui will just begin to make itself to arrive."

"Have the canoes been out fishing then?" I asked lightly.

"The canoes?" he said, with a laugh; "ah, no, it is not so; but wait and you shall see."

Perhaps my friend had proposed the coffee to keep me in the house till the last of the daylight had faded from the sky, for when we sallied out it was completely dark. The house was nearly a hundred yards from the point, and it was not till we reached the edge of the beach that we obtained a good view of the lagoon. In the mean time, however, I had been prepared for something novel, for as we went I could see the flash and sparkle of lights which shone like giant fire-flies among the trees, and could hear the sounds of laughter and singing coming from the water, mingled with the solemn undertone of the surf on the reef.

The scene burst upon us suddenly as we came out on the open beach. We were standing under the shadow of the fringing line of cocoanut palms, looking across the dark belt of the lagoon towards the reef and the ocean beyond. I had done the same many a time before, but now I should scarcely have recognized the place, and still less the people with whom I had grown so familiar. As a rule the Samoan people are quieter, even in their enjoyments, than ourselves. A Samoan man may smile, but it is a rare thing to hear him laugh; a banquet is even a more solemn affair with them than a dinner party among ourselves; and even a dance is but a solemn show, in which the performers move slowly and gracefully, wave their hands and bend their heads exactly at the same moment and to precisely the same extent. Boys and girls, it is true, will laugh among themselves, but they are usually silent when their elders are present. Now the still night air was full of the sound of laughter, which floated across the water in bursts of light-hearted merriment. Most of it came from the canoes which flitted back and forward in the shadowy lagoon, but some also from the more distant reef, along the line of which great bonfires had been kindled, throwing strange ghostly lights and shadows across the water, hemmed in from behind by the black curtain which lay like a funeral pall on the ocean beyond.

In the light of the fires the low white barrier of the reef was dimly visible, and upon this hundreds of picturesque figures now moved about, engaged in preparations for the feast, while greater numbers still sat watching the groups of girls who performed the native dances, coming and going like unsubstantial shadows in the

gleam of the flickering firelight. It seemed as if the whole population must be here. Never in all my wanderings over the island had I seen anything to make me suppose the country could boast one-tenth of the people who thronged the reef, the lagoon, and even the shore, filling the night air with the low hum of voices, varied by laughter and occasional songs that rose mysteriously from among the trees.

At a signal from my companion a canoe which floated lazily on the shadowy water was brought to shore by a few strokes of the paddles, and we embarked, to find ourselves surrounded by a party of girls as full of mirth and mischief as among ourselves in a house-party at Christmas time. They laughed and sang, and apparently joked one another, very much like other girls with whiter skins and more extensive party costumes. We paddled slowly across the lagoon, which now, especially as we drew near the reef, appeared to be in a curious state of agitation. The still, dark surface heaved and shivered, with now and then a ripple and a flash, followed by dark swirls and widening whirlpools, that melted away in the shadows. The water itself appeared to be alive, and as we neared the reef we could see the men who lined the edge of the rocky wall let down their woven baskets into the water and draw them up again half full of little silvery fish that glanced and sparkled in the light of the blazing fires. I pointed them out to my companion, and he replied, "Pilau." "

We landed on the reef and joined a party who, seated on mats spread upon the smooth coral rock in a wide circle, were watching a dance performed by about a dozen girls. This was no wild German waltz, no voluptuous measure of chic Parisian origin, or such as is practised by the dark-eyed nautch girls of the East; it was a dance native to the soil and suited to its people, as it seemed to me no other dance could have been. Tall, graceful, stately, yet supple as eels in each movement, the very fact that the dancers wore no clothing, except the elaborately woven and dyed native dress, reaching only from the waist to the knee, made them look the more like graceful statues of golden bronze endued for the moment with life. The surroundings, no doubt, had something to do with the effect. The white floor of coral on which they danced; the flickering lights and shadows, which now showed and now concealed them; the wide ring of dark faces, grave and intent, that watched their movements; the dark belt of the lagoon on one side, corresponding to the darker and yet more mysterious shadow of the ocean on the other, formed the most fitting setting for the picture of that graceful and stately dance.

After the dance came the banquet, of which we all partook. A diet of whitebait served on leaves, with neither forks nor spoons, is, it must be confessed, a little puzzling at first; yet, after all, the art of polite dining with nature's own supply of forks is not so hard to learn. My friend the priest was an adept already, and before the feast was ended I felt that I was making satisfactory progress in

acquiring the new art, which yet is the oldest of all. It was strange, and yet it was pleasant, for there is a pleasure in the exercise of freedom, even if it be somewhat savage, not always to be found in the observances of society. After the feast there was dancing again, and then, I believe, once more the feast. We didn't wait for that. A canoe, loaded with laughing lads and girls, accompanied us to the beach, and my last recollection of the feast of Pilau is that of standing beneath the whispering palm-trees, as the canoe swept seaward again, framed in the light of blazing bonfires, around which moved the glistening figures of the dancers amid the sounds of laughter and of singing, while still from beyond there crept upon the ear the boom and the whisper of the shadowy ocean.

Owen Hall.

KING MCDUGAL'S KITTEN.

FROM the time when she was a mite of a girl, with a small white face, large brown eyes, and all sorts of beguiling ways, she had been called Kitten, but she it was who decided she was to be baptized Kitten. She decided a great many things about the ranch; perhaps she would have decided more if her father had possessed more of the gentle qualities which enable man to submit to woman's sway. But he had so few that in the eighteen years of Kitten's vigorous life, Mrs. McDougal never had grown accustomed to his comparative submission to their daughter. She had been sufficiently startled when, at Kitten's command, he built a separate house, known as the Hut, for the ranchmen; but the sight of a minister of God unmolested in his house so prostrated her that she was obliged to take a double dose of "Paine's Panacea for all Pains."

The Mission priests, familiarly known to the cowboys as "Devil-Dodgers" and "Sin-Busters," were warmly welcomed in their periodical visits to the Hut, but all knew that to enter the ranch-house unbidden might be to imperil their lives. For this reason Kitten seldom saw them. One of them, encountering her near the corrals, had presented her with a Church Catechism. It was the thoughtful study of this which aroused her wish to be baptized.

Kitten's distinguishing characteristic, which most endeared her to her father, was pluck. He often yielded to her requests because they were so audacious, and because she had more courage, as far as he was concerned, than the boldest cowboy on the ranch. Yet when, in her quiet way, she announced her intention of securing the services of the next Episcopal minister who visited the Hut, to make her "a child of God," he did not, as usual, suppress his oaths until she had gone. (She had a declared prejudice against all kinds

of swearing, and that was her reason for excluding the men; that, and the thinness of the partitions of the ranch-house.) The cyclone of his rage did not uproot her determination, and the result was that he not only permitted the ceremony, but was a witness of it, or rather of part of it. When he heard his daughter, to him the embodiment of purity and sweetness, "renounce the Devil and all his works," King McDougal could not contain his emotion, and rushed out of doors to give it space. Mrs. McDougal, the only other witness, followed him. For, though she sympathized with her daughter, she loved her husband so blindly and so completely that she did not wish to run the risk of eternal separation from him in the other world, in which she thoroughly believed, by the cultivation of superior virtue in this.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Kitten rose to her feet and shook hands with the minister as heartily as she might have done at her wedding. He was a young man who was very popular with the cowboys, because he spoke his mind fearlessly (which was not always safe on King McDougal's ranch, where for a priest there was no chance of redress from the master); because he could ride, even in accordance with their ideas of riding; and because they knew his was not only a muscular but a well-armed Christianity, whose steadiness of purpose was equalled by steadiness of aim. Kitten tossed back her short curls and looked at him gravely as she said:

"I feel better. There ain't too much of that sort of thing here. Mother thinks we'd better follow father, but I tell him I guess he's missed the trail."

If possible, her eyes were bigger and browner than usual in their intense earnestness. In spite of her genuine seriousness, she would not allow Basil Forrester to speak to her of the promises she had just made.

"I guess I'll take lots of teaching, for I'm a tenderfoot in religion, but I'll take it by degrees, and won't learn everything in one lesson."

So Basil, after giving her a worn book which had guided him through many a bog, said no more. He accepted her invitation to supper, with something of the Lady-or-the-Tiger feeling. It proved to be the lady, for Kitten presently returned with a basket and proposed that they should picnic where they could watch the sun set behind the Elk-horn Mountains.

"Father is a little worked up about this," she remarked, while spreading the meal on a cluster of large green leaves, "so I thought I'd give him a chance to cool off. That is the secret of getting on with him: give him a chance to cool off; then, when he wants rest more than anything, ask him for what you've made up your mind to get, and you'll get it. Is *your* father like that?" she asked, handing him a leaf.

"I have no father," he replied, idly wondering how her small

white face kept its delicacy amid these rough surroundings and rougher breezes. It was like the petals of a pure white rose.

"Oh, haven't you? Are you an orphan?" she inquired.

Basil assented.

She gazed at him ruminatively, while nibbling a biscuit.

"How does it feel to belong to nobody?"

"Well," he answered cheerfully, "as though you belonged to everybody."

"I 'spose that's because you're a minister. I'd hate to belong to everybody a little and nobody much." After a minute's thought she added, "Ain't you married?"

"No."

She studied him as unconsciously as a child, and with a practical expression, as if weighing his merits. But, though the result was evidently satisfactory, she only said: "I sha'n't be without he lives on this ranch."

She was so young that Basil thought "he" must be prospective, until she added, "Shall you be here in October?"

"If I am needed."

"I guess you will be," she answered vaguely, and he understood that she referred to her possible wedding. He wondered if her future husband were one of the men he had seen on the ranch, and hoped not. Her next words assured him that his fears were not causeless.

"Father says this ranch is going to be the best in Montana, and after him the only man with brains to run it is Dan Wilder." She paused a minute, not diffidently, but as if she were cogitating whether or not it was best to tell all. After a glance at Basil's serene profile, she continued:

"Do you know him?"

Basil remembered him as the head ranchman, the most determined swearer of them all; but with a dashing courage in his riding, and a dandyism in his picturesque costume, sure to attract a girl brought up as Kitten must have been. Yet he was sorry for her, for he thought her chances of happiness with Dan were very small. Before he had framed a judicious reply she exclaimed:

"Here he comes now?"

The young man galloped towards them, and at a short distance from them engaged in a showy altercation with his horse, in which it seemed that the horse would come off so much the victor that he would succeed in his determination to throw himself on his back and crush his rider. Accustomed as he was to all sorts of reckless exhibitions, Basil hardly could suppress an exclamation.

Kitten apparently was unmoved. When at last Dan subdued his horse, and leaped to the ground near her, she remarked, in a tranquil tone: "You are spoiling the best horse we ever raised. I told you when you began to break him you'd have the trickiest one

of the lot. "Horses ain't angels, whatever you think, and, if you want to break his heart, go on as you are."

Dan laughed indulgently, and, after hobbling his horse, came very close to Kitten.

"There ain't much you don't know, Kit," he said, putting his hand under her chin and turning her face towards him. With a side-glance at Basil, Kitten jerked herself free, saying briefly, "Quit!"

He threw himself on the ground beside her, and as he lay on his back, his head pillowed on his arms, his eyes fastened on her mischievous face, Basil studied him, hoping to learn that his judgment had been unjust.

He was a handsome fellow. With the exception of slightly bowed legs, due to the tender age at which he began his riding, his large, powerful frame was beautifully shaped, and showed to the best advantage in the loose flannel shirt, sealskin *chaperjos* of superfine make, and long boots, which were almost coquettish with their high heels and jingling silver spurs. His thick black hair, from which he had thrown his broad-brimmed hat, stood out like a lion's mane. His clear red and brown skin was made brilliant by the vivid scarlet handkerchief around his full brown throat, and was in odd contrast to his deep-set light gray eyes. They were almost fierce in the expression of uncontrolled love with which they responded to Kitten's teasing. She accepted the love as an indisputable fact, but was as ignorant of its depths as a child. Indeed, she played with it as her namesakes play with a ball.

"I met that weasened little half-breed coming here. He had the cheek to say he was coming to see you," Dan announced presently; "but I told him to vamose the ranch, for I didn't want any Spanish-Texan trash around here."

Kitten dropped a handful of the dry bunch grass on his upturned face, and said:

"I do."

Dan tossed away the grass with an impatient exclamation.

"So you'd better go after him," she continued coolly, "and tell him to come over to-morrow, and help me break my colt to the halter."

Dan started up wrathfully.

"I'll be blamed if I do!"

Kitten laughed wickedly, as she turned her back on him, with the remark: "And I don't want any jealous trash around."

"Who's jealous?"

"You."

"Me!" he shouted. "Of him?"

Kitten perked up her chin. "You've got reason enough, for you can't hold a candle to him for looks, or riding, or"—with an impish laugh—"horses either."

The last taunt seemed to madden her lover, and, as he sprang to his feet, his eyes threatened her with instant destruction. But she smiled back with increased sauciness.

"You'd better go after him soon," she said. "It's getting late."

With an audible imprecation, he threw himself on his horse, calling over his shoulder:

"If you cut up with him, somebody will be shot. Now you mark my words."

Kitten watched him as he galloped away, remarking to Basil, who had not spoken since Dan appeared:

"He thinks he means that."

Basil could not refrain from reminding her of the promises she had made so short a time ago, and explaining their solemn meaning. Whereupon her face lost its triumphant expression, and grew very sober.

"Glory!" she exclaimed; "I've laid out a piece of work! You say I can't stir up Dan, not even in fun—and you think I ought to make it up with him! He will be paralyzed, for generally, if he's sorry enough, I let him make it up with me. I sha'n't know how to go to work."

The idea amused her so much that she stopped several times in her task of gathering the fragments of their supper and placing them neatly in the basket, to double over in bursts of irresistible laughter. When she stood upright, swinging the basket to and fro, she asked demurely:

"S'posing I ain't sorry?"

Basil did not respond to her mirth, but said gravely: "Then you should be so sorry that you are not sorry, that your duty will be plain."

At first his meaning was not clear to her. She lingered, apparently intent on rooting up a clump of grass with her foot; but when she raised her eyes to Basil's, they were perfectly serious. She summed up her reflections in one word, "Glory!" and immediately darted away.

Basil did not see her again till the next day. In the morning he came upon her fresh from her contest with the colt. She was seated on the fence of a small enclosure in which was the colt, alternately nibbling her peace-offering of sugar and tasting the folds of her white flannel dress with the air of an epicure. Her face, hardly tinted by her exercise, framed in by her wildly tossed curls and lit by her brilliant eyes, seemed almost ethereal. Her expression was at once mischievous and wistful, as without preamble she exclaimed: "It didn't work!"

"Why not?" he asked, as he reached her side, and began to pat the colt.

She twisted the strings of her white sun-bonnet, which hung on her wrist, and said a trifle shamefacedly: "Well, you see, Dan got

so topping that I just had to stir him up worse than ever. I guess meekness is my halter, and I'll take a deal of breaking in."

Basil began to ask her if she had been successful in her attempts to train the colt; but, as if she had not heard him, she broke into one of her mirth-provoking laughs.

"Father always expects me to get ahead of Dan, and last night he said he couldn't see what I was driving at. He said what made me different from any girl he ever saw was my mettle, and he hoped I wasn't losing it. So I showed him the book you gave me and that about meek people. He said," she added, with another laugh, "he always knew I wanted the earth, but I took a plaguey poor way to get it."

Basil's visit to the McDougals' ranch lasted several days. It was the first he had made in which he was allowed to have any intercourse with the family. Even now it was limited to Kitten, for after inquiring, with a sardonic smile, if business were brisk, King McDougal avoided him, and his wife followed suit. Of Kitten, however, he saw a great deal, and the more he realized the underlying nobility of her nature, the more he regretted that she was to marry Dan Wilder. When he parted from her, he could not suppress a sigh of pity as he promised to return when she summoned him.

He thought of her continually during the summer, and in August, in the haying season, he unexpectedly heard from her. She wrote briefly that her father was dead and asked Basil to perform the burial service. He complied immediately with her request.

After the funeral he stayed to talk with Kitten, for Mrs. McDougal, too dazed to hear or speak, disappeared at once.

It was some time before he was able to see Kitten, for Dan was closeted with her more than two hours. During this time Basil could hear his voice rising and falling in bursts of violent feeling. When at last she was alone and admitted Basil, she seemed worn out by her argument with Dan. There was something so unearthly in the expression of her little face that an odd fancy occurred to Basil that she was not an embodied soul, but an ensouled body. True to her nature, however, she betrayed little emotion in her talk.

"If you don't stand right up to Dan, he'll bully you," were her first words. "Father always said so."

As if she remembered that "Father" never would speak again, her eyes filled with tears; but to Basil's words of sympathy she replied passionately: "Don't! I want to talk about Dan. Father gave the ranch to us two. There is a man who wants to buy an interest. Dan is willing, I ain't. I s'pose Dan thinks if I was his wife he could make me give in, for he wants me to marry him before you go. But I tell him not a day before October, and not then"—she hesitated before adding, "without he stops drinking."

She leaned her elbows on the table, and supporting her chin in

the palms of her hands, added, with a wistful look: "I can't do as much as I could with Dan."

Still keeping her position, her eyes unflinching, but her white face just tinged with a blush, she continued: "He's jealous of you now, because I would not have any one but you for father, and because I won't have any one but you to marry us. And what I wanted to see you for was to ask you to promise you won't come again until I send for you, even if it's years."

Basil promised. But, though he hoped it would be years before she married Dan, he fervently hoped it would not be years before he saw her again. He was about to ask her to write to him occasionally, and let him know if there was anything he could do for her, when Dan returned. His manner towards Basil was one of aggressive tolerance, as though he were under bonds to keep the peace, but would be glad if Basil would give him an excuse to break them. His fierceness and jealousy had increased, while his dotting fondness for Kitten was not so apparent as it had been.

Almost immediately Basil took his leave, but very reluctantly. Kitten's dauntlessness could not alter the fact that she was a comparatively defenceless girl, with perhaps only her mother's frail life between her and much misery. It was evident that her mother did not intend to live any longer than she could help, and after that—

During the month of September, Basil decided what he should do to help Kitten when that most urgent need of help should come. It came sooner than he expected. Four weeks after her husband's death, Mrs. McDougal followed him. As he had done before, Basil started for the ranch as soon as he received Kitten's letter. After the second and more mournful funeral, Basil returned to the house with Kitten and Dan, prepared for obstinate, perhaps violent, opposition from the latter to the proposal he intended to make. This was that Kitten should go to the city, for a month at least, and rest in the home of the Protestant Sisters of St. Mary. If this proposal was rejected, he had another to make to Kitten alone.

In person and manner Dan had greatly deteriorated. He had lost the clear red and brown complexion, the secret of his comeliness, and his face was unpleasantly red. He had flung away all pretence of tolerance, and in every look seemed to defy Basil to "knock that chip off my arm." As if aware that his hold over Kitten was loosened, he guarded her as a toothless dog a bone. Kitten was unchanged, yet all through the hardly tasted supper, and the miserable hour which followed, her eyes seemed imploring Basil not to leave her.

When Basil made his first proposition, Dan laughed loudly. Kitten said quietly that, as now there was only Peter's wife in the house with her, of course she could not stay here. Whereupon Dan laughed still louder, and abruptly desired Basil to leave him alone with Kitten. As her eyes bade him go, he went.

For what seemed an interminable length of time, he wandered around the house. The purpose of his first plan had been to give Kitten time to collect her energies, and, without haste, arrange her future. Yet, though this still seemed the wiser, in his restless walk he bent his whole mind to devising the best method of carrying out the second plan. When at last Dan rushed out, and almost immediately dashed off on horseback, Basil went in to speak to Kitten.

She had been crying, and, when she laid her hand in Basil's, her lip was quivering. For a minute she silently measured her height by his, and when she realized how much he towered above her, said: "How big you are, and how strong."

Then he understood that she meant to ask his protection; but this she did not do at once. She threw herself on the floor by the chair that had been her father's, and leaned her head against the wood as she used to lay it against his knee. She did this so naturally and unconsciously that Basil surmised that it was her constant habit. There was something so desolate in the attitude of her little figure that he could hardly keep back the words which rushed to his lips. Her eyes were dry and her voice tranquil as she said:

"That man's been bothering all this month. He wants to lay out a mile track and train some of the horses to trot. Dan's crazy, too. But I haven't given in. I won't have a partner who gambles, and that's all there is about it."

She leaned her cheek tenderly against the arm of the chair, and continued:

"Father used to say he'd like to see the person I was scared of. But it's easy to be brave with father to back you. Now I'm going to own up. I couldn't when I was alone, but now"—she raised her eyes to Basil's as if to assure him her astonishing statement were true—"I'm afraid of Dan. It don't seem as though it could be, yet between his drinking and his roughness, I am—scared."

She looked at Basil thoughtfully, her elbow resting on the chair, her cheek supported by the palm of her hand.

"I told him to-night that, ranch or no ranch, I never would marry him."

An expression of fear which was hardly noticeable, it was so shadowy, flitted across her face, as with an impulsive movement she sprang up and came to his side.

"To-morrow I want you to help me."

As she put her slender fingers in his, his own closed tightly over them. He rose to his feet, and in a gentle tone said:

"Would you be afraid to marry me?"

For a minute she looked as though she could not credit her hearing, then exclaimed impetuously: "I couldn't feel safer with father!" When she detected his involuntary smile she added, "or happier. Do you mean it?"

For answer, Basil would have taken her in his arms, but she re-

sisted him. Very gently he turned up her face and compelled her eyes to look into his.

"Can't you see how much I love you?" he asked.

At first she could not. Then, suddenly she threw her arms around his neck with such vigor that he was almost smothered by the mass of fluffy curls that buried his face.

"Darling!" she exclaimed with her cheek against his. "Dearest darling!"

When, as suddenly, she released him and would have struggled out of his hold, he would not let her. At length, with a little sigh, she laid her head on his arm and smiled up into his face.

"I guess I must have been more frightened than I dared to let myself know," she whispered, "or I couldn't feel so safe now."

At this minute, as if he had been waiting for this cue, Dan entered the room. He walked directly towards them, and, as Kitten involuntarily sprang away from Basil, put his hand on her shoulder, saying curtly, "You can get."

She melted from his grasp like a snow maiden. In another second, she was back in her old place, gazing over her shelter at the number of cowboys who poured into the room. There was no need to ask their purpose. Basil, with one arm still around Kitten, backed against the chamber door, and revolver in hand, awaited their first move. This he knew would be to dispose of Kitten. Whatever they did to him, he felt certain that they would not harm her. With rapid thought, he calculated his chances. There were six chambers in his revolver, and six men. He was sober. They all, except Dan, had been drinking. They were determined to kill him; he was as determined that they should not. Could he remain sufficiently cool to begin the attack and disable every man in lightning-like succession? He must.

While these thoughts were racing through his brain, Kitten, as if she felt the powerlessness of her small frame to shield his, clasped her hands over his heart, and laid her cheek on them. Every other feeling seemed swallowed up in her scorn and rage at the unfairness of the attack.

"Cowards! Cowards! Every one of you! Bill White, Buck Hawes, Peter Fifer! cowards! You wouldn't have set six men to one in father's time!"

"That's so," said a man in the back of the room. "You're enough without me. I'm out of this."

With a spring Dan, who had been about to take hold of Kitten, intercepted the man in his passage from the room. During the scuffle which ensued, Basil whispered to Kitten:

"Go, love."

"And let you die without me! For me? It's likely!"

"I shall not die if I can help it. Go, and spare me the agony of seeing you hurt."

A sudden light flashed into her eyes. She held up her lips, but as Basil bent to meet them Dan tore her from his arms, and swung her roughly across the room, shouting, "Take her, Buck!"

Almost before she recovered her balance, Basil saw her dash out her hand and knock the lamp to the floor. With a throe of despair, he realized that she had taken away his only chance. In the intense darkness, he heard Dan hurriedly giving orders. Then, almost in the same instant that he heard a bullet bury itself in the woodwork within an inch of his head, the door against which he was leaning swung softly open, some one swiftly pulled him into the next room, and as swiftly and silently closed the door.

For the space of one heart-beat Kitten's lips were pressed against his ear, while she breathed, "Dan's horse. Out the window."

In a moment he was out with her. In another he had thrown himself on Dandy Jim, with Kitten before him.

Dan's horse proved his worth that night. "There was mounting in hot haste," but no horse on the ranch was fleet enough to overtake him when he had a minute's start. They reached the nearest town just as day began to dawn, and, exhausted as they were, to make Kitten's safety doubly sure, were married at once.

For several days Kitten was very mute. It was not until they received news from the ranch that she recovered her spirits. "I'm glad I didn't kill Buck," she said, doubling up her mite of an arm to feel its muscle. "I don't s'pose I could have pushed him down those cellar stairs if he had been straight. And he bounced down head-first with such a thud. It was a narrow squeak for us, but we got there. Poor Dan!"

Later, she used to say, "I wish father could know that I've got the earth, or what's more than all the world to me."

Alice Miriam Roundy.

THE OPERA-GLASS.

ELLERY HALE writes in his Log-Book:

"CEDAR NECK, CONN.,
"July 18, 9.30 A.M.

"Weather: Fair, hot.

"I engaged a week's board last night at a fisherman's here on the Sound, and as I've had an adventure already I'll commit it to paper before the mood passes of. I left my lodgings early and strolled down to this narrow beak of land that juts out for a mile or more, with the sea on both sides. A ridge runs through it like the spine of a dolphin's back, surmounted by half a dozen weather-browned cedars, and there are the usual concomitants of shells and boating-houses and salt marshes smothered in rosemary. But what most took

my eye was a cluster of gay little tents at the hither end, with a flag flapping merrily, an open-air kitchen, and young people moving about—evidently a camping party. As I was enjoying the prospect at a respectful distance I caught sight of another figure seated on the dunes overlooking the sea—a regular Ariadne of the sands, who drove everything else out of my head. From her loose dress and fresh look I might have taken her for a longshoreman's daughter, except for the opera-glass which hung on a crimson ribbon over her shoulder. But, by heaven! no fisher-girl ever had such a carriage or such a pair of gray eyes. She only shot me one casual glance out of them, but I was ready to undergo a month of purgatory for such another. How different an opera-glass looks when a fellow's sister is handling it and when it is round the neck of an adorable being like that! I vow I thought it the prettiest little weapon in the world, and wished that I could remember the difference between mandibles and interscapulars,—for I knew in an instant that she was one of those bird-enthusiasts who study the customs of cock-sparrows and slay only with their eyes. Well, in course of time she left off her observations and went down to the camp, where I suppose breakfast was waiting. I lingered as near as I dared, and caught such fragments of conversation as were graciously floated out to me until the dog set up an unmannerly barking, and a fine old gentleman who looked like a retired D.D. came to the door of the pavilion and called him off. Heigh-ho, what a pity that Mrs. Grundy declines to let a man embrace fortune without her good offices!

“I have found a little cove here below the old breakwater, with a quarter of a mile of beach as smooth as a billiard-table and not a soul within gunshot, and here I can loaf and amuse myself at my ease. By Jove! I believe I know how I'll do it, too—why didn't I think of it before? This wet sand looks to be the very thing.”

Elizabeth Owen writes in her Journal:

“CAMP CROCHET,
“July 18, 10 A.M.

“A week to-day since we pitched our tents! We had a rather amusing dispute this morning over our hoe-cakes and coffee. Will and I had gotten breakfast, as usual, while uncle took his dip, and Elinor went off with her opera-glass to observe the daybreak habits of sandpipers. She came back in a fine state of exhilaration, and was no sooner seated than she launched out into a glowing account of one of her ornithological expeditions, ending something after this fashion:

“Well, I was completely at a loss. In general appearance it seemed like the yellow-winged, but the tail was longer and the streaks underneath were altogether too marked, even for an immature bird. I believe I stayed there watching it for two hours. And what do you suppose it proved to be? Why, a Henslow's bunting! Yes, that was one of my triumphs.’

“There was the customary awkward silence with which ignorance greets the specialist, finally broken by uncle with one of his unflinching quotations.

“‘These earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,’

he said.

“‘Well, what of them?’ demanded Elinor suspiciously.

“‘Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.’

“‘Oh, another of your Shakespearian heresies, uncle. Science is science.’

“‘Truly, my dear, and poetry is poetry, and a very good thing too. I, for one, don’t care to inquire whether a robin’s tarsi are scutellate or non-scutellate, but I do like to hear them sing in the morning, and don’t object to eating a few in a pie.’

“‘Really, I never heard a tarsus sing, so you know more about ornithology than I do,’ returned Elinor sweetly. She has the sweetest way of saying the sharpest things of any girl in Christendom—it is part of her charm.

“‘If a man could only acquire a few feathers, now,’ I observed, ‘he might hope for a little consideration from Nell.’

“‘That’s easily done, in some parts of the country at least, and a coat of tar to boot,’ remarked Will *sotto voce*.

“‘The goose is a bird that a great many young men are successful in emulating,’ suggested Elinor with a delightfully impartial air.

“Just at that moment Rover began to bark outside, and peeping through the tent curtains we saw a fine specimen of the genus just described moving off rather hastily towards the shore. I was sure he had been listening to our nonsense, but Elinor only laughed and said she hoped he was edified. She has started off in search of a marsh-wren’s nest. Uncle and Will are out blue-fishing, and I am going to collect sea-weeds, leaving Rover on guard.”

Elinor Owen writes in her Bird-Record:

“‘THE PERCH,’

“July 18, 11.30 A.M.

“Came up here soon after breakfast, but so far have succeeded only in starting two or three ‘pipers. There is a colony of water wrens among the reeds down below, but the tide is too high for explorations at present. A delicious little breeze is blowing over the point, and the white-caps running in, with the lazy boat-sails, make an adorable picture. For lack of anything more important I will describe a little episode of which I have been an (as it were) involuntary spectator. I was ‘ranging the landscape,’ as uncle says, when I caught sight of a dark object at the edge of the creek, and, turning my opera-glass idly in that direction, discovered that it was no other than the young *inconnu* whom we noticed rambling over the downs this morning. I thought at first that he was digging clams, but his

actions were so curious that I couldn't help watching him; of course, he could not see me, for I was behind a clump of cedars, and it was too far off besides. Before long I made out what he was doing: modelling something out of the sand, which I suppose was just moist enough to keep its consistency. I was soon as much absorbed as he, especially when I found that the something was a recumbent woman's figure, which slowly emerged, like a sphinx rising up from the desert. She was in a sort of 'Sleeping Ariadne' attitude, only not asleep evidently, but leaning on one arm, as I always do; in fact, I fancied that she was just about to raise a glass and take an observation to seaward. I forgot everything in watching him, for it was the most enchanting performance I ever saw, and the spice of romance—or of novelty, I mean—gave the situation an added relish. It was a great opportunity, too, to study his face; I usually detest handsome features in a man, but his were an exception, so bold and full of character. Well, when he got through he took the point of his stick and wrote 'Ellery Hale, *fecit*,' just like a boy, in big letters half a yard long; and then he sat down and watched the tide come in and melt it all down till there was nothing left but a little mound. Afterwards I saw him strolling along the beach in the direction of our camp. No doubt he is one of the Boston Hales, and so a sort of cousin-by-marriage of ours. It seems like a wilful waste of one's opportunities not to make his acquaintance.

"I see that the canoe has come in, and I must go down and help Liz to concoct a chowder, if they have had good luck with their fishing."

Elizabeth continues her Journal:

"Later—4 P.M.

"I can't understand it! it is so odd, and not a bit like Elinor, for she is usually a great stickler for the proprieties. To begin with, the fishermen brought in a fine catch, and we indulged in bass *grille* and other extravagances. Just as we were about to sit down Nell said with a sort of blush,—

"'Uncle, I think it would be only ordinary civility to invite that young man up to share our spread. It must be very tiresome for him, dangling his legs over the rocks.'

"'But we don't know who he is, my dear, or anything about him,' demurred uncle, as much surprised as I was.

"'Oh, well, he looks like a gentleman, and one mustn't be too particular in this wilderness. Run along, Will, and say that your uncle presents his compliments and would be pleased to have him take dinner with us. I hope he won't mind eating with the butter-knife and a pickle-fork.'

"Will started off, and soon returned with the stranger, whom he introduced as Mr. Hale, and who explained, with the proper acknowledgments, that he was taking a vacation trip through New England

and had stopped here for a few days to have a breath of salt air. Uncle acted the host very graciously, making a pretty speech about our having Shakespeare's authority for a maritime Bohemia, and Nell apparently exerted herself to turn the heads of the whole company. He noticed her opera-glass at once—she never takes it off, for 'who knows when a cassowary may fly by?' as she says—and told us that his sister was a great student of birds, that he had often accompanied her in her expeditions, and thought ornithology the most delightful of the natural sciences; although, of course, he made light of his own acquirements.

"We shall have to break a lance at some future time, sir," observed uncle. "I maintain that analysis is destructive of true enjoyment."

"We all began to argue the point, and then again Elinor said such an odd thing. I was feeding old Rover with crusts, when she stopped me in the most whimsical way, telling me that I should never throw away bread.

"Why so? Out of respect for Hans Andersen's story of the girl who trod on the loaf?"

"No; but I once heard of a gentleman who could mould all sorts of wonderful things out of bread-crumbs, and then he coated them with mucilage and presented them to his friends. I dare say Mr. Hale knows how to do the same thing."

"Why do you think that, fair lady?" asked Mr. Hale, smiling. Poor fellow, I know the signs so well. Why is it, I wonder, that Elinor always elicits that sort of romantic homage from her admirers? Even the old sea-captains address her in the same tone. This time, however, I thought she appeared a little confused.

"Oh, I have my intuitions," she said. "Tell the truth now, aren't you an artist?"

"Why, I have done something in that line—in clay modelling. I never undertook the bread-crumbs," said Mr. Hale.

"After dinner he insisted on helping us to wash up the dishes, which we always do by piling them into a basket and churning it up and down in the shoal of the tide. We laughed so much over this intellectual performance that we felt quite like old friends, and afterwards Will invited us all to go fishing for eels from off the rocks after dark—eel-fishing being Will's crotchet. I asked Nell privately how she came to guess that Mr. Hale was an artist, but she wouldn't answer; I suppose it must have been something in the shape of his hands.

"Uncle keeps his eye on her, by the way, as if she were a second Miranda, and he Prospero."

Ellery winds up his Log:

"CEDAR NECK, July 25.

"The Owens break camp to-day. Yesterday afternoon I chartered a cat-boat and we went over to 'Cockenay,' as the natives call

it—a Crusoe's island whose strip of beach we found strewn with drift-wood, oyster-shells, and sand-hiddlers. It is a famous place for explorations, being diversified with all manner of inlets, banks, reefs, and rocky paths. Dinner being over, the party scattered on various pretexts, and after making a tour of the realm I began to look about for Miss Elinor. I had not looked long before I discovered her white helmet patiently stationary at the edge of a reedy morass. Will had gone in for a swim, Miss Lizzie was spreading her sea-weeds, and the old gentleman, I suppose, was quoting Shakespeare to the skipper. I stole off and cautiously approached the beloved devotee.

“‘They are either sharp-tailed or seaside finches,’ she said, without turning her head, as soon as I came near enough to her. ‘It seems to me that the coloring is hardly pronounced enough for the sharp-tails. But it is so hard to be positive. Won't you take a look, Mr. Hale?’

“As she spoke, she unstrung the glass from its ribbon and offered it to me; my hand encountered hers in the transfer. When I raised it, a tremor seemed to be blurring the landscape; but I steadied myself, and in time made out one of the most ordinary little sparrows that my eyes ever rested upon.

“I had not skated on thin ice so long, however, without acquiring a certain aptness. I ventured a comment or two which seemed to satisfy her.

“‘Miss Owen,’ I then said, ‘I am almost jealous of this glass, it absorbs so much of your time when your friends want to talk to you.’

“‘You, at least, ought not to be jealous,’ she returned. ‘That glass is a particular ally of yours.’

“‘An ally of mine! How is that possible?’

“‘Have you forgotten my asking you, very early in our acquaintance, if you were not an artist?’

“‘Forgotten! That question has been a hopeless enigma to me. Pray clear it up.’

“I looked at her. There was a dimple at the corner of her mouth in which Cupid seemed residing.

“‘Oh, very well,’ she said. ‘Since you are so culpably modest about your accomplishments, you shall hear the truth. I was looking across the cove that morning and I saw you—indeed, I didn't intend to—’

“‘Saw me?—but do you walk invisible? The coast was clear. I satisfied myself that there was no one in sight.’

“‘Yes, but through my opera-glass, you know—I was watching for birds. I saw you carve out the sand-maiden, and saw the tide rise and flow over it. Naturally, I felt a slight interest in the artist who could afford to make a *chef-d'œuvre* of such unstable material.’

“‘And it was you who invited me to dinner? I asked, a light breaking over me.

“‘Oh, yes—in my uncle's name, of course.’

“I am going to Berkshire next week—to climb Greylock. You will let me call on you there?”

“If you like. Perhaps I can show you a white-throated sparrow.”

“She rose, and we began pacing back towards the boat.

“And you do really think that this was a seaside finch?” she urged presently.

“I am sure it was! And I adore the opera-glass!”

Dora Read Goodale.

A SCIENTIFIC READER.

HE was well past ninety, my grandfather, and our hopes and fears were all with him as he pressed on towards the goal of a full hundred. It really began to look as if he might round the last decade in triumph, so gallant was his running. If he succeeded, all of his name felt that it would not only shed a certain distinction upon them, but would also give them a comfortable personal assurance of yet many years in which, at their leisure, to grow wise, become famous, and repent of their sins.

“Oh, yes, I am very well,” he said with fine bravado, in answer to my dutiful inquiries. “I cannot see, I cannot walk, I cannot eat, but otherwise I am in perfect health.”

What my grandfather really meant was that it now made his eyes smart to read fine print in a poor light, that he had had at last to give up his five-mile walk before breakfast, and that he could no longer outrage his stomach with old-time impunity and old-time cookery. If there was, to this extent, a slight suggestion of the false in his account of himself, there was also in it, it must be confessed, a trifling suppression of the true. His most obvious infirmity did not figure in his own list. He was very deaf.

This is not to say he ever admitted it. Of course, all a man’s senses get a bit dull at his time of life; but, as far as hearing was concerned, he would have no difficulty in catching everything that was said were it not for the degeneracy of modern speech. If people would only open their mouths and speak out!

My own articulation was particularly faulty, I found, when I sat down with my grandfather to his lonely dinner and made desperate efforts to converse. I was soon thrown back upon my own thoughts, which were mostly occupied in drawing a dismal picture of the length and tediousness of that Easter vacation, billeted upon him as I was for the whole of it. Under the most favoring circumstances the inviting topics of conversation between twenty and ninety must be few; and when ninety is unable to hear twenty, and flies into a passion over twenty’s unintelligible mumblings, it tends to dry up speedily the flow of social intercourse.

"Why, it seems sometimes," burst out my grandfather, after vainly saying "Hey?" and "What's that?" to one of my stentorian remarks, "it seems sometimes as if the proper use of the vocal organs had become a lost art. It's most slovenly and abominable, the kind of thing you young folks drop into and call it talking. You mutter and whistle and squeak and grunt like so many cave-men. No, I'll not say that of all of you. There's one of the younger generation I know who has not yet dropped into your style of inaudible wheezing. You will see her here to-night."

I looked, rather than asked, for enlightenment.

"I mean my reader, you know. She comes every evening to give me an hour's reading. It's nearly a year now that she has been doing it. The dear girl! I couldn't get on without her."

I suppose I must have worn that alert and interested air which the mention of girls always produces in the average college junior. At any rate, my grandfather divined in some way that I wanted information, and went on.

"It's Gertrude, Gertrude Wyman, the daughter of my old manager, dead and gone more than a year ago, poor fellow. He didn't leave much, and she's rather glad, I suppose, of what I pay her for her reading—but, bless you, she earns it fairly enough. *She ar-tic-oo-lates*. She doesn't shriek or bellow, or make a speaking-trumpet of her hand in that idiotic way you have, or come up and yell in a man's ear; she just calmly and quietly and correctly ar-tic-oo-lates. That's why I call her a scientific reader. It's no great mystery. It's simply her clear, normal ar-tic-oo-lation—not a syllable missed or scamped; not that fashion of having one word come grinding through your nose and the next choked to death in your throat, but the perfect formation of every sound and its impact on the ear in a steady, even flow. No doubt it's partly a natural gift, but then she had long years of practice. She used to read to her father regularly, and you see he was like me in being a little—well, he was a man as fond as I am of distinct ar-tic-oo-lation."

"What does she read to you?" I asked. There are no types large enough to indicate the volume of voice I used. I was on my mettle, and bound that no mere dear girl should out-articulate the most finished elocutionist of his class. To my delight he heard me.

"Read? Oh, all sorts of things. Bits of science, modern discovery, travel and exploration, history now and then. You see, I leave the choice pretty much to her, and she takes pride, she says, in keeping me right up to date. She's determined, she tells me, that the world sha'n't get away from me as long as I stay in it. It's a good thing, too. A man ought to keep his mind open to new ideas even when he is old. If he stops growing he might as well stop living. Fresh impressions and interest in progress keep a man young and make him live longer."

There was such a bright, eager air about the old gentleman that

for the moment I quite forgot his deafness, and began in an ordinary tone:

"That is very interesting. You remind me of Jonathan Edwards and one of the rules he——"

"What's that you are saying?"

"I said you reminded me of——"

"Hey?"

"You remind me of Edwards——"

"I can't hear a word you say."

My elegant allusion seemed on the point of being hopelessly lost, but I made a manful effort and shouted:

"Jonathan Edwards thought just as you do!"

"Well, why didn't you say so? Why, yes, I knew John Eddy very well, and, as you say, he kept up with the times remarkably for an old man. But he hadn't such a reader as I have to help him about it. That girl! The fact is, she is immensely interested herself in taking charge of my education, so to speak. She treats me as still in the formative age. You needn't chuckle to yourself about second childhood! Wait till you see my scientific reader—she's no kindergartner. Wait till you hear her read. That's an education of itself, irrespective of what she reads. I've forgotten what the article was she was going to bring—new light on French history, or some such thing, I believe it was. It will interest you, too, I have no doubt."

I began, indeed, to hope I might be interested. But my fancy played more about the reader than her theme. A dear girl coming in every evening had her possibilities. That ten-day vacation might be suffused with a romantic gleam, after all.

But when the scientific reader entered the door, romance flew out of the window. "Girl" in a nonogenarian's mouth is not a precise term of speech. A female forty years younger than yourself must be a girl. If not, what, in Heaven's name, does it make you out to be? Gertrude Wyman was fifty if a day.

But she was, nevertheless, a person to be interested in, if not romantically. Her quiet self-possession, her firm, deliberate movements, her steady gray eyes and thin, compressed lips, her severely plain dress and brown hair smoothed back from her temples, gave her an unmistakable distinction, if no very outstanding charm. And her reading was certainly all that my grandfather had boasted. Such clear perfection of enunciation, such pursuing and penetrating stroke of vowel and such insinuating dart of consonant, such steady rhythmic ictus and skilful cadence, without effort and without fatigue—it was truly something to wonder at. Her subject had no attractions for me—"Some Napoleonic Illusions." A man could not have reached my age and stage of culture without having already had about all the illusions of life dispelled. Why bother about one particular set more or less?

So I did not feel compelled to keep my seat long, but wandered about the library with a *blasé* air, looking at the books and pictures. I even strayed out into the dining-room and experimented with some of the illusions on the sideboard. But wherever I was, that extraordinary reading filled my ear. I began to speculate how far that gently iterative voice could carry. If I went out to the stables, could I still hear? If she really were to make an effort, it seemed as if she must easily have surpassed the historic feats of Whitefield or O'Connell.

My grandfather settled down in his chair before the fire with a look of quiet ecstasy on his face. His eyes were closed; his hands lay limp on the arms of his chair. Was he really listening, or was he asleep? The doubt was no sooner raised than dispelled. I saw him start up impatiently.

"Lord bless my soul! what's that the fellow says? Read that again."

The even, staccato tones resumed:

"The general of the Army of Italy no doubt found it to his advantage to allow the story to get afloat, but there is no satisfactory evidence that Napoleon really led the charge across the bridge of Arcola."

"Why, what infernal nonsense is this? No evidence. Isn't it in all the books? Aren't there pictures, aren't there——"

"But do wait and see, Mr. Arbuthnot, what comes later. Let us not prejudge."

"What do I care about what comes later? Do you suppose I am going to sit quietly by while the foundations of history are being destroyed under my very nose?"

"Why, Mr. Arbuthnot," said Miss Wyman sorrowfully, "I hope you are not going to close your mind to historical proof. The writer admits that Napoleon was in the *mêlée*, perhaps on the bridge itself in the confusion, and only denies that he dashed across at the head of the troops."

"But that's the very point of the whole thing!" cried my grandfather hotly. "Haven't I read it fifty times? Haven't I heard it all my life? No satisfactory evidence, says this half-baked idiot! Why, what better evidence do you want than this?"

He leaped to his feet, waved his arms wildly, and shouted:

"Conquerors of Lodi, follow your general! Forward to save your general!"

The stiffest sceptic could not have withstood the demonstration. There was Napoleon in person, at the age of ninety, forced over the dike and in imminent danger of suffocation in the morass. The thing really to be feared, however, was that the old gentleman would actually be suffocated by his own historical indignation. But luckily he was not of the apoplectic, Sir Anthony Absolute type of full-fed old age.

Miss Wyman quietly waited with a reproachful air for the storm to subside. It sank as speedily as it had risen, and then she read on. There came a long, dull waste of platitude, fitted to arouse no emotion but that of utter weariness. But suddenly the tempest broke again.

“What’s that? Did I hear that right?”

“It was a wonderful charge, a sullen retreat, a splendid standing up to be slaughtered in order to allow the emperor to escape; but there is no contemporary evidence going to show that the defiant cry attributed to the commander of the Old Guard was ever really uttered!”

“The impudent scoundrel! Does he want to rob us of that, too? If you think I am going to have the patience to sit still under such inconceivable, such——”

“But just listen, Mr. Arbuthnot: ‘All the first reports of the battle have been studied, the bulletins, the despatches, the pamphlets, and nowhere is there a suggestion, nowhere a scintilla of——’”

“Scintilla of perdition!” exploded my grandfather. “What do I give for his bulletins and his despatches? Not the snap of a finger! ‘Contemporary evidence,’ says the contemptible fool! If I had him here I’d give him a taste of it. I was alive at the time of the battle of Waterloo, I’d have you understand, and where was this miserable scribbler then, I’d like to know?”

In his excitement he rose and began backing away from invisible enemies, at whom he made desperate cuts and thrusts, while crying hoarsely:

“‘The Guard dies; it never surrenders! The Guard dies; it never surrenders!’ Tell me that Cambronne never said that! Tell me that some wretched penny-a-liner invented it! Oh, this is too much for flesh and blood!”

Miss Wyman looked pained. It was no doubt hard for her to find a mind she was training into tolerance still with so much about it that was intractable and rebellious. But she was as calm as a summer’s day. She sat back and coolly gave the paroxysm time to pass away into subdued mutterings. Then she said quietly:

“I think it would be better for me not to read any more to-night. It seems to excite you to have your prejudices crossed.”

“Excite me! Prejudices!”

“There, there, Mr. Arbuthnot, I see I was right. I will stop here and leave you to compose your mind.”

“No, no, don’t go. Don’t, I beg. I’m really very much interested in it, and if it weren’t for his confounded—well, never mind that now. Do go on!”

The reading flowed on again, and all went smoothly till the mind of the old man once more found it absolutely impossible to open to an up-to-date view. It was the following passage that did the mischief:

“Napoleon has been charged with extraordinary rudeness and grossness in his treatment of women, but it may be doubted if his lapses in this respect were more flagrant than those of other men of his day. Manners in court and salon were not all that they have been pictured, and Burke’s age of chivalry in France was gone before Marie Antoinette’s time.”

“Now stop right there,” said my grandfather. “I don’t want to hear anything more from that jackanapes.”

“But I am nearly through now, Mr. Arbuthnot. The rest is very interesting. He gives his evidence, you know, about the real state of French manners at that period.”

“Well, I don’t care for any of his evidence. Don’t I know beforehand that the fellow is lying?”

“Yet you must listen just for a moment. I surely ought to read you what he quotes from General Thiébault’s ‘Memoirs’ about Marie Antoinette’s being seen at Versailles in a dirty cotton gown, and about the ribald jokes made at her expense by the gentlemen of the guard and the young nobles.”

“And you expect me to credit that! General Thiébault, indeed! A despicable slanderer he was, I’ll venture to say. Marie Antoinette in a dirty cotton gown! Am I the man to believe that? Should I believe it if some cur told me that he had seen *you* in a dirty cotton gown? Well, then!”

“Oh, do let us stick to the point. You know, Mr. Arbuthnot, how we expressly agreed to read for the sake of getting new points of view, and——”

“New points of falsehood, that’s what they are! Insulting the queen at Versailles! Didn’t Burke see her there? Couldn’t he see as straight as any jaundiced general who couldn’t get his promotion? And what did he say about Marie Antoinette?—‘Glittering like the morning star.’ That’s the way I used to declaim it. ‘Glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy.’ I tell you it was an age when every man worshipped female beauty and grace. And now here comes this upstart and wants us to give up that finest of all sentiments—that of tender and knightly deference to woman.”

“Oh, no, Mr. Arbuthnot, you quite misunderstand. Just let me——”

“Be still, will you. Deference to woman, I say——”

“But I want to explain——”

“Am I to be driven to fury by a little chit like you? The most delicate consideration for woman’s lightest wish, I say, a manly and honorable devotion to her service, the loftiest courtesy—that was the great characteristic of the age. It was, I say. I will not be contradicted. I know it in a thousand ways. Why, I can prove it; I can cram it down the villain’s throat; why—I feel it in my bones that it was so. Ribald jokes about the queen’s rumpled gown!

A likely story! Why, I tell you, ten thousand swords—what is the rest of it?"

He faltered for a moment, then sprang up and snatched the poker from the fireplace, which he brandished over his head while he fairly roared:

"Ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult!"

Panting with his exertion and with anger, my grandfather leaned against the table and said, pounding the floor with the poker at every word:

"There, what have you to say to that?"

"I have to say that one of the ten thousand swords had better be put back into its scabbard at once," replied Miss Wyman icily. She promptly rose and took her coat and hat. The fury of combat instantly fled from the old swordsman's face, and he humbly begged for quarter.

"What, you aren't going already? Don't go yet."

"My hour is up. We have had so much—argument, that the time has gone quickly—pleasantly to you, I hope."

"Gertrude, my girl, you mustn't mind the tantrums of a poor old man."

She softened at once.

"Is there anything I can do for you before I go? Does Mrs. Horton look after you as she should? Is James attentive and faithful?"

"Oh, yes, everybody is kind and everything is right, only—well, you know this is the brightest hour of my day, and it is so soon over."

"Then you do enjoy our reading together?"

"To be sure I do!"

"It helps you to keep up with the progress of the world?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And prevents your mind from becoming set and bigoted in its ways of looking at things?"

"I—I believe so."

"And has our reading to-night increased your reverence for woman, made you more gentle and considerate, inspired you with a chivalrous deference, a——"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Gertrude, anything you like! There, I suppose you really must go. But you will come to-morrow evening without fail?"

By this time the scientific reader was in the hall, and my grandfather turned and shouted to me:

"Come here, sir; where are your manners? Get your hat and walk home with Miss Wyman. You'd not have the chance, I promise you, if I were only seventy years younger."

Rollo Ogden.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



A Manual of Locomotive Engineering. By W. F. Pettigrew and A. F. Ravenshear, B.Sc. Illustrated.

The authors leave little to be desired in this work, which almost merits the title of "Encyclopædia," so exhaustively does it treat of the designing of Locomotive Engines. The scope of the work is not limited to the practice of any one country; in fact, the *Manual* is constructed along the lines of an unbiassed comparison of practice in the United States, Great Britain, and on the Continent, affording an opportunity for a careful study of design as affected by local and national conditions. There are two hundred and eighty illustrations and nine plates, beside Tables on such subjects as Resistance Dependent on Velocity, Resistance due to Gravity, Results of Engine Trials, etc.

The *Manual* should be of especial value at this time, when so many locomotives for use on foreign lines are being built in this country, and may also point out to American engine-designers details by means of which they may still more successfully compete for European trade; nor is it useful only to the trained engineer, for its arrangement will commend it particularly to the favorable consideration of the student. Like all the rest of Griffin's *Standard Text-Books for Engineers*, the present volume is published in this country by the J. B. Lippincott Company.



Vital Science. By Robert Walter, M.D.

Dr. Walter tells us that *Vital Science* is based upon Life's Great Law, which is a "fundamental law, perfectly analogous to Chemical Affinity and Gravitation. This law is proved by the results to have really been discovered, and its applicability to a Science of Human Health been demonstrated, making the knowledge of vital processes in both health and disease to be as certain as the knowledge of chemical and astronomical processes."

Dr. Walter is an Evolutionist of the Evolutionists; in fact, he states that "Evolution is the doctrine of Moses and Jesus, of Paul and Luther. It is the most conspicuous, certain, and common fact of every-day existence. We are ourselves its most prominent subjects." But he crosses swords with Herbert Spencer: "Mr. Spencer is an Involutionist. He rarely uses the word 'evolve,' but continually employs the term 'involve.' He has no thought of *unfolding* realities. He is forever intent upon *infolding* them,—intent upon involving all things in the circumstances of their environment." From the above quotations, one can readily see the trend of the author's reasoning in regard to Agnosticism, which he claims to have refuted. To attempt adequately to consider *Vital Science*—from the Lippincott press—in a mere notice would be both unjust and absurd, however; the book merits the close perusal it is undoubtedly destined to receive from both scientist and layman.

Light Railways at Home and Abroad.
By William Henry Cole, M. Inst. C.E.
Illustrated.

The aim of Mr. Cole in his work has been—as he states in his Preface—to collect and arrange in useful form the scattered and incomplete literature pertaining to “light railways,” a subject concerning which but little as yet is clearly defined. The author has done well with such material as lay to his hand, however, and the result of his labors should do much towards extending the field of this means of transportation, which has been found particularly valuable to farmers on the European continent, while it is hardly too much to say that to the light railway is due much of the development in the Western States of the Union. The question of light railways in the British Colonies is very fully discussed, as are also the conditions which obtain in India; of especial interest is the saving obtained (in parts of India and Australia) by doing away with the big contractor and letting out the work to small gangs, the rates being so fixed as to admit of fair compensation. Altogether, the work—Lippincott—is a decided acquisition to the literature of railway engineering.

From Cromwell to Wellington: Twelve Soldiers. Edited by Spenser Wilkinson.
Illustrated.

Following an appreciative and valuable introduction by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, is a series of twelve memoirs—each by a different author—of those great soldiers who made possible the Greater Britain of to-day. The twelve generals are Cromwell, Marlborough, Peterborough, Wolfe, Clive, Coote, Heathfield, Abercromby, Lake, Baird, Moore, and Wellington, and the work embraces the years from the vigorous campaigns of Cromwell to the peaceful death of Wellington. The volume is well illustrated, being furnished with full-page portraits, besides sketches of campaigns and plans of battles. The work—published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, in conjunction with Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd., London—will be appreciated by all students of history, and particularly by those whose interest is with men as well as with the events in which they participated.

The Coming of Chloe. By “The Duchess.”

She is a charming maid, this *Chloe*,—one of Mrs. Hungerford’s best productions, and that means a great deal. Readers in general, particularly those who are addicted to “literature,” are not inclined to take “The Duchess” seriously. Yet it is none the less true that her work is always more than enjoyable, and that her knack of light conversation and natural repartee are all but unsurpassed in the fiction of the present day. It has been said that there is much of sameness in her books. This may be true; but life itself is composed of a few elemental situations, repeated in endless succession and variety, while twenty-six letters have given us the whole English language. Be this as it may, however, certain it is that *The Coming of Chloe*—the May issue of Lippincott’s *Select Novels*—is a welcome addition to the Spring crop of light fiction. In both paper and cloth bindings.

....STATEMENT....

OF

THE TRAVELERS**LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY,****OF HARTFORD, CONN.**

Chartered 1863. [Stock.] Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Prest.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

Paid-up Capital - - \$1,000,000.00

Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$22,868 994.16
Liabilities	<u>19,146,359.04</u>
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$3,722 635.12

July 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities	<u>19,859,291.43</u>
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864	\$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life)	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance In Force	<u>94,646,669.00</u>

GAINS.

6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets	\$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders)	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only)	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 months	<u>2,937,432.77</u>

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster.

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE: S. E. Cor. Fourth and Chestnut Sts.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

USE FOR SCRAPS OF TIN.—A two-horse load of tin clippings was being transferred to the rear basement of a prominent hotel. It had come from a can-factory, and the narrow, curling strips had become so twisted and intertwined as to form a conglomerate mass that was moved with the greatest difficulty by two sturdy fellows with stable-forks.

A by-stander who was curious enough to inquire what use a swell hotel had for such truck was answered by an attaché of the house: "We use it for rats. I mean the big, gray fellows with whiskers. The hotel rat is bigger, bolder, and wiser than any other rat. He laughs at traps, fattens on poison, and the killing or chasing of dogs, cats, and ferrets is his pet diversion. Even when energetic measures have rid us of the pests they are with us again in augmented force within a day or two. They will tunnel through almost anything for incredible distances. It is their boring ability that has given us so much trouble hitherto. No matter how we closed up their passage-ways, the routes were promptly reopened. Filling the holes with broken glass was considered a good scheme until we found that with marvellous patience they removed the glass piece by piece.

"But we think we've got them now. With this tangled-up tin we construct a sort of abatis, covering all places where the beasts are likely to enter our cellars. They can't get through it. They can't chew it, and they can't carry it away as they do broken bottles, for when Mr. Rat takes hold of a single strip of the tin he finds it an inseparable part of a net-work weighing many pounds."—*Philadelphia Record*.

A TALL RAT STORY.—The *London Field* tells this story. A rat was caught alive on board a British naval vessel in a trap, and the beast was thrown from the trap into the water without being killed. A large gull that was following in the wake of the ship to pick up scraps of food thrown overboard by the steward swooped several times, endeavoring to pick the rat up. Once the bird got too close to the rat's jaws, and the beast grabbed it by the neck. After a short fight the rat succeeded in killing the bird.

When the gull was dead, the rat scrambled upon the bird's body, and, hoisting one wing as a sail and using the other as a rudder, succeeded in steering for the shore. Whether the rat reached shore or not is the question, since the ship soon got out of sight of the skipper and its craft.

A LONG STRETCH OF WIVES.—I know one gentleman whose wives stretch across three hundred miles of country, with a good wife base in a coast town as well. This system of judiciously conducted alliances gives the black trader a security nothing else can, because naturally he marries into influential families at each village, and all his wives' relatives on the mothers' side regard him as one of themselves and look after him and his interests. That security can lie in women, especially so many women, the so-called civilized man may ironically doubt, but the security is there and there only, and on a sound basis, for, remember, the position of a travelling trader's wife in a village is a position that gives the lady prestige, the discreet husband showing little favors to her family and friends if she asks for them when he is with her. And, then, she has not got the bother of having a man always about the house and liable to get all sorts of silly notions into his head if she speaks to another gentleman, and then go and impart these notions to her with a cutlass or a kassengo, as the more domestic husband, I am assured by black ladies, is prone to.—*Travels in West Africa*, by MARY H. KINGSLEY.



Pure Whiskey

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER
TO CONSUMER.

Four Full Quarts

EXPRESS CHARGES
PREPAID, FOR

\$3.20

WE will send four full quarts of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your \$3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for \$3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of pure whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton or Commercial Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,
670-676 W. Fifth St.,
DAYTON, OHIO.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Oreg., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts by freight, prepaid.

We guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees to.—EDITH.

TO CHANGE A CURRENT FOR CLIMATE'S SAKE.—A Tokio journal is responsible for the following: "Vladivostock, being the terminus of the Siberian railway, is a most important port in Russia. Notwithstanding this fact, for over four months during the cold season the port is blocked with ice and spring traffic is entirely impossible, and therefore the railway loses much of its advantages. The Russian authorities have endeavored for many years to conquer nature, and some years ago ice-breaking ships were introduced to break open the ice, but it has been found that the operation is useless.

"A certain engineer has hit upon the rather wonderful idea of reclaiming the narrowest part of the Tartar Strait, between Saghalien and the Russian mainland. He is of opinion that if this is done the cold current entering the Japanese Sea from the Arctic, *via* Behring Straits, will be checked, and the passage of the warmer tide, coming from the south, through the Suysshima Strait, will make the water on the coasts of Japan, as well as at Vladivostock, warmer, and the latter will be warmer all the year around. This scheme was presented to the Russian government for approval, and it is now engaged in its investigation. There is a probability of this piece of smart engineering being entered upon after the completion of the Siberian railway."—*Morning Oregonian*.

HE WILL SUCCEED.—Balliol, the most exclusive of Oxford colleges, has among its undergraduates a married Lancashire mill-hand, twenty-three years of age, who worked his way into the university by studying after factory hours, with the help of free libraries and university extension lectures. He passed his Greek examination eighteen months after learning the alphabet, and within six weeks after admission to college won the Brackenbury history scholarship, worth four hundred dollars a year for four years. He is trying for an honor degree in history.

SETTLED THE LAWYER.—On one occasion Lord Norbury observed an attorney of doubtful reputation touting in the dock for business, and determined to make an example of him. Just as the attorney was climbing over the rails of the dock into the court his lordship called out,—

"Jailer, one of your prisoners is escaping. Put him back."

Back the attorney was thrust, and the following colloquy ensued:

"My lord, there is a mistake here. I am an attorney."

"I am very sorry indeed," said Lord Norbury, "to see one of your profession in the dock."

"But, my lord, I am innocent."

"Yes, they all say that," was the judge's reply. "A jury of your own fellow-countrymen must settle it."

"But, my lord," exclaimed the now desperate man, "there is no indictment against me."

"Then," said his lordship, "you will be put back, and if no one appears to prosecute, you will be discharged by public proclamation at the end of the assizes."—*London Telegraph*.

OPEN HOUSE.—"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society.

"Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."—*London Tit-Bits*.




The Excellence of SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.

only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal. LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION SHOWS THE REAL VALUE OF FRANKLIN MILLS FLOUR, A FINE FLOUR OF THE ENTIRE WHEAT.—In this enlightened age, with the finest schools and colleges in the world, with science and art at the zenith of its most critical culture, with a higher grade of physical, intellectual, and moral development than ever before attained, there is still gross ignorance in regard to the use of the proper food products which are best suited to furnish brawn, brain, and muscle, so important to the healthful growth of a vigorous humanity. We have no lack of book knowledge, but intelligent application of basic truth is quite another thing. The building material is at hand and is wisely suited to supply the fourteen elements necessary to nourish and develop healthy bodies. If any of these elements are not supplied, the body is weakened in its tissues and is unable to combat the germs of disease. If the food we eat is not suited to our needs, we suffer. Nature's laws are inexorable and she exacts a penalty for their minutest violation.

We owe it to the rising generation that we furnish the best and most nutritious food to the children. It is fortunate that scientific investigations are being made in many institutions to determine the value of numerous food products. An intelligent zeal in this direction has already ripened into marvellous results. The Franklin Mills Company of Lockport, N. Y., have been the *avant-couriers* in heralding and supplying the world Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat, in which they preserve all the food elements of the whole wheat as seems to have been wisely intended.—*New York Christian Nation*.

HEALTH-GIVING qualities to infants are contained in every can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "It saved the baby's life" is the message received from thousands of mothers. Eagle stands First.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—Head Master (addressing the class).—How simple and yet sublime is the beautiful and detailed description which Pliny the Younger gives us of the house in which he lived!

Salomon (aside to his neighbor).—Most likely he wanted to sell it.—*Wiener Luft*.

PATENT PAD FOR SNORERS.—S. Anderson, a carpenter and builder who lives in Prairie Avenue, has constructed an apparatus for the prevention and cure of snoring which can hush the trumpeting of the loudest snorer that ever disturbed a neighborhood to a sound as soft as a baby's breath. If the device, which has just been patented, is all it is claimed to be, it could be applied to the throat of the North Pier fog-horn and a sound like the solo of a five-thousand-dollar-a-night grand opera prima donna would come out of it.

Mr. Anderson's invention is not so much the result of his skill as a carpenter as that he has snored all his life himself. After trying for nearly fifty years to cure himself of the habit, and applying all remedies, from gargling his throat with salt water before going to bed to eating a slice of the wedding-cake of a woman who had married the seventh son of a seventh son, all without the slightest effect, Mr. Anderson hit upon the device which he has just had patented.

The gag which he has constructed, and which, it is said, will work wonders in that particular branch of music, is not as large as a croquet-ball, as some people might think it would have to be to be effective. It is a small pad which rests in the mouth and is kept from being swallowed by a strap. It is said this will not interfere with the slumbers of the snorer, while, at the same time, it will keep the snorer from interfering with the slumbers of others.

Mr. Anderson's invention has not been completed long, but already a good many afflicted people have called at his house in Prairie Avenue to look it over with a view to making presents to their friends. Some objection has been raised because it cannot be administered in a cup of coffee unknown to the snorer, but nearly every one who has seen it has pronounced it a success. The device is to be manufactured in several sizes to suit the taste and capacity of the wearer. It is practically indestructible, and one of them may be handed down from father to son, or to daughter, if snoring exists on that side of the house.—*Chicago Tribune*.

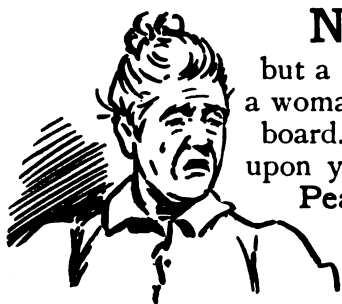
SPRUCE WOOD.—Spruce is not commonly accounted a costly wood, but some of it may be very valuable. Spruce is largely used for the tops of stringed musical instruments, such as guitars and mandolins, the finer-grained being the more desirable. The value of rosewood depends upon its color and quality. It ranges in price from a cent and a quarter to ten cents a pound. Thirty-grain Adirondack spruce would be worth more than the finest rosewood. It might be that not one such log would be found among a thousand.—*New York Sun*.

AN APT REPLY.—Max O'Rell relates that while he was teaching in an English school a lady wrote to the head master:

"DEAR SIR,—It is our intention to place our boy under your care, but before we do so we would like to know what the social standard of your school is."

To which the head master replied:

"DEAR MADAM,—So long as your boy behaves well and his fees are paid regularly no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."



Not a "bicycle face"

but a "washboard face"—the kind of face a woman wears after a tussle with the washboard. If you don't want to have it fixed upon you, use **Pearline**.

Pearline prevents it—takes away the cause of it, the washboard, the hard work, the tiresome rubbing. Your washing ought not to be anything to think of or trouble you. With **Pearline**, it isn't. 600

Millions ^{NOW} _{USE} *Pearline*

WHY WOMEN ARE NERVOUS.—The frequent cases of nervous prostration or utter collapse of the nervous system under which women "go all to pieces," as the saying is, have caused much thought and investigation on the part of physicians.

Certain inorganic substances are well known to cause various forms of nervous diseases which are readily traced to the poisons producing them. Further research leads to the belief that alum is a prevailing cause of so-called nervous prostration, for the symptoms it produces on the nervous system after its absorption into the blood are very remarkable indeed. Experiments physiologically made upon animals by Orfila, Professors Hans Mayer, Paul Seim, and others, show that alum frequently produces no visible symptoms for many days after its introduction into the body. Then follow loss of appetite and other alimentary disturbances, and finally a serious prostration of the whole nervous system. The most prominent physicians now believe that "nervous prostration" and many affections of the nerves from which both men and women suffer are caused by the continued absorption of alum into the system.

It is probable that many medical men are unaware of the extent to which salts of alumina may be introduced into the body, being under the impression that the use of alum in bread is prohibited. Alum, however, is still used surreptitiously to some extent to whiten bread and very largely in making cheap kinds of baking powder. In families where baking powder is generally used great care should be exercised to procure only those brands made from cream of tartar. The alum powders may generally be distinguished by the lower price at which they are sold.—*British Medical News*.

DARNING the knees of children's stockings has come to be no longer regarded as a necessary evil since the "Velvet Grip" hose supporter has become so widely known. The rubber button in the clasp never slips or tears. This supporter is, so far as we are aware, the only one sold under a positive guarantee. A little yellow coupon on every pair makes its own argument.

LUTHER said that if a man were not strong at twenty, handsome at thirty, learned at forty, and rich at fifty, he never would be strong, handsome, learned, or rich.

THE FADING OF THE SUBSTANCE.—“John Billus, I found this photograph in the inside pocket of an old vest of yours hanging up in the closet. I'd like an explanation. Whose is it?”

“Can't you see it's an old picture, Maria? What's the use of stirring up memories that——”

“I want to know whose picture that is.”

“Rather a pleasant-faced girl, isn't she?”

“I want to know her name.”

“No jealous fury in that countenance, is there?”

“Whose is it?”

“It's a portrait of a girl I used to think a great deal of, and——”

“Her name, sir?”

“Well, you sat for it yourself, Maria, about nineteen years ago; but, to tell the truth, I always did think the ‘pleasing expression’ was a little overdone. Put on your spectacles and look at it again, and then compare it with the reflection in that mirror over there and see—what are you getting mad about?”—*Chicago Tribune*.

SOCIETY NEWS IN INDIA.—We learn from an Indian paper that Mr. and Mrs. Thambynayagampillai are now on a visit to Kovilkudyirruppu. Mr. Thambynayagampillai is the son of Judge G. S. Arianayagampillai and son-in-law of Mr. A. Jambulingammudelliari.—*Westminster Gazette*.

COUGHS.—Every person who coughs should not alarm himself with the idea that he is in a bad way. Experience has convinced us of the fact that there are two distinct kinds of coughs—one proceeding from an affection of the lungs and air-tubes, as in a cold, the other proceeding from effervescence in the stomach. The lungs cough is a symptom which all know to require attention, lest serious consequences ensue. The stomach cough is a much more simple matter and may easily be got quit of. It is caused by the food and drink which are put into the stomach effervescing and producing an irritation. A knowledge of this fact ought to lead persons so affected to ponder a little on the nature of their ailment and the tone of their digestive powers.—*New York Ledger*.

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.—“John,” said a clergyman to his factotum, “I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if any one calls I do not wish to be disturbed.”

“All right, sir. Will I tell them you're not in?”

“No, John. That would be a lie.”

“An' what'll I say, yer reverence?”

“Oh, just put them off with an evasive answer.”

At supper time John was asked if any one had called.

“Yes, there did,” he said.

“And what did you tell him?” asked the clergyman.

“I gave him an evasive answer.”

“How was that?” queried his reverence.

“He asked me was yer reverence in, an' I sez to him, sez I, ‘Was your grandmother a hoot owl?’”—*London Answers*.

RUDYARD KIPLING

WROTE A STORY WHICH HE CALLED

“IN THE PRIDE OF HIS YOUTH.”

IT CONTAINS THIS PARAGRAPH:

“About this time, Dicky was overcome with the nervous, haunting fear that besets married men when they are out of sorts. He had no pension to look to. What if he should die suddenly, and leave his wife unprovided for? The thought used to lay hold on him in the still, hot nights on the roof, till the shaking of his heart made him think that he was going to die then and there of heart-disease. Now this is a frame of mind which no boy has a right to know. It is a strong man's trouble; but, coming when it did, it nearly drove poor punkahless, per-spiring Dicky Hatt mad.”

MANY MEN HAVE A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE.

There is a remedy for that “nervous, haunting fear,” nor need even a strong man be troubled thereby. We've been setting minds at rest on that score for over fifty years, and we know how to do it.

WRITE TO THE PENN ABOUT IT.

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.

921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALMOST CRIMINAL TO REMOVE THE GLUTEN OR LIFE-GIVING PROPERTY FROM FLOUR.—* * * * * “Dr. Ephriam Cutter, of Harvard, in an able illustrated article on ‘Cereal Foods,’ in the *American Medical Weekly*, says: ‘The gluten of cereal foods is their nitrogenized element, the element on which depends their life-sustaining value, and this element is, in the white and foolishly fashionable flour, almost entirely removed, while the starch, the inferior element, is left behind and constitutes the entire bulk and inferior nutriment of such flours. To use flour from which the gluten (in the bran) has been removed is almost criminal. That it is foolish and useless needs no further demonstration. In sickness, and in the sickness of infants especially, starch is highly injurious, while gluten is life-giving and restorative.’

“In the valuable article from which the above extract is taken, microscopical examination is given of forty-four kinds of flour and health foods. Of the Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y., who manufacture Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat, he says: ‘The field is filled with gluten cells. Repeated examinations prove this to be the best flour examined.’ One can readily see, being more nutritious, in point of economy, even, this flour is invaluable. It is preferable for making anything that is ordinarily made from white flour; makes better pie crust, better cake, and griddle-cakes, and for toast, pudding, and gems has no comparison with other flour. Still further, what will with many be considered the best argument for its use, the taste of this flour is sweeter and more ‘nutty.’ Once accustomed to the ‘Flour of the Entire Wheat,’ white flour seems tasteless and insipid, and none will return to its use from choice. Hundreds of cases within my knowledge attest to this fact.”—*New York Christian Nation*.

BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND.—She.—I think I'm beginning to understand it. He.—That's good.

She.—Is that the umpire at the bat?—*Brooklyn Life*.

WOMEN AND FOREIGN TRAVEL.—The matter of sex need not affect in the slightest the question of foreign travel. If an American girl wants to study art, music, or languages, and has the means, there is not the least reason why she should not go alone to Paris or Berlin or Vienna to do it. There is no greater fear of insult abroad than at home. The only difference I have ever heard of is that in Europe unmarried women with regard for their reputations do not go out in the evening without escort, but the same thing is true of the larger cities here.

In the mere matter of travel Europe offers far more comfort and convenience than America to women journeying alone or in parties without men. They need never touch their luggage unless they choose. At hotels and railway stations they will always be more courteously treated than men, and that is saying a good deal. And the "unprotected female" needs no protection. English women think nothing of taking their vacations on the Continent, and a journey from New York to Los Angeles presents more terrors than one from London to Constantinople or Cairo.—*Robert Luce in "Going Abroad."*

EXCUSABLE.—Wife.—Arthur, our physician wants to send me to a summer resort for four weeks.

Husband.—Well, I can't blame him.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN BORDER.—A charming story is told of the Kamber Khels, illustrating how cheaply the tribesmen regard human life. A mullah of the tribe once in a moment of candor expressed his regret to his flock that no sacred man among them had yet been called upon to lay down his life for his religion, alleging that the presence in their midst of the tomb of so holy a man would be of the highest value both from a spiritual and a practical point of view—spiritually because the Prophet would regard them all henceforth with greater favor, practically because devout pilgrims attracted to the shrine would enrich the whole tribe by their gifts. The Kambers took counsel together, laid hold of the mullah and slew him, and then, having erected a suitable shrine over his corpse, felt that they had done all that was in their power to remove a reproach which reflected upon the whole tribe.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

TO KEEP FOOD HOT.—When it is necessary to keep a meal hot for a belated comer, do not set the plate holding the food in a hot oven, thus discoloring the china as well as drying the food. Instead, place the plate upon the fire over a pan of boiling water, covering the plate with a pan that will just fit over the edge of the plate. The food will keep hot, and there will be enough steam from the boiling water in the lower pan to keep the plate moist and prevent the contents becoming dried.

THE keenness of Gladstone's collecting eye, even in old age, the *Athenæum* says, "may be inferred from the story told us by a bookseller in Brighton. On one of his last visits Mr. Gladstone paid a visit to our informant and took up a nice book in an old French binding. 'What's this?' he said. 'Oh, it is a book from the library of Catharine de Médici.' 'But there's no fleur-de-lis in the top lozenge,' retorted Mr. Gladstone, without a second glance at it."

"What is the price of Dobbins' Electric Soap?"

"Five cents a bar, full size; just reduced from ten. Hasn't been less than ten for thirty-three years."

"Why, that's the price of common brown soap! I can't afford to buy any other soap after this."

"Send me a box of Dobbins' Electric. It would be very foolish for me to buy any other."

"We have used Dobbins' Electric Soap in our family for nearly thirty years, and we still cling to it as one having no equal. We have tried other soaps, but are always very glad to return to Dobbins' Electric, tried and true, as nothing can take its place."

"MRS. JOSEPH D. CURTIS, Haverhill, Mass."

"I have used a great deal of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and think there is no soap equal to it. It whitens the clothes and makes them wash easily."

"MRS. HATTIE HOOD, Chicago, Ill."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap nineteen years, and think it has no equal for washing flannels and removing grease spots even on the finest fabric."

"MRS. IDA M. TOWLE, Dover, N. H."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap constantly for twenty-five years, and for all the many excellent new soaps that have since been put on the market, I find none that can equal the old reliable Dobbins' Electric; and now that you have reduced it to five cents a bar, it is the cheapest as well as the best soap on the market."

"MRS. A. C. THOMPSON, Machias, Me."



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

THE single strap hose supporter, attached to the front of the corset, seems growing in popularity. As it is made with only one clasp for the stocking and is worn under extra tension, very few hose supporter clasps stand the strain without slipping. Here is where the reliable qualities of the "Velvet Grip" clasp are appreciated. The rubber button never slips or tears. The little yellow guarantee coupon, on every pair, is a ready identification.

BICYCLES ABROAD.—In his book, "Going Abroad—Some Advice," Robert Luce gives some valuable hints for bicycle tourists. Regarding the transportation of wheels he says: "On the Continent the railway companies treat bicycles like any other personal baggage. Where trunks go free, a bicycle goes free; where there is a charge by weight, the bicycle is weighed; but the cost cuts little figure. In England trunks go free, but bicycles do not, the system of charges being much like that with us, and there is complaint of the expense on short journeys. It costs four or five shillings to get the wheel across the channel. No covering or crating is necessary after you reach Europe, but in sending the wheel across the ocean you should crate it. Some companies insist on it. The charge for taking it over may be ten shillings."

SANDWICHES.—For any kind of sandwiches the bread should be twenty-four hours old; the crusts should be shaved from the sides and ends of the loaf, leaving it nice and even. Each slice should be evenly spread with butter before it is cut from the loaf to prevent its breaking, and it should not be more than the thickness of an ordinary square cracker. A sandwich should never be buttered so that it will cake or get dislodged when the slices are pulled apart. Spread very lightly. If necessary, melt the butter.

RIGHT AFTER ALL.—A head adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the window, and a voice that fitted the beard inquired,—

"What is it?"

"Oh, is this Mr. Higgins?" came a still, small voice from the shade of the doorway below.

"Yes."

"Please come to 414 High Street just as quick as you can and bring your instruments."

"I ain't no doctor; I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives in the next street." And the window came down with a slam that told of former experiences of the same kind on the part of the humble artisan.

But Carpenter Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and, uttering some remarks, he rose once more and went to the window.

"Well, what do you want now?" he ejaculated.

"Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want. Pa an' ma is shut up in the foldin' bed, an' we can't get 'em out."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

HE COULDN'T SEE IT.—An American in London, talking of a person who had just died, quoted Artemus Ward's saying, "It would have been money in his pocket if he'd never been born."

The Americans present laughed heartily, but the Englishmen sat sober as owls, and after a moment or two of silence one of them broke out with,—

"But, I say, if he had never been born he wouldn't have had any pockets, don't you know?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

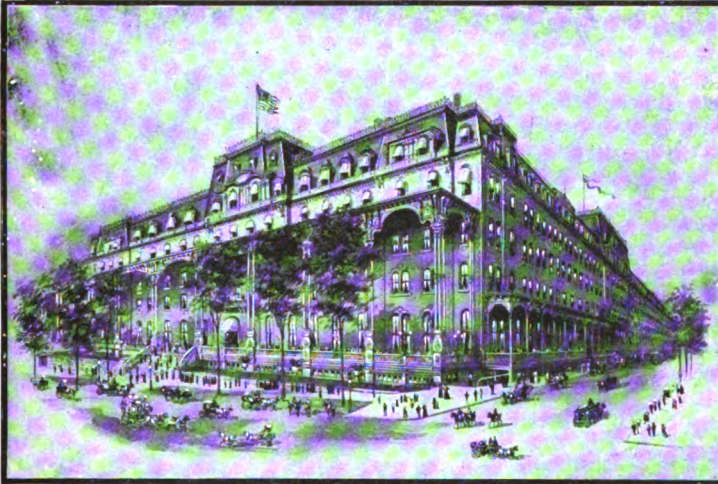
OAK OR SQUASH.—A student asked the president of Oberlin College if he could not take a shorter course than that prescribed by the institution.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "but that depends upon what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak he takes one hundred years, but when he wants to make a squash he takes six months."—*New York Tribune*.

UNITED STATES HOTEL

SARATOGA SPRINGS New York

OPEN FROM JUNE 15th TO OCTOBER 1st



THE UNITED STATES HOTEL
The Social Centre of Saratoga Springs

GOLF LINKS - Magnificent Orchestra. Brilliant Entertainments. Perfect Cuisine and Service.

HOTEL AND COURT COVERS SEVEN ACRES -
Constructed entirely of brick and divided into five sections by solid fire proof walls extending from cellar to roof.

The Cottage Wing facing the beautiful court offers all the seclusion and comforts, including baths and steam heat, of private houses

LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATIONS *EN SUITE*

OR COMFORTABLE SINGLE ROOMS **GAGE & PERRY.**
WITH OR WITHOUT BATHS

PROPS
SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

Illustrated
Literature
on Application

SCRIBLER CONSULTS THE ORACLE.



DAUBS (at the club).—"Say, Scribler, listen to this." Reads: "It has been proven that a cat is the mirror of its mistress's temperament. If a cat that has been constantly with its mistress is suddenly removed from her society it will show her characteristics. It would pay a prospective husband to steal the cat of his lady-love before taking the fatal matrimonial step."

SCRIBLER.—"Well, a fellow who would resort to a trick like that would deserve to get left."

<p>A Friendly Warning</p> 	<p>Take Beecham's Pills</p>	<p><i>A Wonderful Medicine</i> for biliousness, torpid liver, loss of appetite, sick headache, indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, and all kindred complaints, often forerunners of fatal disease.</p> <p>25c. at all Drug Stores.</p>
<p>Beecham's Pills are absolutely without a rival</p>		<p>Annual Sales. over 6,000,000 Boxes.</p>



Strong and Lasting

The rich, elastic rubber in League Specials gives and stretches under hard knocks, without ruptures or leaks. The strong, powerful fabric binds the tire firmly together, prevents bursts, and makes punctures difficult. "Get there and get back" tires outwear two ordinary tires. Order them for your wheel. All dealers have them or can get them.

NEW YORK BELTING & PACKING CO. LTD.

Philadelphia, 308 Chestnut Street.
New York, . . . 25 Park Place.

TRIBUNE BICYCLES

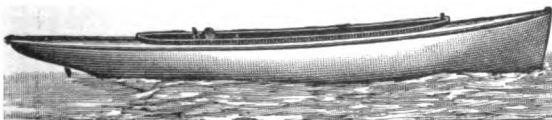
For 1899.

THE BEST WHEELS IN THE WORLD.



Write for our large catalogue, illustrating our full line of twenty-three models.

The BLACK MFG. CO.,
ERIE, PA.



Pierce Vapor Launches
Safe, Reliable and Guaranteed. No Fire. No Government Inspection. Send for Catalogue.
PIERCE ENGINE CO., Box 11, Racine Jct., Wis.

DON'T TAKE THE "JUST AS GOOD" — **INSIST** on the



20TH-CENTURY HEADLIGHTS

USE THE 1899 MODELS.
BICYCLE & DRIVING

GAS
CATALOGUE FREE



20TH CENTURY MFG CO.
17 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

SCRIBLER CONSULTS THE ORACLE.—Continued.



SCRIBLER.—“ Are you sure no one saw you take the cat ?”
BOY.—“ Yes, dead sure ; dey didn't seem to be nobody home.”
SCRIBLER.—“ All right. Here's your dollar.”

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM



TOILET POWDER
AFTER BATHING AND SHAVING.

Delightful After Bathing.
A Luxury After Shaving.

A Positive Relief for
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING and **SUNBURN**
and all afflictions of the skin.
Removes all odor of perspiration.
GET MENNEN'S (the original),
a little higher in price, perhaps,
than worthless substitutes, but
there is a reason for it.

Refuse all other powders,
which are liable to do harm.
Sold every where, or mailed for
25 CENTS. (Sample free.)
Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.



If you wish to trade in stocks write for WALL STREET MANUAL. Accounts \$100 upward accepted.

S. J. PECK & CO., 62 Broadway, N. Y.
Established 1878. Members Con. Stock Exchange.

You can purchase **PUBLICITY** At a Cost of
\$40 PER MILLION

"Circulation" by using the Railway Station Advertising System on the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

\$250.00 spent by one advertiser secured 15,000 PATRONS.
Another made 1,400 SALES at a cost of \$25.00.

IF INTERESTED WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

PHILA. & READING RAILWAY CO.
ADVERTISING BUREAU

CHARLES A. KLINK, READING TERMINAL, PHILA.
ADVERTISING AGENT.

THE MARVEX GLOVE
(Registered.)

IN ALL DESIRABLE COLORS.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

B. Altman & Co.

NEW YORK.

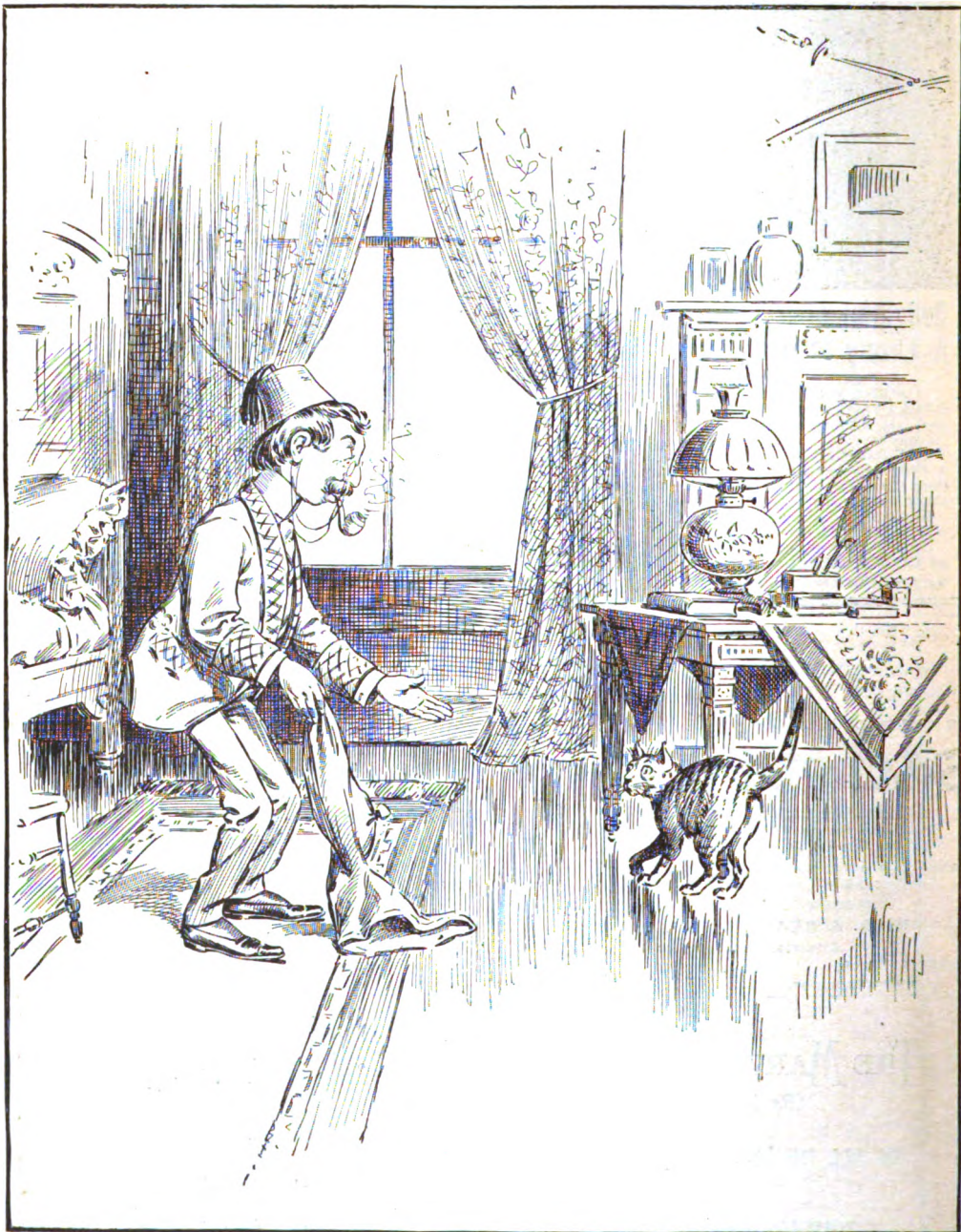
Skin- Keeping Wool Soap

Wool Soap is made for the skin, and even for skin as delicate as baby's skin. Only the best and purest of soap-making elements are used in manufacturing it. Wool Soap is positively safe for the

Toilet and Bath

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago

SCRIBLER CONSULTS THE ORACLE.—Continued.



SCRIBLER.—“Now we'll consult the oracle. Come here, pussy, till I see what kind of a disposition your mistress has. Come here, I won't hurt you; you look gentle enough.”

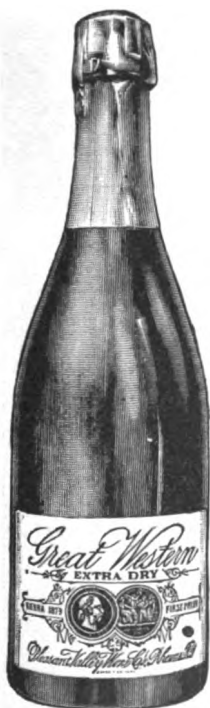
A MONG THE VARIOUS BRANDS OF
 CHAMPAGNE SOLD IN AMERICA
 NO ONE IS SO UNIVERSALLY PRE-
 FERRED AMONG PEOPLE OF
 DISCRIMINATING TASTE AS
 POMMERY. IT IS THE AC-
 CEPTED STANDARD OF
 THE UNITED
 STATES GOV-
 ERNMENT.



POMMERY CHAMPAGNE

FOR
 SUMMER
 HOUSES,
 YACHTS, AND
 CAMP, POMME-
 RY WILL BE
 FOUND ESPECIALLY
 DESIRABLE. POMMERY
 "SEC" (DRY) OR "BRUT"
 (NATURAL, WITHOUT
 SWEETENING) MAY BE PUR-
 CHASED ANYWHERE.

CHAS. GRAEF & CO.,
 32 Beaver Street, New York,
 Sole Agents for the United States.



The Merit

of absolute **PURITY**,
 fine **BOUQUET** and
 moderate **PRICE** has
 brought

Great Western

to the first place in Amer-
 ican Champagnes, and en-
 abled it to displace the
 high-priced foreign wines
 in many homes, clubs, and
 cafes.

The vintage offered this
 season is especially dry
 and pleasing.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,

SOLE MAKERS,

Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by Wine Dealers
 Everywhere.

Some Splendid Summer Servings

Libby's Fire-saving Luncheons

Troubleless meals—all you have to
 do is to serve—the very top of quality.

Veal Loaf—a pleasing change for lunch.

Ox Tongue (whole)—Unsurpassed—an
 ideal lunch.

Compressed Corned Beef—Incompar-
 able—must be eaten to be appreciated.

Peerless Wafer-Sliced Smoked Beef
 —An appetizer of unequalled merit.

Pork and Beans—cooked with care—
 couldn't be better—with or without tomato
 sauce.

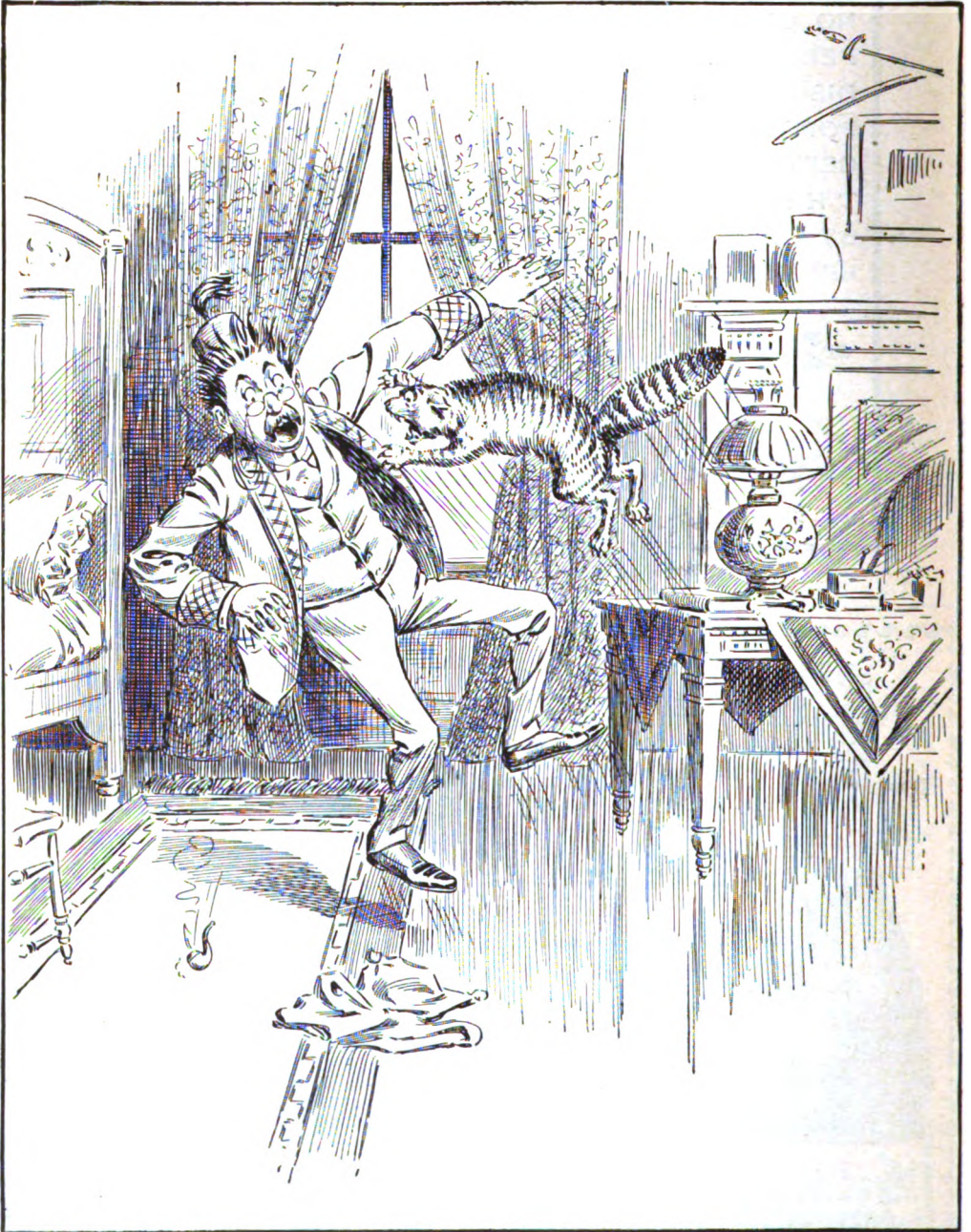
**Devilled Ham, Potted Ham, Beer and
 Tongue** make excellent sandwiches—every-
 body likes 'em.

Put up in convenient size key-opening cans.

"How to Make Good Things to Eat," gives complete
 list of our Luncheon Specialties, and how to prepare
 them. Yours for a postal.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

SCRIBLER CONSULTS THE ORACLE.—Continued.



“Thunder and lightning!!!”

"GLOBE" GASOLINE ENGINES, FOR MARINE AND STATIONARY SERVICE.

LAUNCHES, YACHTS AND WORKING BOATS
ALSO FOR SUPPLYING AUXILIARY POWER FOR SAILING CRAFT.

NO FIRE
NO SMOKE
NO SMELL
NO HEAT



NO EXPLOSIONS
NO DANGER
NO GOVERNMENT INSPECTION

ALWAYS READY FOR INSTANT SERVICE,
NO EXPENSE EXCEPT WHEN IN OPERATION.

PENNSYLVANIA IRON WORKS CO.

NEW YORK OFFICE 621 BROADWAY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES PHOTOGRAPHS & INFORMATION

Beautiful Wild Flowers

From Yellowstone Park, nicely pressed and mounted, can be obtained by sending your address and FIFTY CENTS to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

We have a limited number of books, 6 by 8 inches in size, containing TEN specimens of wild flowers common to the Park. These books are nicely gotten up, and, in mailing, are carefully wrapped so as to avoid injury in the mails.

The flowers are carefully mounted on heavy paper, the freshness of color is well retained, and the common and botanical names are given, together with a brief statement of where each flower may be found.

Two full-page illustrations of Park scenery are given: one of the Excelsior Geyser in eruption, and the other of the Lower Fall and Grand Canyon.

These herbariums are precisely alike, and make very nice souvenirs of the Park, particularly for those who have visited the Park, or those who are interested in botanical studies. Send fifty cents and your address, and be sure and state where the advertisement was seen.

	CHAIRS FOR INVALIDS	
	TRICYCLES FOR CRIPPLES	
CATALOGUE FREE FAY MFG CO ELYRIA OHIO 33 Pine St.		

No Fire, Smoke, or Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send five stamps for catalogue.
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

GEO. H. GERE YACHT AND LAUNCH WORKS.
FINE CABIN AND OPEN LAUNCHES
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
GEN'L U.S. & CANADA SALES AGT. FOR
NEW CATALOGUE FOR 11¢ STAMPS
MONITOR GASOLINE VAPOR ENGINES

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

SCRIBLER CONSULTS THE ORACLE.—Continued.



Crash! Bang! "D- - !! D— !! ?? \$!?"

Rambler

BICYCLES

"20 year old favorites"

Price \$40

WE FEEL THAT NOTHING MORE NEED BE SAID OF 1899 RAMBLERS

Agencies Everywhere

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.
Brooklyn. Detroit. Cincinnati. Buffalo.
Cleveland. London, Eng.

Do You Know

HOW TO MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS?

Do you wish to know?

Send 50 cents for one year's subscription for the

"AMATEUR POINTER"

For Amateur Photographers.

Issued Monthly. Sample Copy, 5 cents.

IT TELLS YOU ALL!

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.

591 Broadway, New York,
45, 47, 49 E. Randolph Street, Chicago.

57 years' experience in this line of business.



THE "ROYALS LIMITED"

MOST SUPERB DAY TRAIN IN THE WORLD.
DAILY BETWEEN

NEW YORK,
PHILADELPHIA,
BALTIMORE,
WASHINGTON.

LV. NEW YORK 3.00 P.M.-AR. WASH'N 8.00 P.M.

LV. WASH'N 3.00 P.M.-AR. NEW YORK 8.00 P.M.

"It's all in the Lens"

Our Lenses are Famous.



Use the
KORONA CAMERAS

We invite the attention of photographers to these Cameras; to the unequalled character of the lenses used, to the nicety of manufacture, and to the moderate prices. In these particulars they are unique.

These Cameras are made in all sizes and styles, and all equipped with our famous lenses.

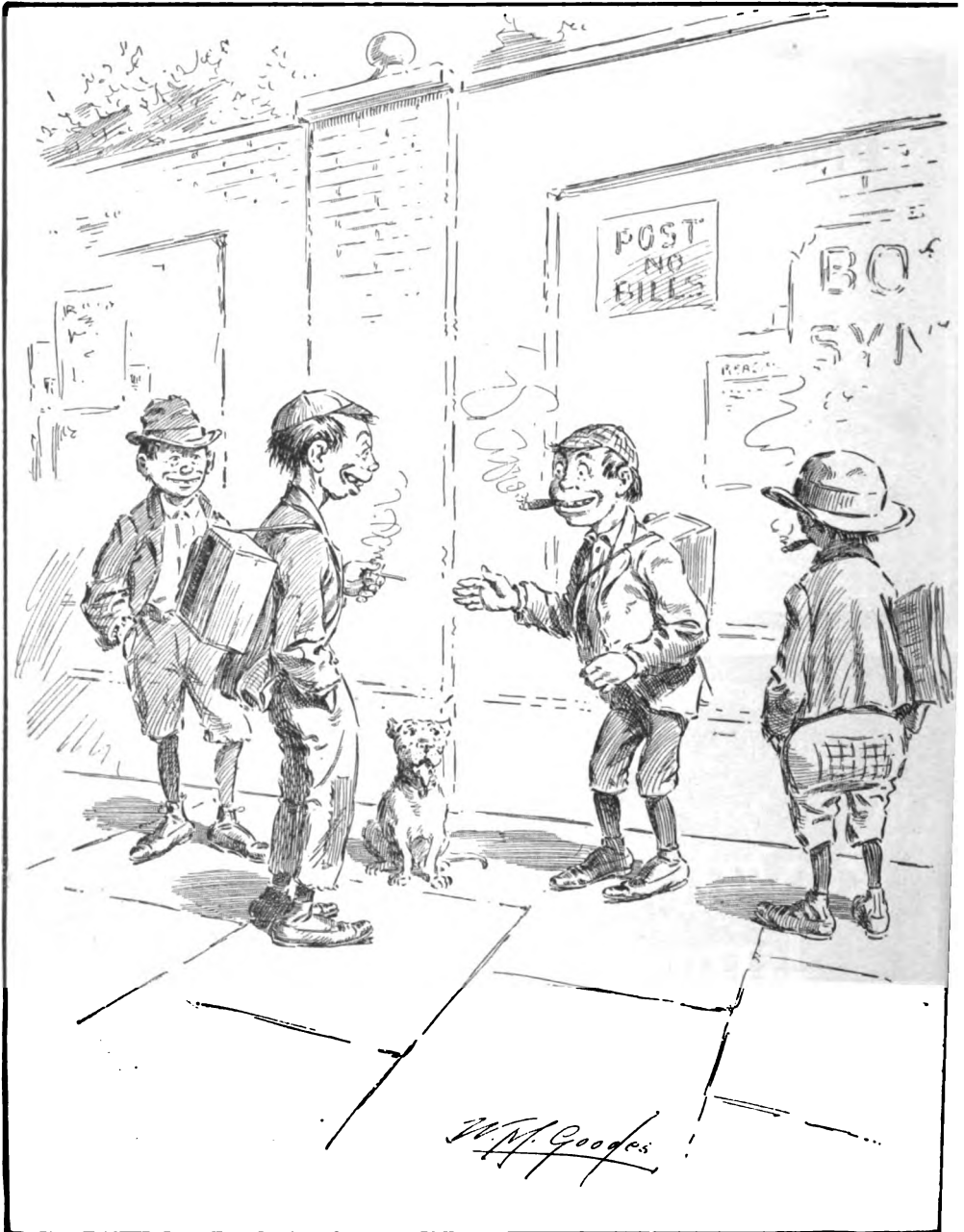
Send for a Catalogue.

Gundlach Optical Co.
Rochester, N. Y.



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

SCRIBLER CONSULTS THE ORACLE.—Concluded.



FIRST BOY.—“Say, fellers, talk about your roasts. You know dat jay, Scribler, who writes poetry? well, he’s tryen to put up a job on his gal. He told me if I’d ketch her cat fer him he’d give me a dollar.”

SECOND BOY.—“How did you make out? Did you get the dollar?”

FIRST BOY.—“Bet yer life. I couldn’t ketch her cat, so I took ours up to him.”

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

15 Mar '63 GC	
REC'D LD	
MAY 24 1967	MAY 24 1967
	JUL 19 '66 9 RCD
29 Jul '68 DG	APR 24 1967 7
	REC'D
REC'D LD	MAY 6 '67 - 10 PM
JUL 30 1963	LOAN DEPT.
REC'D LD	
DEC 26 '63 - 5 PM	
JUL 19 1966 8 7	FEB 9 1969 0 9
AUG 2 - 1966 1 1	
MAY 03 2006	RECEIVED JAN 26 '69 - 2 PM LOAN DEPT.
LD 21A-50m-11,'62 (D3279s10)476B	General Library University of California Berkeley

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



NON-BOOK

C022874848

LIBRARY USE

263962

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

