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OLD MONMOUTH.

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FOR lively history, attractive resources, and present conspicuousness, it will be found hard to match Monmouth County, in New Jersey. Its northernmost boundary is the southern shore of lower New York Bay. Its Highlands of Navesink are the first objects the immigrant descries when nearing New York, the last the departing voyager observes to sink below the western horizon. Its sea-coast is practically one gigantic watering-place, paralleled nowhere in the world. Its twenty-one or twenty-two miles of frontage on the ocean (exclusive of the Sandy Hook government reservation) is the seat of thirty-two watering-places, two dozen being on the sands, and the rest just back of them, on the rivers and lakes of that land of beautiful and varied scenery.

It is worth while to name these towns. They are Island Beach, Highland Beach, the Navesink Highlands, Monmouth Beach, Normandie-by-the-Sea, Rumson Beach, Seabright, Low Moor, Galilee, North Long Branch, Long Branch, West End, Norwood, Hollywood, Elberon, Deal, Loch Arbour, Interlaken, Wanamassa, Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Bradley Beach, Neptune City, Key East, Ocean Beach, Lake Como, Spring Lake, Sea Girt, Manasquan, and Brielle.

But this same county, so long famous for its oysters, trotting-horses, and apple-jack, contains Shrewsbury and the river of that name, Keyport,



A MONMOUTH COUNTY SUMMER RESORT ON SUNDAY.

Red Bank, the Atlantic Highlands, Monmouth Park (the famous race-track), the Monmouth battle-ground, and Sandy Hook, and the United States proving-grounds for great cannon. Lakewood, which President Cleveland has made one of his resting-places, is just over the Monmouth line in Ocean County. The winter population of the county is large, but its summer population is immense. Half of these settlements are maintained by parts of New York's overflow, and the other half owe more or less to Philadel-

phia, but the great West pours a multitude of seekers after salt air into all of them.

The pity is that these idlers do not, and cannot easily, know how opulent are their surroundings in legendary, historical, and romantic interest. The summer resorts are modern, and wholly sufficient unto themselves. The natives are busy and practical, and have never interested themselves in the posting of even a few such placards as would show where Hendrik Hudson landed, where Washington marched his men, where the British took ship after Monmouth's battle, where any two of a score of famous shipwrecks occurred.

Monmouth County's history begins with Hudson's discovery, which resulted in the settlement of the shores of New York Harbor by the Dutch. But Charles II. of England, in the large-hearted and free-handed way of royalty in those times, gave the entire country from the Connecticut to the Delaware to his brother of York and Richard Nicolls. It was Nicolls who, by the Monmouth Patent, gave old Monmouth, in its earliest form, to certain specified men and their associates, some of whose names, viz., Stout, Grover, Bowne, Tilton, Sylvester, and Holmes, still live as the titles of leading families in the county.

In 1682 the General Assembly of East New Jersey, acting under the influence of Colonel Lewis Morris, who had bought a large tract and called it Tintern, after a family estate in Monmouthshire in Eng-



ON A WEEK-DAY.



A CONQUEST OF SAND.

land, caused the county to be named Monmouth.

Before the English parcelled out New Jersey the Dutch ruled in Monmouth, where, as in the rest of the State, they were supreme till 1664, when the English took control. In 1673 they regained control, and kept it not quite a year.

To some extent they began the custom of regarding the Monmouth shore as a watering-place, for some well-to-do Dutchmen of New York spent their summers at the Navesink Highlands, going to and fro in little periaugers. James Fenimore Cooper, in his novel *The Waterwitch*, tells of the dwelling of a Dutch New York alderman in wealth and comfort, in his mansion called "Lust und Rust," on the verdant Highlands. The ruins of his place are still to be seen there. The cellar and part of a wall that contains an open fireplace are all that I remember as remaining of the house, but the smokehouse and, I think, the well are yet nearly as they were. In the neighborhood these ruins were called "the Dutchman's" long before Cooper saw or wrote of them.

The Hook, now five miles long, used to be much smaller, and was joined to the Highlands. The Shrewsbury River, which now cuts the two apart, then reached the ocean by an inlet in the narrow beach. It is a wrinkled and a bearded old reef of sand dunes and forest, and naturalists say that it is one of the very few places in the

Eastern States where primeval conditions remain, and where are found flowers and plants which once were common, but now are almost extinct.

There is a great stone light-house on Sandy Hook which was built in 1764 by the leading merchants of New York. Its light was destroyed at the patriots' bidding in 1776, that it might not serve to guide British men-of-war to New York, but it found itself marking a Tory encampment soon afterward, for the "refugees" built fortified quarters near by, and thence made their murderous and thieving raids upon the patriots of old Monmouth. Thither Sir Henry Clinton retreated from the battle of Monmouth, crossing the Shrewsbury on an improvised bridge, and hastening to the British ships anchored in the ample bay, which Hendrik Hudson is supposed to have christened with the name it bears to-day—"the Horseshoe." Captain Kidd's treasure has been dug for on the Hook time and again, for he knew its shores and anchorages well, and so did the people alongshore know him and his vessel.

Here now is the proving-ground of the United States Ordnance Department, with its targets and ranges and fragments of bursted cannon. Here also are two beacon-lights and a life-saving station. And here, since the cholera epidemic in Hamburg in 1891, a cholera quarantine station has been established.



A TIMID BATHER—ASBURY PARK.

The Highlands of Navesink (an Indian word meaning "good fishing-grounds") rise 375 feet above the river that lies between them and Sandy Hook. Here lives Benjamin M. Hartshorne on the grounds that were purchased of the Indians by his ancestors in the middle of the seventeenth century. Here, too, are the beautiful twin lights, of the first class, whose rays are said to be blindingly bright fifteen or twenty miles out, where they strike the sea. And here, as I have said, are the ruins of a Dutch summer-house of two centuries and a quarter ago. There is a very old pair of summer hotels at the foot of the hill, but the main body of the great eminence is not yet a place of resort. It is a singular thing that on this coast, where the watering-places are not always a mile apart, the two oldest and finest places are undeveloped. One is Deal Beach. It is below Long Branch, and was so named in 1693. It has supported one or more board-

ing-houses for at least 100 years. It is high ground, and the farm land reaches to the very edge of the sea. The other place is Mount Mitchell, an eminence of the Navesink Highlands. It is the highest, and I think the most beautiful, ground on the coast between Maine and Florida. Capitalists bought a great tract there many years ago, but left it to care for itself. Now they are improving it, with the intent to create there a charming park filled with summer cottages for themselves and other wealthy New-Yorkers.

The Hook and the Highlands are in Middletown township, an ancient and rich seat of agriculture. The main road in that township is said to be the same that both Sir Henry Clinton and Washington took after the battle of Monmouth. It traverses a section that has changed less in appearance and ownership than most persons would believe possible. The land there was bought from the Indians in

1667, and it is believed that the Baptist Society which the settlers organized there is one of the oldest in the country. As early as 1709 the Dutch of New York city sent a minister to preach there and in Freehold, the shire town. But the most interesting church in the county is unquestionably that at the quaint and very English town of Shrewsbury.

This little town was settled in 1664 by a number of immigrants from Shrewsbury in England, several of whom had tried Connecticut and Long Island. The Quakers were the first to organize there, and eight years after the settlement George Fox visited them. It is said that he set and saved a broken neck on the way to



A JERSEY FARMER AND HIS WIFE.

the village. George Keith, a famous convert from Quakerism to the Church of England, came there in 1702, and drew a number of the Friends into the Episcopalian meetings, of which there are records dating back to 1689. This Keith fixed the line separating East and West Jersey. The date at which Episcopalians met for worship in Shrewsbury shows that congregation to be one of the oldest of its kind in America. It was chartered in 1738, and the present picturesque shingled edifice was built in 1769. Bullets riddled the walls of its belfry when the patriots shot at the crown on the spire. The church society owns a Prayer-book that was the gift of Governor William Franklin, and a Bible of earlier date (1717); Queen Anne gave the communion silver that is used there. Opposite the old church building is an ancient dwelling which also has a place in history. It was the scene of the massacre of some Continental soldiers by Tory refugees. Full religious liberty was from the first decreed to all citizens of Monmouth. If it is true that Catholics were not allowed to share in this privilege in earliest Rhode Island, then Monmouth County led all America in this respect, for the Monmouth patentees set no limit upon their liberality. All, they said, should have "free liberty of conscience, without any molestation or disturbance whatsoever in the way of their worship."

Freehold, the battle-field of Monmouth, and the historic old Tennent Church are well worth visiting. At Leedsville there is a solitary grave on a bleak hill, and in it lies the dust of a man named William Leeds. He is distinguished in the public records for having given his house and farm to the then young Episcopalian church of Shrewsbury and Middletown early in the eighteenth century. But in



FISHING FOR CRABS IN SHARK RIVER.

the gossip of the country-side it is handed along from era to era that he was an officer or partner of the pirate Captain Kidd, and that he gave his property to the church in order to shrive his soul. The main and apparently the only basis for this belief is that, like many another legend of old Monmouth, it has always been believed.

In an old history of New Jersey I find that Eatontown was once thought to be queerly connected with the career of Kidd. The country around was bought of the Indians for a barrel of cider. All but one of the red men moved away, but he staid, and exasperated the others by so doing. While eating in the house of the settler Eaton, for whom the town was named, he used a silver spoon, and remarked that he knew where there were many such. He was told that if he would bring them he could have a cocked hat and a red coat. In a short time he ap-



peared in that regalia, and the Eatons suddenly became rich. More than a hundred years later, when workmen were pulling down an old mansion in which a maiden member of the Eaton family had dwelt at Shrewsbury, a great quantity of "cob" dollars, supposed to be part of Kidd's treasure, was found in the cellar wall. The historian remarks, in parenthesis, "Cob dollars were generally square or oblong, the corners of which wore out the pockets."

In addition to the comparatively dignified privateers who owned swift stanch vessels and roamed the seas, the Revolutionary war bred a class of patriot privateers along the Monmouth shore. There they lurked in the daytime, and at night they went privateering from New York Bay, Toms River, and other

inlets and harbors. There were many of them, and they were an astonishing lot of men. Some had small sloops armed with one or two cannon, but the most effective work was done by those who employed only whale-boats. One, a Captain Hyler, had several such boats and one hundred men to man them. The number of ships, brigs, coasters, and even armed British vessels that these men captured would seem beyond belief were not the records of their work very clear and extensive.

It is almost impossible in these days to understand how they could have committed such havoc. They took vessels frequently, often with valuable cargoes and great amounts of money. They burned or blew up whatever prizes they could not handily bring to port. When the wind was fair or the prize was especially valuable, they sailed her in. Captain Hyler, the cleverest of them all, actually took an eighteen-gun cutter, captured all on board, and blew her up. The *Pocket* (newspaper) of January, 1779, reports one escapade of these fellows in these words:

"Some Jerseymen went in row-boats to Sandy Hook and took four sloops, one of which was armed. They burned three and took one. The share of prize-money per man was £400."

The patriot accounts mention these



marine devils as "the celebrated water partisan" so-and-so. They say that the sailors were taught to be particularly expert at the oar, and to row with such silence and dexterity as not to be heard at the smallest distance, even though three or four boats were together, and going at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

This is the story of the captain of one of the captured vessels: "I was on deck with three or four men on a very pleasant evening, with our sentinel fixed. Our vessel was at anchor near Sandy Hook, and the *Lion*, man-of-war, about one-quarter of a mile distant. It was calm and clear, and we were all admiring the beautiful and splendid appearance of the full moon, which was then three or four hours above the horizon. While we were thus attentively contemplating the serene luminary we suddenly heard several pistols discharged into the cabin, and turning around, perceived at our elbows a number of armed people, fallen as it were from the clouds, who ordered us to 'surrender in a moment or we were dead men.' Upon this we were turned into the hold, and the hatches barred over us. The firing, however, had alarmed the man-of-war, who hailed us, and desired to know what was the matter. As we were not in a situation to answer, at least so far as to be heard, Captain Hyler [the patriot privateersman] was kind enough to do so for us, telling them through the speaking-trumpet that 'all was well.' After which, unfortunately for us, they made no farther inquiry."

These were fierce fellows; but how brave they must have been! It is impossible to restrain one's admiration of their skill and courage. Their usefulness ended with the Revolutionary war, but, alas! after them came a race of wreckers, who plundered vessels, and even the living and the dead that came ashore. Worse yet, they lured vessels into the breakers by means of false beacons. Wrecking on the coast, a little south of Monmouth, is within the recollection of men who are to-day of only the middle age.

Off the track of even the county travel, but only four miles from Red Bank, is Leedsville, and here are the relics of what was called "The American Phalanx at Strawberry Farms." They form an interesting reminder of a most interesting era and series of experiments. If you ask the country folk about "the Phalanx,"

even in Red Bank, they will shrug their shoulders. If you consult the popular records you will read that it was the scene of a dubious experiment, and that when it failed, the people of the country were not sorry. The fact is, the scheme and the colonists were never understood. They were scholars and philosophers who had little in common with the folk around them, and they took no pains to contradict the evil stories which ignorant and foul-minded men set afloat.

At "the Phalanx," as the place has ever been called, the disciples of François Charles Marie Fourier, the French socialist writer, made an ambitious communistic experiment in the first half of the century.

The Phalanx was founded in 1843 as a joint-stock corporation, and the shares were sold very largely in the same circles out of which the New England Brook Farm experiment had sprung. The pioneers in the new movement had come down from Albany and bought a tract of 700 or 800 acres in old Monmouth. The stockholders were not necessarily members. Horace Greeley, for instance, was not. The members who formed the actual Phalanx were about 150 persons, among whom the men and women were nearly equal in numbers. Their idea was that all the members should divide the labor of maintaining the place, as well as of its commercial and manufacturing enterprises. They agreed that work should be paid for according as it was easy or difficult, pleasant or disagreeable. The highest wages went with the meanest duties. A farm, a flour-mill, and other industrial enterprises were established. These busied the men. The women worked as sempstresses, nurses, teachers, cooks, waiters, and house-cleaners. Some chose their work, and others took turns at one branch or another. All were credited with what they did, and debited with what they used.

Very many men who have since become famous were stockholders and frequent visitors. It is said that there was not a conspicuous writer or thinker in the North who was not attracted there, and being close to New York, "the Phalanx" became one of the greatest show-places of the country. The great Phalanstery, or common-house, in which all lived, was far in advance of the ordinary houses of the world outside. Any one may see it,

for it stands there to-day. It was the first house to be heated by steam in this country. Its laundry was considered the first in labor-saving appointments, and in its kitchen were manifold new devices for cooking, dish-washing, plate-washing, knife-cleaning, and I don't know what not. The house still stands, as I say, but its beautiful grounds, its lake and drives and woodland rambles, are only outlined now. The cottages which summer visitors built are not all standing, I think. The great dining-hall, with its gallery, is there; but nearly all else, like the music, the dances, and the plays that were performed—even the gifted teachers who led their classes into the languages and the fine arts—all are gone.

The experiment lasted until 1858, when there was a disagreement as to whether it was best to keep the mill where it was or move it to Red Bank, nearer the markets. The shrewdest men who had guided the colony were by that time convinced that they were carrying a great many less able men. When they were opposed in the execution of their plans they withdrew, and the experiment went by the board.

One first encounters the "Pines" at Long Branch. They are cleared away just there, but signs of their previous existence are plentiful, and in a short drive back from the sea the tourist finds himself in them. Most lines of travel from New York avoid them, or give such little glimpses of them as not to impress their true extent and character upon the traveller's mind. They have been important since what was, I think, the first iron-foundry in the country was established there, before the Revolutionary war, until to-day, when they produce the greater part of the cranberry crop of the United States, and are beginning to attract from Florida and the Bermudas the class of semi-invalids who must avoid the severe winters which rage not thirty miles to the westward and northward in three such great capitals as New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia.

Long Branch is twenty-eight miles by an air-line from New York (it is only about a mile farther by boat and rail), and these pines begin there, and lie behind the whole coast of the State to the southward, a matter of nearly 117 miles. They take the shape of a triangle, and are fifty miles wide at Delaware Bay. In all,

they withhold from population and progress a full third of New Jersey.

They are composed of a conglomeration of many swamps, of a great number of rivers and smaller streams, which offer valuable water-power, of a succession of tall sand ridges, which the people regard as ancient sea-beaches, and a grand area of oak and evergreen forest, once thickly grown with scrub pine, that has been greatly thinned out for charcoal for former iron-furnaces, that utilized the bog-iron ores or limonites, which are still abundant, and are even said to replenish and renew themselves as time goes by. Here, too, are those wonderful beds of marl, the use of which once made Monmouth County the first agricultural district of its class, and long kept her second in productiveness among all the counties of the nation.

It would not be easy to find in the older States a tract richer in record than these "Pines," and yet to the geologists its ancient scientific history is far richer. It appears that these "Pines"—by which I mean the tract that takes that name—were long the sport of the Atlantic, or of some other and unstoried ocean, which constantly covered them, and then drew back and allowed them to be covered with vegetation, only to return and bury it all again. All this was at last thrown high in air, and then razed by the water or by glaciers, the lofty Highlands behind Sandy Hook escaping to preserve the record. At several places are buried forests, at least one of which has been worked for marketable lumber.

The marl beds are rich deposits of the sea, and are the repositories of such relics as whalebones, sharks' teeth, shells, and marine fossils. The remains of great turtles, crocodiles, mastodons, and saurians of frightful proportions tell of one or many eras of tropic heat, while walrus skulls and teeth betray the former presence of the great northern ice-cap. The sand hills which lie in irregular lines along the barrens are ancient reefs formed under water. And under the sea of to-day, at greater or less distance from the shore, are submerged forests and bogs. The sea is still at its pranks. It is eating into Long Branch at the rate of two or three feet a year, and it is adding to Sandy Hook at the same rate at which it preys upon the mainland.

This forest region, which Horace Greeley once visited, and described as if it

were as strange and foreign as Beloochistan, was once the site of many forges and the home of a great number of charcoal-burners, who made the fuel for the furnaces. They were a rough and ignorant lot, and many of their descendants who still remain in the woods are as benighted, perhaps, as any white men in the Northern States. They form a distinct population on the southern edge of Monmouth County, where they are often seen in the market towns, and are distinguished by their long hair, their rude apparel, and their unclean appearance. The term "piners" is synonymous with the term "poor whites" in the South. The furnaces are all abandoned now. Their wrecks and relics are very interesting. Near Freehold any one may see the best of them—an abandoned town of brick dwellings, picturesquely overrun with vines, and all but stifled by the newly triumphant forest.

The Jersey Pines were first brought to the notice of the great world beyond them as a place of hiding of many Tory refugees during the war for our independence. These were British loyalists who helped to give Monmouth County the character it earned as the chief sufferer, in that bloody contention, of the horrors that always attend civil war. Close to New York, with such ports as Toms River (then in Monmouth) and the Shrewsbury River hiding our privateer ships, with the coast searched by British war-vessels, with pirates following the rivers and lurking wherever they could, with an American military post at Toms River and a British stronghold on Sandy Hook, with hostile and friendly armies marching and camping there, and with the camp-followers and dregs of both sides loitering there and ravaging the little communities, life in old Monmouth was terribly exciting.

Some of the so-called refugees were New Jersey militiamen who espoused the royal cause, some were renegades who pretended to be royalists and drew more or less pay from Tory New York, but hid in the woods and sallied out for any sort of plunder. Some were marauders from British vessels that anchored off the coast, and from which men ran away or were sent ashore in marauding bands. Many of these raiders called their peculiar work by the name of "picarooning."

All appear alike in the popular records as "refugees" and as "greens" and "Jer-

sey greens"—the nickname for the Tory militia, given presumably in contradistinction to the nickname of a body of Jerseymen in the Continental army, who were called "the Jersey Blues." The most dignified and forceful body of the refugees was formed of those American-born loyalists who were regularly organized and officered under the Board of Associated Loyalists at New York, of whom William Franklin, a natural son of Benjamin Franklin, and the last Tory Governor of New Jersey, was president.

These precious opponents of liberty did not pause at trifles like murdering sleeping men, but they were charming fellows when compared with the Pine robbers. So desperately bad were these robbers that they preyed upon both sides, and the names and deeds of their leaders are kept in mind to-day through the legends of old neighborhoods and the traditions of old families. They lived in caves burrowed in the sides of the sand hills. They covered these dens with brushwood when they were in them, or when they issued from the forest to ravage the country. They terrorized Freehold, Shrewsbury, Toms River, Red Bank, and the region back of Long Branch. In one little locality twenty-three women were ravished, and all over the county men were murdered, houses were burned, and thefts and outrages followed close upon one another. Not all this was chargeable to the Pine robbers. They simply shone with the greatest lustre amid the blaze of the general pillage. Thirteen of the robbers were hanged at Freehold, some of them in chains. Any one may see at Blue Ball, near Freehold, one of their old rendezvouses, but little changed.

Men carried guns when they worked in the fields, and ventured to church only with muskets on their shoulders. Rewards were offered for the bodies of the robbers, dead or alive, and they were hunted as the wolves of the same forest were, and shot or dragged away to be hanged. It was to New York, or to the agents of the Tories of that city, that these Pine robbers took their spoils for sale. And Monmouth's patriots thanked God that it was to New York that many of them and their sympathizers went at the last to join the 29,244 royalists who left this country for Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, sailing from New York before the British evacuated that city.

While the Pines were the scenes of the picaroons' deviltries, their narrow lonely roads were threaded by many others than the robbers. There were frequent travellers on horseback and by wagon, making their way between the coast and Freehold, West Jersey, and Philadelphia. In addition to the iron-forges, whose products went far and wide, there were salt-works on the edge of the Pines at Toms River, Shark River, Barnegat, and Manasquan. We have seen already that the water-sides of Monmouth County were eminently lively adjuncts of the troubled mainland. To the pirate-boats, the privateersmen, and the men-of-war provisions were constantly being carried through the woods. New York city was scant of food at times, and provisions fetched such prices as to tempt men to wrench their consciences in selling to the enemy, and to run terrible risks in getting their goods and money to and fro.

To-day the great forest region is thinned of its pines, and, where I know it best, there are more trees of oak than of any other wood, interspersed with spruce, cedar, hickory, holly, poplar, laurel, and chestnut. Though the trees are not large, they are often tall, and are not to be compared with those of the scrub forests of Long Island. The population of the Pines is still very sparse. Lumbering and charcoal-burning still go on, but weakly. Extensive glass-works utilize the sand in the south, and the swamp lands not far south of the Monmouth line form part of the principal cranberry-producing district in the country. There is far more good soil and far better soil in these woods than used to be supposed, and around Bridgeton and Vineland are extensive and prosperous farming communities devoted to the raising of small fruits. Vineland dates from the beginning of the war of the rebellion, and is a prohibition town. That, however, is a matter of government and communal morality. It has apparently no connection with the further fact that the town is heavily engaged in the cultivation of grapes and the manufacture of wine. One of its suburbs is the seat of a successful experiment in establishing a colony of refugee Russian Jews as farmers. Bridgeton, near by, is an old town, very busy with manufactures, in which glass-making—begun in South Jersey 133 years ago—takes the lead.

These larger places are regarded in some degree as health resorts, and it is evident that the Pines will yet become famous and perhaps populous as a great sanitarium. In the movement that is giving them this character the lead was taken many years ago at a place now called Lakewood. That is now one of the most conspicuous winter resorts in the North, and others are projected near by. How strange that one county should be at once the chief summer resort and a leading winter resting-place!

The winter season in the Pines is very like that of Florida. It is much milder and more equable than that which prevails even ten miles away from the forest belt. It is hard to explain why this is so, and any explanation would be difficult to illustrate, because the thermometer shows but little difference between its records in one place and the other. Yet the fact remains that the Pines, even where they all but touch the sea, offer a soft, mild, balmy winter climate that is not trying to invalids; on the contrary, one that carries a tonic in the balsam that tinctures its gentle, aromatic breezes. Atlantic City was the first all-the-year-round resort in New Jersey. It is at the edge of the Pines, on the ocean. It used to be argued that its mild winters were due to the near presence of the Gulf Stream, but it is now understood that Asbury Park, which is partially enclosed by the Pines and protected on the north by Deal Lake, is a few degrees warmer than Atlantic City, though Asbury Park is only thirty-five miles south of New York.

To my taste, the wild pine region is far more interesting and attractive than those bits of forest with modern improvements which capital establishes at the present piny-woods resorts. In the summer I walk deep into the timber, and seeing no one else in its solitudes, count myself the most fortunate of men. For beside my feet are literally thousands of tiny flowers, over which the wood-violet, the strawberry, and the arbutus struggle for queenhood, and the marsh-mallow, garlanding the edges of the creeks and ponds, is easily the king. The hush of the primeval condition is the more distinct because the very light of heaven is subdued. The only sunshine—except what gilds a little break or clearing here and there—is that which is sprinkled and splattered in shivered beams upon the brushes and the leafy

ground. Thick grape-vines, tangled creepers, and huckleberry-bushes the size of trees, laurel thickets, young hollies, and rose-bushes are abundant. The earth is cushioned with a soft layer of dry leaves and pine needles. The quiet waterways have the peculiar Southern color, which some attribute to iron, and some to contact with the roots of the gumberry-trees and the oaks. Kingfishers, wood-peckers, hawks, owls, thrushes, finches, quail, and duck are in those woods. Musk-rats and uncommonly big bull-frogs dive or splash into the water as my footsteps startle them.

In winter I find the Pines no less inviting. They often sigh then as the winter winds buffet their tops, but no winds get into them. No matter how chill may be the weather without, in that vast natural Gothic temple the cold is abated. The Pines are still a green wood, even at Christmas, for the pines, cedars, and other unchanging trees form a vault of green; and green as in summer are the beautiful hollies and thickets of laurel. Up the tree trunks and around their roots are pads of liveliest green moss, and the winter-green and partridge-berry weeds lie plentiful beside the trails and cart roads. The winter birds and rabbits are now my companions, though deeper in and farther south both deer and bear are yet found. Winter-green berries, hickory-nuts, and chestnuts attract the children to the edges of the woods; and on the edges, where the splendid tulip-trees have reigned in summer, the heavy-laden persimmon-trees now spill their sweet frost-bitten plums, like broken bags of preserves, upon the earth. There are persimmons far to the north of the New Jersey Pines, but they do not compare with these, which are as sure to ripen and are every whit as luscious as those of Virginia.

I cannot think of the edges of this forest without recollecting the birds that live there—the luck-birds of old Monmouth. These are the fishing-eagles or fish-hawks. They not only live on the rim of the woods, but out upon the open farms, and even in the villages. Their nests are always in plain sight, like the churches and the liberty-poles. It is superstition which makes these great creatures the care and pride of the people, but along with that superstition must go much humanity, and no little poetic feeling, all of which are so lacking in some other parts

of the earth that an English text-book omits to tell whereabouts a few of these birds yet remain in the British Isles, lest they too be slaughtered as all the rest have been.

Sometimes a Monmouth County boy yells and claps his hands at a fish-hawk returning from the sea, just to make the gentle creature drop his prey and shriek. But that boy's father would do worse to him than scare him if he knew of the boy's prank, because to Monmouth men these fishing-eagles bring luck—luck to the house they build upon, luck to the farm they live upon, luck to any landholder who willingly pays the cost of a tree to have them near. The cost of a tree, I say, because as sure as fish-hawks build in a tree, so surely will that tree die within five years.

Near Eatontown any one may see the house over which a new chimney rises because a fish-hawk built his nest on top of the old chimney, and was not to be disturbed. And any visitor among the country folk may hear a round of tales of the evil that has befallen men who have hurt or killed these great birds. Such will be tales of poor crops without their houses, and of sickness and death within, of ill luck in every venture—even of one man whose hair fell off his head till it was as bare as a winter landscape, because he shot one of the hawks that brought him luck.

How well it seems that these gentle birds should be prized when one thinks that they and their ancestors antedate the oldest families here! I know of bird families that are said to have nested 225 years with one community, and all over old Monmouth the same permanency of residence is credited to them. It jars upon the poetry with which we clothe their lives to think that when they are not in Monmouth they are down in Nicaragua or Brazil, where the people claim the same identical birds as their own particular mascots. But we need not enlarge upon that. They give the best part of the year to Monmouth, coming in March or April, and staying till September or October.

The notion that the ospreys bring luck first obtained among the fishermen of the coast. They were so convinced that God sends plenty of fish wherever fish-hawks fly that they caused a law to be passed for the protection of the birds. From the fishing villages the notion spread to the farms. The birds are of the falcon family, and

have large bodies, broad powerful wings, and strong naked feet. The largest of them, when in flight, show bodies two feet long, and wings that spread five feet. They are dark brown on top, and white or light-colored underneath. Either because they love any company—even that of men—or because they have learned not to be afraid of us, they build open nests in conspicuous places, choosing a tree in a pasture or a grain-field, and in a fork of its lower branches building a great rough basketlike nest of dry brushwood lined with weeds. Their eggs are mottled or marbled with every color and shade imaginable. Out of these eggs are hatched baby birds of equal attractiveness. They are like powder-puffs alive. They are mere balls of whitish down from the best point of view, though it is possible to see them so that they show little else than gaping, peevish, insatiable mouths. Most Monmouth County children know that it will not pay to try to steal either the eggs or the babies. The big birds will fight marauders very savagely. Close at hand, the smell from their nests is perhaps an equal deterrent to thieves. I have always believed that what causes this odor is what kills the trees. It is not that the birds strip the bark off the trees. After the trees are dead the bark loses its hold, and would fall off in time, if the osprey's talons did not rub it off.

These birds are said to wait upon their young until the great loafing babies are full-grown like themselves, and in this service the parents take turns. When the female tires of her home cares and duties she sails out over the sea, and the male bird keeps house. Moreover, whichever one is off a-fishing is sure to bring the catch home to those who are there.

But of all the pretty sights in Monmouth County I know of none to excel that of a pair of mated ospreys at their airy gambols on a sunny afternoon when there has been food enough, and it is not yet time for sleep. Far on high, from whence we must look squat and small, the winged partners soar and circle and float, lightly as cloud shreds, gracefully as only birds can move. To me it seems as if it would be pleasure too great to endure were we permitted to play in the same way. Without the troubling of a wing, without the ruffle of a feather, without a sign of any effort, the two birds sweep round and round. Each makes

its own separate series of circles, and these cross and cut one another at different levels as though it were a pattern the birds were outlining against the sky—a pattern that vanishes even as they make it.

They are very clumsy birds when on the ground. Like their cousins the eagles, they walk as if their feet were loaded with lead. They are very timid. They live in peace with even the most bitter foes of all the others of the eagle kind. Apparently they ask only to be let alone. They are great cowards. Their plaintive, almost childlike, cries will call out all the people in a hamlet when the thieving, devilish little kingbirds harry them in the air and make them drop their prey. But every man to his work, and every bird to his calling. See the osprey when he fishes. See him fifty or one hundred or even more miles at sea. See with what strength he flies, with what steadiness he goes forward. Note his head, held a little downward, and his eyes scanning the water. And when he sees a fish, watch what he does. His wings close, his body falls (not down like a plummet, but forward at an angle), his feet reach down, his talons are spread. Just as he touches the water, instead of splashing into it like a bungler, he opens his wings a little, and the contact is as light as that of a skimming-stone that kisses the water as it flies. That would be the case if the bird struck the fish as he meant to. Sometimes the fish is deeper down, and he has to let his well-oiled body sink far in. In a few seconds he rises, his wings beat the sea, and he is up and off with a wriggling victim gripped in his claws. At other times men who have been watching say the bird disappears forever. He has sunk his talons in too big and heavy a fish, and down he goes with it, leaving his partner ashore to act distractedly over his loss, and the problem how to keep house and get fish at the same time.

By far the best way to visit and see old Monmouth is to make Red Bank one's headquarters. It is a lively town on a particularly beautiful part of the lovely Shrewsbury. Thus is that stream called by the people, in opposition to the Federal government, which styles it the Navesink River, and gives the name Shrewsbury to that river which joins it near the Highlands, and which the people call the South Branch, or South Shrewsbury. From

Red Bank fine roads lead to Middletown, thesea-coast resorts, Shrewsbury, the Phalanx, Freehold, and the points on the bay shore, all these points being reached by short journeys.

The religious and semi-religious shore resorts are as attractive as they are famous. The oldest of these is Ocean Grove, a Methodist camp-meeting ground now grown into a great wooden town, where persons of moderate means own the cottages, and attend the frequent meetings that are held in summer in an enormous open-sided tabernacle, and sometimes on the beach. Next to that place is Asbury Park, which may be said to represent the cleanliness that should be next to the godliness of the camp-meeting resort. Asbury Park is a beautiful place of a higher rank. It is built in "the Pines," which there extend to the sea-side, the streets and house sites being cut out of the woods, which otherwise remain around them. The founder of the place may not be an expert at advertising—indeed, he would doubtless deny that he is one—but if not, he has at least been fortunate in stumbling upon a very novel course that has served to make the place famous. All over the land the newspapers and people discuss his peculiar rules for governing the conduct and morals of the visitors to the place. And these rules are placarded about most publicly. These examples illustrate their character:

"Nude bathing will not be permitted at any time.

"The use of tights or 'trunks' will not be allowed.

"The police have orders to remove from the beach any person, male or female, whose conduct is improper.

"For the sake of example, all persons are requested to discountenance the practice of the sexes in assuming attitudes on the sand that would be considered immoral at their city homes, or elsewhere. If this rule is not observed, it becomes the duty of the police to serve a card on the offending persons, and if the thing is repeated the offender must be ordered from the beach peremptorily.

"As a rule, respectable people retire from the beach by 10.30 in the evening.

"The electric lights are extinguished at 12 o'clock. All persons are expected to be off the beach one half-hour before that time."

Yet the fact remains that the place is one of the most orderly and reputable

towns, at no expense to any self-respecting person's comfort. Decent folks do as they please, and stay as long as they like on the beach; wines and liquors are kept in the houses of those who wish to use them; bathing is carried on precisely as at any other place, and the government, of which the founder is but a member, is sensible and liberal. There is far more talk about the idiosyncrasies of the founder than there is any basis for; but if he were merely intent upon advertising his town, I should say that he had discovered, and made full use of, the fact that to advertise the decency of a town is to insure its prosperity. To prove this by its reverse one needs only to visit Long Branch, which, after long-continued notoriety as a place where gambling is openly carried on, has fallen from the high estate of a "summer capital," to become stagnant and not far from shabby.

Asbury Park is not a religious foundation, as Ocean Grove is; but near by is Wanamassa, a summer camp in "the Pines" for members of the Young Men's Christian Association. And on the shore of New York's lower bay is a very healthy, pushing resort called Atlantic Highlands, which was organized as a camp-meeting town, "and to combine health, pleasure, and religion." It is a beautiful spot, and is maintained with a close regard for the morals of the visitors, whose number, increasing every year, now form a multitude.

The water views of Old Monmouth are by no means all of the sea. Below, where the Shrewsbury and Navesink rivers lend truly magnificent beauty to a thousand vistas, the beach and woodland ponds are numerous. They are called "lakes" by the summer hotel-keepers. Many of the resorts possess one pond, but Asbury Park has three, and Ocean Grove lies between two. Some of these are so very close to the sea that one may toss a stone from one to the other, but the coast is actually broken by inlets in very few places. Shark River is made by one of these breaks, and deserves an especial word of praise for its beauty, its healthfulness, and the sport with boat and rod and net which it affords.

And now let me conclude this mere dish out of the feast of good reading that the records of old Monmouth afford by a quotation from its ancient history. It is

one Oldmixon, friend of William Penn, who is responsible for it:

"A gentleman asking one of the Proprietaries (Berkeley and Carteret) '*If there were no Lawyers in the Jerseys,*' was answered '*no.*' And then '*If there were no Physicians?*' The Proprietor replied '*no.*' '*Nor Parsons?*' adds the Gentleman. '*No,*' says the Proprietor. Upon which the other cry'd, '*What a happy place, and how worthy the name of Paradise!*'"

The last sentence of that epitome of the charms of Monmouth was nearer the

truth than the others. There were parsons and doctors and lawyers in that "good land to fall in with," and at a very early day, and presently there came upon the scene a poet of great renown in his time. This was Philip Freneau, whose "patriotic songs and ballads were everywhere sung with enthusiasm." He was a graduate of Princeton, an editor, traveller, and poet, and the friend of Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. He died at the age of eighty, and was buried near Freehold.

THE EDITOR'S STORY.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IT was a warm afternoon in the early spring, and the air in the office was close and heavy. The letters of the morning had been answered and the proofs corrected, and the gentlemen who had come with ideas worth one column at space rates, and which they thought worth three, had compromised with the editor on a basis of two, and departed. The editor's desk was covered with manuscripts in a heap, a heap that never seemed to grow less, and each manuscript bore a character of its own, as marked or as unobtrusive as the character of the man or of the woman who had written it, which disclosed itself in the care with which some were presented for consideration, in the vain little ribbons of others, or the selfish manner in which still others were tightly rolled or vilely scribbled.

The editor held the first page of a poem in his hand, and was reading it mechanically, for its length had already declared against it, unless it might chance to be the precious gem out of a thousand, which must be chosen in spite of its twenty stanzas. But as the editor read, his interest awakened, and he scanned the verses again, as one would turn to look a second time at a face which seemed familiar. At the fourth stanza his memory was still in doubt, at the sixth it was warming to the chase, and at the end of the page was in full cry. He caught up the second page and looked for the final verse, and then at the name below, and then back again quickly to the title of the poem, and pushed aside the papers on his desk in search of any note which might have accompanied it.

The name signed at the bottom of the second page was Edwin Aram, the title of the poem was "Bohemia," and there was no accompanying note, only the name Berkeley written at the top of the first page. The envelope in which it had come gave no further clew. It was addressed in the same handwriting as that in which the poem had been written, and it bore the post-mark of New York city. There was no request for the return of the poem, no direction to which either the poem itself or the check for its payment in the event of its acceptance might be sent. Berkeley might be the name of an apartment-house or of a country place or of a suburban town.

The editor stepped out of his office into the larger room beyond and said: "I've a poem here that appeared in an American magazine about seven years ago. I remember the date because I read it when I was at college. Some one is either trying to play a trick on us, or to get money by stealing some other man's brains."

It was in this way that Edwin Aram first introduced himself to our office, and while his poem was not accepted, it was not returned. On the contrary, Mr. Aram became to us one of the most interesting of our would-be contributors, and there was no author, no matter of what popularity, for whose work we waited with greater impatience. But Mr. Aram's personality still remained as completely hidden from us as were the productions which he offered from the sight of our subscribers. Each of the poems he sent had been stolen outright and signed with his name.

It was through no fault of ours that

he continued to blush unseen, or that his pretty taste in poems was unappreciated by the general reader. We followed up every clue and every hint he chose to give us with an enthusiasm worthy of a search after a lost explorer, and with animus worthy of better game. Yet there was some reason for our interest. The man who steals the work of another and who passes it off as his own is the special foe of every editor, but this particular editor had a personal distrust of Mr. Aram. He imagined that these poems might possibly be a trap which some one had laid for him with the purpose of drawing him into printing them, and then of pointing out by this fact how little read the editor was, and how unfit to occupy the swivel-chair into which he had so lately dropped. Or if this were not the case, the man was in any event the enemy of all honest people, who look unkindly on those who try to obtain money by false pretences.

The evasions of Edwin Aram were many, and his methods to avoid detection not without skill. His second poem was written on a sheet of note-paper bearing the legend "The Shakespeare Debating Club. Edwin Aram, President."

This was intended to reassure us as to his literary taste and standard, and to meet any suspicion we might feel had there been no address of any sort accompanying the poem. No one we knew had ever heard of a Shakespeare Debating Club in New York city. But we gave him the benefit of the doubt until we found that this poem, like the first, was also stolen. His third poem bore his name and an address, which on instant inquiry turned out to be that of a vacant lot on Seventh Avenue near Central Park. Edwin Aram had by this time become an exasperating and picturesque individual, and the editorial staff was divided in its opinion concerning him. It was argued on one hand that as the man had never sent us a real address, his object must be to gain a literary reputation at the expense of certain poets, and not to make money at ours. Others answered this by saying that fear of detection alone kept Edwin Aram from sending his real address, but that as soon as his poem was printed, and he ascertained by that fact that he had not been discovered, he would put in an application for payment, and let us know quickly enough to what por-

tion of New York city his check should be forwarded.

This, however, presupposed the fact that he was writing to us over his real name, which we did not believe he would dare to do. No one in our little circle of journalists and literary men had ever heard of such a man, and his name did not appear in the directory. This fact, however, was not convincing in itself, as the residents of New York move from flat to hotel, and from apartments to boarding-houses as frequently as the Arab changes his camping-ground. We tried to draw him out at last by publishing a personal paragraph which stated that several contributions received from Edwin Aram would be returned to him if he would send stamps and his present address. The editor did not add that he would return the poems in person, but such was his warlike intention.

This had the desired result, and brought us a fourth poem and a fourth address, the name of a tall building which towers above Union Square. We seemed to be getting very warm now, and the editor gathered up the four poems, and called to his aid his friend Bronson, the ablest reporter on the New York —, who was to act as chronicler. They took with them letters from the authors of two of the poems and from the editor of the magazine in which the first one had originally appeared, testifying to the fact that Edwin Aram had made an exact copy of the original, and wishing the brother editor good luck in catching the plagiarist.

The reporter looked these over with a critical eye. "The City Editor told me if we caught him," he said, "that I could let it run for all it was worth. I can use these names, I suppose, and I guess they have pictures of the poets at the office. If he turns out to be anybody in particular, it ought to be worth a full three columns. Sunday paper too."

The amateur detectives stood in the lower hall in the tall building, between swinging doors, and jostled by hurrying hundreds, while they read the names on a marble directory.

"There he is!" said the editor, excitedly. "'American Literary Bureau.' One room on the fourteenth floor. That's just the sort of a place in which we would be likely to find him." But the reporter was gazing open-eyed at a name in large let-

ters on an office door. "Edward K. Aram," it read, "Commissioner of —, and City —."

"What do you think of *that*?" he gasped, triumphantly.

"Nonsense," said the editor. "He wouldn't dare; besides, the initials are different. You're expecting too good a story."

"That's the way to get them," answered the reporter, as he hurried towards the office of the City —. "If a man falls dead, believe it's a suicide until you prove it's not; if you find a suicide, believe it's a murder until you are convinced to the contrary. Otherwise you'll get beaten. We don't want the proprietor of a little literary bureau, we want a big city official, and I'll believe we have one until he proves we haven't."

"Which are you going to ask for," whispered the editor, "Edward K. or Edwin?"

"Edwin, I should say," answered the reporter. "He has probably given notice that mail addressed that way should go to him."

"Is Mr. Edwin Aram in?" he asked.

The clerk raised his head and looked behind him. "No," he said; "his desk is closed. I guess he's gone home for the day."

The reporter nudged the editor savagely with his elbow, but his face gave no sign. "That's a pity," he said; "we had an appointment with him. He still lives at Sixty-first Street and Madison Avenue, I believe, does he not?"

"No," said the clerk; "that's his father, the Commissioner, Edward K. The son lives at —. Get off at 116th Street."

"Thank you," said the reporter. He turned a triumphant smile upon the editor. "We've got him!" he said, excitedly. "And the son of old Edward K. too! Think of it! Trying to steal a few dollars by cribbing other men's poems; that's the best story there has been in the papers for the past three months—'Edward K. Aram's son a thief!' Look at the names—politicians, poets, editors, all mixed up in it. It's good for three columns sure."

"We've got to think of his people, too," urged the editor, as they mounted the steps of the elevated road.

"He didn't think of them," said the reporter.

The house in which Mr. Aram lived

was an apartment-house, and the brass latchets in the hallway showed that it contained three suites. There were visiting-cards under the latchets of the first and third stories, and under that of the second a piece of note-paper on which was written the autograph of Edwin Aram. The editor looked at it curiously. He had never believed it to be a real name.

"I am sorry Edwin Aram did not turn out to be a woman," he said, regretfully; "it would have been so much more interesting."

"Now," instructed Bronson, impressively, "whether he is in or not we have him. If he's not in, we wait until he comes, even if he doesn't come until morning; we don't leave this place until we have seen him."

"Very well," said the editor.

The maid left them standing at the top of the stairs while she went to ask if Mr. Aram was in, and whether he would see two gentlemen who did not give their names because they were strangers to him. The two stood silent while they waited, eying each other anxiously, and when the girl reopened the door, nodded pleasantly, and said, "Yes, Mr. Aram was in," they hurried past her as though they feared that he would disappear in mid-air, or float away through the windows before they could reach him.

And yet, when they stood at last face to face with him, he bore a most disappointing air of every-day respectability. He was a tall, thin young man, with light hair and mustache and large blue eyes. His back was towards the window, so that his face was in the shadow, and he did not rise as they entered. The room in which he sat was a prettily furnished one, opening into another tiny room, which, from the number of books in it, might have been called a library. The rooms had a well-to-do, even prosperous, air, but they did not show any evidences of a pronounced taste on the part of their owner, either in the way in which they were furnished or in the decorations of the walls. A little girl of about seven or eight years of age, who was standing between her father's knees, with a hand on each, and with her head thrown back on his shoulder, looked up at the two visitors with evident interest, and smiled brightly.

"Mr. Aram?" asked the editor, tentatively.

The young man nodded, and the two visitors seated themselves.

"I wish to talk to you on a matter of private business," the editor began. "Wouldn't it be better to send the little girl away?"

The child shook her head violently at this, and crowded up closely to her father; but he held her away from him gently, and told her to "run and play with Annie."

She passed the two visitors, with her head held scornfully in air, and left the men together. Mr. Aram seemed to have a most passive and incurious disposition. He had no idea as to who his anonymous visitors might be, nor did he show any desire to know.

"I am the editor of —," the editor began. "My friend also writes for that paper. I have received several poems from you lately, Mr. Aram, and one in particular which we all liked very much. It was called 'Bohemia.' But it is so like one that has appeared under the same title in the — *Magazine* that I thought I would see you about it, and ask you if you could explain the similarity. You see," he went on, "it would be less embarrassing if you would do so now than later, when the poem has been published and when people might possibly accuse you of plagiarism." The editor smiled encouragingly and waited.

Mr. Aram crossed one leg over the other and folded his hands in his lap. He exhibited no interest, and looked drowsily at the editor. When he spoke it was in a tone of unstudied indifference. "I never wrote a poem called 'Bohemia,'" he said, slowly; "at least, if I did, I don't remember it."

The editor had not expected a flat denial, and it irritated him, for he recognized it to be the safest course the man could pursue, if he kept to it. "But you don't mean to say," he protested, smiling, "that you can write so excellent a poem as 'Bohemia' and then forget having done so?"

"I might," said Mr. Aram, unresentfully, and with little interest. "I scribble a good deal."

"Perhaps," suggested the reporter, politely, with the air of one who is trying to cover up a difficulty to the satisfaction of all, "Mr. Aram would remember it if he saw it."

The editor nodded his head in assent, and took the first page of the two on which the poem was written, and held it out to Mr. Aram, who accepted the piece of foolscap and eyed it listlessly.

"Yes, I wrote that," he said. "I copied it out of a book called *Gems from American Poets*." There was a lazy pause. "But I never sent it to any paper." The editor and the reporter eyed each other with outward calm but with some inward astonishment. They could not see why he had not adhered to his original denial of the thing *in toto*. It seemed to them so foolish to admit having copied the poem and then to deny having forwarded it.

"You see," explained Mr. Aram, still with no apparent interest in the matter, "I am very fond of poetry; I like to recite it, and I often write it out in order to make me remember it. I find it impresses the words on my mind. Well, that's what's happened. I have copied this poem out at the office probably, and one of the clerks there has found it, and has supposed that I wrote it, and he has sent it to your paper as a sort of a joke on me. You see, father being so well known, it would rather amuse the boys if I came out as an author. That's how it was, I guess. Somebody must have found it and sent it to you, because I never sent it."

There was a moment of thoughtful consideration. "I see," said the editor. "I used to do that same thing myself when I had to recite pieces at school. I found that writing the verses down helped me to remember them. I remember that I once copied out all of Shakespeare's sonnets. But, Mr. Aram, it never occurred to me, after having copied out one of Shakespeare's sonnets, to sign my own name at the bottom of it."

Mr. Aram's eyes dropped to the page of manuscript in his hand and rested there for some little time. Then he said, without raising his head, "I haven't signed this."

"No," replied the editor; "but you signed the second page, which I still have in my hand."

The editor and his companion expected some expression of indignation from Mr. Aram at this, some question of their right to come into his house and cross-examine him and to accuse him, tentatively at least, of literary fraud, but they were dis-

appointed. Mr. Aram's manner was still one of absolute impassibility. Whether this manner was habitual to him they could not know, but it made them doubt their own judgment in having so quickly accused him, as it bore the look of undismayed innocence.

It was the reporter who was the first to break the silence. "Perhaps some one has signed Mr. Aram's name—the clerk who sent it, for instance."

Young Mr. Aram looked up at him curiously, and held out his hand for the second page. "Yes," he drawled, "that's how it happened. That's not my signature. I never signed that."

The editor was growing restless. "I have several other poems here from you," he said; "one written from the rooms of the Shakespeare Debating Club, of which I see you are president. Your clerk could not have access there, could he? He did not write that, too?"

"No," said Mr. Aram, doubtfully, "he could not have written that."

The editor handed him the poem. "It's yours, then?"

"Yes, that's mine," Mr. Aram replied.

"And the signature?"

"Yes, and the signature. I wrote that myself," Mr. Aram explained, "and sent it myself. That other one ('Bohemia') I just copied out to remember, but this is original with me."

"And the envelope in which it was enclosed," asked the editor, "did you address that also?"

Mr. Aram examined it uninterestedly. "Yes, that's my handwriting too." He raised his head. His face wore an expression of patient politeness.

"Oh!" exclaimed the editor, suddenly, in some embarrassment. "I handed you the wrong envelope. I beg your pardon. That envelope is the one in which 'Bohemia' came."

The reporter gave a hardly perceptible start; his eyes were fixed on the pattern of the rug at his feet, and the editor continued to examine the papers in his hand. There was absolute silence. From outside came the noise of children playing in the street and the rapid rush of a passing car.

When the two visitors raised their heads Mr. Aram was looking at them strangely, and the fingers folded in his lap were twisting in and out.

"This Shakespeare Debating Club,"

said the editor, "where are its rooms, Mr. Aram?"

"It has no rooms, now," answered the poet. "It has disbanded. It never had any regular rooms; we just met about and read."

"I see—exactly," said the editor. "And the house on Seventh Avenue from which your third poem was sent—did you reside there then, or have you always lived here?"

"No, yes—I used to live there—I lived there when I wrote that poem."

The editor looked at the reporter and back at Mr. Aram. "It is a vacant lot, Mr. Aram," he said, gravely.

There was a long pause. The poet rocked slowly up and down in his rocking-chair, and looked at his hands, which he rubbed over one another as though they were cold. Then he raised his head and cleared his throat.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "you have made out your case."

"Yes," said the editor, regretfully, "we have made out our case." He could not help but wish that the fellow had stuck to his original denial. It was too easy a victory.

"I don't say, mind you," went on Mr. Aram, "that I ever took anybody's verses and sent them to a paper as my own, but I ask you as one gentleman talking to another, and inquiring for information, what is there wrong in doing it? I say, if I had done it, which I don't admit I ever did, where's the harm?"

"Where's the harm?" cried the two visitors in chorus.

"Obtaining money under false pretences," said the editor, "is the harm you do the publishers, and robbing another man of the work of his brain and what credit belongs to him is the harm you do him, and telling a lie is the least harm done. Such a contemptible foolish lie, too, that you might have known would surely find you out in spite of the trouble you took to—"

"I never asked you for any money," interrupted Mr. Aram, quietly.

"But we would have sent it to you, nevertheless," retorted the editor, "if we had not discovered in time that the poems were stolen."

"Where would you have sent it?" asked Mr. Aram. "I never gave you a right address, did I? I ask you, did I?"

The editor paused in some confusion.

"Well, if you did not want the money, what did you want?" he exclaimed. "I must say I should like to know."

Mr. Aram rocked himself to and fro, and gazed at his two inquisitors with troubled eyes. "I didn't see any harm in it then," he repeated. "I don't see any harm in it now. I didn't ask you for any money. I sort of thought," he said, confusedly, "that I should like to see my name in print. I wanted my friends to see it. I'd have liked to have shown it to—to—well, I'd like my wife to have seen it. She's interested in literature and books and magazines and things like that. That was all I wanted. That's why I did it."

The reporter looked up askance at the editor, as a prompter watches the actor to see if he is ready to take his cue.

"How do I know that?" demanded the editor, sharply. He found it somewhat difficult to be severe with this poet, for the man admitted so much so readily, and would not defend himself. Had he only blustered and grown angry and ordered them out, instead of sitting helplessly there rocking to and fro and picking at the back of his hands, it would have made it so much easier. "How do we know," repeated the editor, "that you did not intend to wait until the poems had appeared, and then send us your real address and ask for the money, saying that you had moved since you had last written us?"

"Oh," protested Mr. Aram, "you know I never thought of that."

"I don't know anything of the sort," said the editor. "I only know that you have forged and lied and tried to obtain money that doesn't belong to you, and that I mean to make an example of you and frighten other men from doing the same thing. No editor has read every poem that was ever written, and there is no protection for him from such fellows as you, and the only thing he can do when he does catch one of you is to make an example of him. That's what I am going to do. I am going to make an example of you. I am going to nail you up as people nail up dead crows to frighten off the live ones. It is my intention to give this to the papers to-night, and you know what they will do with it in the morning."

There was a long and most uncomfortable pause, and it is doubtful if the editor did not feel it as much as did the man opposite him. The editor turned to his

friend for a glance of sympathy, or of disapproval even, but that gentleman still sat bending forward with his eyes fixed on the floor, while he tapped with the top of his cane against his teeth.

"You don't mean," said Mr. Aram, in a strangely different voice from which he had last spoken, "that you would do that?"

"Yes, I do," blustered the editor. But even as he spoke he was conscious of a sincere regret that he had not come alone. He could intuitively feel Bronson mapping out the story in his mind and memorizing Aram's every word, and taking mental notes of the framed certificates of high membership in different military and masonic associations which hung upon the walls. It had not been long since the editor was himself a reporter, and he could see that it was as good a story as Bronson could wish it to be. But he reiterated, "Yes, I mean to give it to the papers to-night."

"But think," said Aram—"think, sir, who I am. You don't want to ruin me for the rest of my life just for a matter of fifteen dollars, do you? Fifteen dollars that no one has lost, either. If I'd embezzled a million or so, or if I had robbed the city, well and good! I'd have taken big risks for big money; but you are going to punish me just as hard, because I tried to please my wife, as though I had robbed a mint. No one has really been hurt," he pleaded; "the men who wrote the poems—they've been paid for them; they've got all the credit for them they *can* get. You've not lost a cent. I've gained nothing by it; and yet you gentlemen are going to give this thing to the papers, and, as you say, sir, we know what they will make of it. What with my being my father's son, and all that, my father is going to suffer. My family is going to suffer. It will ruin me—"

The editor put the papers back into his pocket. If Bronson had not been there he might possibly instead have handed them over to Mr. Aram, and this story would never have been written. But he could not do that now. Mr. Aram's affairs had become the property of the New York newspaper.

He turned to his friend doubtfully. "What do you think, Bronson?" he asked.

At this sign of possible leniency Aram ceased in his rocking and sat erect, with

eyes wide open and fixed on Bronson's face. But the latter trailed his stick over the rug at the bottom of his feet and shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Aram," he said, "might have thought of his family and his father before he went into this business. It is rather late now. But," he added, "I don't think it is a matter we can decide in any event. It should be left to the firm."

"Yes," said the editor, hurriedly, glad of the excuse to temporize, "we must leave it to the house." But he read Bronson's answer to mean that he did not intend to let the plagiarist escape, and he knew that even were Bronson willing to do so, there was still his City Editor to be persuaded.

The two men rose and stood uncomfortably, shifting their hats in their hands—and avoiding each other's eyes. Mr. Aram stood up also, and seeing that his last chance had come, began again to plead desperately.

"What good would fifteen dollars do me?" he said, with a gesture of his hands round the room. "I don't have to look for money as hard as that. I tell you," he reiterated, "it wasn't the money I wanted. I didn't mean any harm. I didn't know it was wrong. I just wanted to please my wife—that was all. My God, man, can't you see that you are punishing me out of all proportion?"

The visitors walked towards the door, and he followed them, talking the faster as they drew near to it. The scene had become an exceedingly painful one, and they were anxious to bring it to a close.

The editor interrupted him. "We will let you know," he said, "what we have decided to do by to-morrow morning."

"You mean," retorted the man, hopelessly and reproachfully, "that I will read it in the Sunday papers."

Before the editor could answer they heard the door leading into the apartment open and close, and some one stepping quickly across the hall to the room in which they stood. The entrance to this room was hung with a portière, and as the three men paused in silence this portière was pushed back, and a young lady stood in the doorway, holding the curtains apart with her two hands. She was smiling, and the smile lighted a face that was inexpressibly bright and honest and true. Aram's face had been lowered, but

the eyes of the other two men were staring wide open towards the unexpected figure, which seemed to bring a taste of fresh pure air into the feverish atmosphere of the place. The girl stopped uncertainly when she saw the two strangers, and bowed her head slightly as the mistress of a house might welcome any one whom she found in her drawing-room. She was entirely above and apart from her surroundings. It was not only that she was exceedingly pretty, but that everything about her, from her attitude to her cloth walking-dress, was significant of good taste and high breeding.

She paused uncertainly, still smiling, and with her gloved hands holding back the curtains and looking at Aram with eyes filled with a kind confidence. She was apparently waiting for him to present his friends.

The editor made a sudden but irrevocable resolve. "If she is only a chance visitor," he said to himself, "I will still expose him; but if that woman in the doorway is his wife, I will push Bronson under the elevated train, and the secret will die with me." What Bronson's thoughts were he could not know, but he was conscious that his friend had straightened his broad shoulders and was holding his head erect.

Aram raised his face, but he did not look at the woman in the door. "In a minute, dear," he said; "I am busy with these gentlemen."

The girl gave a little "oh" of apology, smiled at her husband's bent head, inclined her own again slightly to the other men, and let the portière close behind her. It had been as dramatic an entrance and exit as the two visitors had ever seen upon the stage. It was as if Aram had given a signal, and the only person who could help him had come in the nick of time to plead for him. Aram, stupid as he appeared to be, had evidently felt the effect his wife's appearance had made upon his judges. He still kept his eyes fixed upon the floor, but he said, and this time with more confidence in his tone:

"It is not, gentlemen, as though I were an old man. I have so very long to live—so long to try to live this down. Why, I am as young as you are. How would you like to have a thing like this to carry with you till you died?"

The editor still stood staring blankly

at the curtains through which Mr. Aram's good angel, for whom he had lied and cheated in order to gain credit in her eyes, had disappeared. He pushed them aside with his stick. "We will let you know to-morrow morning," he repeated, and the two men passed out from the poet's presence, and on into the hall. They descended the stairs in an uncomfortable silence, Bronson leading the way, and the editor endeavoring to read his verdict by the back of his head and shoulders.

At the foot of the steps he pulled his friend by the sleeve. "Bronson," he coaxed, "you are not going to use it, are you?"

Bronson turned on him savagely. "For Heaven's sake!" he protested, "what do you think I am; did you see her?"

So the New York — lost a very good story, and Bronson a large sum of money for not writing it, and Mr. Aram was taught a lesson, and his young wife's confidence in him remained unshaken. The editor and reporter dined together

that night, and over their cigars decided with sudden terror that Mr. Aram might in his ignorance of their good intentions concerning him blow out his brains, and for nothing. So they despatched a messenger-boy up town in post-haste with a note saying that "the firm" had decided to let the matter drop. Although, perhaps, it would have been better to have given him one sleepless night at least.

That was three years ago, and since then Mr. Aram's father has fallen out with Tammany, and has been retired from public service. Bronson has been sent abroad to represent the United States at a foreign court, and has asked the editor to write the story that he did not write, but with such changes in the names of people and places that no one save Mr. Aram may know who Mr. Aram really was and is.

This the editor has done, reporting what happened as faithfully as he could, and in the hope that it will make an interesting story in spite of the fact, and not on account of the fact, that it is a true one.

SEA BALLADS.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

MY SAILOR.

I STOOD with my sailor, hand in hand,
Where the waves were foaming free,
While the great ship gloomed against the strand,
Setting her sails for sea.
Never, never can I forget
The mingled sorrow and bliss
When our eyes in that last long love-look met,
Our lips in that last long kiss.

Then the great ship swept from the harbor's mouth
With our sailors over the deep;
Wistful we watched till she sank in the south;
Then homeward we turned to weep.

Tempest within and tempest without,
Storm of the sky and the soul;
A fierce-fought battle in dreadful doubt,
And a sudden message of dole:
"At his last breath, wounded to death,
Winning a hope forlorn;
A nobler name from a field of fame
No Briton has ever borne."

Hope, hope, most faint and far,
 Yet he vanquished one hope forlorn;
 Hope, hope, my brightening star,
 Hope, my beaming morn.
 Letters, letters, westward flying
 And eastward over the main;
 Letters, letters, golden fetters
 Linking two lives again.

A great ship growing out of the south,
 A great crowd gathered on shore,
 A great ship making the harbor's mouth,
 And my sailor, my sailor once more!

GALWAY BAY.

In the golden Autumn gloaming
 Our sweethearts loosed away,
 And their hookers brown went foaming
 Full race o'er Galway Bay;
 But through all their shouts and singing
 Broke in the breakers' tune,
 And the ghostly gulls came winging
 In flocks to the frowning doon,
 And angry red was ringing
 The rising harvest-moon.

Then we girls went back to our spinning;
 But soon grew sore distressed
 To hear the storm beginning
 Far off in the wailing west,
 Till fearful lightning flashes
 Came darting round our reels,
 And dreadful thunder crashes
 Made dumb our dancing wheels,
 While with lips as white as ashes
 We prayed for our fishing-keels.

With the wild wet dawn we started
 In grief to the groaning shore,
 Where so lightly we had parted
 From our boys but the eve before;
 Then sure no angel's story
 Ever spake such comfort sweet
 As the cry of the coast-guard hoary,
 As he sighted each craft complete:
 "Our God has saved—to His glory—
 All hands of the herring fleet!"

TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Eighth.

"La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine, . . .
Et puis—bonjour!"

"La vie est brève:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve. . . .
Et puis—bonsoir!"

SVENGALI had died from heart-disease. The fact he had received from Gecko had not apparently (as far as the verdict of a coroner's inquest could be trusted) had any effect in aggravating his malady or hastening his death.

But Gecko was sent for trial at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to hard labor for six months. Taffy saw him again, but with no better result than before. He chose to preserve an obstinate silence on his relations with the Svengalis and their relations with each other.

When he was told how hopelessly ill and insane Madame Svengali was, he shed a few tears, and said: "Ah, pauvre, pauvre—ah! monsieur—je l'aimais tant, je l'aimais tant! il n'y en a pas beaucoup comme elle, Dieu de misère! C'est un ange du Paradis!"

And not another word was to be got out of him.

It took some time to settle Svengali's affairs after his death. No will was found. His old mother came over from Germany, and two of his sisters, but no wife. The comic wife and the three children, and the sweet-stuff shop in Elberfeld, had been humorous inventions of his own—a kind of Mrs. Harris!

He left three thousand pounds, every penny of which (and of far larger sums that he had spent) had been earned by "la Svengali"; but nothing came to Trilby of this—nothing but the clothes and jewels he had given her, and in this respect he had been lavish enough; and there were countless costly gifts from emperors, kings, great people of all kinds. Trilby was under the impression that all these belonged to Marta. Marta behaved admirably; she seemed bound hand and foot to Trilby by a kind of slavish adora-



"OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS EAST."

tion, as that of a plain old mother for a brilliant and beautiful but dying child.

It soon became evident that, whatever her disease might be, Trilby had but a very short time to live.

She was soon too weak even to be taken out in a Bath chair, and remained all day in her large sitting-room with Marta; and there, to her great and only joy, she received her three old friends every afternoon, and gave them coffee, and made them smoke cigarettes of caporal as of old; and their hearts were daily harrowed as they watched her rapid decline.

Day by day she grew more beautiful in their eyes, in spite of her increasing pallor and emaciation—her skin was so pure and white and delicate, and the bones of her face so admirable!

Her eyes recovered all their old humorous brightness when les trois An-

* Begun in January number, 1894.

glichen were with her, and the expression of her face was so wistful and tender for all her playfulness, so full of eager clinging to existence and to them, that they felt the memory of it would haunt them forever, and be the sweetest and saddest memory of their lives.

Her quick, though feeble gestures, full of reminiscences of the vigorous and lively girl they had known a few years back, sent waves of pity through them and pure brotherly love; and the incomparable tones and changes and modulations of her voice, as she chatted and laughed, bewitched them almost as much as when she had sung the Nussbaum of Schumann in the Salle des Bashibazoucks.

Sometimes Lorrimer came, and Joe Sibley and the Greek. It was like a genial little court of bohemia. And Lorrimer, Sibley, the Laird, and Little Billee made those beautiful chalk and pencil studies of her head which are now so well known—all so singularly like her, and so singularly unlike each other! *Trilby vue à travers quatre tempéraments!*

These afternoons were probably the happiest poor Trilby had ever spent in her life;—with these dear people round her, speaking the language she loved,

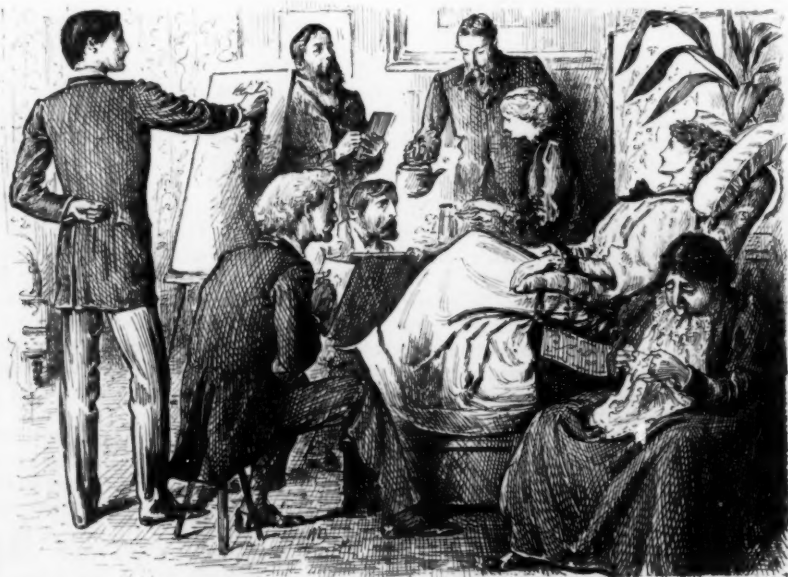
talking of old times and jolly Paris days, she never thought of the morrow.

But later—at night, in the small hours—she would wake up with a start from some dream full of tender and blissful recollection, and suddenly realize her own mischance, and feel the icy hand of that which was to come before many morrows were over; and taste the bitterness of death so keenly that she longed to scream out loud, and get up, and walk up and down, and wring her hands at the dreadful thought of parting forever!

But she lay motionless and mum as a poor little frightened mouse in a trap, for fear of waking up the good old tired Marta, who was snoring at her side.

And in an hour or two the bitterness would pass away, the creeps and the horrors; and the stoical spirit of resignation would steal over her—the balm, the blessed calm! and all her old bravery would come back.

And then she would sink into sleep again, and dream more blissfully than ever, till the good Marta woke her with a motherly kiss and a fragrant cup of coffee; and she would find, feeble as she was, and doomed as she felt herself to be, that joy cometh of a morning; and life was



A THRONE IN BOHEMIA.

still sweet for her, with yet a whole day to look forward to.

One day she was deeply moved at receiving a visit from Mrs. Bagot, who, at Little Billee's earnest desire, had come all the way from Devonshire to see her.

As the graceful little lady came in, pale and trembling all over, Trilby rose from her chair to receive her, and rather timidly put out her hand, and smiled in a frightened manner. Neither could speak for a second. Mrs. Bagot stood stock-still by the door, gazing (with all her heart in her eyes) at the so terribly altered Trilby—the girl she had once so dreaded.

Trilby, who seemed also bereft of motion, and whose face and lips were ashen, exclaimed, "I'm afraid I haven't quite kept my promise to you, after all! but things have turned out so differently! anyhow you needn't have any fear of me *now*."

At the mere sound of that voice, Mrs. Bagot, who was as impulsive, emotional, and unregulated as her son, rushed forward, crying, "Oh, my poor girl, my poor girl!" and caught her in her arms, and kissed and caressed her, and burst into a flood of tears, and forced her back into her chair, hugging her as if she were a long-lost child.

"I love you now as much as I always admired you—pray believe it!"

"Oh, how kind of you to say that!" said Trilby, her own eyes filling. "I'm not at all the dangerous or designing person you thought. I knew quite well I wasn't a proper person to marry your son all the time; and told him so again and again. It was very stupid of me to say yes at last. I was miserable directly after, I assure you. Somehow I couldn't help myself—I was driven."

"Oh, don't talk of that! don't talk of that! You've never been to blame in any way—I've long known it—I've been full of remorse! You've been in my thoughts always, night and day. Forgive a poor jealous mother. As if *any* man could help loving you—or any woman either. Forgive me!"

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot—forgive *you*! What a funny idea! But anyhow you've forgiven *me*, and that's all I care for now.



"OH, MY POOR GIRL! MY POOR GIRL!"

I was very fond of your son—as fond as could be. I am now, but in quite a different sort of way, you know—the sort of way *you* must be, I fancy! There was never another like him that I ever met—anywhere! You *must* be so proud of him: who wouldn't! *Nobody's* good enough for him. I would have been only too glad to be his servant, his humble servant! I used to tell him so—but he wouldn't hear of it—he was much too kind! He always thought of others before himself. And, oh! how rich and famous he's become! I've heard all about it, and it did me good. It does me more good to think of than anything else; far more than if I were to be ever so rich and famous myself, I can tell you!"

This from la Svengali, whose overpowering fame, so utterly forgotten by herself, was still ringing all over Europe; whose lamentable illness and approaching death were being mourned and discussed and commented upon in every capital of the civilized world, as one distressing bulletin appeared after another. She might have been a royal personage!

Mrs. Bagot knew, of course, the strange form her insanity had taken, and made no allusion to the flood of thoughts that rushed through her own brain as she lis-

tened to this towering goddess of song, this poor mad queen of the nightingales, humbly gloating over her son's success. . . .

Poor Mrs. Bagot had just come from Little Billee's in Fitzroy Square close by. There she had seen Taffy, in a corner of Little Billee's studio, laboriously answering endless letters and telegrams from all parts of Europe—for the good Taffy had constituted himself Trilby's secretary and *homme d'affaires*—unknown to her, of course. And this was no sinecure (though he liked it): putting aside the numerous people he had to see and be interviewed by, there were kind inquiries and messages of condolence and sympathy from nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, through their chamberlains; applications for help from unsuccessful musical strugglers all over the world to the pre-eminently successful one; beautiful letters from great and famous people, musical or otherwise; disinterested offers of service; interested proposals for engagements when the present trouble should be over; beggings for an interview from famous impresarios, to obtain which no distance would be thought too great, etc., etc., etc. It was endless, in English, French, German, Italian—in languages quite incomprehensible (many letters had to remain unanswered). Taffy took an almost malicious pleasure in explaining all this to Mrs. Bagot.

Then there was a constant rolling of carriages up to the door, and a thundering of Little Billee's knocker: Lord and Lady Palmerston wish to know—the Lord Chief Justice wishes to know—the Dean of Westminster wishes to know—the Marchioness of Westminster wishes to know—everybody wishes to know if there is any better news of Madame Svengali!

These were small things, truly; but Mrs. Bagot was a small person from a small village in Devonshire, and one whose heart and eye had hitherto been filled by no larger image than that of Little Billee; and Little Billee's fame, as she now discovered for the first time, did not quite fill the entire universe.

And she mustn't be too much blamed if all these obvious signs of a world-wide celebrity impressed and even awed her a little.

Madame Svengali! Why, this was the beautiful girl whom she remembered so well, whom she had so grandly discarded with a word, and who had accepted her

congé so meekly in a minute; whom, indeed, she had been cursing in her heart for years, because—because what?

Poor Mrs. Bagot felt herself turn hot and red all over, and humbled herself to the very dust, and almost forgot that she had been in the right, after all, and that "la grande Trilby" was certainly no fit match for her son!

So she went quite humbly to see Trilby, and found a poor pathetic mad creature still more humble than herself, who still apologized for—for what?

A poor pathetic mad creature who had clean forgotten that she was the greatest singer in all the world—one of the greatest artists that had ever lived; but who remembered with shame and contrition that she had once taken the liberty of yielding (after endless pressure and repeated disinterested refusals of her own, and out of sheer irresistible affection) to the passionate pleadings of a little obscure art student, a mere boy—no better off than herself—just as penniless and insignificant a nobody; but—the son of Mrs. Bagot.

All due sense of proportion died out of the poor lady as she remembered and realized all this!

And then Trilby's pathetic beauty, so touching, so winning, in its rapid decay; the nameless charm of look and voice and manner that was her special appanage, and which her malady and singular madness had only increased; her childlike simplicity, her transparent forgetfulness of self—all these so fascinated and entranced Mrs. Bagot, whose quick susceptibility to such impressions was just as keen as her son's, that she very soon found herself all but worshipping this fast-fading lily—for so she called her in her own mind—quite forgetting (or affecting to forget) on what very questionable soil the lily had been reared, and through what strange vicissitudes of evil and corruption it had managed to grow so tall and white and fragrant!

Oh, strange compelling power of weakness and grace and prettiness combined, and sweet, sincere, unconscious natural manners! not to speak of world-wide fame!

For Mrs. Bagot was just a shrewd little conventional British country matron of the good upper middle-class type, bristling all over with provincial proprieties and respectabilities, a philistine of the philis-

tines, in spite of her artistic instincts; one who for years had (rather unjustly) thought of Trilby as a wanton and perilous siren, an unchaste and unprincipled and most dangerous daughter of Heth, and the special enemy of her house.

And here she was—like all the rest of us monads and nomads and bohemians—just sitting at Trilby's feet. . . . "A washerwoman! a figure model! and Heaven knows what besides!" and she had never even heard her sing!

It was truly comical to see and hear!

Mrs. Bagot did not go back to Devonshire. She remained in Fitzroy Square, at her son's, and spent most of her time with Trilby, doing and devising all kinds of things to distract and amuse her, and lead her thoughts gently to heaven, and soften for her the coming end of all.

Trilby had a way of saying, and especially of looking, "Thank you" that made one wish to do as many things for her as one could, if only to make her say and look it again.

And she had retained much of her old, quaint, and amusing manner of telling things, and had much to tell still left of her wandering life, although there were so many strange lapses in her powers of memory—gaps—which, if they could only have been filled up, would have been full of such surpassing interest!

Then she was never tired of talking and hearing of Little Billee; and that was a subject of which Mrs. Bagot could never tire either!

Then there were the recollections of her childhood. One day, in a drawer, Mrs. Bagot came upon a faded daguerreotype of a woman in a Tam o' Shanter, with a face so sweet and beautiful and saintlike that it almost took her breath away. It was Trilby's mother.

"Who and what was your mother, Trilby?"

"Ah, poor mamma!" said Trilby, and she looked at the portrait a long time. "Ah, she was ever so much prettier than that! Mamma was once a demoiselle de comptoir—that's a barmaid, you know—at the Montagnards Écossais, in the Rue du Paradis Poissonnière—a place where men used to drink and smoke without sitting down. That was unfortunate, wasn't it?"

"Papa loved her with all his heart, although, of course, she wasn't his equal.

They were married at the Embassy, in the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré.

"Her parents weren't married at all. Her mother was the daughter of a boatman on Loch Ness, near a place called Drumnadrochit; but her father was the Honorable Colonel Desmond. He was related to all sorts of great people in England and Ireland. He behaved very bad-



"AH, POOR MAMMA! SHE WAS EVER SO MUCH PRETTIER THAN THAT!"

ly to my grandmother and to poor mamma—his own daughter! deserted them both! Not very *honorable* of him, *was* it! And that's all I know about him."

And then she went on to tell of the home in Paris that might have been so happy but for her father's passion for drink; of her parents' deaths, and little Jeannot, and so forth. And Mrs. Bagot was much moved and interested by these naïve revelations, which accounted in a measure for so much that seemed unaccountable in this extraordinary woman; who thus turned out to be a kind of cousin to no less a person than the famous Duchess of Towers.

With what joy would that ever kind and gracious lady have taken poor Trilby to her bosom had she only known! She had once been all the way from Paris to Vienna merely to hear her sing. But, unfortunately, the Svengalis had just left for St. Petersburg, and she had her long journey for nothing!

Mrs. Bagot brought her many good books, and read them to her—Dr. Cummings on the approaching end of the world, and other works of a like comforting tendency for those who are just about to leave it; the *Pilgrim's Progress*, sweet little tracts, and what not.

Trilby was so grateful that she listened with much patient attention. Only now and then a faint gleam of amusement would steal over her face, and her lips would almost form themselves to ejaculate, "Oh, maie, aie!"

Then Mrs. Bagot, as a reward for such winning docility, would read her *David Copperfield*, and that was heavenly indeed!

But the best of all was for Trilby to look over John Leech's pictures of Life and Character, just out. She had never seen any drawings of Leech before, except now and then in an occasional *Punch* that turned up in the studio in Paris. And they never palled upon her, and taught her more of the aspect of English life (the life she loved) than any book she had ever read. She laughed and laughed; and it was almost as sweet to listen to as if she were vocalizing the quick part in Chopin's Impromptu.

One day she said, her lips trembling: "I can't make out why you're so wonderfully kind to me, Mrs. Bagot. I hope you have not forgotten who and what I am, and what my story is. I hope you haven't forgotten that I'm not a respectable woman?"

"Oh, my dear child—don't ask me . . . I only know that you are you! . . . and I am I! and that is enough for me . . . you're my poor gentle patient suffering daughter, whatever else you are—more sinned against than sinning, I feel sure! But there . . . I've misjudged you so, and been so unjust, that I would give worlds to make you some amends . . . besides, I should be just as fond of you if you'd committed a murder, I really believe—you're so strange! you're irresistible! Did you ever, in all your life, meet anybody that wasn't fond of you?"

Trilby's eyes moistened with tender pleasure at such a pretty compliment. Then, after a few minutes' thought, she said, with engaging candor and quite simply: "No, I can't say I ever did, that I can think of just now. But I've forgotten such lots of people!"

One day Mrs. Bagot told Trilby that her brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Bagot, would much like to come and talk to her.

"Was that the gentleman who came with you to the studio in Paris?"

"Yes."

"Why, he's a clergyman, isn't he? What does he want to come and talk to me about?"

"Ah! my dear child. . . ." said Mrs. Bagot, her eyes filling.

Trilby was thoughtful for a while, and then said: "I'm going to die, I suppose. Oh yes! oh yes! There's no mistake about that!"

"Dear Trilby, we are all in the hands of an Almighty Merciful God!" And the tears rolled down Mrs. Bagot's cheeks.

After a long pause, during which she gazed out of window, Trilby said, in an abstracted kind of way, as though she were talking to herself: "Après tout, c'est pas déjà si raide, de claquer! J'en ai tant vus, qui ont passé par là! Au bout du fossé la culbute, ma foi!"

"What are you saying to yourself in French, Trilby? Your French is so difficult to understand!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I was thinking it's not so very difficult to die, after all! I've seen such lots of people do it. I've nursed them, you know—papa and mamma and Jeannot, and Angèle Boisse's mother-in-law, and a poor casseur de pierres, Colin Maigret, who lived in the Impasse des Taupes St.-Germain. He'd been run over by an omnibus in the Rue Vaugirard, and had to have both his legs cut off just above the knee. They none of them seemed to mind dying a bit. They weren't a bit afraid! I'm not!"

"Poor people don't think much of death. Rich people shouldn't either. They should be taught when they're quite young to laugh at it and despise it, like the Chinese. The Chinese die of laughing just as their heads are being cut off, and cheat the executioner! It's all in the day's work, and we're all in the same boat—who's afraid!"

"Dying is not all, my poor child! Are you prepared to meet your Maker face to face? Have you ever thought about God, and the possible wrath to come if you should die unrepentant?"

"Oh, but I sha'n't! I've been repenting all my life! Besides, there'll be no wrath for any of us—not even the worst! *Il y aura amnistie générale!* Papa told



"TO SING LIKE THAT IS TO PRAY!"

me so, and he'd been a clergyman, like Mr. Thomas Bagot. I often think about God. I'm very fond of Him. One *must* have something perfect to look up to and be fond of—even if it's only an idea!

"Though some people don't even believe He exists! Le père Martin didn't—but, of course, *he* was only a chiffonnier, and doesn't count.

"One day, though, Durien the sculptor, who's very clever, and a very good fellow indeed, said:

"Vois tu, Trilby—I'm very much afraid He doesn't really exist, le bon Dieu! most unfortunately for *me*, for I *adore* Him! I never do a piece of work without thinking how nice it would be if I could only please *Him* with it!"

"And I've often thought, myself, how heavenly it must be to be able to paint, or sculpt, or make music, or write beautiful poetry, for that very reason!

"Why, once on a very hot afternoon, we were sitting, a lot of us, in the courtyard outside la mère Martin's shop, drinking coffee with an old Invalid called Bastide Lendormi, one of the Vieille Garde, who'd only got one leg and one arm and one eye, and everybody was very fond of him. Well, a model called Mimi la Salope came out of the Mont-de-piété opposite, and Père Martin

called out to her to come and sit down, and gave her a cup of coffee, and asked her to sing.

"She sang a song of Béranger's about Napoleon the Great, in which it says:

"Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère!
Grand'mère, parlez-nous de lui!"

I suppose she sang it very well, for it made old Bastide Lendormi cry; and when Père Martin blagué him about it, he said,

"C'est égal, voyez vous!--to sing like that is to *pray*!"

"And then I thought how lovely it would be if *I* could only sing like Mimi la Salope, and I've thought so ever since—just to *pray*!"

"What! Trilby? if *you* could only sing like— Oh, but never mind, I forgot! Tell me, Trilby—do you ever pray to Him, as other people pray?"

"Pray to Him? Well, no—not often—not in words, and on my knees, and with my hands together, you know! *Thinking's* praying, very often—don't you think so? And so's being sorry and ashamed when one's done a mean thing, and glad when one's resisted a temptation, and grateful when it's a fine day and one's enjoying one's self without hurting any one else! What is it but

praying when you try and bear up after losing all you cared to live for? And very good praying too! There can be prayers without words just as well as songs, I suppose; and Svengali used to say that songs without words are the best!

"And then it seems mean to be always asking for things. Besides, you don't get them any the faster that way, and that shows!

"La mère Martin used to be always praying. And Père Martin used always to laugh at her; yet he always seemed to get the things *he* wanted oftenest!

"I prayed once, very hard indeed! I prayed for Jeannot not to die!"

"Well—but how do you *repent*, Trilby, if you do not humble yourself, and pray for forgiveness on your knees?"

"Oh, well—I don't exactly know! Look here, Mrs. Bagot, I'll tell you the lowest and meanest thing I ever did. . . ."

(Mrs. Bagot felt a little nervous.)

"I'd promised to take Jeannot on Palm-Sunday to St.-Philippe du Roule, to hear l'abbé Bergamot. But Durien (that's the sculptor, you know) asked me to go with him to St.-Germain, where there was a fair, or something, and with Mathieu, who was a student in law, and a certain Victorine Letellier. And I went on Sunday morning to tell Jeannot that I couldn't take him.

"He cried so dreadfully that I thought I'd give up the others and take him to St.-Philippe as I'd promised. But then Durien and Mathieu and Victorine drove up and waited outside, and so I didn't take him and went with them, and I didn't enjoy anything all day, and was miserable.

"They were in an open carriage with two horses; it was Mathieu's treat; and Jeannot might have ridden on the box by the coachman, without being in anybody's way. But I was afraid they didn't want him, as they didn't say anything, and so I didn't dare ask—and Jeannot saw us drive away, and I *couldn't* look back at him! And the worst of it is that when we were half-way to St.-Germain, Durien said, 'What a pity you didn't bring Jeannot!' and they were all sorry I hadn't.

"It was six or seven years ago, and I really believe I've thought of it almost every day, and sometimes in the middle of the night!

"Ah! and when Jeannot was dying! and when he was dead—the remembrance of that Palm-Sunday!

"And if *that's* not repenting, I don't know what is!"

"Oh, Trilby, what nonsense! *that's* nothing; good heavens!—putting off a small child! I'm thinking of far worse things—when you were in the quartier latin, you know—sitting to painters and sculptors. . . . Surely, so attractive as you are. . . ."

"Oh yes. . . . I know what you mean—it was horrid, and I was frightfully ashamed of myself; and it wasn't amusing a bit! *nothing* was, till I met your son and Taffy and dear Sandy McAllister! But then it wasn't deceiving or disappointing anybody, or hurting their feelings—it was only hurting myself!

"Besides, all that sort of thing, in women, is punished severely enough down here, God knows! unless one's a Russian empress like Catherine the Great, or a grande dame like lots of them, or a great genius like Madame Rachel or George Sand!

"Why, if it hadn't been for that, and sitting for the figure, I should have felt myself good enough to marry your son, *although* I was only a blanchisseuse de fin—you've said so yourself!

"And I should have made him a good wife—of that I feel sure. He wanted to live all his life at Barbizon, and paint, you know; and didn't care for society in the least. Anyhow I should have been equal to such a life as that! Lots of their wives are blanchisseuses over there, or people of that sort; and they get on very well indeed, and nobody troubles about it!

"So I think I've been pretty well punished—richly as I've deserved to!"

"Trilby, have you ever been confirmed?"

"I forget. I fancy not!"

"Oh dear, oh dear! And do you know about our blessed Saviour, and the Atonement, and the Incarnation, and the Resurrection. . . ."

"Oh yes—I *used* to, at least. I used to have to learn the Catechism on Sundays—mamma made me. Whatever her faults and mistakes were, poor mamma was always very particular about *that*! It all seemed very complicated. But papa told me not to bother too much about it, but to be good. He said that

God would make it all right for us somehow, in the end—all of us. And that seems sensible, *doesn't it?*

"He told me to be good, and not to mind what priests and clergymen tell us. He'd been a clergyman himself, and knew all about it, he said.

"I haven't been very good—there's not much doubt about that, I'm afraid! But God knows I've repented often enough and sore enough; I do now! But I'm rather glad to die, I think; and not a bit afraid—not a scrap! I believe in poor papa, though he *was* so unfortunate! He was the cleverest man I ever knew, and the best—except Taffy and the Laird and your dear son!

"There'll be no hell for any of us—he told me so—except what we make for ourselves and each other down here; and that's bad enough for anything. He told me that *he* was responsible for me—he often said so—and that mamma was too, and his parents for *him*, and his grandfathers and grandmothers for *them*, and so on up to Noah and ever so far beyond, and God for us all!

"He told me always to think of other people before myself, as Taffy does, and your son; and never to tell lies or be afraid, and keep away from drink, and I should be all right. But I've sometimes been all wrong, all the same; and it wasn't papa's fault, but poor mamma's and mine; and I've known it, and been miserable at the time, and after! and I'm sure to be forgiven—perfectly certain—and so will everybody else, even the wickedest that ever lived! Why, just give them sense enough in the next world to understand all their wickedness in this, and that 'll punish them enough for anything, I think! That's simple enough, *isn't it?* Besides, there may be *no* next world—that's on the cards too, you know!—and that will be simpler still!

"Not all the clergymen in all the world, not even the Pope of Rome, will ever make me doubt papa, or believe in any punishment after what we've all got to go through here! *Ce serait trop bête!*

"So that if you don't want me to very much, and he won't think it unkind, I'd rather not talk to Mr. Thomas Bagot about it. I'd rather talk to Taffy if I *must*. He's very clever, Taffy, though he doesn't often say such clever things as your son



"THE REMEMBRANCE OF THAT PALM-SUNDAY!"

does, or paint nearly so well, and I'm sure he'll think papa was right."

And as a matter of fact the good Taffy, in his opinion on this solemn subject, was found to be at one with the late Reverend Patrick Michael O'Ferrall—and so was the Laird—and so (to his mother's shocked and pained surprise) was Little Billee.

And so were Sir Oliver Calthorpe and Sir Jacob Wilcox and Doctor Thorne, and Sibley and Lorrimer and the Greek!

And so—in after-years, when grief had well pierced and torn and riddled her through and through, and time and age had healed the wounds, and nothing remained but the consciousness of great inward scars of recollection to remind her how deep and jagged and wide the wounds had once been—did Mrs. Bagot herself!

Late on one memorable Saturday afternoon, just as it was getting dusk in Charlotte Street, Trilby, in her pretty blue dressing-gown, lay on the sofa by the fire—her head well propped, her knees drawn up—looking very placid and content.

She had spent the early part of the day dictating her will to the conscientious Taffy.

It was a simple document, although she was not without many valuable trinkets to leave: quite a fortune! Souvenirs from many men and women she had charmed by her singing, from royalties downwards.

She had been looking them over with the faithful Marta, to whom she had always thought they belonged. It was explained to her that they were gifts of Svengali's, since she did not remember when and where and by whom they were presented to her, except a few that Svengali had given her himself, with many passionate expressions of his love, which seems to have been deep and constant and sincere—none the less so, perhaps, that she could never return it!

She had left the bulk of these to the faithful Marta.

But to each of the trois Angliches she had bequeathed a beautiful ring, which was to be worn by their brides if they ever married, and the brides didn't object.

To Mrs. Bagot she left a pearl necklace; to Miss Bagot her gold coronet of stars; and pretty (and most costly) gifts to each of the three doctors who had attended her and been so assiduous in their care; and who, as she was told, would make no charge for attending on Madame Svengali. And studs and scarf-pins to Sibley, Lorrimer, the Greek, Dodor, and Zouzou; and to Carnegie a little German-silver vinaigrette which had once belonged to Lord Witlow; and pretty souvenirs to the Vinards, Angèle Boisse, and others.

And she left a magnificent gold watch and chain to Gecko, with a most affectionate letter and a hundred pounds.

She had taken great interest in discussing with Taffy the particular kind of trinket which would best suit the idiosyncrasy of each particular legatee, and derived great comfort from the business-like and sympathetic conscientiousness with which the good Taffy entered upon all these minutiae—he was so solemn and serious about it, and took such pains. She little guessed how his dumb but deeply feeling heart was harrowed!

This document had been duly signed and witnessed, and intrusted to his care; and Trilby lay tranquil and happy, and with a sense that nothing remained for her but to enjoy the fleeting hour, and

make the most of each precious moment as it went by.

She was quite without pain of either mind or body, and surrounded by the people she adored—Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee, and Mrs. Bagot, and Marta, who sat knitting in a corner with her black mittens on, and her brass spectacles.

She listened to the chat and joined in it, laughing as usual; "love in her eyes sat playing" as she looked from one to another, for she loved them all beyond expression. "Love on her lips was straying, and warbling in her breath," whenever she spoke; and her weakened voice was still larger, fuller, softer than any other voice in the room, in the world—of another kind, from another sphere.

A cart drove up, there was a ring at the door, and presently a wooden packing-case was brought into the room.

At Trilby's request it was opened, and found to contain a large photograph, framed and glazed, of Svengali, in the military uniform of his own Hungarian band, and looking straight out of the picture, straight at you. He was standing by his desk, with his left hand turning over a leaf of music, and waving his bâton with his right. It was a splendid photograph, by a Viennese photographer, and a most speaking likeness; and Svengali looked truly fine—all made up of importance and authority, and his big black eyes were full of stern command.

Marta trembled as she looked. It was handed to Trilby, who exclaimed in surprise. She had never seen it. She had no photograph of him, and had never possessed one.

No message of any kind, no letter of explanation, accompanied this unexpected present, which, from the post-marks on the case, seemed to have travelled all over Europe to London, out of some remote province in eastern Russia—out of the mysterious East! The poisonous East—birthplace and home of an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Trilby laid it against her knees, and lay gazing at it with close attention for a long time, making a casual remark now and then, as, "He was very handsome, I think"; or: "That uniform becomes him very well. Why has he got it on, I wonder?"

The others went on talking, and Mrs. Bagot made coffee.

Presently Mrs. Bagot took a cup of cof-

fee to Trilby, and found her still staring intently at the portrait, but with her eyes dilated, and quite a strange light in them.

"Trilby, Trilby, your coffee! What is the matter, Trilby?"

Trilby was smiling, with fixed eyes, and made no answer.

The others got up and gathered round her in some alarm. Marta seemed terror-

from side to side, her eyes intent on Svengali's in the portrait, and suddenly she began to sing Chopin's Impromptu in A flat.

She hardly seemed to breathe as the notes came pouring out, without words—mere vocalizing. It was as if breath were unnecessary for so little voice as she was using, though there was enough of it to



FOR GECKO.

stricken, and wished to snatch the photograph away, but was prevented from doing so; one didn't know what the consequences might be.

Taffy rang the bell, and sent a servant for Dr. Thorne, who lived close by, in Fitzroy Square.

Presently Trilby began to speak, quite softly, in French: "Encore une fois? bon! je veux bien! avec la voix blanche alors, n'est-ce pas? et puis foncer au milieu. Et pas trop vite en commençant! Battez bien la mesure, Svengali—que je puisse bien voir—car il fait déjà nuit! c'est ça! Allons, Gecko—donne-moi le ton!"

Then she smiled, and seemed to beat time softly by moving her head a little

fill the room—to fill the house—to drown her small audience in holy, heavenly sweetness.

She was a consummate mistress of her art. How that could be seen! And also how splendid had been her training! It all seemed as easy to her as opening and shutting her eyes, and yet how utterly impossible to anybody else!

Between wonder, enchantment, and alarm they were frozen to statues, all except Marta, who ran out of the room, crying: "Gott in Himmel—wieder zurück! wieder zurück!"

She sang it just as she had sung it at the Salle des Bashibazoucks, only it sounded still more ineffably seductive, as she was using less voice—using the essence of

her voice, in fact—the pure spirit, the very cream of it.

There can be little doubt that these four watchers by that enchanted couch were listening to not only the most divinely beautiful, but also the most astounding feat of musical utterance ever heard out of a human throat.

The usual effect was produced. Tears were streaming down the cheeks of Mrs. Bagot and Little Billee. Tears were in the Laird's eyes; a tear on one of Taffy's whiskers—tears of sheer delight.

When she came back to the quick movement again, after the adagio, her voice grew louder and shriller, and sweet with a sweetness not of this earth; and went on increasing in volume as she quickened the time, nearing the end; and then came the dying away into all but nothing—a mere melodic breath; and then the little soft chromatic ascending rocket, up to E in alt, the last parting caress, which Svengali had introduced as a finale, for it does not exist in the piano score.

When it was over, she said: "*Ça y est-il, cette fois, Svengali? Ah! tant mieux, à la fin! c'est pas malheureux! Et maintenant, mon ami, je suis fatiguée—bon soir!*"

Her head fell back on the pillow, and she lay fast asleep.

Mrs. Bagot took the portrait away gently. Little Billee knelt down and held Trilby's hand in his and felt for her pulse, and could not find it.

He said, "Trilby! Trilby!" and put his ear to her mouth to hear her breathe. Her breath was inaudible.

But soon she folded her hands across her breast, and uttered a little short sigh, and in a weak voice said: "*Svengali. . . Svengali. . . Svengali!*"

They remained in silence round her for several minutes, terror-stricken.

The doctor came; he put his hand to her heart, his ear to her lips. He turned up one of her eyelids and looked at her eye. And then, his voice quivering with strong emotion, he stood up and said, "Madame Svengali's trials and sufferings are all over!"

"Oh! good God! is she *dead*?" cried Mrs. Bagot.

"Yes, Mrs. Bagot. She has been dead several minutes—perhaps a quarter of an hour."

VINGT ANS APRÈS.

Porthos-Athos, alias Taffy Wynne, is sitting to breakfast (opposite his wife) at

a little table in the court-yard of that huge caravansérail on the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, where he had sat more than twenty years ago with the Laird and Little Billee; where, in fact, he had pulled Svengali's nose.

Little is changed in the aspect of the place: the same cosmopolite company, with more of the American element, perhaps; the same arrivals and departures in railway omnibuses, cabs, hired carriages; and, to welcome the coming and speed the parting guests, just such another colossal and beautiful old man in velvet and knee-breeches and silk stockings as of yore, with probably the very same gold chain. Where do they breed these magnificent old Frenchmen? In Germany, perhaps, "where all the good big waiters come from!"

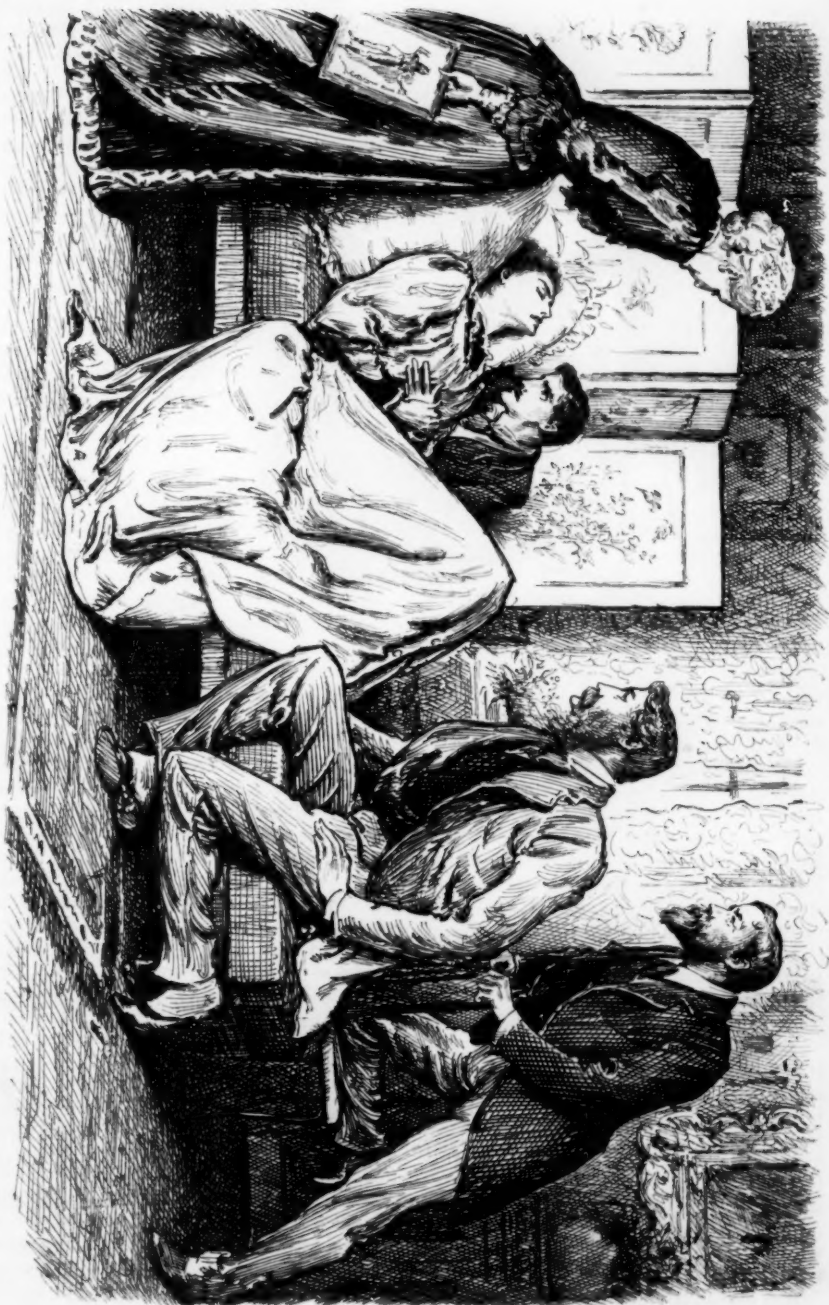
And also the same fine weather. It is always fine weather in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel. As the Laird would say, they manage these things better there!

Taffy wears a short beard, which is turning gray. His kind blue eye is no longer choleric, but mild and friendly—as frank as ever; and full of humorous patience. He has grown stouter; he is very big indeed, in all three dimensions, but the symmetry and the gainliness of the athlete belong to him still in movement and repose; and his clothes fit him beautifully, though they are not new, and show careful beating and brushing and ironing, and even a touch of fine-drawing here and there.

What a magnificent old man *he* will make some day, should the Grand Hôtel ever run short of them! He looks as if he could be trusted down to the ground—in all things, little or big; as if his word were as good as his bond, and even better; his wink as good as his word, his nod as good as his wink; and, in truth, as he looks, so he is.

The most cynical disbeliever in "the grand old name of gentleman," and its virtues as a noun of definition, would almost be justified in quite dogmatically asserting at sight, and without even being introduced, that, at all events, Taffy is a "gentleman," inside and out, up and down—from the crown of his head (which is getting rather bald) to the sole of his foot (by no means a small one, or a lightly shod—*ex pede Herculem*)!

Indeed, this is always the first thing people say of Taffy—and the last. It



"SYENGALL!...SYENGALL!...SYENGALL!"



"TOUT VIENT À POINT, POUR QUI SAIT ATTENDRE!"

means, perhaps, that he may be a trifle dull. Well, one can't be everything!

Porthos was a trifle dull—and so was Athos, I think; and likewise his son, the faithful Viscount of Bragelonne—*bon chien chasse de race!* And so was Wilfred of Ivanhoe, the disinherited; and Edgar, the Lord of Ravenswood; and so, for that matter, was Colonel Newcome, of immortal memory!

Yet who does not love them—who would not wish to be like them, for better, for worse?

Taffy's wife is unlike Taffy in many ways; but (fortunately for both) very like him in some. She is a little woman, very well shaped, very dark, with black wavy hair and very small hands and feet; a very graceful, handsome, and vivacious person; by no means dull; full, indeed, of quick perceptions and intuitions, deeply interested in all that is going on about and around her, and with always lots to say about it, but not too much.

She distinctly belongs to the rare, and ever-blessed, and most precious race of charmers.

She had fallen in love with the stalwart Taffy more than a quarter of a century ago in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, where he and she and her mother had tended the sick couch of Little Billee—but she had never told her love. *Tout vient à point, pour qui sait attendre!*

That is a capital proverb, and sometimes even a true one. Blanche Bagot had found it to be both!

One terrible night, never to be forgotten, Taffy lay fast asleep in bed, at his rooms in Jermyn Street, for he was very tired; grief tires more than anything, and brings a deeper slumber.

That day he had followed Trilby to her last home in Kensal Green, with Little Billee, Mrs. Bagot, the Laird, Sibley, the Greek, and Durien (who had come over from Paris on purpose) as chief mourners; and very many other people, noble, famous, or otherwise, English and foreign; a splendid and most representative gathering, as was duly chronicled in all the newspapers here and abroad; a fitting ceremony to close the brief but splendid career of the greatest pleasure-giver of our time.

He was awoke by a tremendous ringing at the street-door bell, as if the house were on fire; and then there was a hurried scrambling up in the dark, a tumbling over stairs and kicking against banisters, and Little Billee had burst into his room, calling out: "Oh! Taffy, Taffy! I'm g-going mad—I'm g-going m-mad! I'm d-d-done for...."

"All right, old fellow—just wait till I strike a light!"

"Oh, Taffy—I haven't slept for four nights—not a wink! She d-d-died with Sv—Sv—Sv..... damn it, I can't get it out! that ruffian's name on her lips!... it is as if he were calling her from the

t-t-tomb! She recovered her senses the very minute she saw his photograph—she was so f-fond of him she f-forgot everybody else! She's gone straight to him, after all—in some other life!... to slave for him, and sing for him, and help him to make better music than ever! Oh, T—T—oh—oh! Taffy—oh! oh! oh! catch hold! c-catch....." And Little Billee had all but fallen on the floor in a fit.

And all the old miserable business of five years before had begun over again!

There has been too much sickness in this story, so I will tell as little as possible of poor Little Billee's long illness, his slow and only partial recovery, the paralysis of his powers as a painter, his quick decline, his early death, his manly, calm, and most beautiful surrender—the wedding of the moth with the star, of the night with the morrow!

For all but blameless as his short life had been, and so full of splendid promise and performance, nothing ever became him better than the way he left it. It shook the infallibility of a certain vicar down to its very foundations, and made him think more deeply about things than he had ever thought yet. It gave him pause!.... and so wrung his heart that when, at the last, he stooped to kiss his poor young dead friend's pure white forehead, he dropped a bigger tear on it than Little Billee (once so given to the dropping of big tears) had ever dropped in his life.

But it is all too sad to write about.

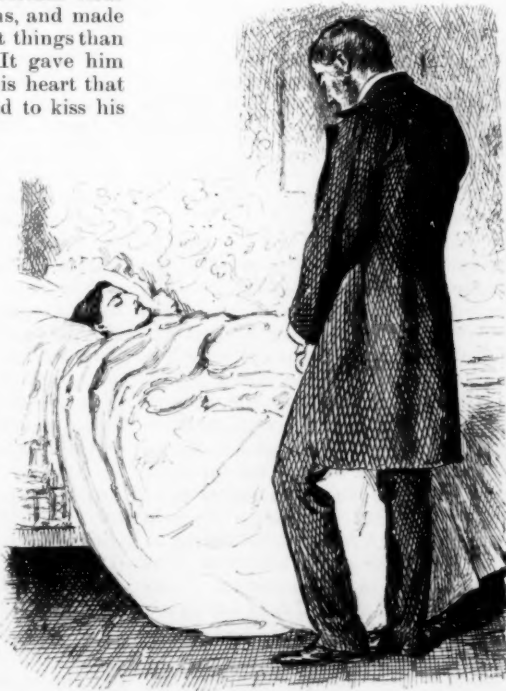
It was by Little Billee's bedside, in Devonshire, that Taffy had grown to love Blanche Bagot, and not very many weeks after it was all over that Taffy had asked her to be his wife; and in a year they were married, and a very happy marriage it turned out—the one thing that poor Mrs. Bagot still looks upon as a compensation for all the griefs and troubles of her life.

During the first year or two Blanche had perhaps been the most ar-

dently loving of this well-assorted pair. That beautiful look of love surprised (which makes all women's eyes look the same) came into hers whenever she looked at Taffy, and filled his heart with tender compunction, and a queer sense of his own unworthiness.

Then a boy was born to them, and that look fell on the boy, and the good Taffy caught it as it passed him by, and felt a helpless, absurd jealousy, that was none the less painful for being so ridiculous! and then that look fell on another boy, and yet another, so that it was through these boys that she looked at their father. Then *his* eyes caught the look, and kept it for their own use; and he grew never to look at his wife without it; and as no daughter came, she retained for life the monopoly of that most sweet and expressive regard.

They are not very rich. He is a far better sportsman than he will ever be a painter; and if he doesn't sell his pictures,



ANIMULA, VAGULA, BLANDULA!
HOSPIES COMESQUE CORPORA....
QUAE NUNC ABIBIS IN LOCA?

it is not because they are too good for the public taste: indeed, he has no illusions on that score himself, even if his wife has! He is quite the least conceited art-duffer I ever met—and I have met many far worse duffers than Taffy.

Would only that I might kill off his cousin Sir Oscar, and Sir Oscar's five sons (the Wynnes are good at sons), and his seventeen grandsons, and the fourteen cousins (and their numerous male progeny), that stand between Taffy and the baronetcy, and whatever property goes with it, so that he might be Sir Taffy, and dear Blanche Bagot (that was) might be called "my lady"! This Shakespearian holocaust would scarcely cost me a pang!

It is a great temptation, when you have duly slain your first hero, to enrich hero number two beyond the dreams of avarice, and provide him with a title and a castle and park, as well as a handsome wife and a nice family! But truth is inexorable—and besides, they are just as happy as they are.

They are well off enough, anyhow, to spend a week in Paris at last, and even to stop at the Grand Hôtel! now that two of their sons are at Harrow (where their father was before them), and the third is safe at a preparatory school at Elstree, Herts.

It is their first outing since the honeymoon, and the Laird should have come with them.

But the good Laird of Cockpen (who is now a famous Royal Academician) is preparing for a honeymoon of his own. He has gone to Scotland to be married himself—to wed a fair and clever country-woman of just a suitable age, for he has known her ever since she was a bright little lassie in short frocks, and he a promising A.R.A. (the pride of his native Dundee)—a marriage of reason, and well-seasoned affection, and mutual esteem—and therefore sure to turn out a happy one! and in another fortnight or so the pair of them will very possibly be sitting to breakfast opposite each other at that very corner table in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel! and she will laugh at every thing he says—and they will live happily ever after.

So much for hero number three—D'Argentan! Here's to you, Sandy McAllister! Canniest, genialest, and most humorous of Scots! most delicate, and dainty, and

fanciful of British painters! "I trink your health, mit your family's—may you lif long—and brosser!"

So Taffy and his wife have come for their second honeymoon, their Indian-summer honey-moon, alone; and are well content that it should be so. Two are always company for such a pair—the amusing one and the amiable!—and they are making the most of it!

They have been all over the quartier latin, and revisited the well-remembered spots; and even been allowed to enter the old studio through the kindness of the concierge (who is no longer Madame Vinard). It is tenanted by two American painters, who are coldly civil on being thus disturbed in the middle of their work.

The studio is very spick and span, and most respectable. Trilby's foot and the poem and the sheet of plate-glass have been improved away, and a bookshelf put in their place. The new concierge (who has only been there a year) knows nothing of Trilby; and of the Vinards, only that they are rich and prosperous, and live somewhere in the south of France, and that Monsieur Vinard is mayor of his commune. *Que le bon Dieu les bénisse! c'étaient de bien braves gens.*

Then Mr. and Mrs. Taffy have also been driven (in an open calèche with two horses) through the Bois de Boulogne to St.-Cloud; and to Versailles, where they lunched at the Hôtel des Réservoirs—*parlez-moi de ça!*—and to St.-Germain, and to Meudon (where they lunched at la loge du garde champêtre—a new one); they have visited the Salon, the Louvre, the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, the Gobelins, the Hôtel Cluny, the Invalides, with Napoleon's tomb, and seen half a dozen churches, including Notre Dame and the Sainte-Chapelle; and dined with the Dodors at their charming villa near Asnières, and with the Zouzous at the splendid Hôtel de la Rochemartel, and with the Duriens in the Parc Monceau (Dodor's food was best and Zouzou's worst; and at Durien's the company and talk were so good that one forgot to notice the food—and that was a pity). And the young Dodors are all right—and so are the young Duriens. As for the young Zouzous, there aren't any—and that's a relief.

And they've been to the Variétés and



"PETITS BONHEURS DE CONTREBANDE."

seen Madame Chaumont, and to the Français and seen Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin and Delaunay, and to the opera and heard M. Lassalle.

And, to-day being their last day, they are going to laze and flane about the boulevards, and buy things, and lunch anywhere, "sur le pouce," and do the Bois once more and see tout Paris, and dine early at Bignon's (or else the Café des Ambassadeurs), and finish up the well-spent day at the "Mouches d'Espagne"—the new theatre in the Boulevard Poissonnière—to see Madame Cantharidi in *Petits bonheurs de Contrebande*, which they are told is immensely droll and quite proper—funny without being vulgar! Dodor was their informant—he had taken Madame Dodor to see it three or four times.

Madame Cantharidi, as everybody knows, is a very clever but extremely plain old woman with a cracked voice—of spotless reputation, and the irreproachable mother of a grown-up family whom she has brought up in perfection. They have never been allowed to see their mother (and grandmother) act—not even the sons. Their excellent father (who adores both them and her) has drawn the line at that!

In private life she is "quite the lady," but on the stage—well, go and see her, and you will understand how she comes to be the idol of the Parisian public. For she is the true and liberal dispenser to

them of that modern "esprit gaulois" which would make the good Rabelais turn uneasily in his grave and blush there like a Benedictine Sister.

And truly she deserves the reverential love and gratitude of her chers Parisiens! She amused them all through the Empire; during the *année terrible* she was their only stay and comfort, and has been their chief delight ever since, and is now.

When they come back from *La Revanche*, may Madame Cantharidi be still at her post, "Les mouches d'Espagne," to welcome the returning heroes, and exult and crow with them in her funny cracked old voice, or, haply, even console them once more, as the case may be!

"Victors or vanquished, they will laugh the same!"

Mrs. Taffy is a poor French scholar. One must know French very well indeed (and many other things besides) to seize the subtle points of Madame Cantharidi's play (and by-play)!

But Madame Cantharidi has so droll a face and voice, and such very droll, odd movements, that Mrs. Taffy goes into fits of laughter as soon as the little old lady comes on the stage. So heartily does she laugh that a good Parisian bourgeois turns round and remarks to his wife: "V'là une jolie p'tite Anglaise qui n'est pas bégueule, au moins! Et l' gros bœuf avec les yeux bleus en boules de loto—c'est son mari, sans doute! il n'a pas l'air trop content par exemple, celui-là!"

The fact is that the good Taffy (who knows French very well indeed) is quite scandalized, and very angry with Dodor for sending them there; and as soon as the first act is finished he means, without any fuss, to take his wife away.

As he sits patiently, too indignant to laugh at what is really funny in the piece (much of it is vulgar *without* being funny), he finds himself watching a little white-haired man in the orchestra, a fiddler, the shape of whose back seems somehow familiar, as he plays an obbligate accompaniment to a very broadly comic song of Madame Cantharidi's. He plays beautifully—like a master—and the loud applause is as much for him as for the vocalist.

Presently this fiddler turns his head so that his profile can be seen, and Taffy recognizes him.

After five minutes' thought, Taffy takes a leaf out of his pocket-book and writes (in perfectly grammatical French):

"DEAR GECKO.—You have not forgotten Taffy Wynne, I hope; and Litrebili, and Litrebili's sister, who is now Mrs. Taffy Wynne. We leave Paris to-morrow, and would like very much to see you once more. Will you, after the play, come and sup with us at the Café Anglais? If so, look up and make 'yes' with the head, and enchant

Your well devoted

TAFFY WYNNE."

He gives this, folded, to an attendant—for "le premier violon—celui qui a des cheveux blancs."

Presently he sees Gecko receive the note and read it and ponder for a while.

Then Gecko looks round the theatre, and Taffy waves his handkerchief and catches the eye of the premier violon, who "makes 'yes' with the head."

And then, the first act over, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne leave the theatre; Mr. explaining why and Mrs. very ready to go, as she was beginning to feel strangely uncomfortable without quite realizing as yet what was amiss with the lively Madame Cantharidi.

They went to the Café Anglais and bespoke a nice little room on the entresol overlooking the boulevard, and ordered a nice little supper; salmi of something very good, mayonnaise of lobster, and one or two other dishes better still—and

chambertin of the best. Taffy was particular about these things on a holiday, and regardless of expense. Porthos was very hospitable, and liked good food and plenty of it; and Athos dearly loved good wine!

And then they went and sat at a little round table outside the western corner café on the boulevard, near the Grand Opéra, where it is always very gay, and studied Paris life, and nursed their appetites till supper-time.

At half past eleven Gecko made his appearance—very meek and humble. He looked old—ten years older than he really was—much bowed down, and as if he had roughed it all his life, and had found living a desperate long hard grind.

He kissed Mrs. Taffy's hand, and seemed half inclined to kiss Taffy's too, and was almost tearful in his pleasure at meeting them again, and his gratitude at being asked to sup with them. He had soft, clinging, caressing manners, like a nice dog's, that made you his friend at once. He was obviously genuine and sincere, and quite pathetically simple, as he always had been.

At first he could scarcely eat for nervous excitement; but Taffy's fine example and Mrs. Taffy's genial, easy-going cordiality (and a couple of glasses of chambertin) soon put him at his ease and woke up his dormant appetite, which was a very large one, poor fellow!

He was told all about Little Billee's death, and deeply moved to hear the cause which had brought it about, and then they talked of Trilby.

He pulled her watch out of his waistcoat pocket and reverently kissed it, exclaiming: "Ah! c'était un ange! un ange du Paradis! when I tell you I lived with them for five years! Oh! her kindness, Dio Maria! It was 'Gecko this!' and 'Gecko that!' and 'Poor Gecko, your toothache, how it worries me!' and 'Gecko, how tired and pale you look—you distress me so, looking like that! Shall I mix you a Maitrank?' And 'Gecko, you love artichokes à la Barigoule—they remind you of Paris; I have heard you say so—well, I have found out where to get artichokes, and I know how to do them à la Barigoule, and you shall have them for dinner to-day and to-morrow and all the week after!' and we did!

"Ach! dear kind one—what did I really care for artichokes à la Barigoule....



ENTER GECKO.

"And it was always like that—always—and to Svengali and old Marta just the same! and she was never well—never! toujours souffrante!"

"And it was she who supported us all—in luxury and splendor sometimes!"

"And what an artist!" said Taffy.

"Ah, yes! but all that was Svengali, you know. Svengali was the greatest artist I ever met! Monsieur, Svengali was a demon, a magician! I used to think him a god! He found me playing in the streets for copper coins, and took me by the hand, and was my only friend, and taught me all I ever knew—and yet he could not play my instrument!"

"And now he is dead, I have forgotten how to play it myself! That English jail! it demoralized me, ruined me forever! ach! quel enfer, nom de Dieu (pardon, madame)! I am just good enough to play the obbligato at the Mouches d'Espagne, when the old Cantharidi sings,

'V'là mon mari qui r'garde!
Prends garde! Ne m'chatouille plus!"

"It does not want much of an obbligato, hein, a song so noble and so beautiful as that!"

"And that song, monsieur, all Paris is singing it now. And that is the Paris that went mad when Trilby sang the 'Nussbaum' of Schumann at the Salle des Bashibazoucks. You heard her? Well!"

And here poor Gecko tried to laugh a little sardonic laugh in falsetto, like Svengali's, full of scorn and bitterness—and very nearly succeeded.

"But what made you strike him with—that knife, you know?"

"Ah, monsieur, it had been coming on for a long time. He used to work Trilby too hard; it was killing her—it killed her at last! And then at the end he was unkind to her, and scolded her, and called her names—horrid names—and then one day in London he struck her. He struck her on the fingers with his bâton, and she fell down on her knees and cried. . . .

"Monsieur, I would have defended Trilby against a locomotive going grande

vitesse! against my own father—against the Emperor of Austria—against the Pope! and I am a good Catholic, monsieur! I would have gone to the scaffold for her, and to the devil after!”

And he piously crossed himself.

“But, Svengali—wasn't *he* very fond of her?”

“Oh yes, monsieur, quant à ça, passionately! But she did not love him as he wished to be loved. She loved Litrebili, monsieur! Litrebili, the brother of Madame. And I suppose that Svengali grew angry and jealous at last. He changed as soon as he came to Paris. Perhaps Paris reminded him of Litrebili—and reminded Trilby too!”

“But how on earth did Svengali ever manage to teach her how to sing like that? She had no ear for music whatever when *we* knew her!”

Gecko was silent for a while, and Taffy filled his glass, and gave him a cigar, and lit one himself.

“Monsieur, no—that is true. She had not much ear. But she had such a voice as had never been heard. Svengali knew that. He had found it out long ago. Litolf had found it out too. One day Svengali heard Litolf tell Meyerbeer that

the most beautiful female voice in Europe belonged to an English grisette who sat as a model to sculptors in the quartier latin, but that unfortunately she was quite tone-deaf, and couldn't sing one single note in tune. Imagine how Svengali chuckled! I see it from here!

“Well, we both taught her together—for three years—morning, noon, and night—six—eight hours a day. It used to split me the heart to see her worked like that! We took her voice note by note—there was no end to her notes, each more beautiful than the other—velvet and gold, beautiful flowers, pearls, diamonds, rubies—drops of dew and honey; peaches, oranges, and lemons! *en veux-tu en voilà!*—all the perfumes and spices of the Garden of Eden! Svengali with his little flexible flageolet, I with my violin—that is how we taught her to make the sounds—and then how to use them. She was a phénomène, monsieur! She could keep on one note and make it go through all the colors in the rainbow—according to the way Svengali looked at her. It would make you laugh—it would make you cry—but cry or laugh, it was the sweetest, the most touching, the most beautiful note you ever heard—except all her others!

and each had as many overtones as the bells in the carillon de Notre Dame. She could run up and down the scales, chromatic scales, quicker and better and smoother than Svengali on the piano, and more in tune than any piano! and her shake—ach! twin stars, monsieur! She was the greatest contralto, the greatest soprano, the world has ever known! the like of her has never been! the like of her will never be again! and yet she only sang in public for two years!

“Ach! those breaks and runs and sudden leaps from darkness into light and back again—from earth to heaven! . . . those slurs and swoops and slides



“WE TOOK HER VOICE NOTE BY NOTE.”



A NIGHTINGALE'S FIRST NIGHT.

à la Paganini from one note to another, like a swallow flying! . . . or a gull! Do you remember them? how they drove you mad? Let any other singer in the world try to imitate them—they would make you sick! That was Svengali . . . he was a magician!

"And how she looked, singing! do you remember? her hands behind her—her dear, sweet, slender foot on a little stool—her thick hair lying down all along her back! And that good smile like the Madonna's, so soft and bright and kind! *Ach! Bel ucel di Dio!* it was to make you weep for love, merely to see her (*c'était à vous faire pleurer d'amour, rien que de la voir!*) That was Trilby! Nightingale and bird-of-paradise in one!

"Enfin she could do anything—utter any sound she liked, when once Svengali had shown her how—and he was the greatest master that ever existed! and when once she knew a thing, she knew it. *Et voilà!*"

"How strange," said Taffy, "that she should have suddenly gone out of her senses that night at Drury Lane, and so completely forgotten it all! I suppose she saw Svengali die in the box opposite, and that drove her mad!"

And then Taffy told the little fiddler about Trilby's death-song, like a swan's, and Svengali's photograph. But Gecko had heard it all from Marta, who was now dead.

Gecko sat and smoked and pondered for a while, and looked from one to the other. Then he pulled himself together with an effort, so to speak, and said, "Monsieur, she never went mad—not for one moment!"

"What? Do you mean to say she deceived us all?"

"Non, monsieur! She could never deceive anybody, and never would. She had *forgotten—voilà tout!*"

"But hang it all, my friend, one doesn't forget such a—"

"Monsieur, listen! She is dead. And Svengali is dead—and Marta also. And I have a good little malady that will kill me soon, *Gott sei dank*—and without much pain.

"I will tell you a secret.

"*There were two Trilbys.* There was the Trilby you knew, who could not sing one single note in tune. She was an angel of paradise. She is now! But she had no more idea of singing than I have of winning a steeple-chase at the *croix de Berny*. She could no more sing than a fiddle can play itself! She could never tell one tune from another—one note from the next. Do you remember how she tried to sing 'Ben Bolt' that day when she first came to the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts? It was droll, *hein? à se boucher les oreilles!* Well, that was Trilby, your Trilby! that was my Trilby too—and I loved her as one loves an only love, an only sister, an only child—a gentle martyr on earth, a blessed saint in heaven! And that Trilby was enough for me!

"And that was the Trilby that loved your brother, madame—oh! but with all the love that was in her! He did not know what he had lost, your brother! Her love, it was immense, like her voice, and just as full of celestial sweetness and sympathy! She told me everything! *ce pauvre Litrebilli, ce qu'il a perdu!*

"But all at once—*pr-r-r-out!* presto! augenblick!.... with one wave of his hand over her—with one look of his eye—with a word—Svengali could turn her into the other Trilby, *his* Trilby—and make her do whatever he liked.... you might have run a red-hot needle into her and she would not have felt it....

"He had but to say 'Dors!' and she suddenly became an unconscious Trilby of marble, who could produce wonderful sounds—just the sounds he wanted, and nothing else—and think his thoughts and wish his wishes—and love him at his bidding with a strange unreal factitious love.... just his own love for himself turned inside out—*à l'envers*—and reflected back on him, as from a mirror..... *un écho, un simulacre, quoi! pas autre chose!*.... It was not worth having! I was not even jealous!

"Well, that was the Trilby he taught how to sing—and—and I helped him, God of heaven forgive me! She was just a singing-machine—an organ to play

upon—an instrument of music—a Stradivarius—a flexible flageolet of flesh and blood—a voice, and nothing more—just the unconscious voice that Svengali sang with—for it takes two to sing like la Svengali, monsieur—the one who has got the voice, and the one who knows what to do with it..... So that when you heard her sing the 'Nussbaum,' the 'Impromptu,' you heard Svengali singing with her voice, just as you hear Joachim play a *chaconne* of Bach with his fiddle!.... Herr Joachim's fiddle... what does it know of Sebastian Bach? and as for *chaconnes*.... *il s'en moque pas mal, ce fameux violon!*....

"And our Trilby... what did she know of Schumann, Chopin? Nothing at all! She mocked herself not badly of nussbaums and impromptus.... they would make her yawn to demantibulate her jaws!.... When Svengali's Trilby was being taught to sing.... when Svengali's Trilby was singing—or seemed to *you* as if she were singing—our Trilby had ceased to exist.... our Trilby was fast asleep.... in fact, our Trilby was dead.....

"Ah, monsieur... that Trilby of Svengali's! I have heard her sing to kings and queens in royal palaces!... as no woman has ever sung before or since.... I have seen emperors and grand-dukes kiss her hand, monsieur—and their wives and daughters kiss her lips, and weep....

"I have seen the horses taken out of her sledge and the pick of the nobility drag her home to the hotel... with torch-lights and choruses and shoutings of glory and long life to her!... and serenades all night, under her window!.... She never knew! she heard nothing—felt nothing—saw nothing! and she bowed to them, right and left, like a queen!

"I have played the fiddle for her while she sang in the streets, at fairs and *festas* and *Kermessen*.... and seen the people go mad to hear her.... and once, Svengali fell down in a fit from sheer excitement! and then, suddenly, our Trilby woke up and wondered what it was all about.... and we took him home and put him to bed and left him with Marta—and Trilby and I went together arm in arm all over the town to fetch a doctor and buy things for supper—and that was the happiest hour in all my life!

"Ach! what an existence! what travels! what triumphs! what adventures!

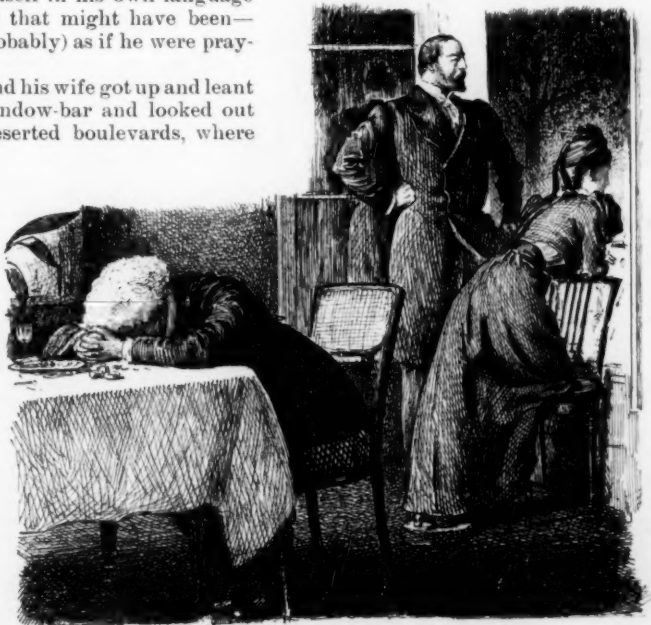
Things to fill a book—a dozen books.... Those five happy years—with those two Trilbys! what recollections!.... I think of nothing else, night or day.... even as I play the fiddle for old Cantharidi. Ach! to think how often I have played the fiddle for la Svengali.... to have done that is to have lived.... and then to come home to Trilby.... *our* Trilby.... the *real* Trilby!... Gott sei dank! Ich habe *geliebt und gelebet! geliebt und gelebet! geliebt und gelebet!*... Cristo di Dio.... Sweet sister in heaven.... Ô Dieu de Misère, ayez pitié de nous...."

His eyes were red, and his voice was high and shrill and full of tears; these remembrances were too much for him; and perhaps also the chambertin! He put his elbows on the table and hid his face in his hands and wept, muttering to himself in his own language (whatever that might have been—Polish, probably) as if he were praying.

Taffy and his wife got up and leant on the window-bar and looked out on the deserted boulevards, where

boulevard—a nice little breeze; just the sort of little breeze to do Paris good. A four-wheel cab came by at a foot-pace, the driver humming a tune; Taffy hailed him; he said, "V'là, m'sieur!" and drew up.

Taffy rang the bell, and asked for the bill, and paid it. Gecko had apparently fallen asleep. Taffy gently woke him up, and told him how late it was. The poor little man seemed dazed and rather tipsy, and looked older than ever—sixty, seventy—any age you like. Taffy helped him on with his great-coat, and taking him by the arm, led him down stairs, giving him his card, and telling him how glad he was to have seen him, and that he would write to him from England—a promise which was kept, one may be sure.



"ICH HABE GELIEBT UND GELEBET!"

an army of scavengers, noiseless and taciturn, was cleansing the asphalt roadway. The night above was dark, but "star-dials hinted of morn," and a fresh breeze had sprung up, making the leaves dance and rustle on the sycamore-trees along the

Gecko uncovered his fuzzy white head, and took Mrs. Taffy's hand and kissed it, and thanked her warmly for her "si bon et sympathique accueil."

Then Taffy all but lifted him into the cab, the jolly cabman saying:

"Ah! bon — connais bien, celui-là; vous savez—c'est lui qui joue du violon aux Mouches d'Espagne! Il a soupé, l' bourgeois; n'est ce pas, m'sieur? 'petits bonheurs de contrebande,' hein? . . . Ayez pas peur! on vous aura soin de lui! Il joue joliment bien, m'sieur; n'est ce pas?"

Taffy shook Gecko's hand, and asked,

"Où restez-vous, Gecko?"

"Quarante-huit, Rue des Pousse-Cailoux, au cinquième."

"How strange!" said Taffy to his wife—"how touching! why, that's where Trilby used to live—the very number! the very floor!"

"Oui, oui," said Gecko, waking up: "c'est l'ancienne mansarde à Trilby—j'y suis depuis douze ans—j'y suis, j'y reste. . . ."

And he laughed feebly at his mild little joke.

Taffy told the address to the cabman, and gave him five francs.

"Merci, m'sieur! C'est de l'aut' côté de l'eau—près de la Sorbonne, s'pas? On vous aura soin du bourgeois; soyez tranquille—ayez pas peur!—quarante-huit; on y va! Bonsoir, monsieur et dame!" And he clacked his whip and rattled away, singing:

"V'là mon mari qui r'garde!
Prends garde!
Ne m'chatouill' plus!"

Mr. and Mrs. Wynne walked back to the hotel, which was not far. She hung

on to his big arm and crept close to him, and shivered a little. It was quite chilly. Their footsteps were very audible in the stillness—"pit-pat, flopety-clop"—otherwise they were both silent. They were tired, yawny, sleepy, and very sad; and each was thinking (and knew the other was thinking) that a week in Paris was just enough—and how nice it would be, in just a few hours more, to hear the rooks cawing round their own quiet little English country home—where three jolly boys would soon be coming for the holidays.

And there we will leave them to their useful, humdrum, happy domestic existence—than which there is no better that I know of, at their time of life—and no better time of life than theirs!

"Où peut-on être mieux qu'an sein de sa famille?"

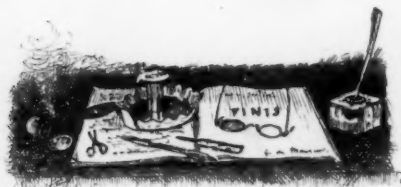
that blessed harbor of refuge well within our reach; and having really cut our wisdom-teeth at last, and learnt the ropes, and left off hankering after the moon, we can do with so little down here. . . .

A little work, a little play,
To keep us going—and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light,
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so—good-by!





THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

UP THE NORWAY COAST.

BY GEORGE CARD PEASE.

IN no country of Europe, with the exception of Russia, is it so difficult to plan for the first time a satisfactory trip as in Norway, and at the same time there are few countries in the world which have so many natural wonders to tempt the traveller. It requires some knowledge of the country to lay out a choice route, in default of which it is well to seek the advice of somebody who has been "up the coast." A study of the guide-books only results in confusion, and even the vast resources of the London office of Thomas Cook and Son are unsatisfactory. There are several reasons for this, but probably the main one is because the country, attractive as it is, has not yet become what might be called popular for a summer journey. Of all the foreigners who visit Norway, English sportsmen, who go there to enjoy the salmon-fishing, are the only ones who really know it. The Germans, following the lead of Emperor William, and perhaps attracted also by the weird Norwegian legends, are gradually becoming familiar with the country, but thus far Americans know little about it. Yet there is no reason why a trip up the coast of Norway should not be regarded in America as one of the most delightful outings within easy access of summer travellers.

I say "within easy access" advisedly. Notwithstanding the confusion of the

guide-books, it is as easy to map out a Norway tour occupying from four to six weeks as to plan a cruise up Long Island Sound. The trouble almost invariably is the aversion to joining tourist parties, and the chosen route is confined to the regular mail-steamers that ply between the various points of interest. The prejudice against tourist-steamers is quite natural, judging from some of the tourist parties one sees on the Continent, wherein the members are rounded up and shipped from one place to another like so many Western steers; but overcome this prejudice, and Norway, with all her rugged grandeur, is at your service, with no inconveniences or drawbacks worth mentioning. While it is, of course, possible to make an enjoyable trip in the mail-ships, the service is unsatisfactory. Aboard these steamers everything is subservient to the mails. This means that they go into many places where the ordinary traveller does not care to go, and do not stop long enough at points of real interest. If you leave one of these steamers at a place you are anxious to visit, you may have to wait two or even four days for another first-class steamer to pick you up, and thus be obliged to put up with inconveniences that might as well be avoided. The captains of the mail-steamers are obliging and courteous, as are all Norwegian sailors,



The tourist-steamers, however, have no official duties to hamper them, and can make all the features of the trip attractive.

The ideal way to visit Norway is in a steam-yacht, and I should indeed be half blind to the subject of which I write if I did not put in a few words, addressed especially to our wealthy Bostonians and New York men, who spend small fortunes every year in cruising about the Sound and New England coast. There are no finer waters in the world for steam-yachting than those of Norway, and no more novel scenes or grander views within the reach of yachtsmen. With a skilful Norwegian pilot, always easy to obtain, the element of danger is reduced to a minimum. The many routes up the coast are all protected from storms by the hundreds of islands of naked rock that shoot up out of the sea close to the mainland. Under the lee of these islands, with bold shores all around, and hundreds or even thousands of feet of water underneath,

but as they themselves enforce rigid discipline upon their inferiors aboard ship, so do they obey strictly the sailing schedule of their respective vessels. These schedules are bound to be unsatisfactory.

with clear, cold, bracing air to stir the blood and whet the appetite, and a novelty of surroundings enough in itself to awaken a fresh interest in life, it would indeed be a poor yachtsman who would



A FISHERMAN'S FARM.

not find keen enjoyment in those waters. There is no fear of running on the rocks. There is no night, all of the channels are plainly marked, and there are harbors everywhere. In fact, the whole coast-line of over a thousand miles, not counting the irregularities, is one great chain of perfect harbors, with not enough sea on to disturb a racing-shell. English steam-yachts are frequently seen along the coast, some of them being not over eighty feet long on the water-line—as small as will insure comfort in crossing the North Sea.

Unfortunately, however, most of us neither own nor can afford to charter a steam-yacht, so the question of method of travel resolves itself into a choice between mail and tourist steamer. Of course the only Norway trip is up the coast. Nobody, unless he were bent on exploration and its attending hardships, would think of travelling inland. The greater part of the country is a barren waste of mountains of primary rock, glaciers, and snow, almost impossible of access. It is a coun-

try of paradoxes. Notwithstanding its extreme northern latitude, the temperature at Stavanger, for instance, on the western coast, varies only about twenty degrees Fahrenheit between winter and summer. In January the mean temperature is 34.7 degrees, and in July, 55.4 degrees. Inland and on the eastern coast the variation is greater. In the winter, at Hammerfest and Tromsø, there are three months of twilight, when everything is done by lamp-light, while in the summer, for the same length of time, the constant light of a revolving sun forces out a meagre and short-lived vegetation. The men are of large frame, muscular, fair-haired, and hardy; the brute creation stubbed, stocky, undersized, and tough. The horses have short stout legs, short bodies, thick necks, big heads, shaggy manes and tails, and comical expressions in their faces; while the cattle are meek little shrivelled-up things that invoke your pity. There is only one thing that mars the hospitality and civility of everybody

and everything in Norway. This is the miserable mongrel dog that is about the first thing you see at every typical Norwegian cottage in the fishing-towns.

In mapping out a route of travel two things are important. First, take a tourist-steamer for the North Cape from Eng-

land; and second, make sure that the steamer will go to the Lofoten Islands. The advice of everybody who knows the coast is, "Don't miss the Lofoten scenery." Some of the steamers are inclined to cut short the Lofoten Islands in their haste to get to the North Cape, only giving their passengers an idea of what the islands are like, and thus missing some of the grandest views of all.

Most of them, however, take in Lofoten, and if your ship does this you will lose none of the main features. I advise starting from England, because it is more convenient to take a steamer there than on the Continent, and in addition to this, if you are going to Paris, you can handily stop at Christiania, Copenhagen, and Cologne without interfering with the Norway journey. If you were to go to Christiania and Copenhagen first, you would either have to miss Bergen, and a grand sail from Bergen to Trondhjem, or make the unnecessary trip from Christiania around the southern end of Norway. By sailing from Hull or Newcastle, in England, you go directly to Stavanger or Bergen, then on to the North Cape by way of Molde, Trondhjem, and Lofoten. On the return trip you can leave the steamer at Trondhjem and take the only

railroad across the country to Christiania, thus covering the principal points of interest, or you can return to England, as suits your plans.

The tourist and mail steamers do not differ materially in size or service. To avoid seasickness it is a wise precaution to secure a state-room as near amidships as possible. It takes two nights and one day to go from Newcastle to Bergen, and the North Sea is more choppy than the English Channel. There are no severe storms in summer, but a stiff breeze kicks up a nasty sea in a few hours, and the little steamers pitch and roll in lively fashion. The steamers are much larger, heavier, and steadier than the shallow side-wheelers of the English Channel, but the North Sea is more trying, and it is thirty-six hours against one on the Channel. The steamers leave England in the afternoon, arriving at Bergen

early in the morning on the second day out. The first glimpse of the Norway coast comes with the bustle of the sail-or-men on deck. It is something like the first view of the coast of Ireland, only more so. The islands of rock rise boldly out of the water, and before you realize anything the steamer seems to be headed straight for the rocks. Then an opening appears. The man in the pilot-house, acting in obedience to motions of the pilot's arm, steers between the rocks and turns quickly to avoid another, when you experience your first real appreciation of the skill of a Norwegian pilot in manoeuvring his ship. In and out among the rocks you go, until finally you pass between two mountain islands, and the city of Bergen, resting at the water's edge among mountains of bold rock from one thousand to two thousand feet high, is before you. When I arrived at Bergen it was only two o'clock in the morning in July, and yet day was breaking in on the city, and it had not been dark all night. Here was a city of 53,000 inhabitants actually cut off from the world, appearing to have put its back up against its mother-country and defied the rest of the world to disturb its peace. The atmosphere of all of the Norway fish-



A NATIVE TURNOUT.



STREET SCENE IN BERGEN.

ing-towns is one of peace and liberty. Bergen is the centre of the fishing industry of the country, and thrives mainly on this industry. She is the queen of all fishing-stations, and the mother of the type of fisherman that is gradually

being developed in all lands—muscular body, blue eyes, high cheek-bones, powerful jaw, shaggy beard, thickly matted hair, sou'wester, big boots, sleeves rolled up, knife and marline-spike in his belt, rough trousers and red shirt, and



A NORWEGIAN FISHERMAN.

always ready to haul in his nets, let the wind blow high or blow low. The Norway fish and Norwegian fishermen and sailor-men are Norway's greatest gifts of to-day. Her fishermen are a type by themselves, her sailors are fearless, faithful, and sailors every inch of them, and her fish are the best of the kind in the world. The cod-fishing industry alone yielded about \$7,000,000 last year from a catch of 63,000,000 fish. In Bergen everything is fish. Fish are traded for boots and jack-knives. An article is worth "two cod" or "four herring," and if a trade cannot be made any other way, a few salmon are "thrown in." There is a school there where the science of fishing is taught. Everything possible is done to keep alive the fishing interest, and no stone is left unturned to increase the catch each season. The season for cod-fishing opens in January, and lasts about three months. The fish come from the extreme North to the fjords to spawn, and the bulk of the catch is made in the open water off the Lofoten Islands on the side toward the main coast. The fishing is controlled by the government, regularly appointed officials being present at the various fishing-stations to settle all disputes between the fishermen, and to give advice upon the best methods of preparing the fish. All parts of the fish are utilized. The livers are melted away into the world-famed Norway cod-liver oil.

After the fishing season is ended the fishermen return in their boats to their homes, scattered all over the coast, and proceed to cultivate the little patches of soil that have accumulated with ages in the hollows of the rocks. It is as a farmer that the summer traveller sees the fisherman. There are always a few who are after salmon and anything else that will take bait, but the great majority are raising their wheat, rye, barley, and potatoes for the next winter's use. In the southern part of Norway is quite fertile soil and worthy the name of farm land, but north

of Bergen the coast presents a solid front of primary rock, with only here and there a spot that looks as though it could grow more than a scant supply of moss. Notwithstanding the obstacles, however, the fisherman puts up his little wooden house and a shelter for his horse and cow, and plants his potatoes wherever he can find dirt enough to cover them. He cannot choose his location; he has to take what he can get. Often the soil on which depends so much to him is in the shadow of an immense mountain in the middle of the day, and can only get the rays of the sun as they come at night from over the polar regions.

There is not very much to see in the towns of Norway. The only cities which require time and have hotel accommodations that warrant a visit of several days are Bergen, Molde, Trondhjem, Svolvær, and Christiania. The rest of the time is spent aboard ship, except for the landings that are made occasionally at some of the more picturesque places. Two or three days at Bergen is quite enough, and then your steamer starts on up the coast. The scenery between Bergen and Molde is superb, and not the least attractive feature of this part of the trip is the experience of steering in and out among the mass of rocks, the vessel frequently going within a stone's-throw of them. Sometimes it seems as though the steamer were hemmed in on all sides by mountains, but

an opening always appears at just the right moment to let her through to new wonders further north. Arriving at Molde another stop is made, so that the passengers may explore the Romsdal, and become acquainted with the formation of the famous fjords.

The fjords correspond to our bays or inlets. They are long, narrow, winding arms of the sea, with bold shores and deep waters, the surface of which is as smooth and mirrorlike as a pond. If you can imagine the Palisades of the Hudson River more massive and bold, and the water a dark blue color and deep, you will have something of an idea of the formation of the fjords. I do not know how the thought will strike an art critic, but to me one of the most fascinating things about a number of Frederic Remington's types of Western horses, which appeared in recent numbers of this Magazine, is the lack of life in the eye. This seems to me to bring out with greater force the action of the pictures, and to give them a touch of genius, which every

man who has travelled in the West appreciates by contrast. It not only brings out more forcibly the action of every muscle, but also gives to the whole picture a suggestion of wildness that is irresistible. It is the same with those wonderful Norway fjords. The rugged shores, rising abruptly hundreds and thousands of feet, sometimes only about a quarter of a mile apart; the quiet, dark, deep water, with its glassy surface reflecting the picture of snow-covered rock and dull gray cloud—and all without a sign of life anywhere. The only noise, except the swish of your own steamer, is that made by small cataracts tumbling down the sides of the mountains into the fjords. The absence of life always has its effect. The solitude of the forest and the prairie, of stream and sea, stirs the same emotions in the breasts of all true lovers of nature.

Molde is a great summer resort, having only about sixteen hundred inhabitants. It commands a fine view of the Molde Fjord and the scraggy, snow-flecked peaks around it. After four or five



LOFOTEN.



FISHING-STATION IN LOFOTEN.

days in and about Molde the tourist proceeds to Trondhjem, a city of twenty-five thousand persons, located at 63° north latitude, or the same latitude as the south coast of Iceland. The city is at the end of the Trondhjem Fjord, and in a very fertile spot in comparison with the coast in general. A day or two in Trondhjem is enough. Then you start in earnest for the North Cape and midnight sun.

Northern Norway, or the Nordland, comprises the vast extent of country north of Trondhjem. The tourist-steamers make the trip from Trondhjem to the North Cape and return in nine days. The mail-ships occupy nearly twice as much time. It is on this journey north from Trondhjem that the traveller sees and learns to appreciate the impressive

grandeur of Norway scenery. As you go north the mountains become more angular, scraggy, and weird, snow and ice are more frequent and abundant, an immense glacier looms up into view, sending a chill through your bones as you pass on, until old Europe finally terminates with a bold mountain of rock, clothed only by myriads of birds and crowned with the crowning glories of the midnight sun. Beyond the North Cape stretch the Arctic Ocean and the mysteries of the North Pole.

You first begin to look for the midnight sun when you are approaching the Arctic Circle. It was just within the circle that I first saw this thrilling sight. The air had been clear for several nights, and so light that I could read a novel on deck at any hour without tiring my eyes

in the least, but the sun was hidden from sight by rocky islands that rose to a height of several thousand feet. On the night of July 8th I happened to go up on deck just at midnight. As I did so our steamer pulled out from behind an island, and there hung the sun about six degrees above the horizon. The sky was ablaze with many shades of red. Right in line with the sun was a fishing-sloop, the only sign of life anywhere except aboard our own steamer. From many sharp mountain-peaks about us was reflected the sun's light, and the whole heavens were in gorgeous array. It was an inspiring spectacle, there being something almost supernatural in its influence.

The next impressive scenes are in the Lofoten Islands, where are to be found the most unique fishing-towns up the coast. At the southern entrance to the Raft Sund, or Sound, is a mountain two thousand feet high, up which the German Emperor makes it a point to climb every time he goes to Norway. It takes him several hours to reach the top, but once there he becomes enthusiastic with the magnificent view afforded. After the

Emperor's last climb a Norwegian built a shanty on top of the mountain and stocked it with refreshments. When I was there the sailors told me he was still waiting for his first customer.

After the Raft Sound come Henningsvaer and Svolvaer, and then the steamer goes on to the North Cape, by way of Tromsø and Hammerfest. At the cape the sailors fire a big cannon to frighten the birds from the rocks, and thus transform the sky into a cloud of flapping wings. Giving a parting salute with her whistle, the steamer turns back for Trondhjem, where you can take a train in the afternoon that will land you in Christiania the next morning at eleven o'clock.

The fare aboard the Norway steamers is not elaborate, but wholesome. Fish is the mainstay of the table. The salmon are the most delicious in the world. The tales one hears aboard ship, mostly told by Englishmen who have rented rivers for the salmon-fishing, make an American sportsman green with envy. Englishmen control all the desirable rivers, and have a monopoly of the sport, which they will undoubtedly hold many years.

THE SERENADE AT SISKIYOU.

BY OWEN WISTER.

UNSKILLED at murder and without training in running away, one of the two Healy boys had been caught with ease soon after their crime. What they had done may be best learned in the following extract from a certain official report:

"The stage was within five miles of its destination when it was confronted by the usual apparition of a masked man levelling a double-barrelled shot-gun at the driver, and the order to 'Pull up, and throw out the express box.' The driver promptly complied. Meanwhile the guard, Buck Montgomery, who occupied a seat inside, from which he caught a glimpse of what was going on, opened fire at the robber, who dropped to his knees at the first shot, but a moment later discharged both barrels of his gun at the stage. The driver dropped from his seat to the foot-board with five buckshot in his right leg near the knee, and two in his left leg; a passenger by his side also dropped with three or four buckshot in his legs. Before the guard could reload,

two shots came from behind the bushes back of the exposed robber, and Buck fell to the bottom of the stage mortally wounded, shot through the back. The whole murderous sally occupied but a few seconds, and the order came to 'Drive on.' Officers and citizens quickly started in pursuit, and the next day one of the robbers, a well-known young man of that vicinity, son of a respectable farmer in Fresno County, was overtaken and arrested."

Feeling had run high in the streets of Siskiyou when the prisoner was brought into town, and the wretch's life had come near a violent end at the hands of the mob, for Buck Montgomery had many friends. But the steadier citizens preserved the peace, and the murderer was in the prison awaiting his trial by formal law. It was now some weeks since the tragedy, and Judge Campbell sat at breakfast reading his paper.

"Why, that is excellent!" he suddenly exclaimed.

"May I ask what is excellent, judge?" inquired his wife. She had a big nose.

"They've caught the other one, Amanda. Got him last evening in a restaurant at Woodland." The judge read the paragraph to Mrs. Campbell, who listened severely. "And so," he concluded, "when to-night's train gets up, we'll have them both safe in jail."

Mrs. Campbell dallied over her eggs, shaking her head. Presently she sighed. But as Amanda often did this, her husband finished his own eggs and took some more. "Poor boy!" said the lady, pensively. "Only twenty-three last 12th of October. What a cruel fate!"

Now the judge supposed she referred to the murdered man. "Yes," he said. "Vile. You've got him romantically young, my dear. I understood he was thirty-five."

"I know his age perfectly, Judge Campbell. I made it my business to find out. And to think his brother might actually have been lynched!"

"I never knew that either. You seem to have found out all about the family, Amanda. What were they going to lynch the brother for?"

The ample lady folded her fat middle-aged hands on the edge of the table and eyed her husband with bland displeasure. "Judge Campbell!" she uttered, and her lips shut wide and firm. She would restrain herself, if possible.

"Well, my dear?"

"You ask me that. You pretend ignorance of that disgraceful scene. Who was it said to me right in the street that he disapproved of lynching? I ask you, judge, who was it right there at the jail—"

"Oh!" said the enlightened judge.

"—Right at the left-hand side of the door of the jail in this town of Siskiyou, who was it got that trembling boy safe inside from those yelling fiends and talked to the crowd on a barrel of number ten nails, and made those wicked men stop and go home?"

"Amanda, I believe I recognize myself."

"I should think you did, Judge Campbell. And now they've caught the other one, and he'll be up with the sheriff on to-night's train, and I suppose they'll lynch him now!"

"There's not the slightest danger," said the judge. "The town wants them to have a fair trial. It was natural that immediately after such an atrocious act—"

"Those poor boys had never murdered anybody before in their lives," interrupted Amanda.

"But they did murder Montgomery, you will admit."

"Oh yes!" said Mrs. Campbell, with impatience. "I saw the hole in his back. You needn't tell me all that again. If he'd thrown out the express box quicker they wouldn't have hurt a hair of his head. Wells and Fargo's messengers know that perfectly. It was his own fault. Those boys had no employment, and they only wanted money. They did not seek human blood, and you needn't tell me they did."

"They shed it, however, Amanda. Quite a lot of it. Stage-driver and a passenger too."

"Yes, you keep going back to that as if they'd all been murdered instead of only one, and you don't care about those two poor boys locked in a dungeon, and their gray-haired father down in Fresno County who never did anything wrong at all, and he sixty-one in December."

"The county isn't thinking of hanging the old gentleman," said the judge.

"That will do, Judge Campbell," said his lady, rising. "I shall say no more. Total silence for the present is best for you and best for me. Much best. I will leave you to think of your speech, which was by no means silver. Not even life with you for twenty-five years this coming 10th of July has inured me to insult. I am capable of understanding whom they think of hanging, and your speaking to me as if I did not does you little credit; for it was a mere refuge from a woman's just accusation of heartlessness which you felt, and like a man would not acknowledge; and therefore it is that I say no more but leave you to go down the street to the Ladies' Lyceum where I shall find companions with some spark of humanity in their bosoms and milk of human kindness for those whose hasty youth has plunged them in misery and delivered them to the hands of those who treat them as if they were stones and sticks full of nothing but monstrosity instead of breathing men like themselves to be shielded by brotherhood and hope and not dashed down by cruelty and despair."

It had begun stately as a dome, with symmetry and punctuation, but the climax was untrammelled by a single com-

ma. The orator swept from the room, put on her bonnet and shawl, and the judge, still sitting with his eggs, heard the front door close behind her. She was president of the Ladies' Reform and Literary Lyceum, and she now trod thitherward through Siskiyou.

"I think Amanda will find companions there," mused the judge. "But her notions of sympathy beat me." The judge had a small wise blue eye, and he liked his wife more than well. She was sincerely good, and had been very courageous in their young days of poverty. She loved their son, and she loved him. Only, when she took to talking, he turned up a mental coat collar and waited. But if the male sex did not appreciate her powers of eloquence her sister citizens did; and Mrs. Campbell, besides presiding at the Ladies' Reform and Literary Lyceum in Siskiyou, often addressed female meetings in Ashland, Yreka, and even as far away as Tehama and Redding. She found companions this morning.

"To think of it!" they exclaimed, at her news of the capture, for none had read the paper. They had been too busy talking of the next debate, which was upon the question, "Ought we to pray for rain?" But now they instantly forgot the wide spiritual issues raised by this inquiry, and plunged into the fascinations of crime, reciting once more to each other the details of the recent tragedy. The room hired for the Lyceum was in a second story above the apothecary and book shop—a combined enterprise in Siskiyou—and was furnished with fourteen rocking-chairs. Pictures of Mount Shasta and Lucretia Mott ornamented the wall, with a photograph from an old master representing Leda and the Swan. This typified the Lyceum's approval of Art, and had been presented by one of the husbands upon returning from a three days' business trip to San Francisco.

"Dear! dear!" said Mrs. Parsons, after they had all shuddered anew over the shooting and the blood. "With so much suffering in the world how fulsome seems that gay music!" She referred to the Siskiyou brass band, which was rehearsing the march from *Fatinitza* in an adjacent room in the building. Mrs. Parsons had large mournful eyes, a poetic vocabulary, and wanted to be president of the Lyceum herself.

"Melody has its sphere, Gertrude,"

said Mrs. Campbell, in a wholesome voice. "We must not be morbid. But this I say to you, one and all: Since the men of Siskiyou refuse, it is for the women to vindicate the town's humanity, and show some sympathy for the captive who arrives to-night."

They all thought so too.

"I do not criticise," continued their president, magnanimously, "nor do I complain of any one. Each in this world has his or her mission, and the most sacred is Woman's own—to console!"

"True, true!" murmured Mrs. Slocum.

"We must do something for the prisoner to show him we do not desert him in his hour of need," Mrs. Campbell continued.

"We'll go and meet the train!" Mrs. Slocum exclaimed, eagerly. "I've never seen a real murderer."

"A bunch of flowers for him," said Mrs. Parsons, closing her mournful eyes. "Roses." And she smiled faintly.

"Oh, lilies!" cried little Mrs. Day, with rapture. "Lilies would look *real* nice."

"Don't you think," said Miss Sissons, who had not spoken before, and sat a little apart from the close-drawn clump of talkers, "that we might send the widow some flowers too, some time?" Miss Sissons was a pretty girl, with neat hair. She was engaged to the captain of Siskiyou's baseball nine.

"The widow?" Mrs. Campbell looked vague.

"Mrs. Montgomery, I mean. The murdered man's wife. I—I went to see if I could do anything, for she has some children; but she wouldn't see me," said Miss Sissons. "She said she couldn't talk to anybody."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Campbell. "I dare say it was a dreadful shock to her. Yes, dear, we'll attend to her after a while. We'll have her with us right along, you know, whereas these unhappy boys may—may be—may soon meet a cruel death on the scaffold." Mrs. Campbell evaded the phrase "may be hanged" rather skillfully. To her trained oratorical sense it had seemed to lack dignity.

"So young!" said Mrs. Day.

"And both so full of promise, to be cut off!" said Mrs. Parsons.

"Why, they can't hang them both, I should think," said Miss Sissons. "I thought only one killed Mr. Montgomery."

"My dear Louise," said Mrs. Campbell, "they can do anything they want, and they will. Shall I ever forget those ruffians who wanted to lynch the first one? They'll be on the jury!"

The clump returned to their discussion of the flowers, and Miss Sissons presently mentioned she had some errands to do, and departed.

"Would that that girl had more soul!" said Mrs. Parsons.

"She has plenty of soul," replied Mrs. Campbell, "but she's under the influence of a man. Well, as I was saying, roses and lilies are too big."

"Oh, *why*?" said Mrs. Day. "They would *please* him so."

"He couldn't carry them, Mrs. Day. I've thought it all out. He'll be walked to the jail between strong men. We must have some small bokay to pin on his coat, for his hands will be shackled."

"You don't say!" cried Mrs. Slocum. "How awful! I must get to that train. I've never seen a man in shackles in my life."

So violets were selected; Mrs. Campbell brought some in the afternoon from her own greenhouse, and Mrs. Parsons furnished a large pin. She claimed also the right to affix the decoration upon the prisoner's breast because she had suggested the idea of flowers; but the other ladies protested, and the president seemed to think that all should draw lots. It fell to Mrs. Day.

"Now I declare!" twittered the little matron. "I do believe I'll never dare."

"You must say something to him," said Amanda; "something fitting and choice."

"Oh dear no, Mrs. Campbell. Why, I never—my gracious! Why, if I'd known I was expected—Really, I couldn't think—I'll let *you* do it!"

"We can't hash up the ceremony that way, Mrs. Day," said Amanda, severely. And as they all fell arguing, the whistle blew.

"There!" said Mrs. Slocum. "Now you've made me late, and I'll miss the shackles and everything."

She flew down stairs, and immediately the town of Siskiyou saw twelve members of the Ladies' Reform and Literary Lyceum follow her in a hasty phalanx across the square to the station. The train approached slowly up the grade, and by the time the wide smoke-stack of the locomotive

was puffing its wood smoke in clouds along the platform, Amanda had marshalled her company there.

"Where's the gals all goin', Bill?" inquired a large citizen in boots of the ticket agent.

"Nowheres, I guess, Abe," the agent replied. "Leastways they 'ain't bought any tickets off me."

"Maybe they're for stealin' a ride," said Abe.

The mail and baggage cars had passed, and the women watched the smoking-car that drew up opposite them. Mrs. Campbell had informed her friends that the sheriff always went in the smoker; but on this occasion, for some reason, he had brought his prisoner in the Pullman sleeper at the rear, some way down the track, and Amanda's vigilant eye suddenly caught the group, already descended and walking away. The platoon of sympathy set off, and rapidly came up with the sheriff, while Bill, Abe, the train conductor, the Pullman conductor, the engineer, and the fireman abandoned their duty, and stared, in company with the brakemen and many passengers. There was perfect silence but for the pumping of the air-brake on the engine. The sheriff, not understanding what was coming, had half drawn his pistol; but now, surrounded by universal petticoats, he pulled off his hat and grinned doubtfully. The friend with him also stood bareheaded and grinning. He was young Jim Hornbrook, the muscular betrothed of Miss Sissons. The prisoner could not remove his hat or he would have done so. Miss Sissons, who had come to the train to meet her lover, was laughing extremely in the middle of the road.

"Take these violets," faltered Mrs. Day, and held out the bunch, backing away slightly at the same time.

"Nonsense," said Amanda, stepping forward and grasping the flowers. "The women of Siskiyou are with you," she said, "as we are with all the afflicted." Then she pinned the violets firmly to the prisoner's flannel shirt. His face, at first amazed as the sheriff's and Hornbrook's, smoothed into cunning and vanity, while Hornbrook's turned an angry red, and the sheriff stopped grinning.

"Them flowers would look better on Buck Montgomery's grave, madam," said the officer. "Maybe you'll let us pass now." They went on to the jail.

"Waal," said Abe, on the platform, "that's the most disgustin' fool thing I ever did see."

"All aboard!" said the conductor, and the long train continued its way to Portland.

The platoon, well content, dispersed homeward to supper, and Jim Hornbrook walked home with his girl.

"For Lord's sake, Louise," he said, "who started that move?"

She told him the history of the morning.

"Well," he said, "you tell Mrs. Campbell, with my respects, that she's just playing with fire. A good woman like her ought to have more sense. Those men are going to have a fair trial."

"She wouldn't listen to me, Jim, not a bit. And, do you know, she really didn't seem to feel sorry—except just for a minute—about that poor woman."

"Louise, why don't you quit her outfit?"

"Resign from the Lyceum? That's so silly of you, Jim. We're not all crazy there; and that," said Miss Sissons, demurely, "is what makes a girl like me so valuable!"

"Well, I'm not stuck on having you travel with that lot."

"They speak better English than you do, Jim dear. Don't! in the street!"

"Sho! It's dark now," said Jim. "And it's been three whole days since—" But Miss Sissons escaped inside her gate and rang the bell. "Now see here, Louise," he called after her, "when I say they're playing with fire I mean it. That woman will make trouble in this town."

"She's not afraid," said Miss Sissons. "Don't you know enough about us yet to know we can't be threatened?"

"You!" said the young man. "I wasn't thinking of you." And so they separated.

Mrs. Campbell sat opposite the judge at supper, and he saw at once from her complacent reticence that she had achieved some triumph against his principles. She chatted about topics of the day in terms that were ingeniously trite. Then a letter came from their son in Denver, and she forgot her rôle somewhat, and read the letter aloud to the judge, and wondered wistfully who in Denver attended to the boy's buttons and socks; but she made no reference whatever to Siskiyou jail or those inside it. Next morning,

however, it was the judge's turn to be angry.

"Amanda," he said, over the paper again, "you had better stick to socks and leave criminals alone."

Amanda gazed at space with a calm smile.

"And I'll tell you one thing, my dear," her husband said, more incisively, "it don't look well that I should represent the law while my wife figures" (he shook the morning paper) "as a public nuisance. And one thing more: *Look out!* For if I know this community, and I think I do, you may raise something you don't bargain for."

"I can take care of myself, judge," said Amanda, always smiling. These two never were angry both at once, and today it was the judge that sailed out of the house. Amanda pounced instantly upon the paper. The article was headed "Sweet Violets." But the editorial satire only spurred the lady to higher efforts. She proceeded to the Lyceum, and found that "Sweet Violets" had been there before her. Every woman held a copy, and the fourteen rocking-chairs were swooping up and down like things in a factory. In the presence of this blizzard, Mount Shasta, Lucretia Mott, and even Leda and the Swan looked singularly serene on their wall, although on the other side of the wall the *Fatinitza* march was booming brilliantly. But Amanda quieted the storm. It was her gift to be calm when others were not, and soon the rocking-chairs were merely rippling.

"The way my boys scolded me—" began Mrs. Day.

"For men I care not," said Mrs. Parsons. "But when my own sister upbraids me in a public place—" The lady's voice ceased, and she raised her mournful eyes. It seemed she had encountered her unnatural relative at the post-office. Everybody had a tale similar. Siskiyou had denounced their humane act.

"Let them act ugly," said Mrs. Slocum. "We will not swerve."

"I sent roses this morning," said Mrs. Parsons.

"Did you, dear?" said Mrs. Day. "My lilies shall go this afternoon."

"Here is a letter from the prisoner," said Amanda, producing the treasure; and they huddled to hear it. It mentioned the violets blooming beside the hard couch, and spoke of prayer.

"He had lovely hair," said Mrs. Slocum.

"So brown!" said Mrs. Day.

"Black, my dear, and curly."

"Light brown. I was a good deal closer, Susan—"

"Never mind about his hair," said Amanda. "We are here not to flinch. We must act. Our course is chosen, and well chosen. The prison fare is a sin, and a beefsteak goes to them both at noon from my house."

"Oh, why didn't we ever think of that before?" cried the ladies, in an ecstasy, and fell to planning a series of lunches in spite of what Siskiyou might say or do. Siskiyou did not say very much; but it looked; and the ladies waxed more enthusiastic, luxuriating in a sense of martyrdom because now the prisoners were stopped writing any more letters to them. This was doubtless a high-handed step, and it set certain pulpits preaching about love. The day set for the trial was approaching; Amanda and her flock were going. Prayer-meetings were held, food and flowers for the two in jail increased in volume, and every day saw some of the Lyceum waiting below the prisoners' barred windows till the men inside would thrust a hand through and wave to them; then they would shake a handkerchief in reply, and go away thrilled to talk it over at the Lyceum. And Siskiyou looked on all the while, darker and darker.

Then finally Amanda had a great thought. Listening to *Fatinitza* one morning, she suddenly arose and visited Herr Schwartz, the band-master. Herr Schwartz was a wise and well-educated German. They had a lengthy conference.

"I don't pelief dot vill be very goot," said the band-master.

But at that Amanda talked a good deal; and the worthy Teuton was soon bewildered, and at last gave a dubious consent, "since it would blease de ladies."

The president of the Lyceum arranged the coming event after her own heart. The voice of Woman should speak in Siskiyou. The helpless victims of male prejudice and the law of the land were to be flanked with consolation and encouragement upon the eve of their ordeal in court. In their lonely cell they were to feel that there were those outside whose hearts beat with theirs. The floral tribute was to be sumptuous, and Amanda

had sent to San Francisco for pound-cake. The special quality she desired could not be achieved by the Siskiyou confectioner.

Miss Sissons was not a party to this enterprise, and she told its various details to Jim Hornbrook, half in anger, half in derision. He listened without comment, and his face frightened her a little.

"Jim, what's the matter?" said she.

"Are you going to be at that circus?" he inquired.

"I thought I might just look on, you know," said Miss Sissons. "Mrs. Campbell and a brass band—"

"You'll stay in the house that night, Louise."

"Why, the ring isn't on my finger yet," laughed the girl, "the fatal promise of obedience—" But she stopped, perceiving her joke was not a good one. "Of course, Jim, if you feel that way," she finished. "Only I'm grown up, and I like reasons."

"Well—that's all right too."

"Ho, ho! All right! Thank you, sir. Dear me!"

"Why, it ain't to please me, Louise; indeed it ain't. I can't swear everything won't be nice and all right and what a woman could be mixed up in, but—well, how should you know what men are anyway when they've been a good long time getting mad and are mad all through? That's what this town is to-day, Louise."

"I don't know," said Miss Sissons, "and I'm sure I'd rather not know." And so she gave her promise. "But I shouldn't suppose," she added, "that the men of Siskiyou, mad or not, would forget that women are women."

Jim laughed. "Oh no," he said, "they ain't going to forget that."

The appointed day came; and the train came, several hours late, bearing the box of confectionery, addressed to the Ladies' Reform and Literary Lyceum. Bill, the ticket agent, held his lantern over it on the platform.

"That's the cake," said he.

"What cake?" Abe inquired.

Bill told him the rumor.

"Cake?" repeated Abe. "Fer them?" and he tilted his head toward the jail. "Will you say that again, friend? I ain't clear about it. Cake, did ye say?"

"Pound-cake," said Bill. "Ordered special from San Francisco."

Now pound-cake for adults is consid-

ered harmless. But it is curious how unwholesome a harmless thing can be if administered at the wrong time. The gaunt, savage-looking Californian went up to the box slowly. Then he kicked it lightly with his big boot, seeming to listen to its reverberation. Then he read the address. Then he sat down on the box to take a think. After a time he began speaking aloud. "They hold up a stage," he said, slowly. "They lay up a passenger fer a month. And they lame Bob Griffiths fer life. And then they do up Buck. Shoot a hole through his spine. And I helped bury him; fer I liked Buck." The speaker paused, and looked at the box. Then he got up. "I hain't attended their prayer-meetin's," said he, "and I hain't smelt their flowers. Such perfume's liable to make me throw up. But I guess I'll hev a look at their cake."

He went to the baggage-room and brought an axe. The axe descended, and a splintered slat flew across the platform. "There's a lot of cake," said Abe. The top of the packing-case crashed on the railroad track, and three new men gathered to look on. "It's fresh cake too," remarked the destroyer. The box now fell to pieces, and the tattered paper wrapping was ripped away. "Step up, boys," said Abe, for a little crowd was there now. "Soft, ain't it?" They slung the cake about and tramped it in the grime and oil, and the boards of the box were torn apart and whirled away. There was a singular and growing impulse about all this. No one said anything; they were very quiet; yet the crowd grew quickly, as if called together by something in the air. One voice said, "Don't forgit we're all relyin' on yer serenade, Mark," and this raised a strange united laugh that broke brief and loud, and stopped, leaving the silence deeper than before. Mark and three more left and walked toward the Lyceum. They were members of the Siskiyou band, and as they went, one said that the town would see an interesting trial in the morning. Soon after they had gone the crowd moved from the station, compact and swift.

Meanwhile the Lyceum had been having disappointments. When the train was known to be late, Amanda had abandoned bestowing the cake until morning. But now a horrid thing had happened: the Siskiyou band refused its services! The rocking-chairs were plying strenu-

ously; but Amanda strode up and down in front of Mount Shasta and Lucretia Mott.

Herr Schwartz entered. "It's all right, madam," said he. "My trombone haf come back, und—"

"You'll play?" demanded the president.

"We blay for de ladies."

The rocking-chairs were abandoned; the Lyceum put on its bonnet and shawl and marshalled down stairs with the band.

"Ready," said Amanda.

"Ready," said Herr Schwartz to his musicians. "Go a leedle easy mit der Allegro, or we bust *Fatinitza*."

The spirited strains were lifted in Siskiyou, and the procession was soon at the jail in excellent order. They came round the corner with the trombone going as well as possible. Two jerking bodies dangled at the end of ropes, above the flare of torches. Amanda and her flock were shrieking.

"So!" exclaimed Herr Schwartz. "Dot was dose Healy boys we haf come to gif serenade." He signed to stop the music.

"No you don't," said two of the masked crowd, closing in with pistols. "You'll play fer them fellers till you're told to quit."

"Cerdainly," said the philosophical Teuton. "Only dey gif probably very leedle attention to our Allegro."

So *Fatinitza* trumpeted on while the two on the ropes twisted, and grew still by-and-by. Then the masked men let the band go home. The Lyceum had scattered and fled long since, and many days passed before it revived again to civic usefulness, nor did its members find comfort from their men. Herr Schwartz gave a parting look at the bodies of the lynched murderers. "My!" said he, "das Ewigweibliche haf draw them apove sure enough."

Miss Sissons next day was walking and talking off her shock and excitement with her lover. "And oh, Jim," she concluded, after they had said a good many things, "you hadn't anything to do with it, had you?" The young man did not reply, and catching a certain expression on his face, she hastily exclaimed: "Never mind! I don't want to know—ever!"

So James Hornbrook kissed his sweetheart for saying that, and they continued their walk among the pleasant hills.

A FEW EDIBLE TOADSTOOLS AND MUSHROOMS.

BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

WHAT a plenteous, spontaneous harvest of delicious feasting annually goes begging in our woods and fields!

In France, Germany, Russia, and Italy the woods are scoured for the perennial crop of edible fungi, and through centuries of familiarity and tradition the knowledge of its economic value has become the possession of the people, a most important possession to the poor peasant, who, perhaps for weeks together, will taste no other animal food. I say "animal food" advisedly, for, gastronomically and chemically considered, the flesh of the mushroom has been proved to be almost identical with meat, and possesses the same nourishing properties.

It is idle to attempt an adjudication of the vexed "toadstool" and "mushroom" question here.

The so-called distinction is a purely arbitrary popular prejudice which differentiates the toadstool as poisonous, the mushroom being harmless. But even the rustic authorities are rather mixed on the subject, as may be well illustrated by a recent incident in my own experience.

Walking in the woods, recently, with a country friend, we were discussing this "toadstool" topic, when we came upon a cluster of fungi at the base of a tree trunk, their broad expanded tops apparently upholstered in fawn-colored, undressed kid, their under surfaces being stuffed and tufted in pale greenish hue.

"What would you call these?" I inquired.

"Those are toadstools, unmistakably," was his reply.

"Well, toadstools or not, you see there about five pounds of delicious vegetable meat, for it is the common species of edible *Boletus*—*Boletus edulis*."

A few moments later we paused before a beautiful specimen, lifting its parasol of pure white above the black leaf mould.

"And what is this?" I inquired.

"I would certainly call that a mushroom," was his instant reply.

This mushroom proved to be a fine, tempting specimen of the *Agaricus Amanita bulbosa*, the deadliest of all the mushrooms, and one of the most violent and fatal of all known vegetable poisons, whose attractive graces and insidious wiles are doubtless continually responsi-

ble for those numerous fatalities usually dismissed with the epitaph, "Died from eating toadstools in mistake for mushrooms."

Nor are the other popular traditions and tests by which the primary selection of the "mushroom" is "proved" for safety worthy of any more consideration; tests, for instance, such as the following: "Pleasant taste and odor; boiling with a silver spoon, the staining of the silver indicating danger; peeling of the cap; change of color in fracture," etc. I once knew an aged dame who was a village oracle on this as well as other topics, and who ate and dispensed toadstools on the above rules. Strange to say, she lived to a good old age, and no increased mortality chanced as a result of her generosity.

How are these popular notions sustained by the facts?

Many, indeed a majority, of the most delicious species will not "peel" at all; others change color, turning blue or green or tawny almost instantly on being broken, while the most deadly *Amanita* peels with a certain degree of accommodation which would at once seem to settle its claim as a "mushroom," has, moreover, to many, an inviting odor and a pleasant taste when raw, and when cooked giving no token of its fatal resources until from six to eight hours after being eaten, when its unfortunate victim is usually past hope—absolutely so, in the absence of the proper medical treatment, in the administration of atropine in hypodermic injection in $\frac{1}{10}$ -grain doses, this deadly drug having been only recently discovered to be an effective antidote to the amanitine, the poisonous principle of the *Amanita* fungus.

The deadly *Amanita* need no longer impose upon the fastidious feaster in the guise of the dainty "legume" of his menu, or as a fatal contaminating ingredient in the otherwise wholesome *ragoût*.

In Fig. 1 I have presented the reprobate *Amanita vernus* in its protean progressive aspects from infancy to maturity. This is especially desirable not only because the fungus is equally dangerous as an infant, but because the development of its growth specially emphasizes *botanically* the one important structural character by which the species or genus may



FIG. 1.—THE DEADLY AMANITA IN VARIOUS STAGES.

be easily distinguished. Let us then consider the specimen as a type of the tribe Agaricus (gilled mushroom), genus *Amanita*.

Year after year we are sure of finding this species, especially in spring and summer, its favorite haunt being the woods. Its spores, like those of other mushrooms, are shed upon the ground from beneath the white gills, and eventually vegetate in the form of webby white mould—mycelium—which threads through the dead leaves and earth. This running growth is botanically considered as the *true* fungus, the final mushroom being the *fruit*, whose function is the dissemination of the spores. After a rain, or when the conditions are otherwise suitable, a certain point or points among this webby tangle beneath the ground become suddenly quickened into astonishing cell-making energy, and a small rounded nodule begins to form, which continues to develop with great rapidity. In a few hours more it has pushed its head above ground, and now appears like an egg, as at A, Fig. 1. The successive stages in its development are clearly indicated in the drawing; each represents an interval of an hour or two, or more, the most suggestive and important feature being the *outer envelope*, which encloses the actual mushroom—at first completely, then in a ruptured condition, until in the mature growth the only

vestiges which appear aboveground are the few shreds generally, though not always, to be seen on the top of the cap. The *most important* character of this deadly *Amanita* is, therefore, with almost artful maliciousness, often *concealed* from our view in the mature specimen, the only remnant of the original outer sac being the *cup* or *socket* about the base of the stem, which is generally hidden underground, and usually there remains as we pluck the specimen.

This "poison-cup" may be taken as the cautionary symbol of the genus *Amanita*, common to all the species. *Any mushroom or toadstool, therefore, whose stem is thus set in a socket, or which has any suggestion of such a socket, should be labelled "poison";* for though some of the species having this cup are edible, from the popular point of view it is wiser and certainly safer to condemn the entire group. But the cup must be *sought* for. We shall thus at least avoid the possible danger of a fatal termination to our amateur experiments in gustatory mycology; for while various other mushrooms might induce even serious illness through digestive disturbance, and secondary possibly fatal complications, the *Amanita* group are now conceded to be the only fungi which contain a positive, active, poisonous principle whose certain logical consequence is death.

Another structural feature of the *Amanita* is shown in the illustration, but has been omitted from the above consideration to avoid confusion. This is the "veil" which, in the young mushroom, originally connected the edge of the cap, or pileus, with the stem, and whose gradual rupture necessarily follows the expansion of the cap, until a mere frill or ring is left about the stem at the original point of contact.

But this feature is a frequent character in many edible mushrooms, and therefore of no dangerous significance *per se*—a

woods and pastures and lawns. For it is now a fact generally believed by fungologists, and being gradually demonstrated, that the edible species, far from being the exception, as formerly regarded, are the rule; that a great majority of our common wild fungi are at least harmless, if not positively wholesome and nutritious as food. Dr. Curtis, of South Carolina, has published a list of over a hundred edible American species. The writer has familiarized himself with about forty esculent varieties, and other mycophagists, notably Dr. Harkness and Captain Charles

McIlvaine, include a hundred species in their habitual bill of fare. But there can be no general rule laid down for the discrimination of an *edible fungus*. Each must be *learned* as a species, or at least familiarized as a kind, even as we learn to recognize a flower, a tree, or a bird.

Nor is it necessary to master the whole science of mycology to enable us to become full-blown mycophagists for several months in the year, and it is the object of the present article not only to give effectual warning as to the poisonous mushrooms, but to bring within the reach of my readers a few common and easily identified edible species, and thus redeem to *esculent* utility a few thousand pounds of this neglected savory harvest.

Of the thirty odd species which the writer habitually enjoys at his table, he is satisfied that he can select at least a baker's dozen which possess such distinct and strongly marked characters as to enable them, by careful portraiture and brief description, to be instantly recognized, even by a tyro.

A few other general rules may well be remembered. The gatherer of food mushrooms should avoid all fungi which have an unpleasant odor, an acrid or otherwise unpleasant taste. Those of tough consistency, in a state of decomposition, or infested with worms would of course naturally be avoided.



FIG. 2.—*AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS*—MEADOW-MUSHROOM.

membrane which protects the growing gills.

By fixing these simple facts in mind we may now consider ourselves armed against our greatest foe, and may with some assurance make our selection among this lavish larder of wild provender continually going to waste by the ton in our

Perhaps the one species which enjoys the widest range of popular confidence as the "mushroom" in the lay mind, as distinguished from "toadstool," is the *Agaricus campestris* (Fig. 2), known as the "meadow-mushroom." It is the species most generally in cultivation and commonly exposed for sale in our markets, and the mycelium, a so-called "spawn," is a staple commodity of commerce. The illustration shows a cluster of the mushrooms in their various stages of development, the detached specimen below representing the semi-opened condition in which the fungus is usually gathered for market. It will be observed that the base of the stem is entirely free from any suggestion of a volva or a cup. As its popular name implies, this species in its wild state is one of the voluntary tributes of our autumn meadows and pastures, though it may occasionally frequent lawns and shrubberies. In size it varies from two to three and a half inches across the pileus or cap, which is either smooth or slightly scaly, and creamy white or tawny in color, according to age or variety. The most important distinguishing feature of this species, which varies considerably in different individuals, is in the color of the gills. If we break away the "veil" in the unopened specimen, we find them to be of a pallid flesh tint. In the more advanced state they become decidedly pinkish, with age and expansion gradually deepening to purplish, purple-brown, and finally brownish-black. The gills are of unequal lengths, as shown in the section. The stem is creamy white and of solid substance, and always shows the remains of the veil in a persistent frill or ring, just beneath the cap.

Another and larger edible mushroom, which might easily be confounded with this, may frequently be found growing in company with it, and so closely do the



FIG. 3.—*AGARICUS PROCERUS*—PASTURE-MUSHROOM.

two species merge in specimens of equal size that it is often a puzzle to separate the species. Indeed, by some mycologists the larger form is considered merely as a variety of the *campestris*. The accompanying illustration may well serve as a portrait of this species also, which is commonly known in England as the "horse-mushroom" (*Agaricus arvensis*). It frequents the same localities as the former, and is occasionally seen crowded in clusters of crescent shape, or in scattered rings, while its size is generally conspicuous, the solid cream-colored or white cap often expanding to the diameter of seven inches. Its substance discolours to yellowish-brown on being bruised. The stem is less solid than in *campestris*, often with a pithlike or even hollow heart. The gills are of unequal length, as in the former species, though of much the same tints of pink and brown and black, though more dingy in the lighter shades. The veil is often



FIG. 4.—MARASMIUS OREADES—FAIRY-RING CHAMPIGNON.

more conspicuous, and occasionally appears to be double, the outer or lower more or less ragged or split into a fringe at the edge. The species can hardly be mistaken for any poisonous variety, and once recognized, its generous size, frequent profusion, and savory qualities make it a tempting quest to the epicure, being considered by many as superior in flavor to its rival, the campestris.

But this question of gastronomic prestige will perhaps never be finally settled. *De gustibus non est disputandum*. Species considered here by many as the *ne plus ultra* of delicacies, like the campestris, are discriminated against in other countries, and in Rome are thrown into the Tiber by inspectors and guardians of the public safety. There are those connoisseurs in delicate feasting who consider no other species comparable to this. These fastidious gourmands are in turn viewed with pity by other superior epicurean feeders with finer sensuous discrimination, who know perfectly well that our woods afford a number of common species which easily consign the campestris to the fourth or fifth choice as a competitor at the feast.

While the campestris is generally considered as "the" mushroom, there is another species which almost equally shares the honors in popular favor.

I have alluded to the habit of the horse-mushroom as "growing in crescents or rings." This singular tendency is, however, much more fully exemplified

in another fungus, which has thus won the popular patronymic of the "fairy-ring" champignon, *Marasmius oreades*.

I remember, as a boy, summer after summer observing upon a certain spot upon our lawn this dense, and at length scattering, ring of tiny yellowish mushrooms. And the aroma as they simmered on the kitchen stove is an appetizing memory. This species is very common, and inasmuch as it is likely to be confounded with two noxious varieties, it will be well to bring in prominent contrast the characters of the true and the false.

True Fairy-ring Champignon (*Marasmius oreades*, Fig. 4).—Pileus, buff or cream-colored, leathery and shrivelled when dry, but when moist, after rain or dew, becoming brownish, soft, and pliable, the conditions perhaps alternating for several days; the skin refuses to be peeled, and in the older, fully opened specimens the centre of the cap is raised in a distinct tiny mound; gills, widely separated, about ten or twelve to the inch at circumference in average specimens, same color as cap, or paler, unequal in length; stem, equal diameter, tough, fibrous, and tenacious, paler than gills, smooth to the base (no spines nor down); cup, none; spores, white; taste, nutty, somewhat aromatic, appetizing; habitat, usually on lawns.

False or Poison Champignon (*Marasmius urens*).—Pileus, pale buff, convex, central mound absent; gills, yellowish-brown, narrow, and crowded, twenty-five or more to the inch at circumference in good specimen; stem, solid, clothed with whitish down; cup, none; taste, acrid.



Marasmius Urens.

Marasmius Peronatus.

FIG. 5.—SOME POISONOUS MUSHROOMS.

This alone should distinguish the species, which, moreover, usually grows in woods.

Marasmius peronatus, poisonous, Fig. 5, the other false species, still more closely simulates the fairy-ring, but may be identified by the growth of *spines* at the base of the stalk. Like the other spurious species, it is found in woods.

The true fairy-ring champignon is common on lawns and close-cropped pastures, where it is usually seen growing in rings more or less broken, and often several feet in diameter, or in disconnected arcs, the vegetation of its spores extending outward year by year, receding from the previously exhausted soil at the centre. This mushroom is in unusual esteem, and frequently grows in such profusion that bushels may be gathered in a small area.

One of the most readily recognized of our wild mushrooms is the pasture or parasol agaric, *Agaricus procureus*, a cluster of which in various stages of development is shown in Fig. 3. It is frequently abundant in pasture-lands, and is occasionally found in woods. Its conspicuous cap sometimes measures six inches or more in diameter, the centre being raised in a mound. It is at first egg-shaped. The color of the full specimen is pale brown, or buff, more or less spotted with darker brown shaggy patches. The skin of the cap is thick and somewhat tough, especially on drying. The gills are pure white, or slightly creamy, unequal in length. Stem, often six or eight inches high, proportionately slender, and of equal diameter, bulbous at base, but without a cup, hollow, fibrous, finely speckled or streaked with brown, and deeply inserted in the cap when it is distinctly free from contact with the gills. The remnants of the veil are in the form of a more or less detachable ring encircling the stem. The spores are white, odororous, aromatic, distinctly nutty. Flavor, when raw, sweet and palatable; when dry, slightly pungent.

This species is a great favorite, by many considered as the choicest of all mushrooms. It is indeed a delicious

morsel when quickly broiled over coals, seasoned to taste with salt and pepper and butter melted in the gills, and served hot on buttered toast. The scurfy spots and stems should be removed before cooking.

Another common and easily identified species is the *Agaricus Russula virescens*. The division *Russula* contains a number of equally common species, most of which are deliciously esculent, but the



FIG. 6.—GREEN RUSSULA IN VARIOUS STAGES.

scope of the present article will permit of mention of but one, the most unmistakably marked. It is to be found throughout the summer in hard-wood groves, and is apt to frequent the same immediate locality from year to year. I know one such veritable mushroom bed in the woods near by, where I am almost certain of my mess of *Russulas* almost any day in their season. This species is shown in its various development and also in section in Fig. 6. Its substance is firm and solid creamy white. The pileus, at first almost hemispherical, at length becomes convex, with a hollow at the centre. Its color is sage-green, or mouldy green, usually quite unbroken in tint at centre, but more or less disconnected into spots toward the circumference by the gradual expansion of the cap, the creamy undertint appearing like a net-work be-

FIG. 7.—*COPRINUS ATRAMENTARIUS*.

tween them. The substance of the cap becomes gradually thinned toward the circumference, where the mere cuticle connects the gills, the position of these gills being observable from above in a faint fluting of the edge. The cuticle peels readily for some distance, but usually adheres toward the centre of cap. The gills are *all of the same length*, white or creamy in color, firm and thick, but *very brittle*, easily broken into fragments by a rude touch. Spores, white. The stem is short, stout, and solid, and usually tapers toward base. There is no vestige of a cup or veil at *any* stage of growth.

A good specimen of the green *Russula* should measure five inches in diameter when fully open, but three inches is probably the average size.

When once acquainted with the above as a type of the *Russula* group, noting the straight, equal gills, firm substance,

brittle texture of gills, sweet nutty flavor common to all the edible species, these become readily identified, the *noxious* *Russulas*, as in the brilliant pink or scarlet *R. emetica*, being *acrid* and *peppery* to the taste.

In preparing the *Russula* for the table, the specimens should be carefully scrutinized for a class of fungus epicures which we have not taken into account, and which have probably anticipated us. The *Russulae* seem especially subject to the attack of minute grubs—the larvae of certain flies and beetles, which sometimes swarm their substance. I have gathered a hundred specimens in one walk, perhaps not a quarter of which, upon careful scrutiny, though fair of exterior, would be fit for the table. The mushroom is proverbial for its rapid development, but nature has not allowed it thus to escape the usual penalties of lush vegetation, as witness this swarming, squirming host, which occasionally honeycombs the entire substance of the mushroom ere it has reached its prime.

It is well, therefore, with all mushrooms, *Russula* or otherwise, to take the precaution of making a vertical section through stem and cap, excluding such specimens as are conspicuously monopolized, and not being *too* critical of the rest, for the over-fastidious gourmet will often thus have little to show for his morning walk. The fungus-hunter *par excellence* has usually been there before us and left his mark—a fine brown streak, perhaps, winding through the pulp, where his minute fungoid identity is even yet secreted. But we bigger fungus-eaters gradually learn to accept him—if not too outrageously promiscuous—as a natural part and parcel of our *hachis aux champignons*, or our simple mushrooms on toast, even as we wink at the similar lively accessories which sophisticate our delectable raisins, prunes, and figs, to say nothing of prime old Roquefort!

Various methods prevail in the culinary preparation of the *Russula*, but broiling is

perhaps the most satisfactory. Having thoroughly cleaned the top, or, if desired, peeled the cuticle, place the mushrooms on a gridiron over a hot fire, gills downward, for a few moments, sufficient to allow them to be heated through without scorching. Then reverse them and repeat the process, melting a small piece of butter in the gills and salting and peppering to taste; serve hot on toast, or in the platter with roast beef or fowl. They may also be deliciously fried in the ordinary way, either with or without butter.

Upon a certain spot on the lawn of one of my neighbors, year after year, without fail, there springs up a most singular crop. For the first two years of its appearance it was looked upon with curious awe by the proprietors of the premises, and usually ignominiously spurned with the foot by the indiscriminating and destructive small boy. One day I observed about five pounds of this Delmonico delicacy thus scattered piecemeal about the grass, and my protest has since spared the annual crop for my sole benefit. It usually makes its appearance in late September, and continues in intermittent crops until November. A casual observer of this cluster of edible toadstools might imagine that he beheld a convention of goose eggs standing on end in the grass, their summits more or less spotted with brown. If one of them is examined, it is seen to be a curious short-stemmed mushroom which never expands, perhaps five inches in height, and whose surface is curiously decorated with shaggy patches. In its early stages it is white and singularly egglike, but later becomes brownish, and its shaggy points almost black. The concealed gills are crowded and of equal length, at first creamy white, but gradually changing through a whole gamut of pinks, sepias, and browns until they become jet-black, at which time the whole substance of the cap melts or deliquesces into an unsightly inky paste, which besmears the grass and ultimately leaves only the bare white stalk standing in its midst. This is the "shaggy-mane"

mushroom, *Coprinus comatus* (Fig. 8). Even a brief description is unnecessary, with its portrait before us. It is a savory morsel, and it cannot be confounded with any other fungus. It should be gathered in the white or pink stage, and may be prepared for the table in various ways, either broiled or fried, as described for previous species, or stewed with milk.

In frequent company with this will be found another allied species, *Coprinus atramentarius* (Fig. 7), with the same inky propensities, which is scarcely less delicious as an article of food. In this species the shaggy feature is absent, the surface of the pileus being smooth and of a Quaker-drab color, slightly viscid on rubbing, while



FIG. 8.—SHAGGY-MANE MUSHROOM.

the mature specimen expands considerably before deliquescence. Its texture when young is firm, and the thick gray cuticle peels readily, leaving an appetizing, nutty-flavored morsel, delicious even when raw. It is frequent about barn-yards, gardens, and old stumps in woods, and usually grows in such crowded masses that the

individuals are compressed into hexagonal shape.

Like the previous variety, it should be collected in the white or pink stage.

In a recent stroll down the main street of Litchfield, Connecticut, I observed over the fence in a front door-yard of a summer resident a dense cluster of the shaggy *Coprinus*, the proprietor of the premises, an appreciative habitué of Delmonico's, complacently reading his morning paper on his piazza, little dreaming of the twenty pounds of dainty diet, fit for a king, so easily available.

Of other fungi which give unmistakable characters for their identity, we

face dull reddish-orange in color, more or less plainly banded with darker red, it is safe to predict that, when its surface or gills are broken, an exudation of milky juice will follow. If this exudation is orange or deep yellow in hue, gradually turning greenish on exposure, the identification is complete, and we have the orange-milked mushroom, *Lactarius deliciosus*, of which an authority says, "It really deserves its name, being the most delicious mushroom known."

The taste of this species when raw is slightly acrid, but this quality disappears in the cooking. It is not very common in my immediate neighborhood, though

others of the *Lactarius* group, especially *L. volernus*, with white milk, are occasional, as well as another species whose acrid milk blisters the lips.

We will now pass to the consideration of a mushroom which, perhaps, enjoys a wider reputation as "the toadstool" than any other species (Fig. 10). Who has not seen it singly or in clusters in the woods, but whoever saw a toad upon it? In all the previous examples the under, spore-bearing surface of the cap has been covered by laminae, or gills. In the specimen now before us we are introduced to a new order of the mushrooms, in which the gills are replaced by pores or tubes, *Polyporus* (many pores) being the name of the order, the genus *Boletus*. There are a number of species for which our illustration, in the absence of color, might serve as a portrait, and nearly all are edible, there being five particularly esculent varieties, others that are accounted as suspicious or positively poisonous. For the present I must



FIG. 9.—*LACTARIUS DELICIOSUS*—ORANGE-MILKED MUSHROOM.

should not omit the *Lactarius*, or milky mushroom, another genus of the agarics or gilled fungi, from which we will select for our present example the *Lactarius deliciosus* (Fig. 9), or orange-milked agaric. The careful drawing will itself almost serve to identify it in its advanced open stage, missing only the color. But having found a specimen resembling our illustration in form, its general upper sur-

face dull reddish-orange in color, more or less plainly banded with darker red, it is safe to predict that, when its surface or gills are broken, an exudation of milky juice will follow. If this exudation is orange or deep yellow in hue, gradually turning greenish on exposure, the identification is complete, and we have the orange-milked mushroom, *Lactarius deliciosus*, of which an authority says, "It really deserves its name, being the most delicious mushroom known."

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confine myself to the one typical species of *Boletus*, "in vain calling himself '*edulis*' where there were none to believe him," whose portrait I have given, and to which we need only supply the color. The cushion-like cap is more or less convex, according to age, of a soft brownish color somewhat resembling kid, and with velvety softness to the touch. The under surface is thickly beset, honeycombed with minute

vertical pores, which will leave a pretty account of themselves upon a piece of white paper laid beneath them and protected from the least draught—a process by which we may always obtain a deposit of the spores.

This under surface is at first in young specimens white, then yellow, and finally becomes bright olive green; flesh, white or creamy, unchangeable on fracture. Stem, thick, swollen at base, often malformed, especially when from a cluster. The taste of this species is sweet, and in the very young specimen quite suggestive of raw chestnut. Any *Boletus* answering this description may be eaten without fear.

All mushrooms of this genus, however, *having any shade of red on the pore surface* beneath should be shunned. There is considerable difference of opinion as to the esculent properties of these fungi, as well as to the most appetizing method of cooking. After trying various culinary methods, the experimenter usually comes back to the simple method of slicing and frying in butter or oil, either with or without other treatment of batter or crumbs. Boiled or baked and served on toast or with roast meat, it is certainly an agreeable accessory to a meal. I have alluded to *slicing*, this being occasionally a necessity, owing to the size of the species, which may vary from three inches to the huge proportions of eight inches in diameter, a single mushroom affording a meal for a small family. But here again beware of the hungry swarm which are so apt to fill its interior. The younger specimens are the safest.

Dr. Badham's opinions on this fungus are worthy of consideration: "Its tender and juicy flesh and its delicate flavor render it equally acceptable to the plain and to the accomplished cook. It imparts a relish alike to the homely hash and the dainty



FIG. 10.—*BOLETUS EDULIS*.

ragoût, and may be truly said to improve every dish of which it is a constituent."

Another *Boletus* not especially famous



FIG. 11.—*BOLETUS STROBELACEOUS*.



FIG. 12.—A NEGLECTED BEEFSTEAK—FISTULINA HEPATICA.

for its esculent qualities, but which is, nevertheless, not to be despised, is here introduced on account of its especially pronounced character (Fig. 11), the conelike *Boletus*, *B. strobilaceous*. It is of a gray color, its shaggy surface more or less studded with black points, each at the centre of a scalelike segment. The substance turns red when broken or cut, and the whitish pore surface is usually covered by the veil.

A third member of the Polyporus order is a most unique member of the fungus tribe, and cannot be mistaken for any other species. A specimen of this species is shown at Fig. 12. The *beefsteak*-mushroom, *Fistulina hepatica*, the specimen from which my drawing was made, was found growing at the foot of a chestnut-tree, and was about seven inches across by about two in diameter. Its upper surface is dark meaty red or liver-colored, somewhat wet, or viscid and clammy, and its taste is slightly acid. The under

tube surface was yellowish-white, and, as the section will show, was proportionately thin — about one-eighth of an inch. The solid red substance above much resembled meat, and was streaked in the direction indicated with darker lines of red. Though not a common variety hereabouts, I nevertheless succeed in obtaining a few specimens during the season. It varies greatly in size and shape. M. C. Cooke, in his admirable "plain and easy" account of British fungi, says of it: "When old it affords an excellent gravy, and when young, if sliced and grilled, would pass for a good beefsteak. Specimens are now and then met with that



FIG. 13.—MORCHELLA ESCULENTA.

would furnish four or five men with a good dinner, and they have been collected weighing as much as thirty pounds. The liver-color and streaky interior are sufficient guides whereby to recognize this species under all its protean forms."

In decided contrast to any of the foregoing, and of unmistakable aspect, is the famous Morel, *Morchella esculenta*, Fig. 13. Description is hardly necessary, with its portrait before us. No other fungus at all resembles it except those of the same genus, and inasmuch as they are *all edible*, we may safely add any fungus which resembles our illustration to our bill of fare. The Morel has long been considered as one of the rarest of delicacies, always at a fancy premium in the markets, a *bonne bouche* for the rich, a prize for the peasant. I could fill all my allotted space with the delicate schemes of the *chefs* in its preparation for the table.

Dr. Badham's recommendation is worth a trial for the sake of novelty, if nothing more. The hollow shape of our Morel thus suggests a variation on the conventional methods of cooking. "Choose the freshest and whitest Morels, open the stalk at the bottom, wash and wipe them well, fill with veal stuffing, anchovy, or any rich *farce* you please, securing the ends, and dressing between thin slices of bacon."

The color of the Morel in its prime is grayish-green, lightest in the hollow. It is most commonly found in orchards, and is said to favor spots where charcoal or cinders have been thrown.

There is a certain class of toadstools which, while bearing a general resemblance to a typical agaric, are found on inspection to be quite distinct. In place of the familiar gills or laminae we find the under surface in these beset with drooping spines, as shown in Fig. 16. We have here a type of the genus *Hydnum*, or spine-bearing mushroom, *H. repandus*—"hedgehog fungus"—a species quite frequent in the woods, often attaining a large size, and which cannot possibly be mistaken for any other fungus, poisonous or otherwise.

Its general color is pale buff, spines



FIG. 14.—HYDNUM CAPUT MEDUSÆ.
"FIVE POUNDS OF SOLID MEAT."

about the same. Flesh firm and white or creamy, turning brownish when bruised. Its sweet but slightly pungent taste when raw disappears in cooking.

There are a number of esculent species in the *Hydnum* group, and none is recorded as poisonous. But one other variety can here be mentioned, in truth the most important and savory of the group, *H. caput medusæ* (Fig. 14).

While driving through the White Mountain Notch, many years ago, I chanced upon a mass of cream-colored, fringy fungus growing upon a fallen beech log by the side of the road. The fungus was then entirely new to me, and I lost no time in making a sketch of it, with notes. The growth covered a space possibly eighteen inches wide by eight thick, and I estimated it would weigh fully five pounds. In general character it resembled the species illustrated at Fig. 16, its most marked feature being the dense growth of drooping spines. In my limit-



FIG. 15.—CLAVARIA—THE CORAL-FUNGUS.

ed knowledge of edible fungi at the time, I left the specimen in the woods, afterwards to learn from Dr. Harkness, the mycologist, that I threw away "five pounds of the most delicious fungus meat known to the epicure." I have since found minor specimens many times, and can readily understand the enthusiastic encomiums of my connoisseur friend as to its esculent qualities.

This species cannot be confounded with any other; it is of a dark creamy color, and usually grows sideways upon dead beech-wood, sometimes in great profusion, and especially in the summer.

What frequenter of the summer and autumn woods has failed to observe that occasional dense cluster of creamy-colored, coral-like growth such as I have indicated at Fig. 15; and who has thought to gather up its fragile, succulent mass with designs on the cook? I have seen clusters of this fungus so dense and ample as to strikingly suggest a huge cauliflower, and representing many pounds in weight. But in the absence of popular appreciation it must

needs decay by "whole hundred-weights" in the woods.

This is the *Clavaria*, or coral-fungus, a representative of a genus containing many edible species.

The one illustrated grows from four to six inches in height, is deep creamy yellow or pale buff in color, slightly reddish at tips of branches. It has a sweet taste, and a fragile, brittle consistency. Laid upon a dark surface, it soon sheds its *white* spores. It is delicious fried in butter and served on toast. Any of the other species of *Clavaria* which have *white* spores are edible, though some are of such tough consistency as to make them unfit for food.

It will surprise many to know that the plebeian puff-ball of our pastures is good for something besides old-fashioned styptic, smoke, and the kick of the small boy.

There are a number of species of the puff-ball, which I have indicated in an arbitrary group in my illustration, varying in shape and size from the small white



FIG. 16.—HYDNUM REPANDUS.

globular variety of an inch in diameter, and the pear-shaped, to the giant pasture species which may attain the dimensions of a football. All are edible, if gathered at the white stage, those of yellow or darker fracture being excluded. Of the esculent qualities of the larger species, *Lycoperdon giganteum*, we may judge from the statement of a connoisseur.

"Sliced and seasoned in butter and salt, and fried in the pan, no French omelet is half as good in richness and delicacy of flavor." M. C. Cooke, the British authority, says of

practically eliminated, so far as the identification of the above species is concerned, it is still wise for the amateur to proceed with caution until he has absolutely *learned* the individual species, in their various forms of development. In



FIG. 17.—A GROUP OF PUFF-BALLS.

it, "In its young and pulpy condition it is excellent eating, and indeed has but few competitors for the place of honor at the table."

There are a number of other esculent species of fungus, as easily available and recognizable as the foregoing, but our present space limits our selection.

Even though the element of danger is

recommending the fungus as food, we have not taken into account the consideration of idiosyncrasy.

"One man's food is another man's poison." The scent of the rose is sometimes a serious affliction, and even the delicious strawberry has repeatedly proved a poison. When we reflect, moreover, that in its essential chemical affinities the fungus simulates animal flesh, and many of the larger and more solid varieties are similarly subject to speedy decomposition, it is obviously important that all fungi procured for the table should be collected in their prime, prepared and served as quickly as possible. More than one case of supposed mushroom poisoning could be directly traced to carelessness in this regard, when the species themselves, in their proper condition, were perfectly wholesome.

THE GOLDEN HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHAPTER V.

IT was the first time they had dined with the Hendersons. It was Jack's doing. "Certainly, if you wish it," Edith had said when the invitation came. The unmentioned fact was that Jack had taken a little flier in Oshkosh, and a hint from Henderson one evening at the Union, when the venture looked squally, had let him out of a heavy loss into a small profit, and Jack felt grateful.

"I wonder how Henderson came to do it?" Jack was querying, as he and old Fairfax sipped their five-o'clock "Manhattan."

"Oh, Henderson likes to do a good-natured thing still, now and then. Do you know his wife?"

"No. Who was she?"

"Why, old Eschelle's daughter, Carmen; of course you wouldn't know; that was ten years ago. There was a good deal of talk about it at the time."

"How?"

"Some said they'd been good friends before Mrs. Henderson's death."

"Then Carmen, as you call her, wasn't the first?"

"No, but she was an easy second. She's a social climber; bound to get there from the start."

"Is she pretty?"

"Devilish. She's a little thing. I saw her once at Homburg, on the promenade with her mother. The kind of sweet blonde, I said to myself, that would mix a man up in a duel before he knew where he was."

"She must be interesting."

"She was always clever, and she knows enough to play a straight game and when to propitiate. I'll bet a five she tells Henderson whom to be good to when the chance offers."

"Then her influence on him is good?"

"My dear sir, she gets what she wants, and Henderson is going to the . . . well, look at the lines in his face. I've known Henderson since he came fresh into the Street. He'd rarely knife a friend when his first wife was living. Now, when you see the old frank smile on his face, it's put on."

It was half past eight when Mr. Henderson with Mrs. Delancy on his arm led the way to the dining-room. The procession was closed by Mrs. Henderson and Mr. Delancy. The Van Dams were there, and Mrs. Chesney and the Chesney girls, and Miss Tavish, who sat on Jack's right, but the rest of the guests were unknown to Jack, except by name. There was a strong dash of the Street in the mixture, and although the Street was tabooed in the talk, there was such an emanation of aggressive prosperity at the table that Jack said afterwards that he felt as if he had been at a meeting of the board.

If Jack had known the house ten years ago, he would have noticed certain subtle changes in it, rather in the atmosphere than in many alterations. The newness and the glitter of cost had worn off. It might still be called a palace, but the city had now a dozen handsomer houses, and Carmen's idea, as she expressed it, was to make this more like a home. She had made it like herself. There were pictures on the walls that would not have hung there in the late Mrs. Henderson's time; and the prevailing air was that of refined sensuousness. Life, she said, was her idea, life in its utmost expression, untrammelled, and, yes, a little Greek. Freedom was perhaps the word, and yet her latest notion was simplicity. The dinner was simple. Her dress was exceedingly simple, save that it had in it somewhere a touch of audacity, revealing in a flash of invitation the hidden nature of the woman. She knew herself better than any one knew her, except Henderson, and even he was forced to laugh when she travestied Browning in saying that she had one soul-side to face the world with, one to show the man she loved, and she declared he was downright coarse when on going out of the door he muttered, "But it needn't be the seamy side." The reported remark of some one who had seen her at church, that she looked like a nun, made her smile, but she broke into a silvery laugh when she heard Van Dam's comment on it, "Yes, a devil of a nun."

The library was as cozy as ever, but did not appear to be used much as a library. Henderson, indeed, had no time to add to

* Begun in July number, 1894.



his collection or enjoy it. Most of the books strewn on the tables were French novels or such American tales as had the *cachet* of social riskiness. But Carmen liked the room above all others. She enjoyed her cigarette there, and had a fancy for pouring her five-o'clock tea in its shelter. Books which had all sorts of things in them gave somehow an uncon-

with well-assumed interest to the story of her day's pilgrimage. At length he said, with a smile, "Life seems to interest you, Mrs. Delancy."

"Yes, indeed," said Edith, looking up brightly; "doesn't it you?"

"Why, yes....not life exactly, but things, doing things—conflict."

"Yes. I can understand that. There is so much to be done for everybody."

Henderson looked amused. "You know in the city the gospel is that everybody is to be done."

"Well," said Edith, not to be diverted, "but, Mr. Henderson, what is it all for—this conflict? Perhaps, however, you are fighting the devil?"

"Yes, that's it; the devil is usually the other fellow. But, Mrs. Delancy," added Henderson, with an accent of seriousness, "I don't know what it's all for. I doubt if there is much in it."

"And yet the world credits you with finding a great deal in it."

"The world is generally wrong. Do you understand poker, Mrs. Delancy? No! Of course you do not. But the interest of the game isn't so much in the cards as in the men."

"I thought it was the stakes."

"Perhaps so. But you want to win for the sake of winning. If I gambled it would be a question of nerve. I suppose that which we all enjoy is the exercise of skill in winning."

"And not for the sake of doing anything—just winning? Don't you get tired of that?" asked Edith, quite simply.

There was something in Edith's sincerity, in her fresh enthusiasm about life, that appeared to strike a reminiscent note



ventional atmosphere to the place, and one could say things there that one couldn't say in a drawing-room.

Henderson himself, it must be confessed, had grown stout in the ten years, and puffy under the eyes. There were lines of irritation in his face and lines of weariness. He had not kept the freshness of youth so well as Carmen, perhaps because of his New England conscience. To his guest he was courteous, seemed to be making an effort to be so, and listened

in Henderson. Perhaps he remembered another face as sweet as hers, and ideals, faint and long ago, that were once mixed with his ideas of success. At any rate, it was with an accent of increased deference, and with a look she had not seen in his face before, that he said:

"People get tired of everything. I'm not sure but it would interest me to see for a minute how the world looks through your eyes." And then he added, in a different tone, "As to your East Side, Mrs. Henderson tried that some years ago."

"Wasn't she interested?"

"Oh, very much. For a time. But she said there was too much of it." And Edith could detect no tone of sarcasm in the remark.

Down at the other end of the table matters were going very smoothly. Jack was charmed with his hostess. That clever woman had felt her way along from the heresy trial, through Tuxedo and the Independent Theatre and the Horse Show, until they were launched in a perfectly free conversation, and Carmen knew that she hadn't to look out for thin ice.

"Were you thinking of going on to the Conventional Club to-night, Mr. Delancy?" she was saying.

"I don't belong," said Jack. "Mrs. Delancy said she didn't care for it."

"Oh, I don't care for it, for myself," replied Carmen.

"I do," struck in Miss Tavish. "It's awfully nice."

"Yes, it does seem to fill a want. Why, what do you do with your evenings, Mr. Delancy?"

"Well, here's one of them."

"Yes, I know, but I mean between twelve o'clock and bedtime."

"Oh," said Jack, laughing out loud, "I go to bed—sometimes."

"Yes, there's always that. But you want some place to go to after the theatres and the dinners; after the other places are shut up you want to go somewhere and be amused."

"Yes," said Jack, falling in, "it is a fact that there are not many places of amusement for the rich; I understand. After the theatres you want to be amused. This Conventional Club is—"

"I tell you what it is. It's a sort of Midnight Mission for the rich. They never have had anything of the kind in the city."

"And it's very nice," said Miss Tavish, demurely. "The performers are selected. You can see things there that you want to see at other places to which you can't go. And everybody you know is there."

"Oh, I see," said Jack. "It's what the Independent Theatre is trying to do, and what all the theatrical people say needs to be done, to elevate the character of the audiences, and then the managers can give better plays."

"That's just it. We want to elevate the stage," Carmen explained.

"But," continued Jack, "it seems to me that now the audience is select and elevated, it wants to see the same sort of things it liked to see before it was elevated."

"You may laugh, Mr. Delancy," replied Carmen, throwing an earnest simplicity into her eyes, "but why shouldn't women know what is going on as well as men?"

"And why," Miss Tavish asked, "will the serpentine dances and the London topical songs do any more harm to women than to men?"

"And besides, Mr. Delancy," Carmen said, chiming in, "isn't it just as proper that women should see women dance and throw somersaults on the stage as that men should see them? And then, you know, women are such a restraining influence."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Jack. "I thought the Conventional was for the benefit of the audience, not for the salvation of the performers."

"It's both. It's life. Don't you think women ought to know life? How are they to take their place in the world unless they know life as men know it?"

"I'm sure I don't know whose place they are to take, the serpentine dancer's or mine," said Jack, as if he were studying a problem. "How does your experiment get on, Miss Tavish?"

Carmen looked up quickly. "Oh, I haven't any experiment," said Miss Tavish, shaking her head. "It's just Mr. Delancy's nonsense."

"I wish I had an experiment. There is so little for women to do. I wish I knew what was right." And Carmen looked mournfully demure, as if life after all were a serious thing with her.

"Whatever Mrs. Henderson does is sure to be right," said Jack, gallantly.

Carmen shot at him a quick sym-

thetic glance, tempered by a grateful smile. "There are so many points of view."

Jack felt the force of the remark as he did the revealing glance. And he had a swift vision of Miss Tavish leading him a serpentine dance, and of Carmen sweetly beckoning him to a pleasant point of view. After all, it doesn't much matter. Everything is in the point of view.

After dinner and cigars and cigarettes in the library, the talk dragged a little in duets. The dinner had been charming, the house was lovely, the company was most agreeable. All said that. It had been so somewhere else the night before that, and would be the next night. And the ennui of it all! No one expressed it, but Henderson could not help looking it, and Carmen saw it. That charming hostess had been devoting herself to Edith since dinner. She was so full of sympathy with the East-Side work, asked a hundred questions about it, and declared that she must take it up again. She would order a cage of canaries from that poor German, for her kitchen. It was such a beautiful idea. But Edith did not believe in her one bit. She told Jack afterwards that "Mrs. Henderson cares no more for the poor of New York than she does for—"

"Henderson?" suggested Jack.

"Oh, I don't know anything about that. Henderson has only one idea—to get the better of everybody, and be the money king of New York. But I should not wonder if he had once a soft spot in his heart. He is better than she is."

It was still early, lacked half an hour of midnight, and the night was before them. Some one proposed the Conventional. "Yes," said Carmen; "all come to our box." The Van Dams would go, Miss Tavish, the Chesneys; the suggestion was a relief to everybody. Only Mr. Henderson pleaded important papers that must have his attention that night. Edith said that she was too tired, but that her desertion must not break up the party.

"Then you will excuse me also," said Jack, a little shade of disappointment in his face.

"No, no," said Edith, quickly; "you can drop me on the way. Go, by all means, Jack."

"Do you really want me to go, dear?" said Jack, aside.

"Why of course; I want you to be happy."

And Jack recalled the loving look that accompanied these words, later on, as he sat in the Henderson box at the Conventional, between Carmen and Miss Tavish, and saw, through the slight haze of smoke, beyond the orchestra, the praiseworthy efforts of the Montana Kicker, who had just returned with the imprimatur of Paris, to relieve the ennui of the modern world.

The complex affair we call the world requires a great variety of people to keep it going. At one o'clock in the morning Carmen and our friend Mr. Delancy and Miss Tavish were doing their part. Edith lay awake listening for Jack's return. And in an alley off Rivington Street a young girl, pretty once, unknown to fortune but not to fame, was about to render the last service she could to the world by leaving it.

The impartial historian scarcely knows how to distribute his pathos. By the electric light (and that is the modern light) gayety is almost as pathetic as suffering. Before the Montana girl hit upon the happy device that gave her notoriety, her feet, whose every twinkle now was worth a gold eagle, had trod a thorny path. There was a fortune now in the whirl of her illusory robes, but any day—such are the whims of fashion—she might be wandering again, sick at heart, about the great city, knocking at the side doors of variety shows for any engagement that would give her a pittance of a few dollars a week. How long had Carmen waited on the social outskirts, and now she had come into her kingdom, was she anything but a tinsel queen? Even Henderson, the great Henderson, did the friends of his youth respect him; had he public esteem? Carmen used to cut out the newspaper paragraphs that extolled Henderson's domestic virtue and his generosity to his family, and show them to her lord, with a queer smile on her face. Miss Tavish, in the nervous consciousness of fleeting years, was she not still waiting, dashing here and there like a bird in a net for the sort of freedom, audacious as she was, that seemed denied her? She was still beautiful, everybody said, and she was sought and flattered, because she was always merry and good-natured. Why should Van Dam, speaking of women, say that there were horses that had been set up, and checked up, and trained, that held their heads in an aristocratic fashion, moved elegantly, and showed style, long after the spirit had

gone out of them? And Jack himself, happily married, with a comfortable income, why was life getting flat to him? What sort of career was it that needed the aid of Carmen and the serpentine dancer? And why not, since it is absolutely necessary that the world should be amused?

We are in no other world when we enter the mean tenement in the alley off Rivington Street. Here also is the life of the town. The room is small, but it contains a cook-stove, a chest of drawers, a small table, a couple of chairs, and two narrow beds. On the top of the chest are a looking-glass, some toilet articles, and bottles of medicine. The cracked walls are bare and not clean. In one of the beds are two children, sleeping soundly, and on the foot of it is a middle-aged woman, in a soiled woollen gown with a thin figured shawl drawn about her shoulders, a dirty cap half concealing her frowzy hair; she looks tired and worn and sleepy. On the other bed lies a girl of twenty years, a woman in experience. The kerosene lamp on the stand at the head of the bed casts a spectral light on her flushed face, and the thin arms that are restlessly thrown outside the cover. By the bedside sits the doctor, patient, silent, and watchful. The doctor puts her hand caressingly on that of the girl. It is hot and dry. The girl opens her eyes with a startled look, and says, feebly,

"Do you think he will come?"

"Yes, dear, presently. He never fails."

The girl closed her eyes again, and there was silence. The dim rays of the lamp, falling upon the doctor, revealed the figure of a woman of less than medium size, perhaps of the age of thirty or more, a plain little body, you would have said, who paid the slightest possible attention to her dress, and when she went about the city was not to be distinguished from a working-woman. Her friends, indeed, said that she had not the least care for her personal appearance, and unless she was watched, she was sure to go out in her shabbiest gown and most battered hat. She wore to-night a brown ulster and a nondescript black bonnet drawn close down on her head and tied with black strings. In her lap lay her leathern bag, which she usually carried under her arm, that contained medicines, lint, bandages, smelling-salts, a vial of ammonia, and so on; to her patients it was a sort of con-

juror's bag, out of which she could produce anything that an emergency called for.

Dr. Leigh was not in the least nervous or excited. Indeed, an artist would not have painted her as a rapt angelic visitant to this abode of poverty. This contact with poverty and coming death was quite in her ordinary experience. It would never have occurred to her that she was doing anything unusual, any more than it would have occurred to the objects of her ministrations to overwhelm her with thanks. They trusted her, that was all. They met her always with a pleasant recognition. She belonged perhaps to their world. Perhaps they would have said that "Dr. Leigh don't handsome much," but their idea was that her face was good. That was what anybody would have said who saw her to-night, "She has such a good face"; the face of a woman who knew the world, and perhaps was not very sanguine about it, had few illusions and few antipathies, but accepted it, and tried in her humble way to alleviate its hardships, without any consciousness of having a mission or making a sacrifice.

Dr. Leigh — Miss Ruth Leigh — was Edith's friend. She had not come from the country with an exalted notion of being a worker among the poor about whom so much was written; she had not even descended from some high circle in the city into this world, moved by a restless enthusiasm for humanity. She was a woman of the people, to adopt a popular phrase. From her childhood she had known them, their wants, their sympathies, their discouragements, and in her heart — though you would not discover this till you had known her long and well — there was a burning sympathy with them, a sympathy born in her, and not assumed for the sake of having a career. It was this that had impelled her to get a medical education, which she obtained by hard labor and self-denial. To her this was not a means of livelihood, but simply that she might be of service to those all about her who needed help more than she did. She didn't believe in charity, this stout-hearted, clear-headed little woman; she meant to make everybody pay for her medical services who could pay; but somehow her practice was not lucrative, and the little salary she got as a dispensary doctor melted away with scarcely any per-

ceptible improvement in her own wardrobe. Why, she needed nothing, going about as she did.

She sat now waiting for the end, and the good face, so full of sympathy for the living, had no hope in it. Just another human being had come to the end of her path—the end literally. It was so every day. Somebody came to the end, and there was nothing beyond. Only it was the end, and that was peace. One o'clock—half past one. The door opened softly. The old woman rose from the foot of the bed with a start and a low "Herr! grüss Gott." It was Father Damon. The girl opened her eyes with a frightened look at first, and then an eager appeal. Dr. Leigh rose to make room for him at the bedside. They bowed as he came forward, and their eyes met. She shook her head. In her eyes was no expectation, no hope. In his was the glow of faith. But the eyes of the girl rested upon his face with a rapt expression. It was as if an angel had entered the room.

Father Damon was a young man, not yet past thirty, slender, erect. He had removed as he came in his broad-brimmed soft hat. The hair was close-cut, but not tonsured. He wore a brown cassock, falling in straight lines, and confined at the waist with a white cord. From his neck depended from a gold chain a large gold cross. His face was smooth-shaven, thin, intellectual, or rather spiritual, the nose long, the mouth straight, the eyes deep gray, sometimes dreamy and puzzling, again glowing with an inner fervor. A face of long vigils and the schooled calmness of repressed energy. You would say a fanatic of God, with a dash of self-consciousness. Dr. Leigh knew him well. They met often on their diverse errands, and she liked, when she could, to go to vespers in the little mission chapel of St. Anselm, where he ministered. It was not the confessional that attracted her, that was sure; perhaps not altogether the service, though that was soothing in certain moods, but it was the noble personality of Father Damon. He was devoted to the people as she was, he understood them, and for the moment their passion of humanity assumed the same aspect, though she knew that what he saw, or thought he saw, lay beyond her agnostic vision.

Father Damon was an Englishman, a

member of a London Anglican order, who had taken the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, who had been for some years in New York, and had finally come to live on the East Side, where his work was. In a way he had identified himself with the people; he attended their clubs; he was a Christian socialist; he spoke on the inequalities of taxation; the strikers were pretty sure of his sympathy; he argued the injustice of the present ownership of land. Some said that he had joined a lodge of the Knights of Labor. Perhaps it was these things, quite as much as his singleness of purpose and his spiritual fervor, that drew Dr. Leigh to him with a feeling that verged on devotion. The ladies uptown, at whose tables Father Damon was an infrequent guest, were as fully in sympathy with this handsome and aristocratic young priest, and thought it beautiful that he should devote himself to the poor and the sinful, but they did not see why he should adopt their views.

It was at the mission that Father Damon had first seen the girl. She had ventured in not long ago at twilight, with her cough and her pale face, in a silk gown and flower-garden of a hat, and crept into one of the confessional boxes, and told him her story.

"Do you think, father," said the girl, looking up wistfully, "that I can—can be forgiven?"

Father Damon looked down sadly, pitifully. "Yes, my daughter, if you repent. It is all with our Father. He never refuses."

He knelt down, with his cross in his hand, and in a low voice repeated the prayer for the dying. As the sweet, thrilling voice went on in supplication the girl's eyes closed again, and a sweet smile played about her mouth—it was the innocent smile of the little girl long ago, when she might have awakened in the morning and heard the singing of birds at her window.

When Father Damon arose she seemed to be sleeping. They all stood in silence for a moment.

"You will remain?" he asked the doctor.

"Yes," she said, with the faintest wan smile on her face. "It is I, you know, who have care of the body."

At the door he turned and said, quite low, "Peace be to this house!"

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER DAMON came dangerously near to being popular. The austerity of his life and his known self-chastening vigils contributed to this effect. His severely formal, simple ecclesiastical dress, coarse in material but perfect in its saintly lines, separated him from the world in which he moved so unostentatiously and humbly, and marked him as one who went about doing good. His life was that of self-absorption and hardship, mortification of the body, denial of the solicitation of the senses, struggling of the spirit for more holiness of purpose—a life of supplication for the perishing souls about him. And yet he was so informed with the modern spirit that he was not content, as a zealot formerly might have been, to snatch souls out of the evil that is in the world, but he strove to lessen the evil. He was a reformer. It was probably this feature of his activity, and not his spiritual mission, that attracted to him the little group of positivists on the East Side, the demagogues of the labor lodges, the practical workers of the working-girls' clubs, and the humanitarian agnostics like Dr. Leigh, who were literally giving their lives without the least expectation of reward. Even the refined ethical culture groups had no sneer for Father Damon.

The little chapel of St. Anselm was well known. It was always open. It was plain, but its plainness was not the barrenness of a non-conformist chapel. There were two confessionals; a great bronze lamp attached to one of the pillars scarcely dispelled the obscurity, but cast an unnatural light upon the gigantic crucifix that hung from a beam in front of the chancel. There were half a dozen rows of backless benches in the centre of the chapel. The bronze lamp, and the candles always burning upon the altar, rather accented than dissipated the heavy shadows in the vaulted roof. At no hour was it empty, but at morning prayer and at vespers the benches were apt to be filled, and groups of penitents or spectators were kneeling or standing on the floor. At vespers there were sure to be carriages in front of the door, and among the kneeling figures were ladies who brought into these simple services for the poor something of the refinement of grace as it is in the higher circles. In-

deed, at the hour set apart for confession, there were in the boxes saints from uptown as well as sinners from the slums. Sometimes the sinners were from uptown and the saints from the slums.

When the organ sounded and through a low door in the chancel the priest entered, preceded by a couple of acolytes, and advanced swiftly to the reading-desk, there was an awed hush in the congregation. One would not dare to say that there was a sentimental feeling for the pale face and rapt expression of the devotee. It was more than that. He had just come from some scene of suffering, from the bed of one dying; he was weary with watching. He was faint with lonely vigils; he was visibly carrying the load of the poor and the despised. Even Ruth Leigh, who had dropped in for half an hour in one of her daily rounds, even Ruth Leigh, who had in her stanch, practical mind a contempt for forms and rituals, and no faith in anything that she could not touch, and who at times was indignant at the efforts wasted over the future of souls concerning which no one knew anything, when there were so many bodies, which had inherited disease and poverty and shame, going to worldly wreck before so-called Christian eyes, even she could scarcely keep herself from adoring this self-sacrificing spirit. The woes of humanity grieved him as they grieved her, and she used to say she did not care what he believed so long as he gave his life for the needy.

It was when he advanced to the altar rail to speak that the man best appeared. His voice, which was usually low and full of melody, could be something terrible when it rose in denunciation of sin. Those who had travelled said that he had the manner of a preaching friar—the simple language, so refined and yet so homely and direct, the real, the inspired word, the occasional hastening torrent of words. When he had occasion to address one of the societies of ladies for the promotion of something among the poor, his style and manner were simplicity itself. One might have said there was a shade of contempt in his familiar and not seldom slightly humorous remarks upon society and its aims and aspirations, about which he spoke plainly and vigorously. And this was what the ladies liked. Especially when he referred to the pitifulness

of class distinctions, in the light of the example of our Lord, in our short pilgrimage in this world. This unveiling and denunciation made them somehow feel nearer to their work, and, indeed, while they sat there, coworkers with this apostle of righteousness.

Perhaps there was something in the priestly dress that affected not only the congregation in the chapel, but all the neighborhood in which Father Damon lived. There was in the long robe, with its feminine lines, an assurance to the women that he was set apart and not as others were; and, on the other hand, the semi-feminine suggestion of the straight-falling garment may have had for the men a sort of appeal for defence and even protection. It is certain, at any rate, that Father Damon had the confidence of high and low, rich and poor. The forsaken sought him out, the hungry went to him, the dying sent for him, the criminal knocked at the door of his little room, even the rich reprobate would have opened his bad heart to him sooner than to any one else. It is evident, therefore, that Father Damon was dangerously near to being popular.

Human vanity will feed on anything within its reach, and there has been discovered yet no situation that will not minister to its growth. Suffering perhaps it prefers, and contumely and persecution. Are not opposition, spiteful anger, slander even, rejection of men, stripes even, if such there could be in these days, manna to the devout soul consciously set apart for a mission? But success, obsequiousness, applause, the love of women, the concurrent good opinion of all humanitarians, are these not almost as dangerous as persecution? Father Damon, though exalted in his calling, and filled with a burning zeal, was a sincere man, and even his eccentricities of saintly conduct expressed to his mind only the high purpose of self-sacrifice. Yet he saw, he could not but see, the spiritual danger in this rising tide of adulation. He fought against its influence, he prayed against it, he tried to humiliate himself, and his very humiliations increased the adulation. He was perplexed, almost ashamed, and examined himself to see how it was that he himself seemed to be thwarting his own work. Sometimes he withdrew from it for a week together, and buried himself in a retreat in

the upper part of the island. Alas! did ever a man escape himself in a retreat? It made him calm for the moment. But why was it, he asked himself, that he had so many followers, his religion so few? Why was it, he said, that all the humanitarians, the reformers, the guilds, the ethical groups, the agnostics, the male and female knights, sustained him, and only a few of the poor and friendless knocked, by his solicitation, at the supernatural door of life? How was it that a woman whom he encountered so often, a very angel of mercy, could do the things he was doing, tramping about in the misery and squalor of the great city day and night, her path unilluminated by a ray from the future life?

Perhaps he had been remiss in his duty. Perhaps he was letting a vague philanthropy take the place of a personal solicitude for individual souls. The elevation of the race! What had the land question to do with the salvation of man? Suppose everybody on the East Side should become as industrious, as self-denying, as unselfish as Ruth Leigh, and yet without belief, without hope! He had accepted the humanitarian situation with her, and never had spoken to her of the eternal life. What unfaithfulness to his mission and to her! It should be so no longer.

It was after one of his weeks of retreat, at the close of vesper service, that Dr. Leigh came to him. He had been saying in his little talk that poverty is no excuse for irreligion, and that all aid in the hardship of this world was vain and worthless unless the sinner laid hold on eternal life. Dr. Leigh, who was laboring with a serious practical problem, heard this coldly, and with a certain contempt for what seemed to her a vague sort of consolation.

"Well," he said, when she came to him in the vestry, with a drop from the rather austere manner in which he had spoken, "what can I do for you?"

"For me, nothing, Father Damon. I thought perhaps you would go round with me to see a pretty bad case. It is in your parish."

"Ah, did they send for me? Do they want spiritual help?"

"First the natural, then the spiritual," she replied, with a slight tone of sarcasm in her voice. "That's just like a priest," she was thinking. "I do not know what to do, and something must be done."

"Did you report to the Associated Charities?"

"Yes. But there's a hitch somewhere. The machine doesn't take hold. The man says he doesn't want any charity, any association, treating him like a pauper. He's off peddling, but trade is bad, and he's been away a week. I'm afraid he drinks a little."

"Well?"

"The mother is sick in bed. I found her trying to do some fine stitching, but she was too weak to hold up the muslin. There are five young children. The family never has had help before."

Father Damon put on his hat, and they went out together, and for some time picked their way along the muddy streets in silence.

At length he asked, in a softened voice, "Is the mother a Christian?"

"I didn't ask," she replied, shortly. "I found her crying because the children were hungry."

Father Damon, still under the impression of his neglect of duty, did not heed her warning tone, but persisted, "You have so many opportunities, Dr. Leigh, in your visits of speaking a word."

"About what?" she asked, refusing to understand, and hardened at the slightest sign of what she called cant.

"About the necessity of repentance and preparation for another life," he answered, softly but firmly. "You surely do not think human beings are created just for this miserable little experience here?"

"I don't know. I have too much to do with the want and suffering I see to raise anxieties about a world of which no one can possibly know anything."

"Pardon me," he persisted, "have you no sense of incompleteness in this life, in your own life, no inward consciousness of an undying personality?"

The doctor was angry for a moment at this intrusion. It had seemed natural enough for Father Damon to address his exhortations to the poor and sinful of his mission. She admired his spirit; she had a certain sympathy with him, for who could say that ministering to minds diseased might not have a physical influence to lift these people into a more decent and prosperous way of living? She had thought of herself as working with him to a common end. But for him now to turn upon her, absolutely ignoring the

solid, rational, and scientific ground on which he knew, or should know, she stood, and to speak to her as one of the "lost," startled her, and filled her with indignation. She had on her lips a sarcastic reply to the effect that, even if she had a soul, she had not taken up her work in the city as a means of saving it; but she was not given to sarcasm, and before she spoke she looked at her companion, and saw in the eyes a look of such genuine humble feeling, contradicting the otherwise austere expression of his face, that her momentary bitterness passed away.

"I think, Father Damon," she said, gently, "we had better not talk of that. I don't have much time for theorizing, you know, nor much inclination," she added.

The priest saw that for the present he could make no progress, and after a little silence the conversation went back to the family they were about to visit.

They found the woman better, at least more cheerful. Father Damon noticed that there were medicines upon the stand, and that there were the remains of a meal which the children had been eating. He turned to the doctor. "I see that you have been providing for them."

"Oh, the eldest boy had already been out and begged a piece of bread when I came. Of course they had to have something more at once. But it is very little that I can do."

He sat down by the bed, and talked with the mother, getting her story, while the doctor tidied up the room a bit, and then, taking the youngest child in her lap and drawing the others about her, began to tell a story in a low voice. Presently she was aware that the priest was on his knees and saying a prayer. She stopped in her story, and looked out through the dirty window into the chill and dark area.

"What is he doing?" whispered one of the children.

"I don't know," she said, and a sort of chill came over her heart. It all seemed a mockery, in these surroundings.

When he rose he said to the woman, "We will see that you do not want till your husband comes back."

"And I will look in to-morrow," said the doctor.

When they were in the street, Father Damon thanked her for calling his attention to the case, thanked her a little for-

mally, and said that he would make inquiries and have it properly attended to. And then he asked: "Is your work ended for the day? You must be tired."

"Oh no; I have several visits to make. I'm not tired. • I rather think it is good for me, being out-of-doors so much." She thanked him, and said good-by.

For a moment he stood and watched the plain resolute little woman threading her way through the crowded and unclean street, and then slowly walked away to his apartment, filled with sadness and perplexity.

The apartment which he occupied was not far from the mission chapel, and it was the one clean spot among the ill-kept tenements, but as to comfort it was not much better than the cell of an anchorite. Of this, however, he was not thinking as he stretched himself out on his pallet to rest a little from the exhausting labors of the day. Probably it did not occur to him that his self-imposed privations lessened his strength for his work.

He was thinking of Ruth Leigh. What a rare soul! And yet apparently she did not think or care whether she had a soul. What could be the spring of her incessant devotion? If ever woman went about doing good in an unselfish spirit it was she. Yet she confessed her work hopeless. She had no faith, no belief in immortality, no expectation of any reward, nothing to offer to anybody beyond this poor life. Was this the enthusiasm of humanity, of which he heard so much? But she did not seem to have any illusions, or to be burned up by enthusiasm. She just kept on. Ah, he thought, what a woman she would be if she were touched by the fire of faith!

Meantime, Ruth Leigh went on her round. One day was like another, except that every day the kaleidoscope of misery showed new combinations, new phases of suffering and incompetence, and there was always a fresh interest in that. For years now this had been her life, in the chill of winter and the heat of summer, without rest or vacation. The amusements, the social duties, the allurements of dress and society, that so much occupied the thoughts of other women, did not seem to come into her life. For books she had little time, except the books of her specialty. The most exciting novels were pale compared with her daily experiences of real life. Almost her only rec-

reation was a meeting of the working-girls, a session of her labor lodge, or an assembly at the Cooper Union, where some fiery orator, perhaps a priest, or a clever agitator, a working-man glib of speech, who had a mass of statistics at the end of his tongue, who read and discussed, in some private club of zealots of humanity, metaphysics, psychology, and was familiar with the whole literature of labor and socialism, awoke the enthusiasm of the discontented or the unemployed, and where men and women, in clear but homely speech, told their individual experiences of wrong and injustice. There was evidence in all these demonstrations and organizations that the world was moving, and that the old order must change.

Years and years the little woman had gone on with her work, and she frankly confessed to Edith, one day when they were together going her rounds, that she could see no result from it all. The problem of poverty and helplessness and incapacity seemed to her more hopeless than when she began. There might be a little enlightenment here and there, but there was certainly not less misery. The state of things was worse than she thought at first, but one thing cheered her, the people were better than she thought. They might be dull and suspicious in the mass, but she found so much patience, unselfishness, so many people of good hearts and warm affections.

"They are the people," she said, "I should choose for friends. They are natural, unsophisticated. And do you know," she went on, "that what most surprises me is the number of reading, thoughtful people among those who do manual labor. I doubt if on your side of town the best books, the real fundamental and abstruse books, are so read and discussed, or the philosophy of life is so seriously considered, as in certain little circles of what you call the working-classes."

"Isn't it all very revolutionary?" asked Edith.

"Perhaps," replied the doctor, dryly. "But they have no more fads than other people. Their theories seem to them not only practical, but they try to apply them to actual legislation; at any rate, they discriminate in vagaries. You would have been amused the other night in a small circle at the lamentations over a member—he was a car-driver—who was the authoritative expositor of Schopen-



hauer, because he had gone off into Theosophy. It showed such weakness."

"I have heard that the members of that circle were Nihilists."

"The club has not that name, but probably the members would not care to repudiate the title, or deny that they were Nihilists theoretically — that is, if Nihilism means an absolute social and political overturning in order that something better may be built up. And, indeed, if you see what a hopeless tangle our present situation is, where else can the mind logically go?"

"It is pitiful enough," Edith admitted. "But all this movement you speak of seems to me a vague agitation."

"I don't think," the doctor said, after a moment, "that you appreciate the intellectual force that is in it all, or allow for the fermenting power in the great discontented mass of these radical theories on the problem of life."

This was a specimen of the sort of talk that Edith and the doctor often drifted into in their mission work. As Ruth Leigh tramped along late this afternoon in the slush of the streets, from one house

of sickness and poverty to another, a sense of her puny efforts in this great mass of suffering and injustice came over her anew. Her indignation rose against the state of things. And Father Damon, who was trying to save souls, was he accomplishing anything more than she? Why had he been so curt with her when she went to him for help this afternoon? Was he just a narrow-minded, bigoted priest? A few nights before she had heard him speak on the single tax at a labor meeting. She recalled his eloquence, his profound sympathy with the cause of the people, the thrilling, pathetic voice, the illumination of his countenance, the authority, the consecration in his attitude and dress; and he was transfigured to her then, as he was now in her thought, into an apostle of humanity. Alas! she thought, what a leader he would be if he would break loose from his superstitious traditions!

CHAPTER VII.

THE acquaintance between the house of Henderson and the house of Delancy was not permitted to languish. Jack had his reasons for it, which may have been financial, and Carmen had her reasons, which were probably purely social. What was the good of money if it did not bring social position? and what, on the other hand, was the good of social position if you could not use it to get money?

In his recent association with the newly rich, Jack's twenty thousand a year began to seem small. In fact, in the lowering of the rate of interest and the shrinking of securities, it was no longer twenty thousand a year. This would have been a matter of little consequence in the old order. His lot was not cast among the poor; most of his relations had solid fortunes, and many of them were millionaires, or what was equivalent to that, before the term was invented. But they made little display; none at all merely for the purpose of exhibition, or to gain or keep social place. In this atmosphere in which he was born Jack floated along without effort, with no demand upon him to keep up with a rising standard of living. Even impecuniosity, though inconvenient, would not have made him lose caste.

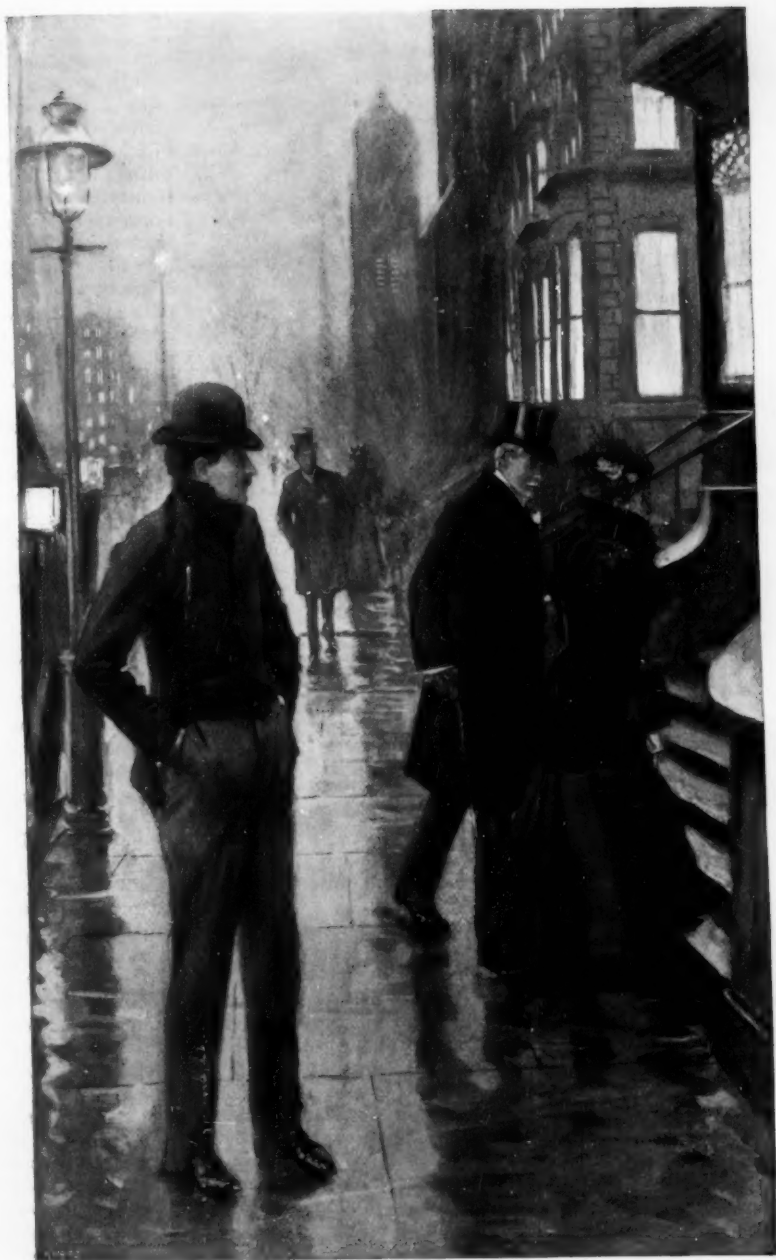
All this was changing now. Since the introduction of a new element even the conservative old millions had begun to

feel the stir of uneasiness, and to launch out into extravagance in rivalry with the new millions. Even with his relations Jack began to feel that he was poor. It did not spur him to do anything, to follow the example, for instance, of the young fellows from the country, who were throwing themselves into Wall Street with the single purpose of becoming suddenly rich, but it made him uneasy. And when he was with the Hendersons, or Miss Tavish, whose father, though not newly rich, was one of the most aggressive of speculators, and saw how easily every luxurious desire glided into fulfilment, he felt for the first time in his life the motion of envy. It seemed then that only unlimited money could make the world attractive. Why, even to keep up with the unthinking whims of Miss Tavish would bankrupt him in six months. That little spread at Wherry's for the theatre party the other night, though he made light of it to Edith, was almost the price he couldn't afford to pay for Storm. He had a grim thought that midwinter flowers made dining as expensive as dying. Carmen, whom nothing escaped, complimented him on his taste, quite aware that he couldn't afford it, and, apropos, told him of a lady in Chicago who, hearing that the fashion had changed, wrote on her dinner cards, "No flowers." It was only a matter of course for these people to build a new country house in any spot that fashion for the moment indicated, to equip their yachts for a Mediterranean voyage or for loitering down the Southern coast, to give a ball that was the talk of the town, to make up a special train of luxurious private cars for Mexico or California. Even at the clubs the talk was about these things and the opportunities for getting them.

There was a rumor about town that Henderson was a good deal extended. It alarmed a hundred people, not on Henderson's account, but their own. When one of them consulted Uncle Jerry, that veteran smiled.

"Oh, I guess Henderson's all right. But I wouldn't wonder if it meant a squeeze. Of course if he's extended, it's an excuse for settling up, and the shorts will squeal. I've seen Henderson extended a good many times," and the old man laughed. "Don't you worry about him."

This opinion, when reported, did not seem to quiet Jack's fears, who saw his





own little venture at the mercy of a sweeping Street game. It occurred to him that he possibly might get a little light on the matter by dropping in that afternoon and taking a quiet cup of tea with Mrs. Henderson.

He found her in the library. Out-doors winter was slouching into spring with a cold drizzle, with a coating of ice on the pavements—animating weather for the medical profession. Within, there was the glow of warmth and color that Carmen liked to create for herself. In an entrancing tea gown, she sat by a hickory fire, with a fresh magazine in one hand

and a big paper-cutter in the other. She rose at Jack's entrance, and extending her hand, greeted him with a most cordial smile. It was so good of him! She was so lonesome! He could himself see that the lonesomeness was dissipated, as she seated him in a comfortable chair by the fire, and then stood a moment looking at him, as if studying his comfort. She was such a domestic woman!

"You look tired, monsieur," she said, as she passed behind his chair and rested the tip of her forefinger for a second on his head. "I shall make you a cup of tea at once."

"Not tired, but bothered," said Jack, stretching out his legs.

"I know," she replied; "it's a bothering world." She was still behind him, and spoke low, but with sympathy. "I remember, it's only one lump." He could feel her presence, so womanly and friendly.

"I don't care what people say," he was thinking, "she's a good-hearted little thing, and understands men. He felt that he could tell her anything, almost anything that he could tell a man. She was sympathetic and not squeamish.

"There," she said, handing him the tea and looking down on him.

The cup was dainty, the fragrance of the tea delicious, the woman exquisite.

"I'm better already," said Jack, with a laugh.

She made a cup for herself, handed him the cigarettes, lit one for herself, and sat on a low stool not far from him.

"Now what is it?"

"Oh, nothing—a little business worry. Have you heard any Street rumor?"

"Rumor?" she repeated, with a little start. And then, leaning forward, "Do you mean that about Mr. Henderson in the morning papers?"

"Yes."

Carmen, relieved, gave a liquid little laugh, and then said, with a change to earnestness: "I'm going to trust you, my friend. Henderson put it in himself! He told me so this morning when I asked him about it. This is just between ourselves."

Jack said "Of course," but he did not look relieved. The clever creature divined the situation without another word, for there was no turn in the Street that she was not familiar with. But there was no apparent recognition of it, except in her sympathetic tone, when she said: "Well, the world is full of annoyances. I'm bothered myself—and such a little thing."

"What is it?"

"Oh nothing, not even a rumor. You cannot do anything about it. I don't know why I should tell you. But I will." And she paused a moment, looking down in an innocent perplexity. "It's just this: I am on the Foundlings' Board with Mrs. Schuyler Blunt, and I don't know her, and you can't think how awkward it is having to meet her every week in that stiff kind of way." She did not go on to confide to Jack how she had intrigued to get on the board, and how Mrs. Schuyler Blunt, in the most well-bred manner, had practically ignored her.

"She's an old friend of mine."

"Indeed! She's a charming woman."

"Yes. We were great cronies when she was Sadie Mack. She isn't a genius, but she is good-hearted. I suppose she is on all the charity boards in the city. She patronizes everything," Jack continued, with a smile.

"I'm sure she is," said Carmen, thinking that however good-hearted she might be she was very "snubby." "And it makes it all the more awkward, for I am interested in so many things myself."

"I can arrange all that," Jack said, in an off-hand way. Carmen's look of gratitude could hardly be distinguished from affection. "That's easy enough. We are just as good friends as ever, though I fancy she doesn't altogether approve of me lately. It's rather nice for a fellow, Mrs. Henderson, to have a lot of women keep-

ing him straight, isn't it?" asked Jack, in the tone of a bad boy.

"Yes. Between us all we will make a model of you. I am so glad now that I told you."

Jack protested that it was nothing. Why shouldn't friends help each other? Why not, indeed, said Carmen, and the talk went on a good deal about friendship, and the possibility of it between a man and a woman. This sort of talk is considered serious and even deep, not to say philosophic. Carmen was a great philosopher in it. She didn't know, but she believed, it seemed natural, that every woman should have one man friend. Jack rose to go.

"So soon?" And it did seem pathetically soon. She gave him her hand, and then by an impulse she put her left hand over his, and looked up to him in quite a business way.

"Mr. Delancy, don't you be troubled about that rumor we were speaking of. It will be all right. Trust me."

He understood perfectly, and expressed both his understanding and his gratitude by bending over and kissing the little hand that lay in his.

When he had gone, Carmen sat a long time by the fire reflecting. It would be sweet to humiliate the Delancy and Schuyler Blunt set, as Henderson could. But what would she gain by that? It would be sweeter still to put them under obligations, and profit by that. She had endured a good many social rebuffs in her day, this tolerant little woman, and the sting of their memory could only be removed when the people who had ignored her had to seek social favors she could give. If Henderson only cared as much for such things as she did! But he was at times actually brutal about it. He seemed to have only one passion. She herself liked money, but only for what it would bring. Henderson was like an old Pharaoh, who was bound to build the biggest pyramid ever built to his memory; he hated to waste a block. But what was the good of that when one had passed beyond the reach of envy?

Revolving these deep things in her mind, she went to her dressing-room and made an elaborate toilet for dinner. Yet it was elaborately simple. That sort needed more study than the other. She would like to be the Carmen of ten years ago in Henderson's eyes.

Her lord came home late, and did not dress for dinner. It was often so, and the omission was usually not allowed to pass by Carmen without notice, to which Henderson was sure to growl that he didn't care to be always on dress parade. To-night Carmen was all graciousness and warmth. Henderson did not seem to notice it. He ate his dinner abstractedly, and responded only in monosyllables to her sweet attempts at conversation. The fact was that the day had been a perplexing one; he was engaged in one of his big fights, a scheme that aroused all his pugnacity and taxed all his resources. He would win—of course; he would smash everybody, but he would win. When he was in this mood Carmen felt that she was like a daisy in the path of a cyclone. In the first year of their marriage he used to consult her about all his schemes, and value her keen understanding. She wondered why he did not now. Did he distrust even her, as he did everybody else? To-night she asked no questions. She was unruffled by his short responses to her conversational attempts; by her subtle, wifely manner she simply put herself on his side, whatever the side was.

In the library she brought him his cigar, and lighted it. She saw that his coffee was just as he liked it. As she moved about, making things homelike, Henderson noticed that she was more Carmenish than he had seen her in a long time. The sweet ways and the simple toilet must be by intention. And he knew her so well. He began to be amused and softened. At length he said, in his ordinary tone, "Well, what is it?"

"What is what, dear?"

"What do you want?"

Carmen looked perplexed and sweetly surprised. There is nothing so pitiful about habitual hypocrisy as that it never deceives anybody. It was not the less painful now that Carmen knew that Henderson knew her to the least fibre of her self-seeking soul, and that she felt that there were currents in his life that she could not calculate. A man is so much more difficult to understand than a woman, she reflected. And yet he is so susceptible that he can be managed even when he knows he is being managed. Carmen was not disconcerted for a moment. She replied, with her old candor:

"What an idea! You give me everything I want before I know what it is."

"And before I know it either," he responded, with a grim smile. "Well, what is the news to-day?"

"Just the same old round. The Foundlings' Board, for one thing."

"Are you interested in foundlings?"

"Not much," said Carmen, frankly. "I'm interested in those that find them. I told you how hateful that Mrs. Schuyler Blunt is."

"Why don't you cut her? Why don't you make it uncomfortable for her?"

"I can't find out," she said, with a laugh, dropping into the language of the Street, "anything she is short in, or I would."

"And you want me to get a twist on old Blunt?" and Henderson roared with laughter at the idea.

"No, indeed. Dear, you are just a goose, socially. It is nothing to you, but you don't understand what we women have to go through. You don't know how hard it is—that woman!"

"What has she done?"

"Nothing. That's just it. What do you say in the Street—freeze? Well, she's trying to freeze me out."

Henderson laughed again. "Oh, I'll back you against the field."

"I don't want to be backed," said Carmen; "I want some sympathy."

"Well, what is your idea?"

"I was going to tell you. Mr. Delancy dropped in this afternoon for a cup of tea—"

"Oh!"

"Yes, and he knows Mrs. Schuyler Blunt well, they are old friends, and he is going to arrange it."

"Arrange what?"

"Why, smooth everything out, don't you know. But, Rodney, I do want you to do something for me; not for me exactly, but about this. Won't you look out for Mr. Delancy in this deal?"

"Seems to me you are a good deal interested in Jack Delancy," said Henderson, in a sneering tone. The remark was a mistake, for it gave Carmen the advantage, and he did not believe it was just. He knew that Carmen was as passionless as a diamond, whatever even she might pretend for a purpose.

"Aren't you ashamed!" she cried, with indignation, and her eyes flared for an instant and then filled with tears. "And I try so hard."

"But I can't look out for all the lame ducks."

"He isn't a duck," said Carmen, using her handkerchief; "I'd hate him for a duck. It's just to help me, when you know, when you know—and it is so hard," and the tears came again.

Did Henderson believe? After all, what did it matter? Perhaps, after all, the woman had a right to her game, as he had to his.

"Oh, well," he said, "don't take on about it. I'll fix it. I'll make a memorandum this minute. Only don't you bother me in the future with too many private kites."

Carmen dried her eyes. She did not look triumphant, she just looked sweet and grateful, like a person who had been helped. She went over and kissed her lord on the forehead, and sat on the arm of his chair, not too long, and then patted him on the shoulder, and said he was a good fellow, and she was a little bother, and so went away like a dutiful little wife.

And Henderson sat looking into the fire and musing, with the feeling that he had been at the theatre, and that the comedy had been beautifully played.

His part of the play was carried out next day in good faith. One of the secrets of Henderson's success was that he always did what he said he would do. This attracted men to him personally, and besides he found, as Bismarck did, that it was more serviceable to him than lying, for the crafty world usually banks upon insincerity and indirectness. But while he kept his word he also kept his schemes to himself, and executed them with a single regard to his own interest and a Napoleonic selfishness. He did not lie to enemy or friend, but he did not spare either when either was in his way. He knew how to appeal to the self-interest of his fellows, and in time those who had most to do with him trusted him least when he seemed most generous in his offers.

When, the next day, his secretary reported to him briefly that Delancy was greatly elated with the turn things had taken for him, and was going in again, Henderson smiled sardonically, and said, "It was the worst thing I could have done for him."

Jack, who did not understand the irony of his temporary rescue, and had little experience of commercial integrity, so called, was intent on fulfilling his part of the understanding with Carmen. This could

best be effected by a return dinner to the Hendersons. The subject was broached at breakfast in an off-hand manner to Edith.

It was not an agreeable subject to Edith, that was evident; but it was not easy for her to raise objections to the dinner. She had gone to the Hendersons to please Jack, in her policy of yielding in order to influence him; but having accepted the hospitality she could not object to returning it. The trouble was in making the list.

"I do not know," said Edith, "who are the Hendersons' friends."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Ask our friends. If we are going to do a thing to please them, no use in doing it half-way, so as to offend them, by drawing social lines against them."

"Well, suggest."

"There's Mavick, he'll be over from Washington next week."

"That's good; and, oh, I'll ask Father Damon."

"Yes; he'll give a kind of flavor to it. I shouldn't wonder if he would like to meet such a man as Henderson."

"And then the Van Dams and Miss Tavish; they were at Henderson's, and would help to make it easy."

"Yes; well, let's see. The Schuyler Blunts?"

"Oh, they wouldn't do at all. They wouldn't come. She wouldn't think of going to the Hendersons."

"But she would come to us. I don't think she would mind once in a way."

"But why do you want them?"

"I don't want them particularly; but it would no doubt please the Hendersons more than any other thing we could do—and, well, I don't want to offend Henderson just now. It's a little thing, anyway. What's the use of all this social nonsense? We are not responsible for either the Hendersons or the Blunts being in the world. No harm done if they don't come. You invite them, and I'll take the responsibility."

So it was settled, against Edith's instinct of propriety, and the dinner was made up by the addition of the elder Miss Chesney. And Jack did persuade Mrs. Blunt to accept. In fact, she had a little curiosity to see the man whose name was in the newspapers more prominently than that of the President.

It was a bright thought to secure Mr.

Mavick. Mr. Thomas Mavick was socially one of the most desirable young men of the day. Matrimonially he was not a prize, for he was without fortune and without powerful connections. He had a position in the State Department. Originally he came from somewhere in the West, it was said, but he had early obtained one or two minor diplomatic places; he had lived a good deal abroad; he had travelled a little—a good deal, it would seem, from his occasional Oriental allusions. He threw over his past a slight mystery, not too much; and he always took himself seriously. His salary was sufficient to set up a bachelor very comfortably who always dined out; he dressed in the severity of the fashion; he belonged only to the best clubs, where he unbent more than anywhere else; he was credited with knowing a good deal more than he would tell. It was believed, in fact, that he had a great deal of influence. The President had been known to send for him on delicate personal business with regard to appointments, and there were certain ticklish diplomatic transactions that he was known to have managed most cleverly. His friends could see his hand in state papers. This he disclaimed, but he never

denied that he knew the inside of whatever was going on in Washington. Even those who thought him a snob said he was clever. He had perfectly the diplomatic manner, and the reserve of one charged with grave secrets. Whatever he disclosed was always in confidence, so that he had the reputation of being as discreet as he was knowing. With women he was of course a favorite, for he knew how to be confidential without disclosing anything, and the hints he dropped about persons in power simply showed that he was secretly manœuvring important affairs, and could make the most interesting revelations if he chose. His smile and the shake of his head at the club when talk was personal conveyed a world of meaning. Tom Mavick was, in short, a most accomplished fellow. It was evident that he carried on the State Department, and the wonder to many was that he was not in a position to do it openly. His social prestige was as mysterious as his diplomatic, but it was now unquestioned, and he might be considered as one of the first of a class who are to reconcile social and political life in this country.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEIMWEH.

BY ELSIE S. NORDHOFF.

HUNTINGFORD unsaddled his horse and led him to the little wooden trough near the house for water before turning him out to graze for the night. He watched with languid interest as the animal drew in long draughts with a sipping sound, wondering idly about horses in general. His eyes felt heavy and his back ached, so that he was glad when the horse slipped away quietly to browse on any dry grass it could find, and he could sit down on the steps of his two-roomed shanty and rest.

The sun was setting ahead of him in a glory of crimson and orange. On every side, as far as his eyes could see, stretched prairies—dull, brown, lifeless prairies—

"Waste endless and boundless and flowerless,"

for though it was April, the time when there is green if ever there will be, it had been a dry year, and everything was dead. To be sure there were patches of orange prairie flowers all about, which

struck one as a fever with which the land had broken out; but there was no green.

For those who like prairies, prairies are what they would like; but their monotony drives people who do not like them mad.

Huntingford sat gazing about him with a blank, miserable look. He had been two days riding the fifty miles out from Azure to his rancho, through arid parched land, always the same rolling country for miles on every side, passing herds of lean, half-starved cattle, who gazed at him listlessly with their large pathetic eyes, too weak from want of food and water to be wild, and past many a dead animal, which had perished from thirst and starvation. "The fever" was in his blood, although he was unconscious of it, and this, added to the original throes of homesickness, which he had fought for the past year, and the sight of the poor starved cattle, had used him up. He sat on his door-step facing the sunset, his three hens and a lordly rooster clucking

contentedly at his feet as they grubbed for their evening meal. He heard the bark of a coyote, and saw it, a brown speck in the distance, as it ran across country and was outlined against the red in the sky.

His thoughts travelled in a circle, from the lean emaciated cattle and brown prairies to the rich spring landscape of his father's park in the south of England, then back to the cattle and prairies again. This was April. At home the frogs would be trilling and cachunking themselves hoarse. He could see them as they plunged sidewise into the ponds—fat green creatures, making great silver wakes in the still water, only to come up on the other side to shine in the sun. He could almost smell the spongy turf, and all the young green things pushing up through the soft earth, and the pink-green tips to the hawthorn and oaks. He drew in a long breath of pleasure, started with a jerk, and looked behind him. His hound, standing on the step above him, had stuck his cold wet nose against his cheek. Huntingford put his arm round the dog's neck, while his heavy eyes wandered off again to the brown, the monotonous brown roll of the prairies; not a tree, not a hill, to break the view of the horizon; only the burnt land everywhere; and the cattle! wherever he looked he saw their pitiful eyes; and he, too, was starving for a sight of water and something green. As he thought, his yellow head went down on the hound's back, and he choked back a great sob that rose in his throat.

The fever was getting a firmer hold on him. After a moment he raised his head again. The glow in the west was subsiding into silvery robin's-egg blue, and just where the last reflection of pink lingered, the evening star shone out with almost a bold vigor. There was not a cloud in the sky. Everlasting blue above—and miles and miles of brown below!

As Huntingford gazed blankly ahead of him the land seemed suddenly to rise towards him—he swayed, lost his balance, and fell, face downwards, on the ground by his door-step, frightening the hens, who broke the silence by loud hysterical squawks of terror as they fled.

His hound watched him fall, then rose, stretched his tired legs, and moved down by his master, whom he sniffed over very carefully, and at last, finding an ear, licked it lovingly. When there was no response given he sat down upon his

haunches, and raising his pointed nose to the sky, gave one long, mournful howl.

At noon the following day Cow-puncher Dick hove in sight. He was whistling right merrily, and made a fine appearance in his loose gray trousers, high boots, and large sombrero—a scarlet tie finishing the effect.

"The boys" had called after him as he rode away, "Goin' to pay attention somewhars? You look so slick."

"Naw," Dick had drawled back with a good-natured chuckle; "I'm just off to see that blue-eyed Britisher, and cheer him up a bit. I seen him yesterday in Azure, looking a bit down in the mouth. Guess he's homesick again; and, somehow, when I seen him, I thought of the fever, and I 'ain't felt comfortable sence. So I'm ridin' down to his place jest to ease my mind."

"The boys" looked half solemn when Dick mentioned "the fever." They knew it, and stood in awe of it. "Guess you're scared," one of them said, encouragingly. "Hope the parson's all right, though."

Huntingford had been twelve months on his shanty on the prairies. His youth, clear blue eyes, and a certain open-heartedness had won their way among the cowboys. They admired his grit in trying to live down his homesickness, and not giving way. At first they had pooh-poohed his notion of "Sarvice reg'lar on Sunday," which had been propounded modestly to Dick, always his staunchest admirer. Dick had gone the first Sunday, taking back to the others glowing accounts. He loved music, and was considered quite an expert in camp, where he sang lovelorn ballads in a bass voice like a young bull's, and he found Huntingford sang like an angel. "The sarvice" had consisted of morning prayer, and as many hymns as they chose, after which there had been dinner for Dick and himself and the two hounds. Such was the fame Huntingford won through Dick that the following Sunday eight horsemen appeared to hear "the parson" sing. They looked rather like sheepish bandits when, after dismounting and tying their horses in the shade, Dick marshalled them up to shake hands with his friend. "Guess I 'ain't shook hands for the Lord knows how long," one of them mumbled. There were only two chairs in the shanty, but by pulling a trunk and a kerosene-box

into the front room every one was provided with a seat. "The boys" fidgeted, they felt self-conscious and out of place, and broke into nervous giggles when Dick presented them with two hymnals, and told them to be "d—quick and find the number." But Huntingford's easy unconsciousness made them feel less shy presently. He was doing as well as possible what he had done every Sunday of his life at home. As he sang, one by one of the men stopped gazing about the shanty and pinned their eyes on him. Dick was "doing himself proud," roaring out the hymn at the top of his powerful voice, but above it, beyond it, leading it by the force of clear sweetness, rose Huntingford's, and "soared away to realms unknown," but with so much magnetism in it that he drew his listeners with him until they forgot that they were sitting on wooden boxes in a prairie shanty.

At the end of the first verse Dick was requested *sotto voce* "to shut up, and let's hear the little parson alone"—the "little parson" being six feet one. He "shut up" willingly. Huntingford was his "claim," and he wanted to prove it a good one. So "the parson" began the second verse alone, and sang half-way through it; then he stopped, looked at Dick amiably but firmly, and said, "You aren't singing. You'd better all sing," he added; "it's good for your lungs." He began the verse over again, and one by one the men joined in, shyly at first, but towards the end with a volume of sound bewildering to any one more conscious than "the parson."

So "sarrvice at the parson's" became a regular institution, and the boys learnt hymns in plenty, and to roar out the "tug of war" till it rolled away over the prairies, amazing the rabbits and coyotes. Once a clergyman, hearing of Huntingford's "meetings," had spent Sunday with him, but "the boys" heard of it, and fought shy, only Dick turning up at the appointed time, in rather a surly frame of mind, to the amusement of both "the parson" and his guest, who counted the visit a holiday in his hard-worked life. The Sunday following they all came again, rather sheepish, when Huntingford chaffed them on their non-attendance.

Dick rode up to the back of the shanty, where the shed was, hallooed, but got no response. His heart sank a little, but he

dismounted, tied his horse out of the blind sun, patted "the parson's" hound, who met him with friendly wags of his tail, and went around to the door, followed by the dog, who watched him curiously as he bent over his master, and, picking him up, carried him into the shanty and put him to bed. Where Huntingford had dropped the night before he had lain ever since, for nothing rouses a man the first day of "the fever." Dick knew from much experience with fever patients that the exposure was the worst thing that could have happened. "Guess it ain't much use, but I'll try fur it," he said to himself, as he hunted up Huntingford's brandy, and poured it raw down the boy's throat. It was of no use, and he lay unconscious until evening, when the fever set in. He opened his eyes and began to talk in a high unnatural voice, and to toss about restlessly, his cheeks flaming and his eyes brilliant. Of course he did not recognize the cow-puncher.

Dick had once seen a physician rub alcohol on a patient's temples and wrists when ill with "the fever"; and although he had not fathomed the reason for it, he hunted up the bottle he knew "the parson" kept, and bathed his head with it until it was all used up. The fever was horrible. Huntingford's rambling excited talk worse. It was sometimes about a meadow with a pond near it, when he begged invisible people to be quiet a moment and let him listen to the frogs, saying, with a break in his voice: "It is so long since I have heard them. If you could be quiet just one moment." Then he would break in with a moan, and "Oh! if the cattle would only not look at me so! To think that it was I who kept the rain away! O Lord, I did not mean to." He had caught the idea that the drought was a punishment for him, and that the cattle knew and reproached him silently with it.

Dick nursed him as carefully as he knew how during the next two days. It was impossible to leave him long enough to go the fifty miles into Azure for a physician.

The third day the sun rose clear and hot again; no sign of rain in the sky, or of the fever abating. But towards afternoon Huntingford fell into a doze and woke to recognize Dick, whose heart rose a degree, though he hardly dared to hope. One never does with "the fever." The

first question he asked was, "Has it rained?" and when Dick shook his head, burst into a fit of weeping, far too weak to control himself. "It's those poor cattle, Dick. I rode through a herd the other day, too weak for want of food and water to be afraid of me, and their eyes—oh God! their eyes! If you would only make it rain," he added, half to himself, as he turned his face to the wall.

Dick turned with a jerk to look out of the window; the lump in his throat was growing too large to be swallowed, but he intended to master it.

Through the window he saw the prairies, all brown but for the patches of gaudy orange, which looked thirstier than the brown, and had a greedy look as well. The sun was so hot that the atmosphere was reeling, and swayed to and fro with such a rhythmical motion that it seemed to the cowboy's tired fancy to be dancing a devils' dance. When he looked towards the south he saw a pool of blue water, and cattle in it knee-deep.

He knew it was only a mirage.

He turned at a little sound from the cot. Huntingford was sitting up, leaning on one elbow, and listening.

Dick saw that the fever had returned, and gave up the fight.

As he looked at him "the parson" turned to him with a radiant smile. "That's rain, old fellow. Hear it?" he said. "And the frogs, too, trilling until they are hoarse. The wetter the better, the wetter the better—that's what they say." His cheeks were flaming, and his eyes bright. He sat listening for a few moments, breathing heavily in the hot, dry atmosphere. Dick turned to the window again. He could not stand the sight of Huntingford; even the devils' dance of the atmosphere was better. Presently Huntingford began in a low voice: "There it is, just the same old gray church, as though I hadn't been away a day. Come along, old Dick, they are at the processional, and as sure as I'm alive they're singing my hymn." His voice rose with excitement. "For all the saints who from their labor rest" was one of the first hymns he had taught "the boys."

"Come on, let's help them," he cried, and broke in on the fifth verse:

"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,
Alleluia! Alleluia!"

His voice rose high and clear, stronger than Dick had ever heard it before. He turned to look at him, then walked over to a group of amateurish water-colors tacked to the wall, and looked at one of an old church covered with ivy. Huntingford paused in his singing, then went on with the sixth verse.

The devils in the atmosphere were diminishing, and red and purple beginning to show in the west. A little breeze had sprung up, and came in the shanty windows refreshingly. Max whined at the door, attracted by his master's voice, and was let in, when he sat down by the bed and watched Huntingford with a great desire to understand in his faithful dog eyes.

When "the parson's" voice rang out in the last

"Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Max howled in sympathy, but was comforted when his master put his hand on his head and said, "Poor old dog," smiling at him.

The silence of the room grew intense. Dick felt it, and turned towards the bed wearily, prepared for what he saw.

Huntingford had dropped back on his pillow, and was dead.

"The fever" takes its patients that way.

The next day Dick rode back to camp. It was sundown when he got there, and "the boys" were gathered around a big wood fire watching the cook get supper, their figures silhouetted against the flames. They shouted to him to know if it was he, and got but a gruff response. Some one asked, "How's the parson?" and they waited patiently for an answer, while Dick dropped off his horse, unsaddled her, and as he strode off towards his tent said, savagely, "Dead, of that thar fever!"

There was absolute silence for a few moments, and no one moved.

Then one of the men rose and went for a pail of water for Dick's horse, whistling as he went in a reminiscing way the All-Saints' day hymn, which the night wind carried back to the men in the fire-light, and on towards the fading red in the west.

The cook's great stirring-spoon, suspended over the kettle for the past few moments, dropped into it, and the broth within was sent spinning round and round. Then the life of the camp went on.

CHAPTERS IN JOURNALISM.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

I.

AS this paper concerns itself with journalism, and will, I presume, be more likely to interest journalists than the general public, I hope it may be understood as addressed mainly to my colleagues in that profession, and that they will be indulgent if I am obliged to refer to myself and to my own share in the episodes I have to narrate. Besides, most of it relates to a rather distant past. I must go back to November, 1861, and shall not come down much later than 1870. The two dates will sufficiently indicate that my story relates to the journalistic history of two wars: the early part of the civil war in America, and the beginnings of the great war between France and Germany. I avoid entering into military details or fighting old battles over again. What I shall attempt is to give some brief notion of what a war correspondent's life was like, and how he collected and transmitted his news.

Mr. Charles A. Dana was in 1861 managing editor of the *Tribune*, with Mr. Sydney Howard Gay as his first lieutenant. Mr. Horace Greeley was, of course, editor-in-chief, but with him the younger men on the paper came little into contact. If you were outside the office, in the field, you were not absolutely obliged to know of his existence. Any reminder of it was apt to come in the shape of a criticism, always useful to the beginner. Mr. Dana had the reputation of a masterful manager. I can only say that I found him, so long as he remained on the paper, considerate, helpful, just, and even friendly, though he knew that the door by which I entered the office had been opened by Wendell Phillips, for whom he had none too much liking. New as I was to journalism, Mr. Dana gave me a free hand. There is nothing which is more likely to bring out of a man the best there is in him. He understood journalism and he understood human nature, and I always thought it, and still think it, a happy circumstance that I learned my first lessons in journalism under a chief who, being himself at the head of his profession, found time to show much kindness to a subordinate whose

foot was on the lowest round of the ladder.

In one sense it may almost be said that the history of war correspondence, as it is now understood, begins with the rebellion; by which I mean that modern methods were then first applied, and that the transmission of war news was undertaken for the first time *in extenso* by telegraph. The truth of this will come out the more plainly when it is seen what was done in Europe in 1870, and how it was done. My experiences in journalism began with the war, or, rather, began in November, 1861, with a trip to South Carolina, of which the main object was to look into the negro question a little. The gallant Admiral Dupont had taken Port Royal, troops had been landed there, a military post established, and the blacks were pouring in. General Butler had announced in Maryland the doctrine of contraband, which so impressed itself on the public mind that, for the next year or so, the blacks went by the name of contrabands. The war was of course still a war for the Union and not for freedom, but the pressure of the negro question grew daily heavier. I staid in Port Royal, or in that part of the country, until the spring of 1862; returned to New York, and was sent to join General Fremont in Virginia, and made the Shenandoah Valley campaign with him. Then I saw part of the ill-fated enterprise of General Pope on the Rappahannock, ending in the second defeat at Centreville and a second peril to Washington. Finally I rode out of Washington one afternoon to have a look at the army of which General McClellan had again taken command, in August, 1862. Expecting to be away overnight, I took with me as luggage a tooth-brush and a mackintosh. I was gone six weeks, and saw the campaign which ended, after a fashion, at Antietam. The presence of correspondents with the army had been forbidden by Secretary Stanton and General Halleck, but of course there never was a time when they were really excluded, or never a very long time. General Pope sent for me one evening to his headquarters—by that time in a tent, and no longer, as he

too rashly announced at the beginning, in the saddle—and told me in his friendly way that he had received a peremptory order from the War Office to allow no correspondents to remain in his camp. I said I would leave at once, to which he replied, "I don't see that you need go till you get the order," adding that he had not made up his mind whether or when to issue it. But he did issue it, and we were all supposed to obey.

At Washington, when it was known that McClellan was once more in command, some of us thought it discreet, considering his known dislike to the publication of any war news except such as he himself or his staff supplied, to drop the journalist and join some friendly headquarters as volunteer aides-de-camp. General Sedgwick, the good soldier who was killed at Spottsylvania, offered me an appointment, or rather an opportunity, which I gladly accepted. He advised me to put on some sort of uniform, which might prevent inconvenient questions being asked. The army moved forward sooner than was expected, and having once joined General Sedgwick, I had no time to turn back nor any wish to. We all knew that the position was such as must before long compel McClellan, the most unready of commanders, to measure himself again with Lee. And so it was that on a sunny September afternoon, the 15th, I found myself looking across the valley through which flowed the Antietam Brook, to the heights of Sharpsburg, crowned with the Confederate forces. Nobody called them Confederates in those days. Rebels, or, for short, Rebs, was all that a Northern soldier's lips could shape themselves to utter. General McClellan, in his usual accommodating spirit, waited all next day to allow the enemy to collect his forces.

On the afternoon of the 16th I heard that General Hooker, "Fighting Joe," had been ordered across the creek to turn the enemy's left. I did not know General Hooker nor anybody on his staff, but I thought I might as well go along, and I went. Nobody seemed to mind. I rode with the staff, and was asked no questions. General Hooker, never lacking in resolution, pushed a regiment or two of cavalry straight forward as far as they could go, and went with them. That was his idea of a reconnoissance. Fol-

lowing with the staff, we all had the pleasure of learning, a few minutes later, what a cavalry stampede to the rear was like, and of taking part in it. But Hooker was in great glee. He had found out what he wanted to know, and had ascertained pretty well where the enemy were. The night was drawing in. He took his own position, which was as close as it could well be to the opposite lines, found a barn to serve as headquarters for the night, and turned in. Most of us slept outside. I had no servant with me, and slept with my horse's bridle round one arm. By five next morning the battle of Antietam began. By nine, Hooker had been driven back, and sent for more troops. Mansfield came, and Sumner came, and Hooker himself, with what was left of his divisions, again went forward. It was his way to keep well to the front, too far forward, no doubt, and one result of these tactics was that most of his staff were presently killed or wounded. There came a moment when not one was near him, not even an orderly. They were down or away on duty. He looked rather sharply at me, and asked me who I was. I told him. "Will you take an order for me?" and without waiting for an answer, sent me off to find a certain brigade and order them forward. Then he stopped me. "Order every regiment you can find to advance. It is time to end this business." I went off on this errand, and when I rejoined Hooker he was in the thick of what looked a pretty hot fight. Almost immediately a bullet struck him in the foot. He had to be helped from his horse, taken to the rear on an extemporized ambulance, and finally to quit the battlefield altogether. With his departure the attack on the Confederate left died suddenly away, and was never renewed to much purpose.

During this lull in the battle, which nobody could believe to be the end of it, occurred an incident which even at this distance of time I narrate with some hesitation. But it throws light on General McClellan's character, on the opinion held of him by his own staff, on the state of discipline in the Northern army at this time, and on the extreme looseness of a military organization in which such an incident could occur, and so I give it. I shall neither mention any name nor in-

dicate in any way the identity of the officer chiefly concerned.

When it became evident that the attack on the Rebel left had been repulsed, and that the fighting in that part of the field was over for the time, I rode back across the creek in the direction of General McClellan's headquarters. It was expected he would order forward his reserves under General Fitz John Porter, but he did not. Precious minutes and priceless hours ebbed away and nothing was done. I was looking about for a remount, as my horse had a couple of bullets in him and could not be depended on, when an officer on General McClellan's staff whom I knew detached himself from the group at a little distance and came over to me. He said:

"I hear you were with Hooker when he was wounded?"

"Yes."

"Do you know whether he is disabled?"

I said that he had been hit hard, could not sit his horse, and had been carried off on an ambulance; since then I had not seen him.

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yes; at a red farm-house in an open field on the right, this side of the creek."

"Will you take a message to him?"

By this time I began to think the interrogatory both curious and serious, and I answered,

"That depends on what the message is."

My friend and I were by ourselves, well out of ear-shot of the staff, but within view, and I saw that the staff or some of them were watching what went on. He came a little closer, lowered his voice, and said:

"Most of us think that this battle is only half fought and half won. There is still time to finish it. But McClellan will do no more. What I want you to do is to see Hooker, find out whether he can mount his horse, and if he can, ask him whether he will take command of this army and drive Lee into the Potomac or force him to surrender."

It was perhaps the most astounding request ever made by a soldier to a civilian. What he suggested was nothing less than an act of mutiny in the face of the enemy, and I told him so.

"I know that as well as you do," was the answer. "We all know it, but we know also that it is the only way to crush

Lee and end the rebellion and save the country."

I pointed out that if Hooker were to be approached on such a subject, it ought to be by him or by one of his comrades in the plot—for it was a plot—and that, if they meant business, they ought to be ready to take the risk. I added that I thought it more than likely that General Hooker's answer to such a proposal would be to order the man who made it, whoever he was, under arrest.

"It need not be a proposal," he replied.

"All we want you to do is to sound Hooker and let us know what his views are. The rest we will do ourselves." I asked him if he meant to give me a written message.

"Certainly not. Such things are not put into writing."

"But why should Hooker believe me, or compromise himself in a conversation with a man he never saw till this morning?"

He said it was known I had acted as Hooker's aide, and urged sundry other reasons. I still declined, but he still pressed it. Hooker, he declared, had won the confidence of the army, and McClellan had lost it. It was no time to stand on trifles. He regarded what he proposed to me as a patriotic duty, and so on. Finally, as I persisted in refusing to be the bearer of any such message, he asked if I would see Hooker, and bring them word whether he could, in any circumstances, take the field again that day. To this I saw no objection, and rode off. I found General Hooker in bed, and in great pain. He asked eagerly for news of the battle. When I told him that the attack on both wings had failed, that no movement had been made for the last two hours, and that General McClellan seemed to have no intention of making any, he became angry and excited, and used language of extreme plainness. I had noticed in the morning that he had a very copious vocabulary. It was directed, for the most part, against the enemy, whose sharpshooters followed him all over the field, in which his tall figure in full uniform, and his white horse, were by far the most conspicuous targets. Once his staff got the benefit of this flow of energetic speech, when two or three of them joined in the suggestion that the proper place for a corps commander was not in the skirmish line, and that he could not prudently re-

main under so hot a fire. Now it was turned upon McClellan, with whose excessive caution and systematic inertness in the crisis of a great battle he had no patience. This outburst gave me an opportunity of putting the question I wanted to, and I asked him whether his wound would permit him to mount his horse again that day. He pointed to his swollen and bandaged foot.

"No; it is impossible."

"Or to take command of your corps again in any way—in a carriage, if one could be found?"

"No, no; I cannot move. I am perfectly helpless."

All at once, whether from the way in which I had put my question, or from my manner, it seemed to flash upon him that there was something behind. He broke out:

"Why do you ask? What do you mean? Who sent you here?"

He was in such torment from his wound and the fever it had brought on that I thought it best not to fence with his questions and his suspicions. I told him it was true that some friends of his who knew how well he had done his work in the morning were anxious to learn whether, in an emergency, he could resume his duties; that the position was critical; that his troops would fight under him as they would under nobody else; in short, I admitted that I came to find out what his real condition was, and that I thought a good deal depended on his answer. He groaned and swore and half raised himself on his bed. The effort was too much; the agony brought a cry to his lips: "You see what a wreck I am; it is impossible, impossible." Even to his courage there were things which were impossible. Again he asked from whom I came, but I answered that my errand was done, that it was only too plain that his wound crippled him, that the whole army knew what a misfortune it was, and that I must return to my friends and report the facts. The paroxysm of pain had passed, but left him exhausted. He said good-by faintly, asked me to come again next day, which I knew I could not, and I took my leave. The account I had to give of General Hooker's condition of course put an end to all schemes at headquarters, and the sun went down upon an indecisive day. General McClellan's irresolution on that memorable afternoon was to cost the

country treasure and blood that might have been spared; but it was decreed that the fight should be fought out once for all, and Destiny chooses her own ways and instruments. There is a sequel, almost a counterpart, to this story, but it comes later.

After General Burnside's failure on the left and General Franklin's check on the right there was no more serious fighting that day. It was supposed that General McClellan must renew the attack next morning. After what I had heard I did not believe he would, and I determined to try at once to get an account of the battle through to New York. To send one by a messenger involved, first, a delay while it was being written, and secondly, the difficulty of finding a messenger who could be trusted. I had a colleague with me, but there were reasons why he could not be sent. Then, and ever after, I found it sound policy to start either for the office or for the nearest telegraph office as soon as an important battle was over. Some men had to be seen first and some arrangements made in the event of further fighting; and there was the question of dinner, not unimportant to a man who had been mostly in the saddle since five that morning, with no time to think of food. It was nine o'clock in the evening when I got away. Frederick was the nearest town where one might reasonably hope to get a long despatch on the wires, and Frederick was thirty miles distant, and the horse I had borrowed was anything but fresh. There was a good road, and a good chance of encountering some of those parties of stragglers and marauders who are always hanging on the rear of an army; not, I think, much real danger, and nothing happened. I rode into Frederick by early daylight of the 18th, and found my way to the telegraph office. The clerk on duty said he would take a short despatch, but that the wires, like everything else, were in the hands of the military authorities, and he would not undertake to say when the despatch would reach New York, or that it would ever get there at all. They were times when you had to take all chances. I sat in the office and wrote a despatch of rather more than a column, handing it in to the clerk in sections. The length made it, to his mind, still more doubtful whether it would be forwarded, but he was good-natured and promised to do his best. I heard af-

terward that it had been wired straight to the War Office in Washington, and was the first narrative of the battle which reached the Secretary of War, except a brief despatch from General McClellan announcing his victory. Mr. Secretary Stanton took it to President Lincoln, who, with his cabinet, had the reading of it. They behaved handsomely, however, and allowed it to go on to the office in New York, and it appeared in the *Tribune* on Saturday morning. The battle had been fought on Thursday.

Meantime, having much more to say and no chance of saying it by telegraph from Frederick, I was trying to get a special train to Baltimore. The railroad, like the telegraph, had become a military possession, and there was no one who could, or would, take the responsibility of sending off a train. Money was no temptation, as it would have been to the railroad people. The best I could do was to get a military permit to go by the first military train. I went to the station to make sure of not missing it, and sat on a log and wrote. About two the train started. I thought I should have time between Frederick and Baltimore to finish my story of the battle, but once in the train I went to sleep. It was nearly thirty-six hours since I had closed an eye, and excitement is apt to be fatiguing. It is doubtful whether I should have fared better at the telegraph office in Baltimore than in Frederick if I had had a despatch ready. As it was not ready, I stepped into the New York express, which we just caught. The New York express in those days was lighted by a small oil lamp at each end of the car. Sitting, it was impossible to see. I stood under the lamp and wrote most of the night, finishing, I think, about midway between Philadelphia and New York. The editor had been notified that an account might be expected too late for the regular morning edition. When I walked into the office it was near five o'clock Saturday morning. Antietam was perhaps the greatest battle which had then been fought, and the first great victory which the North had won; not a complete victory, but a victory, inasmuch as Lee withdrew across the Potomac into Virginia. There was, naturally, a great interest in the event. The office, usually deserted at that hour, was alive; the composing-room crowded; the presses manned and waiting. Not

long after six a second edition appeared, with a letter on Antietam about six columns long. It was, I imagine, one of the worst pieces of manuscript which had ever puzzled the intelligent type-setter and proof-reader; the whole of it in pencil, and most of it written in the train. Mr. Gay, the kindly and cultured man of letters who had become managing editor in the spring in succession to Mr. Dana, asked me if I should be ready to return by the afternoon train. I said yes, and went; but my return visit to the army proved to be a short one, as within a few weeks Mr. Gay proposed to me to enter the office as an editorial writer, and this I did.

II.

Four years later, in 1866, I went to Europe to see the Austro-Prussian war. That journey shows the difference between pre-cable days and the present. The news of the outbreak of the war reached New York on Tuesday. I took the Wednesday steamship from Boston—then the only American port of the Cunard line—and on reaching Queenstown heard the news of the battle of Sadowa, which practically ended the war. There was no more fighting, and no occasion for war correspondence. My instructions, however, went beyond the war. Mr. John Russell Young had by this time become managing editor of the *Tribune*; a journalist of genius. Mr. Young thought that much remained to be done in the European field. He was not satisfied with the existing supply of European news, even in peace time. He wanted better news and more correspondence. Another experiment toward an Atlantic telegraph cable was then making, and he wished to be in a position to avail himself of it, should it succeed, during the next European crisis. Under his instructions I arranged for both. The *Tribune* bureau was set up in London, which grew out of the notion that the collection and transmission of European news must be done in Europe and not in New York; that London is the natural news centre of Europe, and that an office for the handling of news ought to be established there. This theory is now universally accepted and acted on. Many of the foremost American papers have their London offices. A great many more have correspondents in London who have been sent thither for the purpose, and are maintained there by the journals

they represent. But in 1866 this theory was very far from being generally accepted. It was generally scouted. It was ridiculed as a waste of money and useless to the journal. It put a considerable responsibility on the correspondent in charge of the London bureau. He was, of course, subject to New York, and took his orders from the New York office; but it was seen that no such service could be performed efficiently unless the power intrusted to the representative abroad were commensurate with his responsibility. He must have, and did have, a certain degree of independence. The details, the organization, had to be left in his hands. He was there for that purpose. It was for New York to say how much news and what kind of news was wanted, and how much money was to be spent. It was for London to act on these general instructions, to select correspondents, to regulate the collection and transmission of news, to be ready to arrange a special service at a moment's notice. The London delegate was to put himself in a position analogous to that of the manager of a London newspaper; to make contracts and conditional engagements long in advance; to know all that could be known about European telegraphs and steamships and railways and news agencies, and much else. He was so to order the affairs of the London office that the receipt of an instruction from New York should set in motion all these pent-up energies, just as the receipt of the "Krieg Mobil" from Berlin by a local commander set the German legions rolling towards the French frontier.

These are now the commonplaces of journalism, and the great news-collecting agencies of America have long acted on them, with modifications suited to their own purposes. But from 1866 to 1870 the truths now so obvious remained a sealed book. No other journal during that period followed the example of the *Tribune*. No other bureau was founded. In 1866 I had visited other European capitals to make such arrangements as were then thought necessary, had returned to London, chosen a man to take charge of the bureau there, set up and started the new machinery, and then returned to New York. I had been to Berlin to see the Berlin and Potsdam garrisons come home in triumph from the Austrian war, had seen Count Bismarck, as he then was,

heard from him his story of the events that led to the war in which he had been the mainspring, and written a very incomplete account of that ever-memorable visit, which may some day be completed. Meantime the cable had been successfully laid, and I had sent, I believe, the first news message which went to New York by cable, relating to that check in the negotiations for peace which had for a moment stayed the homeward march of the Prussian armies, and threatened a renewal of hostilities. It was November when I went home and re-entered the office. In the spring of 1867 I again came abroad, this time to take charge of the London office for three years. Down to July, 1870, the existence of the office furnished frequent material to the American press for disparaging comment. Such work as it did was done very quietly, and the visible result was not, to the minds of most American journalists, sufficient to justify its existence. It had to wait for its chance, and the chance came in July, 1870.

Nobody has forgotten how sudden was the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Lord Hammond had declared a fortnight before that there was not a cloud in the European sky, and Lord Hammond was the permanent chief of the English Foreign Office. Journalism was as far astray as diplomacy. Mr. Delane, who then reigned and ruled in Printing House Square, was convinced that the peace of Europe would not be broken that year. If all stories be true, that belief cost him dear. There was nothing to show that New York saw any farther than London into the near future. The declaration of war took the world by surprise, Paris and Berlin perhaps excepted. Everywhere else the unreadiness was complete, and nowhere more so than in the great newspaper offices of Europe and America. The *Tribune*, which had by that time established itself comfortably in Pall Mall, was, so far as I can remember, no better informed of what was coming than any other journal. The difference between our position and others was simply that, when the war cloud broke, we were ready and others were not. After waiting a day or two to hear from New York and getting no message, I cabled Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who had succeeded Mr. Young as managing editor, for instructions. The answer

came quickly enough, and contained an assurance that war news would be welcome. But where to get it? Mobilization had begun, and troops were in motion on both sides, but whither? It was not the custom, least of all in Berlin, to take the press into the confidence of the headquarters' staff. It became plain at once that even to obtain passes for correspondents would be no easy matter. The first application brought a peremptory refusal. It was thought that British officers might have a better chance of getting into relations with the German staff than civilians. The same idea occurred naturally to the English papers, but when the *Times* asked that leave should be granted a certain well-known officer, the War Office said no. He then came to us with an offer of his services if leave could be obtained. Mr. Cardwell was Secretary of State for War, and to him I went, armed with what I thought, and what was in fact, a very strong letter from an eminent personage who, both by his position and by his personal relations with Mr. Cardwell, was entitled to be heard, to say the least. Mr. Cardwell was good enough to see me and to listen to what I had to say. "But," he answered, "do you not know that we have already refused the *Times*, on the ground that an officer on leave would still be an officer, and that we should be responsible for him, and that we do not choose to be responsible for what may appear in an English newspaper?" I said yes, but suggested that the objection might have less force with reference to an American newspaper; that we were so far off, and news would be so long in coming back, that no harm was likely to be done, and that, in any case, nobody would think of a connection between the War Office and a New York newspaper. "It cannot be done," was the brief answer. I saw I was expected to accept it as final, but, as a last card, I mentioned the name of the writer of my letter of introduction, adding that I knew he was anxious the request should be granted. The great man looked at me with what I thought an equivocal expression on his official face, half vexed at my pertinacity, and half amused. "I should be only too happy," he said, "to oblige Mr. Motley, but does he think, or do you think, that we should concede to a New York journal what we have denied to the *Times* itself? Where should we be then?" And he wished me good-

morning with a military manner. That is a good enough sample of the sort of difficulties which meet the journalist in Europe at every turn, and which in America are scarcely known. We had to do without our British officer, to his regret and to ours. Time pressed, and it was not possible to carry on long negotiations. The men who were waiting for German and French permits to join the armies were sent to the front with good letters, and with orders to go on till they were stopped, to put themselves into communication with the staffs, and to be governed by circumstances. A good man makes his way somehow in the confusion of an opening campaign, and two of them soon found their way to the leading columns, and others a little later. No journalist, however, was quick enough to see the battle of Worth. No newspaper, European or American, had an account of Marshal MacMahon's great defeat, save such as the military authorities chose to furnish, or as was picked up from outside gossip.

I come now to a part of my story which has always seemed to me full of interest, but by no means easy to tell with fulness. Even after so long an interval discretion is desirable. The matter was more or less public at the time, and gave rise to much comment, and more conjecture, generally rather wild. The true account has never been made known. I am aware of no reason why it should not be, nor of any interest of either of the two journals concerned which can now be affected unfavorably. Other journals have since followed the precedent then set. There is no longer anything to be gained by secrecy, and there is perhaps something to be gained by telling exactly what happened, and how the so-called alliance between the *Tribune* and the *Daily News* was brought about, and what the effect of it was. Not only to journalists did it seem important. It was thought worthy of mention by the great historian of the Crimean War. Mr. Kinglake says, "The success of that partnership for the purpose of war news which had been formed between one of our London newspapers and the New York *Tribune* was an era in the journalism of Europe."

It had become evident almost from the first day that any single American paper, no matter how well served in the field by its own correspondents, would be heavily handicapped by its want of access to the

general news services which every great London journal had at its disposal. We could read it all next morning, but it was then of little use. Every journalist feels and knows that between to-day and to-morrow there are sometimes a thousand years. A piece of news may be worth anything to-day, and nothing to-morrow. We, moreover, had to act, and to act very often on conjecture, inference, and calculation, when, if we had been in connection with a good service, we might have acted on a certainty. Beside which, we wanted to know what news the agencies had, and what they had not; what would go to New York independently, and what we ourselves had exclusively; and many other things. Only a journalist knows the gulf that lies between the inside and the outside of a great newspaper office. Reflecting much on these matters, I finally went to Mr. Robinson, the manager of the *Daily News*, and laid my views before him. I told him frankly what we needed—that we asked nothing less than that he should put his office at our disposal, conceding to us the privilege of seeing news, proofs, and everything else, at all hours, whether relating to the war or otherwise. In return we offered him the results of our special service. I told him what we proposed, whom we were sending into the field, what our plans were, what we expected and hoped to accomplish. I pointed out to him that we had behind us the four years' experience of our own war, during which news had been collected on a scale and by methods before unknown, and I said we meant to apply the same or similar methods here, and to adapt our American practices to European fields. I said we were prepared to spend a good deal of money, and to use the telegraph far more freely than was the custom here, and in a different way. I explained that we did not propose the arrangement for the sake of economy, nor with any wish that either paper should reduce its expenses in reliance on the other. What I meant was that he, on his side, should organize his correspondence exactly as if we did not exist, that we, on our side, should do the same with ours, and that each journal should have the full benefit of the double service. All our telegrams and letters were to be supplied to him in duplicate on their way to New York, and his and ours were to be printed simultaneously in New York and London.

Mr. Robinson listened attentively to this statement, which seemed to make little impression on him, asked a few questions as if for civility's sake, and ended by rejecting my proposal altogether. He saw no advantage in it, he said, and could not perceive that the *Daily News* would gain anything of consequence by accepting it. I asked him if he would talk it over with the editor. He answered that it concerned him, and not the editor; it was within the manager's, not the editor's province. But I knew Mr. Frank Hill, the editor of this paper, and I asked Mr. Robinson if he had any objection to my talking the matter over myself with Mr. Hill. He said he had none, and to Mr. Hill I went, and put my proposal before him as I had before the manager. Mr. Frank Hill was an Englishman of a singularly open mind, with a flexibility and readiness of apprehension rare then and rare now. It was outside his editorial duties, but he grasped the points as they were stated, put a number of searching questions, the answers to which satisfied him, and said without hesitation that he would see Mr. Robinson and urge him to accept. He knew his way to Mr. Robinson's mind much better than I did, and the result of his intervention was that Mr. Robinson reconsidered the matter, and accepted what he had at first rejected.

Mr. Hill's sagacity was vindicated almost at once. Mr. Holt White, a *Tribune* correspondent, had pushed forward rapidly enough to see the first, or almost the first, engagement on the northeastern frontier of France, and, in pursuance of his instructions, telegraphed his account of that action direct to London—about a column altogether. That despatch marks the parting of the ways between the old and the new journalism of England—between the days when the telegraph was used only for short summaries of news and the days when despatches became letters, and everything of any real consequence, and much that was of none, was sent by wire. I am aware that this remark may not have a friendly reception in England, and may be thought, from one point of view, open to criticism. But it is strictly and literally true. The despatch reached me, in a somewhat mangled state, early in the evening. I wrote out a fair copy, with some conjectural emendations which foreign telegraph operators made necessary, and went with it to the *Daily News* office.

Mr. Robinson had gone home and Mr. Hill had not come in. I asked to see the editor in charge, and I handed him the despatch. He knew but very imperfectly the agreement we had come to, and he did not know at all what to make of the despatch. He asked more than once if I meant to say that it had come by telegraph. I assured him it had. "The whole of it?" "Yes, the whole of it." He was incredulous. He remarked that it was not written on telegraphic forms. I told him I had myself copied it from the forms. He was perfectly polite, but he evidently wanted to see the forms; and as, anticipating some such question, I had brought them with me, I produced them. He looked at them as if I had produced a transcript from an Assyrian tablet. Finally he said he thought he might go so far as to have the despatch put in type, and Mr. Hill would determine what should be done with it. I had done my part, and I left. I confess I opened the *Daily News* next morning with curiosity. There was the despatch, and there was, moreover, a leading editorial, rather longer, I believe, than the despatch, commenting on it, and inviting the attention of the reader to this novel, and indeed entirely unprecedented, piece of enterprise in European war news.

From that time on there was no further question in Mr. Robinson's mind as to the value of the alliance with the *Tribune*. Despatches poured in. We were admirably served by the men we had with the French and German armies, and during that memorable six weeks which ended with the battle of Sedan the *Tribune* in New York and the *Daily News* in London were far ahead of all other journals. So much was admitted. From the beginning the alliance was useful to us for the reasons given above, but for a considerable time it was, if I may say so, still more useful to our partner. With the exception of the account of the battle of Gravelotte, the larger part of the war news was ours, and the system was ours. Mr. Robinson was a very capable man, but it took time to get his forces into working order. The time which other London managers required was still longer. In the end we profited largely by the service which Mr. Robinson created. We, at any rate, were well satisfied with the results of the alliance as a whole. It came to an end before the war was over,

but for reasons which had nothing to do with its efficiency, and we parted on friendly terms. I do not think it will be denied that during those few months the position of the *Daily News* had greatly improved. Its circulation had increased. Its reputation had increased. The public is quick to discover which paper has the earliest and best intelligence. Its rivals are quicker still, and were forced to follow the example set them.

There is a great deal more to be said, but to-day I will describe only two events, both of which created no little sensation in their time. The first has to do with Sedan. The battle which was followed by the surrender of Sedan took place on Thursday, September 1st. It was not known in London till about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, when, or a little later, the London papers issued extra editions to announce it. At five o'clock that afternoon Mr. Holt White, who had witnessed the battle from the Prussian headquarters, arrived in London. He had instructions, in case of a great battle, not to wait to write out his account, but to make at once for the nearest telegraph office, telegraph if he could, and if not, come to London direct. He had left the Prussian headquarters when the battle was over, slept at Chevange, ridden next morning through the lines or outposts of three armies—Prussian, French, and Belgian—and reached Brussels, whence he expected to wire on his despatch, still unwritten. Going to the head telegraph office in Brussels, he was met by a point-blank refusal to accept the first brief message he handed in, announcing the total defeat of the French. It was not known in Brussels, it was not believed by the Belgian officials, and Mr. White was threatened with arrest as an impostor or spy. Escaping this peril, he took the first train to Calais, crossed the strait by special steamer, and came by special train to London, arriving more dead than alive, with his account still to be written. He began almost at once, and wrote till long past midnight. As his handwriting was not easily legible and time was precious, I copied sheet by sheet as he wrote, and my manuscript, with which the cable operators were familiar, was sent off in batches to the chief cable office in the city. The whole account, six columns long, was lodged in time for transmission to New York for next morning's paper. But

there happened to be a break on the New Brunswick land lines. The result was that the *Tribune* received and printed next morning (Sunday) about one-third of the whole, as much more on Monday, and the remainder on Tuesday, when it published the whole. It was not till Tuesday that any London morning paper had any account from any special correspondent. Mr. White had outstripped his competitors by three days. He supplemented his story of the battle by an account of a conversation with Prince Bismarck four days before the battle, setting forth the Iron Chancellor's views as to the conditions of peace.

Meantime our correspondent with the French army inside Sedan, a French officer, M. Méjanel, arrived. He had been a prisoner of war, had escaped, and reached London Tuesday afternoon—a brilliant performance. His account of the battle from the French side, four columns long, went by cable that evening to New York, and was printed in the *Tribune* Wednesday morning, one day later than Mr. White's from the Prussian point of view. That is, I imagine, without precedent in the history of journalism. The battles in which a great empire went down had been fought 3000 miles away from New York, and within five days from the surrender of Napoleon, full and vivid narratives of the whole had appeared in the *Tribune*, filling ten columns of that paper. Nor was that all. On the same day had been published four or five columns from the *Tribune* correspondents in Paris, describing the fall of the Empire, the proclamation of the Republic, and the formation of the Provisional Government. The *Tribunes* of Tuesday and Wednesday were, as Mr. Greeley said, "mighty interesting reading." Altogether, our special cable despatches printed from Sunday to Wednesday, inclusive, exceeded sixteen columns, and as cable rates were then much higher than now, there was a very pretty bill to pay.

The other event relates to the surrender of Metz, which took place October 27th. A young German-American, Mr. Gustav Müller, had come to me some time before with a letter from Wendell Phillips, and I had sent him to the Prussians outside Metz. Upon the surrender, he made his way into the city and out of it,

and came to London with the first, and for a long time the only, account of the capitulation, and of the state of things in the city and within the French lines, all extremely well done. It was cabled to New York, and published the same morning in the *Tribune* and in the *Daily News* in London. Next morning the *Times* copied it in full, saying—I quote from memory—"We are indebted to the *Daily News* for the following excellent account of the surrender of Metz, and we congratulate our contemporary on the enterprise and ability of its correspondent." That also was without precedent, and such a tribute from the *Times* made no little stir in the world of journalism. It is to be understood, of course, that both the *Tribune* and the *Daily News* regarded all these despatches and letters as common property, and neither credited them or any of them to the other. Very soon there grew up a legend about this Metz narrative. It was attributed to Mr. Archibald Forbes. No higher compliment could be paid to it or to its author. Mr. Forbes's renown was then in its early growth, but he was already widely known alike for the solidity and brilliancy and military value of his writing, and for his almost matchless energy in the field. He had nothing whatever to do with this Metz despatch, but it is no wonder that outsiders credited him with a particularly good and difficult piece of work. *On ne prête qu'aux riches.*

The sequel is an unravelled and probably impenetrable mystery. Mr. Gustav Müller was naturally elated with his success, and willing, I made no doubt, to repeat it. I asked him to return to his post at once; gave him, as was usual, a large sum of money; we said good-by, and he walked out of the office in Pall Mall. From that day to this I have never heard of nor from him. He vanished utterly into space. As he had every inducement to continue his career, I always supposed, and still suppose, that he was either shot in some skirmish, or murdered by some of the plundering bands always hanging on the rear of an army. The inquiries made at the time came to nothing, and it is too late to expect the secret to disclose itself, but I should still be much obliged to anybody who could give me a clue to the fate of Gustav Müller.

STEP-BROTHERS TO DIVES.
A MORAL WITHOUT A STORY.

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

I.

"THERE must be a limit to charity." Henry Benedict's long white fingers smoothed his little pointed beard reflectively as he said it. "And the limit, in this case, is set by the collection-box."

Self-satisfaction is God's best gift to man, and Henry Benedict's plentiful endowment in this direction showed itself perhaps too plainly in his face. A lawyer of thirty-two, with a select though slender clientage, backed by an agreeable certainty in the shape of an inherited income, ten years more would place him in the list of "representative citizens." Also, he was a bachelor, which is God's best gift to woman. To insure him still more of divine and human favor, he was a man both religious and charitable, a warden of St. Emily's Church, with an interest in his poorer brethren only curbed by a judicious determination that his poorer brethren should not impose on him. This unusual combination of the qualities of a kind heart and a hard head had made him the unanimous choice when St. Emily's wanted a treasurer for its newly formed Indigent Relief Society. To-day an unfulfilled threat of rain had kept from the weekly meeting all but the reverend president, the secretary, the treasurer, and one other member, to whom he emphatically repeated, "There is a limit to charity."

"But this is such a needy case," said Pattie Lejeune, pleadingly.

Reflectiveness left Mr. Benedict's fingers for his face as he narrowed his gaze to hers. "Did you say a deserving case?" he asked.

"No," said Miss Lejeune, crisply, "I didn't. I said needy, which is our chief concern."

There was really only one thing to be said for Pattie Lejeune, Henry Benedict had long ago decided, and that was that she was pretty. For her name, it was some such atrocity as Patricia or Cleopatra, on which even the namby-pamby "Pattie" was an improvement; for her estate, she was poor, and had a cheerfully frank way of alluding to the subject, which seemed almost indelicate, and certainly painful, to a person who

could do nothing to help it; for her character, he had heard it whispered in the Society—had even seen it proved in her own actions—that she was "injudicious" and indiscriminate in giving. Not all the dimples and devotion in the world could palliate this one sin, not all the inexperience and enthusiasm could excuse it, in Henry Benedict's eyes; and, the prejudice extending even to her proteges, he tried hard not to feel a sneaking sense of satisfaction at the rector's regretful words:

"We can't do anything this week, Miss Lejeune, I'm afraid. You just heard Mr. Benedict say that the past week's coal and provision bills have swallowed up all the ready cash, and we've cases ahead to swallow up all we are likely to get for a month to come."

"But a special appeal?" Miss Lejeune insinuated. "You remember that case last month—the church raised fifty dollars, and the family was not nearly so badly off as mine, and the husband drank, whereas mine"—she stopped in some confusion, while the effort to hide a smile went round, then continued, courageously—"hasn't touched a drop in ten years."

Undoubtedly Pattie Lejeune was very young. After it had been explained to her that two purses of fifty dollars each are not wrung out of the same church within a month's space, and Mrs. Montgomery, the secretary, had turned the empty treasury-box upside down in expressive answer to her hesitating "But haven't we actually—" the meeting broke up.

We may know a thing for a lifetime and not realize it till some sudden luminous moment. This is pre-eminently true of a man's realization of a woman's beauty. Henry Benedict, returning through the dusk for a forgotten account-book, had been aware for a year or more that Pattie Lejeune carried about with her a tumbled mass of shining hair, a pair of dark gray eyes like mountain lakes, and a complexion in which a faint suggestion of rose deepened or departed entirely in captivating dependency upon what was said to her. But his first distinct realization of it, together with his first sincere regret that she should not be more dis-

criminating in her charity, came when he saw her standing in discouraged irresolution on the steps of the parish building.

"What did you say was the name of your case?" he asked, unwillingly.

"Nawson—No. 119 Penn Street, back garret. They've no food, no fire, and everything in pawn except the children. If you could see for yourself, Mr. Benedict—" She broke off rather lamely: "I never saw a needier case."

"Don't you think, though, that they could get along with less than fifty dollars?" He was struggling valiantly with his prejudice against the insatiable Nawsons.

"They're doing that now"—with a gleam of humor. "Of course it wouldn't take fifty dollars to help them out of their present troubles; it *would* take that much to *keep* them out, as we did with that other poor family—to give them a little freedom from the racking uncertainty as to where to-morrow's bread will come from—have any of us ever felt that, Mr. Benedict?—and the unaccustomed luxury of having enough. That's the difference between living somehow and living. But we seldom see it so; less than enough is as good as a feast—for our step-brother Lazarus."

Then it was that Henry Benedict and Pattie Lejeune were both surprised at some words which seemed to utter themselves, choosing the treasurer of the Indigent Relief Society as their mouth-piece: "While Dives fares sumptuously every day—true enough. Maybe I'll look up your Nawsons; then we shall see what we shall see."

With which dark prophecy he turned with some words of good-night greeting, for which he was wholly responsible this time, and purposely waited in the darkness to take the car which did *not* swallow up the shabby, stylish little hat and mackintosh which enveloped all that was earthly and heavenly of Miss Pattie Lejeune.

II.

"Our step-brother Lazarus!"

Pattie Lejeune's witty words (he was beginning to think her witty, which is the first position for— But that has nothing to do with the subject) haunted Benedict with unpleasant pertinacity as he toiled down three flights of sunken, splintered stairs, which the wavering streaks of light from a forlorn candle

end on the window-sill showed fairly polished with the accumulated grease and grime of years. The ménage Nawson, at the top of flight three, had given him a sense of mental and moral nausea as unaccustomed as unwelcome. He was wont to permit himself no profitless sentimentalities in his charitable visits; either the case was undeserving and to be ignored, or it was deserving, and then something could be done about it. To-day his soul sickened in him at a new and horrifying realization that nothing, in the wider sense, *could* be done; that the undeservingness of the case, so far from dismissing the problem, but pressed it harder; that when he had given the coal-ticket or basket of provisions or settled the month's rent for even the deserving one, the next month brought the same need of the same charity to the same person; and that if he bestowed all his goods on the poor and gave his body to be burned, it was nothing, for there would still be unhelpt, unreached, unknown thousands to carry out this same ghastly mockery of existence.

Mrs. Nawson, consumptive, sad-eyed, but cleaner than might have been expected, with the latest baby (there always was a latest) sucking, with a face of wan contentment, at the empty bottle given him "to quiet his worriting"; Mary Nawson, sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued, dingily pretty, whom her mother bemoaned as having "no chance to come to any good"; the children, six of them, squalid, scrawny, hungry-faced; and Tim Nawson himself, "the indirect cause of all this misery," thought Benedict, grimly—really he was getting as caustic as Miss Lejeune—bowed and stolid, doomed at forty-two, by a slow gray film creeping over his eyes, which meant that his seeing and working days were numbered—were none of them more pitiful "cases" (a sudden loathing for the word arose in him) than dozens of others that he had encountered. This very fact, however, only made matters worse. It was monstrous, it was infamous, that human beings should live in this repellent destitution and dreariness and vice; in the moment's poignant distress it did not comfort him to think that he was not one of the human beings. Suppose it were his blood-brother, or Pattie Lejeune—or, of course, any other girl—would he suffer it? He a churchwarden—warden of what, if not these

sheep which "fainted, and were scattered abroad, as having no shepherd"?

In the same breath with these thoughts it was no surprise to meet Miss Lejeune in the doorway. Scarce giving her time for a bewildered explanation of her presence—"I brought some things for them from home"—and vouchsafing none for his, he blurted out, taking great gulps of the cold air as it blew fresh across the threshold: "See here, Miss Lejeune. I'll give you that fifty dollars—check or cash, whichever you say."

The gladness which he guessed at but could not see in her face crept into her voice in a delighted little quiver: "Oh, Mr. Benedict, I felt you would!"

"More than I felt," thought Benedict to himself, with a smile, as he waited in the vestibule for her descent, having found fresh proof of her injudiciousness in the fact that she had not only come there alone in the dark, but expected to return unattended also. Speculations—idle, of course, perfectly idle—came up in his mind as to whether such injudiciousness did not require some man, of unformulated identity, to look after it. "Certainly he would see her home;" and would most inconsistently have forgiven her lack of judgment in inviting him inside, which she did not do. All the way thither they talked Nawson, Benedict characteristically insisting that Miss Lejeune dispense only half the money to her protégés, reserving the other twenty-five until after that was gone.

"So large a sum might dazzle them, you know."

"I know it would dazzle *me*," interpolated Pattie; whereat Benedict winced, and continued:

"There would be every temptation to thriftlessness."

Just why Miss Lejeune smiled to herself so suddenly in answer to this was so interesting a problem to Benedict that when, with head down-bent, he stumbled into a crowd of gazers before a newspaper bulletin-board, he would not have looked up but for the casual remark of one man:

"Great, that about the Traders' National, isn't it?"

A cold fear, of a kind he had never felt before, palsied Benedict's tongue. In the widely known and trusted Traders' National Bank of the neighboring country town wherein he had been born and bred lay the snug little income that he

owed to a father's thrift. Fear pricked his imagination to outrun his eyes, and in the second before the staring letters on the board formed themselves into intelligible words, he had seen himself plucked bare by fortune of all but the paltry stipend his incidental clients brought him; pinched, debt-ridden, worn threadbare in soul and body in the effort to keep them together. "A step-brother to Dives indeed," he thought, with a dull sickness at his heart, as a swift startled glance upward confirmed his fears.

The Traders' National had failed.

III.

"DEAR MISS LEJEUNE,—I am sure you will understand my position and my regret when I tell you that I am obliged to recall the promise which I made you of a check—"

This and a number of interesting variations on it lay strewn on Henry Benedict's office table the next morning. As with all the others, a frown and a disdainful flick of the finger cut it short at this stage of completion.

"Mustn't use up paper at this rate, now I'm a pauper," muttered Benedict, who did not look as if he and Morpheus were on very good terms. "Here goes positively the last attempt:

"MY DEAR MISS LEJEUNE,—A sudden change in my financial affairs, necessitating ready money—

"Pshaw! I can't do it, and have her think me mean. Besides, they need fifty dollars more than I do. You needn't call yourself a pauper, Henry Benedict, or anything near so foolish; you've enough to live on, by strict economy and giving up nearly everything you care for (wonder if that's how Pattie Lejeune does?) and your step-brothers haven't. 'For with such sacrifices God is well pleased;' yes, that fifty will do them too much good and me too little for me to back out now."

The result was that two ten-dollar bills and a five were sent that morning in a registered letter to Miss Lejeune's address, and the church-warden of St. Emily's then set himself to the forlorn and unaccustomed task of retrenchment. For two or three days he kept unwontedly strict hours at his snug little office, and realized as never before how few and far between were the profitable visitors therein; for two or three days he realized as never before the difficulty of drawing a hard and fast line be-

tween luxuries and necessities. It would be a dismal joke, he reflected, if Miss Le— if the members of the Indigent Relief Society could know the reluctance with which car rides, restaurant dinners, bou-tonnieres, magazines, theatres, and so forth, were relegated to the former class by the prudent and judicious Henry Benedict. After half a week spent in industrious study of the sweet uses of adversity, an idea struck him. He would treat himself to a luxury which cost nothing—go down to the Nawsons of Penn Street, and see how they were getting along, now that their miseries had been alleviated by the gift which he had never regretted after it once had left his hand. And possibly Pattie Lejeune— But nonsense; she didn't live there.

The same crooked, evil-smelling halls, the same treacherous staircases, the same dispirited thumb's-end of candle to light them; but the thought of one "good deed in a naughty world," of which he was the author, put buoyancy into Benedict's step. By the enforced self-denial of the past few days he could dimly guess at the slow consuming bitterness of an existence thus leaden-weighted by poverty.

"Fifty dollars well spent," he murmured—then stopped, surprised, before the door of the Nawson domicile. Through the crack came jerky sounds from some sort of instrument of torture which drowned his polite rap. He pushed open the door and walked in unheard. The room's only occupant was a small sharp-faced Nawson, who, seated in front of a dilapidated harmonium, clawed out of the dingy keys something sufficiently approximating music to make her throw back her head in an open-mouthed ecstasy which completed an already pronounced resemblance to a young bird.

"St. Cecilia," thought Benedict, with a twist of the mouth. Travelling round the room, his quick eye noted no improvement on the dirt and squalor and disorder save a few gaudy fans tricked out in tinsel and ribbons, which brightened the smeary walls. But—

"What are these?"

He asked it out loud in his astonishment. From the shelf of the one broken-down bureau the whole Nawson family grinned impudently at his discomfiture from a row of imperial-sized photographs—Nawson in a glory of apparel which he was some moments in discovering to be shed by

gorgeous hats of lace and velvet which nodded over the heads of the feminine representation of the family, who smirked in self-satisfaction which apparently took no cognizance of the sharp contrast between this sleazy finery and the forlorn habiliments of the rest of their persons.

The spiderlike figure darted off the piano-stool to his side. "Phuttergraphs," she explained, happily. "Ain't they grand? We all got 'em the day we got our new hats and—"

The glib tongue stopped as a vision of pink and white and blue grace appeared in the doorway—Pattie Lejeune in a gown of fur-trimmed blue. A swift forward motion of surprise when she saw him, a backward step as swift and surprised when she caught sight of the gallery of grinning faces, and she gasped out his own question—

"Why, what are these?"

"These are phuttergraphs," said he, grimly. He hated himself for the mean little feeling of triumph which flared up, to die forever, as Pattie Lejeune, her quick woman's eye taking in the situation, did a thing which he had always dimly felt she did on critical occasions—put her hands up to her face and burst into tears.

Benedict called himself a fool, prefacing it with a most unchurchwardenly adjective, and then proceeded to prove it by kneeling on the dirty floor—yes, actually kneeling, and to Miss Lejeune—and completing his self-analysis by telling her that he was a brute and she mustn't cry. Her distressed sobs did not cease, however, until the sound of steps at the door made him hastily resume the normal attitude of the human biped. The rest of the Nawsons trooped jubilantly in, Nawson *père* at their head, a pitcher in his hand, whose contents, all too evident to the experienced nostrils of the two members of the Indigent Relief Society, suggested that his ten years' abstinence had been broken.

"Where's your wife?" asked Pattie Lejeune, sharply. She seemed suddenly to have become mistress of ceremonies.

"Here, Miss Lejeune," said a guilty voice under a befeathered bonnet.

"What does this mean—the harmonium, and—and everything? Is your rent paid? How much have you spent?"

She poured out the questions in an indignant volley, her great gray eyes compelling something like shame into her

protégée's tones as she answered, deprecatingly:

"'Twas such a bargain, Miss Lejeune, dear, and Katie crazy to learn to play. Only two dollars and a half. Then after we'd paid an instalment on the rent—three-fifty we give Mr. Casey, and he was very obliging, and said it would do for a week or two—you could see for yourself, Miss Lejeune, we needed some clothes."

"But not such clothes," said Pattie.

"Seems to me you've got fur on yourself, miss," said Tim Nawson, roughly.

This was too much. Ingratitude and thriftlessness were always to be expected of the poor, but when it came to impudence it was time to assert one's self, and Henry Benedict asserted himself in a brief speech whose clemency surprised even himself. He reminded them that some one had worked, and saved, and perhaps denied himself for the money they were throwing away with criminal thoughtlessness, and asked them what they expected to do for food and coal and clothing during the coming month or two, when the exercise of thrift would have left them well provided. And all through his speech he himself was listening to a counter-sermon which spoke eloquently from the beady eyes of Mary Nawson, the sullen, resentful ones of her half-tipsy father, and from the limpid eyes of Pattie Lejeune alike.

"By what right," asked the tormenting voice, choosing its phrases out of the current cant of socialism, whose logic was abhorrent to him as a lawyer and whose ethics as a pietist—"do you reserve for yourself the human longing for purple and fine linen and sumptuous fare, and find fault with your brothers, cast in the same mould, for gratifying the same longing when the lifetime's chance comes for them to do it? 'Thrift?' Where should they learn it, and why? Other people's money is all they get, and when this is gone they will either get more, or else will be no worse off in hunger and wretchedness than before, and the better for this brief snatch at the good things of life, which Lazarus never learns to leave sacred to Dives."

"They might all died, like my little Janey did, and me have no picture to remember 'em by," said Mrs. Nawson, in self-palliation at this juncture. "And you see for yourself, sir, what an air the melodeon gives the room."

Pattie Lejeune looked penitence for a sudden irrepressible smile, and Benedict saw himself more clearly than ever a callous, unsympathetic wretch without imagination—"By Jove! not so much as these poor creatures have"—and Miss Lejeune—yes, positively she was an angel.

The pathos of the whole thing, and the hopelessness of the problem involved, smote him, together with a dim sense of some humor lurking in the situation, and when on the way home that unhappy young philanthropist informed him with tragic emphasis that the Nawsons had held a party the night before, and enjoyed for once the pleasures of having hospitality to dispense, he actually smiled before quietly remarking,

"They will never forget this week, I suppose."

"I sha'n't, I'm sure," said the angel, with downcast eyes, which sought the ground still more diligently when Benedict observed, with something like fervor, that he didn't want to forget it, and then left her, to go home to a lonely meal in a cheap eating-house.

The next day Pattie Lejeune, sitting in subdued and red-eyed meditation on her extreme injudiciousness, received a twenty-five-dollar check enclosed in a note signed "H. B.," which informed her with businesslike brevity that here was the balance of the fund held in trust for the Nawsons, and added, with a mildness which brought a twinkle into the still tearful eyes, "I think, however, it would be best for you to buy the supplies and attend to the other expenditure of the amount." Whereupon Miss Lejeune's remarks, if reported, would indicate that she was not the only angel in the world.

Then, after the Traders' National had, with a delightfully unexpected promptness, recommenced making payments, and the members of the Indigent Relief Society had become accustomed to the shock of seeing their treasurer hurry through his notes and accounts that he might walk home with Miss Lejeune, Henry Benedict conducted her to her door on one of these occasions, and instead of ringing the bell said, "Miss Lejeune!" and finding no objection raised to that remark, went on, with unwonted nervousness:

"I want you to become a step-sister—"

"To Dives? That's just what I am."

"No, to Lazarus—by marriage."

MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Fourth Part.

XIII.

I MUST have lingered in Boston for the introduction to Hawthorne which Lowell had offered me, for when it came, with a little note of kindness and counsel for myself such as only Lowell had the gift of writing, it was already so near Sunday that I staid over till Monday before I started. I do not recall what I did with the time, except keep myself from making it a burden to the people I knew, and wandering about the city alone. Nothing of it remains to me except the fortune that favored me that Sunday night with a view of the old Granary Burying-ground on Tremont Street. I found the gates open, and I explored every path in the place, wreaking myself in such meagre emotion as I could get from the tomb of the Franklin family, and rejoicing with the whole soul of my Western modernity in the evidence of a remote antiquity which so many of the dim inscriptions afforded. I do not think that I have ever known anything practically older than these monuments, though I have since supped so full of classic and mediæval ruin. I am sure that I was more deeply touched by the epitaph of a poor little Puritan maiden who died at sixteen in the early sixteen-thirties than by the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and that the heartache which I tried to put into verse when I got back to my room in the hotel was none the less genuine because it would not lend itself to my literary purpose, and remains nothing but pathos to this day.

I am not able to say how I reached the town of Lowell, where I went before going to Concord, that I might ease the unhappy conscience I had about those factories which I hated so much to see, and have it clean for the pleasure of meeting the fabricator of visions whom I was authorized to molest in any air-castle where I might find him. I only know that I went to Lowell, and visited one of the great mills, which with their whirring spools, the ceaseless flight of their shuttles, and the bewildering sight and sound of all their mechanism have since seemed to me the death of the joy that ought to

come from work, if not the captivity of those who tended them. But then I thought it right and well for me to be standing by,

"With sick and scornful looks averse,"

while these others toiled; I did not see the tragedy in it, and I got my pitiful literary antipathy away as soon as I could, no wiser for the sight of the ingenious contrivances I inspected, and I am sorry to say no sadder. In the cool of the evening I sat at the door of my hotel, and watched the long files of the work-worn factory-girls stream by, with no concern for them but to see which was pretty and which was plain, and with no dream of a truer order than that which gave them ten hours' work a day in those hideous mills and lodged them in the barracks where they rested from their toil.

XIV.

I wonder if there is a stage that still runs between Lowell and Concord, past meadow walls, and under the caressing boughs of way-side elms, and through the bird-haunted gloom of woodland roads, in the freshness of the summer morning? By a blessed chance I found that there was such a stage in 1860, and I took it from my hotel, instead of going back to Boston and up to Concord as I must have had to do by train. The journey gave me the intimacy of the New England country as I could have had it in no other fashion, and for the first time I saw it in all the summer sweetness which I have often steeped my soul in since. The meadows were newly mown, and the air was fragrant with the grass, stretching in long winrows among the brown boulders, or capped with canvas in the little haystacks it had been gathered into the day before. I was fresh from the affluent farms of the Western Reserve, and this care of the grass touched me with a rude pity, which I also bestowed on the meagre fields of corn and wheat; but still the land was lovelier than any I had ever seen, with its old farm-houses, and brambled gray stone walls, its stony hill-sides, its staggering orchards, its wooded

tops, and its thick-bracken valleys. From West to East the difference was as great as I afterwards found it from America to Europe, and my impression of something quaint and strange was no keener when I saw Old England the next year than when I saw New England now. I had imagined the landscape bare of trees, and I was astonished to find it almost as full of them as at home, though they all looked very little, as they well might to eyes used to the primeval forests of Ohio. The road ran through them from time to time, and took their coolness on its smooth hard reaches, and then issued again in the glisten of the open fields.

I made phrases to myself about the scenery as we drove along; and yes, I suppose I made phrases about the young girl who was one of the inside passengers, and who, when the common strangeness had somewhat worn off, began to sing, and sang most of the way to Concord. Perhaps she was not very sage, and I am sure she was not of the caste of Vere de Vere, but she was pretty enough, and she had a voice of a birdlike tunableness, so that I would not have her out of the memory of that pleasant journey if I could. She was long ago an elderly woman, if she lived, and I suppose she would not now point out her fellow-passenger if he strolled in the evening by the house where she had dismounted, upon her arrival in Concord, and laugh and pull another girl away from the window, in the high excitement of the prodigious adventure.

XV.

Her fellow-passenger was in far other excitement; he was to see Hawthorne, and in a manner to meet Priscilla and Zenobia, and Hester Prynne and little Pearl, and Miriam and Hilda, and Hollingsworth and Coverdale, and Chillingworth and Dimmesdale, and Donatello and Kenyon; and he had no heart for any such poor little reality as that, who could not have been got into any story that one could respect, and must have been difficult even in a Heinesque poem.

I wasted that whole evening and the next morning in fond delaying, and it was not until after the indifferent dinner I got at the tavern where I stopped, that I found courage to go and present Lowell's letter to Hawthorne. I would almost have foregone meeting the weird genius only

to have kept that letter, for it said certain infinitely precious things of me with such a sweetness, such a grace as Lowell alone could give his praise. Years afterwards, when Hawthorne was dead, I met Mrs. Hawthorne, and told her of the pang I had in parting with it, and she sent it me, doubly enriched by Hawthorne's keeping. But now if I were to see him at all I must give up my letter, and I carried it in my hand to the door of the cottage he called The Wayside. It was never otherwise than a very modest place, but the modesty was greater then than to-day, and there was already some preliminary carpentry at one end of the cottage, which I saw was to result in an addition to it. I recall pleasant fields across the road before it; behind rose a hill wooded with low pines, such as is made in Septimius Felton the scene of the involuntary duel between Septimius and the young British officer. I have a sense of the woods coming quite down to the house, but if this was so I do not know what to do with a grassy slope which seems to have stretched part way up the hill. As I approached, I looked for the tower which the author was fabled to climb into at sight of the coming guest, and pull the ladder up after him; and I wondered whether he would fly before me in that sort, or imagine some easier means of escaping me.

The door was opened to my ring by a tall handsome boy whom I suppose to have been Mr. Julian Hawthorne; and the next moment I found myself in the presence of the romancer, who entered from some room beyond. He advanced carrying his head with a heavy forward droop, and with a pace for which I decided that the word would be *pondering*. It was the pace of a bulky man of fifty, and his head was that beautiful head we all know from the many pictures of it. But Hawthorne's *look* was different from that of any picture of him that I have seen. It was sombre and brooding, as the look of such a poet should have been; it was the look of a man who had dealt faithfully and therefore sorrowfully with that problem of evil which forever attracted, forever evaded Hawthorne. It was by no means troubled; it was full of a dark repose. Others who knew him better and saw him oftener were familiar with other aspects, and I remember that one night at Longfellow's table, when one



THE GRANARY BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON.

of the guests happened to speak of the photograph of Hawthorne which hung in a corner of the room, Lowell said, after a glance at it, "Yes, it's good; but it hasn't his fine *accipitral* look."

In the face that confronted me, however, there was nothing of keen alertness; but only a sort of quiet, patient intelligence, for which I seek the right word in vain. It was a very regular face, with beautiful eyes; the mustache, still entirely dark, was dense over the fine mouth. Hawthorne was dressed in black, and he had a certain effect which I remember, of seeming to have on a black cravat with no visible collar. He was such a man that if I had ignorantly met him anywhere I should have instantly felt him to be a personage.

I must have given him the letter myself, for I have no recollection of parting with it before, but I only remember his offering me his hand, and making me shyly and tentatively welcome. After a

few moments of the demoralization which followed his hospitable attempts in me, he asked if I would not like to go up on his hill with him and sit there, where he smoked in the afternoon. He offered me a cigar, and when I said that I did not smoke, he lighted it for himself, and we climbed the hill together. At the top, where there was an outlook in the pines over the Concord meadows, we found a log, and he invited me to a place on it beside him, and at intervals of a minute or so he talked while he smoked. Heaven preserved me from the folly of trying to tell him how much his books had been to me, and though we got on rapidly at no time, I think we got on better for this interposition. He asked me about Lowell, I dare say, for I told him of my joy in meeting him and Dr. Holmes, and this seemed greatly to interest him. Perhaps because he was so lately from Europe, where our great men are always seen through the wrong end of the tel-

escope, he appeared surprised at my devotion, and asked me whether I cared as much for meeting them as I should care for meeting the famous English authors. I professed that I cared much more, though whether this was true, I now have my doubts, and I think Hawthorne doubted it at the time. But he said nothing in comment, and went on to speak generally of Europe and America. He was curious as to the West, which he seemed to fancy much more purely American, and said he would like to see some part of the country on which the shadow, or, if I must be precise, the damned shadow, of Europe had not fallen. I told him I thought the West must finally be characterized by the Germans, whom we had in great numbers, and, purely from my zeal for German poetry, I tried to allege some proofs of their present influence, though I could think of none outside of politics, which I thought they affected wholesomely. I knew Hawthorne was a Democrat, and I felt it well to touch politics lightly, but he had no more to say about the fateful

election then pending than Holmes or Lowell had.

With the abrupt transition of his talk throughout, he began somehow to speak of women, and said he had never seen a woman whom he thought quite beautiful. In the same way he spoke of the New England temperament, and suggested that the apparent coldness in it was also real, and that the suppression of emotion for generations would extinguish it at last. Then he questioned me as to my knowledge of Concord, and whether I had seen any of the notable people. I answered that I had met no one but himself, as yet, but I very much wished to see Emerson and Thoreau. I did not think it needful to say that I wished to see Thoreau quite as much because he had suffered in the cause of John Brown as because he had written the books which had taken me; and when he said that Thoreau prided himself on coming nearer the heart of a pine-tree than any other human being, I could say honestly enough that I would rather come near the heart of a man.

This visibly pleased him, and I saw that it did not displease him, when he asked whether I was not going to see his next neighbor Mr. Alcott, and I confessed that I had never heard of him. That surprised as well as pleased him; he remarked, with whatever intention, that there was nothing like recognition to make a man modest; and he entered into some account of the philosopher, whom I suppose I need not be much ashamed of not knowing then, since his influence was of the immediate sort that makes a man important to his townsmen while he is still strange to his countrymen.

Hawthorne descanted a little upon the landscape, and said certain of the pleasant fields below us belonged to him; but he preferred his hill-top, and if he could have his way those arable fields should be grown up to pines too. He smoked fitfully, and



HAWTHORNE.

slowly, and in the hour that we spent together, his whiffs were of the desultory and unfinal character of his words. When we went down, he asked me into his house again, and would have me stay to tea, for which we found the table laid. But there was a great deal of silence in it all, and at times, in spite of his shadowy kindness, I felt my spirits sink. After tea, he showed me a bookcase, where there were a few books toppling about on the half-filled shelves, and said, coldly, "This is my library." I knew that men were his books, and though I myself cared for books so much, I found it fit and fine that he should care so little, or seem to care so little. Some of

his own romances were among the volumes on these shelves, and when I put my finger on the *Blithedale Romance* and said that I preferred that to the others, his face lighted up, and he said that he believed the Germans liked that best too.

Upon the whole we parted such good friends that when I offered to take leave he asked me how long I was to be in Concord, and not only bade me come to see him again, but said he would give me a card to Emerson, if I liked. I answered, of course, that I should like it beyond all things; and he wrote on the back of his card something which I found, when I got away, to be, "I find this young man worthy." The quaintness, the little stiffness of it, if one pleases to call it so, was amusing to one who was not without his sense of humor, but the kindness filled him to the throat with joy. In fact, I entirely liked Hawthorne. He had been as cordial as so shy a man could show him-



LARCH WALK, WAYSIDE.

Trees planted by Hawthorne between Alcott's House and Wayside.

self; and I perceived, with the repose that nothing else can give, the entire sincerity of his soul.

Nothing could have been farther from the behavior of this very great man than any sort of posing, apparently, or a wish to affect me with a sense of his greatness. I saw that he was as much abashed by our encounter as I was; he was visibly shy to the point of discomfort, but in no ignoble sense was he conscious, and as nearly as he could with one so much his younger he made an absolute equality between us. My memory of him is without alloy one of the finest pleasures of my life. In my heart I paid him the same glad homage that I paid Lowell and Holmes, and he did nothing to make me think that I had overpaid him. This seems perhaps very little to say in his praise, but to my mind it is saying everything, for I have known but few great men, especially of those I met in early life, when I wished

to lavish my admiration upon them, whom I have not the impression of having left in my debt. Then, a defect of the Puritan quality, which I have found in many New-Englanders, is that, wittingly or unwittingly, they propose themselves to you as an example, or if not quite this, that they surround themselves with a subtle ether of potential disapprobation, in which, at the first sign of unworthiness in you, they helplessly suffer you to gasp and perish; they have good hearts, and they would probably come to your succor out of humanity, if they knew how, but they do not know how. Hawthorne had nothing of this about him; he was no more tacitly than he was explicitly didactic. I thought him as thoroughly in keeping with his romances as Dr. Holmes had seemed with his essays and poems, and I met him as I had met the Autocrat in the supreme hour of his fame. He had just given the world the last of those incomparable works which it was to have finished from his hand; the *Marble Faun* had worthily followed, at a somewhat longer interval than usual, the *Blithedale Romance*, and the *House of Seven Gables*, and the *Scarlet Letter*, and had perhaps carried his name higher than all the rest, and certainly farther. Everybody was reading it, and more or less bewailing its indefinite close, but yielding him that full honor and praise which a writer can hope for but once in his life. Nobody dreamed that thereafter only precious fragments, sketches more or less faltering, though all with the divine touch in them, were further to enrich a legacy which in its kind is the finest the race has received from any mind. We are always finding new Hawthornes, but the illusion soon wears away, and then we perceive that they were not Hawthornes at all; that he had some peculiar difference from them, which, by-and-by, we shall no doubt consent must be his difference from all men evermore.

I am painfully aware that I have not summoned before the reader the image of the man as it has always stood in my memory, and I feel a sort of shame for my failure. He was so altogether simple that it seems as if it would be easy to do so; but perhaps a spirit from the other world would be simple too, and yet would no more stand at parle, or consent to be sketched, than Hawthorne. In fact, he was always more or less merging into the shadow, which was in a few years wholly

to close over him; there was nothing uncanny in his presence, there was nothing even unwilling, but he had that apparitional quality of some great minds which kept Shakespeare largely unknown to those who thought themselves his intimates, and has at last left him a sort of doubt. There was nothing teasing or wilfully elusive in Hawthorne's impalpability, such as I afterward felt in Thoreau; if he was not there to your touch, it was no fault of his; it was because your touch was dull, and wanted the use of contact with such natures. The hand passes through the veridical phantom without a sense of its presence, but the phantom is none the less veridical for all that.

XVI.

I kept the evening of the day I met Hawthorne wholly for the thoughts of him, or rather for that reverberation which continues in the young senses and sensibilities after some important encounter. It must have been the next morning that I went to find Thoreau, and I am dimly aware of making one or two failures to find him, if I ever really found him at all.

He is an author who has fallen into that abeyance, awaiting all authors, great or small, at some time or another; but I think that with him, at least in regard to his most important book, it can be only transitory. I have not read the story of his hermitage beside Walden Pond since the year 1858, but I have a fancy that if I should take it up now, I should think it a wiser and truer conception of the world than I thought it then. It was no solution of the problem; men are not going to answer the riddle of the painful earth by building themselves shanties and living upon beans and watching ant-fights; but I do not believe Tolstoy himself has more clearly shown the hollowness, the hopelessness, the unworthiness of the life of the world than Thoreau did in that book. If it were newly written it could not fail of a far vaster acceptance than it had then, when to those who thought and felt seriously it seemed that if slavery could only be controlled, all things else would come right of themselves with us. Slavery has not only been controlled, but it has been destroyed, and yet things have not begun to come right with us; but it was in the order of Providence that chattel slavery should cease before industrial

slavery, and the infinitely crueler and stupider vanity and luxury bred of it, should be attacked. If there was then any prevision of the struggle now at hand, the seers averted their eyes, and strove only to cope with the less evil. Thoreau himself, who had so clear a vision of the falsity and folly of society as we still have it, threw himself into the tide that was already, in Kansas and Virginia, reddened with war; he aided and abetted the John Brown raid, I do not recall how much or in what sort; and he had suffered in prison for his opinions and actions. It was this inevitable heroism of his that, more than his literature even, made me wish to see him and revere him; and I do not believe that I should have found the veneration difficult, when at last I met him in his insufficient person, if he had otherwise been present to my glowing expectation. He came into the room a quaint, stump figure of a man, whose effect of long trunk and short limbs was heightened by his fashionless trousers being let down too low. He had a noble face, with tossed hair, a distraught eye, and a fine aquilinity of profile, which made me think at once of

Don Quixote and of Cervantes; but his nose failed to add that foot to his stature which Lamb says a nose of that shape will always give a man. He tried to place me geographically after he had given me a chair not quite so far off as Ohio, though still across the whole room, for he sat against one wall, and I against the other; but apparently he failed to pull himself out of his reverie by the effort, for he remained in a dreamy muse, which all my attempts to say something fit about John Brown and Walden Pond seemed only to deepen upon him. I have not the least doubt that I was needless and valueless about both, and that what I said could not well have prompted an important response; but I did my poor best, and I was terribly disappointed in the result. The truth is that in those days I was a helplessly concrete young person, and all forms of the abstract, the air-drawn, afflicted me like physical discomforts. I do not remember that Thoreau spoke of his books or of himself at all, and when he began to speak of John Brown, it was not the warm, palpable, loving, fearful old man of my conception, but a sort of John Brown type, a John Brown ideal, a



A NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE.



THOREAU.

John Brown principle, which we were somehow (with long pauses between the vague, orphic phrases) to cherish, and to nourish ourselves upon.

It was not merely a defeat of my hopes, it was a rout, and I felt myself so scattered over the field of thought that I could hardly bring my forces together for retreat. I must have made some effort, vain and foolish enough, to rematerialize my old demigod, but when I came away it was with the feeling that there was very little more left of John Brown than there was of me. His body was not mouldering in the grave, neither was his soul marching on; his ideal, his type, his principle alone existed, and I did not know what to do with it. I am not blaming Thoreau; his words were addressed to a far other understanding than mine, and it was my misfortune if I could not profit by them. I think, or I venture to hope, that I could profit better by them now; but in this record I am trying honestly to report their effect with the sort of youth I was then.

XVII.

Such as I was, I rather wonder that I had the courage, after this experiment of Thoreau, to present the card Hawthorne had given me to Emerson. I must have gone to him at once, however, for I can-

not make out any interval of time between my visit to the disciple and my visit to the master. I think it was Emerson himself who opened his door to me, for I have a vision of the fine old man standing tall on his threshold, with the card in his hand, and looking from it to me with a vague serenity, while I waited a moment on the door-step below him. He would then have been about sixty, but I remember nothing of age in his aspect, though I have called him an old man. His hair, I am sure, was still entirely dark, and his face had a kind of marble youthfulness, chiselled to a delicate intelligence by the highest and noblest thinking that any man has done. There was a strange charm in Emerson's eyes, which I felt then and always, something like that I saw in Lincoln's, but shyer, but sweeter and less sad. His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld, and the contour of the mask and the line of the profile were in keeping with this incomparable sweetness of the mouth, at once grave and quaint, though quaint is not quite the word for it either, but subtly, not unkindly arch, which again is not the word.

It was his great fortune to have been mostly misunderstood, and to have reached the dense intelligence of his fellow-men after a whole lifetime of perfectly simple and lucid appeal, and his countenance expressed the patience and forbearance of a wise man content to bide his time. It would be hard to persuade people now that Emerson once represented to the popular mind all that was most hopelessly impossible, and that in a certain sort he was a national joke, the type of the incomprehensible, the byword of the poor paragrapher. He had perhaps disabused the community somewhat by presenting himself here and there as a lecturer, and talking face to face with men in terms which they could not refuse to find as clear as they were wise; he was more and more read, by certain persons, here and there; but we are still so far behind him in the reach of his far-thinking that it need not be matter of wonder that twenty years before his death he was the most misunderstood man in America. Yet in that twilight where he dwelt he loomed large upon the imagination; the minds that could not conceive him were still aware of his greatness. I myself had not read much of him, but I knew the

essays he was printing in the Atlantic, and I knew certain of his poems, though by no means many; yet I had this sense of him, that he was somehow, beyond and above my ken, a presence of force and beauty and wisdom, unaccompanied in our literature. He had lately stooped from his ethereal heights to take part in the battle of humanity, and I suppose that if the truth were told he was more to my young fervor because he had said that John Brown had made the gallows glorious like the cross, than because he had uttered all those truer and wiser things which will still a hundred years hence be leading the thought of the world.

I do not know in just what sort he made me welcome, but I am aware of sitting with him in his study or library, and of his presently speaking of Hawthorne, whom I probably celebrated as I best could, and whom he praised for his personal excellence, and for his fine qualities as a neighbor. "But his last book," he added, reflectively, "is a mere mush," and I perceived that this great man was no better equipped to judge an artistic fiction than the groundlings who were then crying out upon the indefinite close of the *Marble Faun*. Apparently he had read it, as they had, for the story, but it seems to me now, if it did not seem to me then, that as far as the problem of evil was involved, the book must leave it where it found it. That is forever insoluble, and it was rather with that than with his more or less shadowy people that the romancer was concerned. Emerson had, in fact, a defective sense as to specific pieces of literature; he praised extravagantly, and in the wrong place, especially among the new things, and he failed to see the worth of much that was fine and precious beside the line of his fancy.

He began to ask me about the West, and about some unknown man in Michigan, who had been sending him poems, and whom he seemed to think very promising, though he has not apparently kept his word to do great things. I did not find what Emerson had to say of my section very accurate or important, though it was kindly enough, and just enough as to what the West ought to do in literature. He thought it a pity that a literary periodical which had lately been started in Cincinnati should be appealing to the East for contributions, instead of relying upon the writers nearer home; and he listened

with what patience he could to my modest opinion that we had not the writers nearer home. I never was of those Westerners who believed that the West was kept out of literature by the jealousy of the East, and I tried to explain why we had not the men to write that magazine full in Ohio. He alleged the man in Michigan as one who alone could do much to fill it worthily, and again I had to say that I had never heard of him.

I felt rather guilty in my ignorance, and I had a notion that it did not commend me, but happily at this moment Mr. Emerson was called to dinner, and he asked me to come with him. After dinner we walked about in his "pleached garden" a little, and then we came again into his library, where I meant to linger only till I could fitly get away. He questioned me about what I had seen of Concord, and



EMERSON.

whom besides Hawthorne I had met, and when I told him only Thoreau, he asked me if I knew the poems of Mr. William Henry Channing. I have known them since, and felt their quality, which I have gladly owned a genuine and original poetry; but I answered then truly that I knew them only from Poe's criticisms:

cruel and spiteful things which I should be ashamed of enjoying as I once did.

"Whose criticisms?" asked Emerson.

"Poe's," I said again.

"Oh," he cried out, after a moment, as if he had returned from a far search for my meaning, "*you mean the jingle-man!*"

I do not know why this should have put me to such confusion, but if I had written the criticisms myself I do not think I could have been more abashed. Perhaps I felt an edge of reproof, of admonition, in a characterization of Poe which the world will hardly agree with; though I do not agree with the world about him, myself, in its admiration. At any rate, it made an end of me for the time, and I remained as if already absent, while Emerson questioned me as to what I had written in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He had evidently read none of my contributions, for he looked at them, in the bound volume of the magazine which he got down, with the effect of being wholly strange to them, and then gravely affixed my initials to each. He followed me to the door, still speaking of poetry, and as he took a kindly enough leave of me, he said one might very well give a pleasant hour to it now and then.

A pleasant hour to poetry! I was meaning to give all time and all eternity to poetry, and I should by no means have

wished to find pleasure in it; I should have thought that a proof of inferior quality in the work; I should have preferred anxiety, anguish even, to pleasure. But if Emerson thought from the glance he gave my verses that I had better not lavish myself upon that kind of thing, unless there was a great deal more of me than I could have made apparent in our meeting, no doubt he was right. I was only too painfully aware of my shortcoming, but I felt that it was shortercoming than it need have been. I had somehow not prospered in my visit to Emerson as I had with Hawthorne, and I came away wondering in what sort I had gone wrong. I was not a forthputting youth, and I could not blame myself for anything that merited withholding in my approaches; indeed, I made no approaches; but as I must needs blame myself for something, I fell upon the fact that in my confused retreat from Emerson's presence I had failed in a certain slight point of ceremony, and I magnified this into an offence of capital importance. I went home to my hotel, and passed the afternoon in pure misery. I had moments of wild question when I debated whether it would be better to go back and own my error, or whether it would be better to write him a note, and try to set myself right in that way. But in the end I did neither, and I have since

survived my mortal shame some thirty-four years or more. But at the time it did not seem possible that I should live through the day with it, and I thought that I ought at least to go and confess it to Hawthorne, and let him disown the wretch who had so poorly repaid the kindness of his introduction by such misbehavior. I did indeed walk down by the Wayside, in the cool of the evening, and there I saw Hawthorne for the last time. He was sitting on one of the timbers beside his cottage, and smoking with an air of friendly calm. I had got on very well with



EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD.



HAWTHORNE'S COTTAGE—WAYSIDE.

him, and I longed to go in, and tell him how ill I had got on with Emerson; I believed that though he cast me off, he would understand me, and would perhaps see some hope for me in another world, though there could be none in this.

But I had not the courage to speak of the affair to any one but Fields, to whom I unpacked my heart when I got back to Boston, and he asked me about my adventures in Concord. By this time I could see it in a humorous light, and I did not much mind his lying back in his chair and laughing and laughing, till I thought he would roll out of it. He perfectly conceived the situation, and got an amusement from it that I could get only through sympathy with him. But I thought it a favorable moment to propose myself as the assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly, which I had the belief I could very well become, with advantage to myself if not to the magazine. He seemed to think so too; he said that if the place had not just been filled, I should certainly have had it; and it was to his recollection of this prompt ambition of mine that I suppose I may have owed my succession to a like vacancy some four

years later. He was charmingly kind; he entered with the sweetest interest into the story of my economic life, which had been full of changes and chances already. But when I said very seriously that now I was tired of these fortuities, and would like to be settled in something, he asked, with dancing eyes,

"Why, how old are you?"

"I am twenty-three," I answered, and then the laughing fit took him again.

"Well," he said, "you begin young, out there!"

In my heart I did not think that twenty-three was so very young, but perhaps it was; and if any one were to say that I had been portraying here a youth whose aims were certainly beyond his achievements, who was morbidly sensitive, and if not conceited was intolerably conscious, who had met with incredible kindness, and had suffered no more than was good for him, though he might not have merited his pain any more than his joy, I do not know that I should gainsay him, for I am not at all sure that I was not just that kind of youth when I paid my first visit to New England.

THE END.

STUBBLE AND SLOUGH IN DAKOTA.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



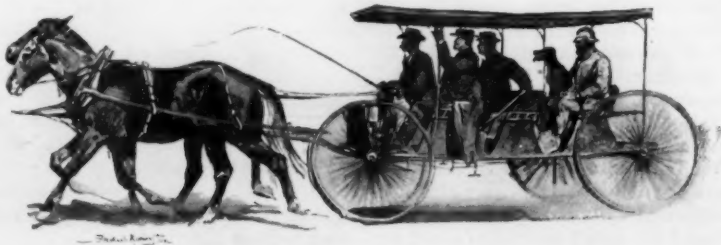
NOW I am conscious that all my life I have seen men who owned shot-guns and setter-dogs, and that these persons were wont at intervals to disappear from their usual haunts with this paraphernalia. Without thinking, I felt that they went to slay little birds, and for them I entertained a good-natured contempt. It came about in this wise that I acquired familiarity with "mark," and "hie-on," and "No. 6 vis No. 4's": By telegram I was invited to make one of a party in Chicago, bound West on a hunting expedition. It being one of my periods of unrest, I promptly packed up my Winchester, boots, saddle, and blankets, wired "All right—next train," and crawled into the "Limited" at Forty-second Street.

"West" is to me a generic term for that country in the United States which lies beyond the high plains, and this will

account for my surprise when I walked into the private car at the St. Paul depot in Chicago and met my friends contesting the rights of occupancy with numerous setter-dogs, while all about were shot-gun cases and boxes labelled "Ammunition." After greetings I stepped to the station platform and mingled with the crowd—disgusted, and disposed to desert.

A genial young soldier who appreciated the curves in my character followed me out, and explained, in the full flush of his joyous anticipation, that we were going to North Dakota to shoot ducks and prairie-chickens, and that it would be the jolliest sort of a time; besides, it was a party of good friends. I hesitated, yielded, and enlisted for the enterprise. Feeling now that I was this far it would be good to go on and learn what there was in the form of sport which charmed so many men whose taste I respected in other matters, and once embarked I summoned my enthusiasm, and tried to "step high, wide, and handsome," as the horse-men say.

The happiness of a hunting party is like that of a wedding, so important is it that true love shall rule. The *pièce de résistance* of our car was two old generals, who called each other by an abbreviation of their first names, and interrupted conversations by recalling to each other's memory where some acres of men were slain. "A little more of the roast beef, please—yes, that was where I was shot in this side;" and at night, when quiet reigned and we sought sleep, there would be a waving of the curtains, and a voice, "Oh, say, Blank, do you remember that time my horse was hit with the twelve-



A DAKOTA CHICKEN-WAGON.

pounder?" and it banished dreams. There was a phlebotomist from Pittsburg who had shot all over the earth. He was a thorough sportsman, with a code of rules as complicated as the common law, and he "made up tough" in his canvas shooting-clothes. There was a young and distinguished officer of the regular army who had hunted men, which excused him in the paltry undertaking before him; and, finally, three young men who were adding the accumulated knowledge of Harvard to their natural endowments. For myself, I did not see how jack-boots, spurs, and a Winchester would lend themselves to the stubble and slough of Dakota, but a collection was taken, and by the time we arrived in Valley City, Dakota, I was armed, if not accoutred, in the style affected by double-barrel men. All I now needed was an education, and between the Doctor, who explained, expostulated, and swore, and a great many "clean misses," I wore on to the high-school stage. Like the obliging person who was asked if he played on the violin, I said to myself, "I don't know, but I'll try."

In the early morning three teams drove up where our car was side-tracked, and we embarked in them. The shot-gun man affects buck-colored canvas clothes, with many pockets, and carries his cartridges in his shirt fronts, like a Circassian Cossack. He also takes the shells out of his gun before he climbs into a wagon, or he immediately becomes an object of derision and dread, or, what's worse, suddenly friendless and alone. He also refrains from pointing his gun at any fellow-sportsman, and if he inadvertently does it, he receives a fusillade such as an Irish drill-sergeant throws into a recruit when he does amiss. This day was cool



ON THE EDGE OF A SLOUGH.

and with a wind blowing, and the poor dogs leaped in delirious joy when let out from their boxes, in which they had travelled all the way from Chicago. After running the wire edge off their nerves they were gotten to range inside a township site, and we jogged along. The first thing which interested me was to hear the Doctor indicate to the driver that he did not care to participate in the driver's knowledge of hunting, and that in order to save mental wear he only had to drive the team, and stand fast when we got out, in order that from the one motionless spot on the prairie sea we could "mark down" the birds.

The immensity of the wheat-fields in Dakota is astonishing to a stranger. They begin on the edge of town, and we drive all day and are never out of them, and on either side they stretch away as far as one's eye can travel. The wheat had been cut and "shocked," which left a stubble some eight inches high. The farm-houses are far apart, and, indeed, not often in sight, but as the threshing was in progress, we saw many groups of men and horses, and the great steam-threshers blowing clouds of black smoke, and the flying straw as it was belched from the bowels of the monsters.

During the heat of the day the chickens lie in the cover of the grass at the sides of the fields, or in the rank growth of some slough-hole, but at early morning and evening they feed in the wheat stubble. As we ride along, the dogs range out in front, now leaping gracefully along, now stopping and carrying their noses in the air to detect some scent, and finally—"There's a point! Stop, driver!" and we pile out, breaking our guns and shoving in the cartridges.

"No hurry—no hurry," says the Doctor; "the dog will stay there a month." But, fired with the anticipations, we move briskly up. "You take the right and I'll take the left. Don't fire over the dog," adds the portly sportsman, with an admonishing frown. We go more slowly, and suddenly, with a "whir," up get two chickens and go sailing off. Bang! bang! The Doctor bags his and I miss mine. We load and advance, when up

who had charge of my early education in .45 calibres, which ran, "Take yer time, sonny, and always see your hind sight," and by dint of doing this I soon improved to a satisfactory extent. The walking over the stubble is good exercise, and it becomes fascinating to watch the well-trained Lewellen setters "make game," or stand pointing with their tails wagging violently in the nervous thrill of their excitement, then the shooting, and the marking down of the birds who escape the fire, that we may go to them for another "flush." With care and patience one can bag at last the whole covey.

At noon we met the other wagons in a green swale, and had lunch, and seated in a row under the shadow side of a straw stack, we plucked chickens, while the phlebotomist did the necessary surgery to prepare them for the cook. At three o'clock the soldier, a couple of residents, and myself started together for the even-

ing shooting. We banged away at 1000-yards range at some teal on a big marsh, but later gave it up, and confined ourselves to chicken. In the midst of a covey and a lot of banging I heard the Captain uttering distressful cries. His gun was leaning on a wheat "shock," and he was clawing himself wildly. "Come, help me—I am being eaten alive." Sure enough he was, for in Dakota there is a little insect which is like a winged ant, and they go in swarms, and their bite is sharp and painful. I attempted his rescue, and was attacked in turn, so that we ended by a precipi-

tous retreat, leaving the covey of chickens and their protectors, the ants, on the field.

We next pushed a covey of grouse into some standing oats, and were tempted to go in a short way, but some farmers who were thrashing on the neighboring hill blew the engine whistle and made a "sortie," whereat we bolted. At a slough which we were tramping through



A CONFERENCE IN THE MUD.

comes the remainder of the covey, and the bewildering plenty of the flying objects rattles me. The Doctor shoots well, and indeed prairie-chickens are not difficult, but I am discouraged. As the great sportsman Mr. Soapy Sponge used to say, "I'm a good shooter, but a bad hitter." It was in this distressful time that I remembered the words of the old hunter



"DON'T SHOOT!"

to kick up some birds "marked down," one suddenly got up under our feet and flew directly over the Captain, who yelled "Don't shoot!" as he dropped to the ground. It was a well-considered thing to do, since a flying bird looks bigger than a man to an excited and enthusiastic sportsman. We walked along through the stubble until the red sunset no longer gave sufficient light, and then got into our wagon to do the fourteen miles to our car and supper. Late at night we reached our car, and from it could hear "the sound of revelry." The cook did big Chicago beefsteaks by the half-dozen, for an all day's tramp is a sauce which tells.

After some days at this place we were hauled up to Devil's Lake, on the Great Northern road, which locality is without doubt the best for duck-shooting in Dakota. We were driven some sixteen miles to a spur of the lake, where we found a settler. There were hundreds of teal in the water back of his cabin, and as we took position well up the wind and fired, they got up in clouds, and we had five minutes of shooting which was gluttony. We gave the "bag" to the old settler, and the Doctor admonished him to "fry them," which I have no doubt he did.

It was six miles to a pond said to be the best evening shooting about there, and we drove over. There we met our other two teams and another party of sportsmen. The shallow water was long and deeply fringed with rank marsh grass. Having no wading-boots can make no difference to a sportsman whose soul is great, so I floundered in and got comfortably wet. After shooting two or three

mud-hens, under the impression that they were ducks, the Doctor came along, and with a pained expression he carefully explained what became of people who did not know a teal from a mud-hen, and said further that he would let it pass this time. As the sun sank, the flight of ducks began, and from the far corners of the marsh I saw puffs of smoke and heard the dull slump of a report.

"Mark—left," came a voice from where



"MARK—LEFT."



TROOPING HOMEWARD IN THE AFTER-GLOW.

the young Harvard man with the peach complexion and the cream hair had ensconced himself in the grass, and, sure enough, a flight was coming toward my lair. I waited until it was nearly over, when I rose up and missed two fine shots, while the Harvard man scored. The

birds fell well out in the pond, and he waded out to retrieve them.

As I stood there the soft ooze of the marsh gradually swallowed me, and when in answer to the warning "mark" of my fellows I squatted down in the black water to my middle, and only held my gun and

cartridges up, I began to realize that when a teal-duck is coming down wind you have got to aim somewhere into the space ahead of it, hoping to make a connection between your load of shot and the bird. This I did, and after a time got my first birds. The air was now full of flying birds—mallards, spoon-bills, pintails, red-heads, butter-balls, gadwalls, widgeon, and canvas-backs—and the shooting was fast and furious. It was a perfect revelry of slaughter. "Mark—mark." Bang—bang. "What's the matter of that shot?" The sun has set, and no longer bathes the landscape in its golden light, and yet I sit in the water and mud and indulge this pleasurable taste for gore, wondering why it is so ecstatic, or if my companions will not give over shooting presently. There is little prob-



"MARK!"

ability of that, however. Only darkness can end the miseries of the poor little teal coming home to their marsh, and yet with all my sentimental emotions of sympathy I deplore a miss. If slough-shooting has a drawback, it is its lack of action—it is a calm, deliberate shedding of blood, and a wounding of many birds, who die in the marshes, or become easy prey for the hawks, and it's as cold-blooded as sitting in water can make it.

We give over at last, and the fortunes change their wet clothes, while those who have no change sit on the seat knee-deep in dead birds and shiver while we rattle homeward. Our driver gets himself lost, and we bring up against a wire fence. Very late at night we struck the railroad, and counted telegraph poles and travelled east until the lights of the town twinkled through the gloom. Once in the car, we find the creature comfort which reconciles one to life, and we vote the day a red-letter one. The goose-shooting came later than our visit, but the people tell marvellous tales of their numbers. They employ special guns in their pursuit, which are No. 4 gauge, single-barrelled, and very long. They

throw buckshot point-blank two hundred yards, and are, indeed, curious-looking arms. The chicken-shooting is not laborious, since one rides in a wagon, and a one-lunged, wooden-legged man is as good as a four-mile athlete at it. He must know setter-dogs, who are nearly as complicated as women in their temper and ways; he must have a nose for cover, and he can be taught to shoot; he can keep statistics if he desires, but his first few experiences behind the dogs will not tempt him to do that unless his modesty is highly developed. If he become a shot-gun enthusiast he will discover a most surprising number of fellows—doctors, lawyers, butchers, farmers, and Indians not taxed—all willing to go with him or to be interested in his tales.

The car was to be attached to an express train bound west that night, to my intense satisfaction, and I crawled into the upper berth to dream of bad-lands elk, soldiers, cowboys, and only in the haze of fleeting consciousness could I distinguish a voice—

"Remington, I hope you are not going to fall out of that upper berth again to-night."



A VISTA IN CENTRAL PARK.

IT was the last Sunday in September, and the blue sky arched above the Park clear, cloudless, unfathomable. The afternoon sun was hot and high overhead. Now and then a wandering breeze came without warning, and lingered only for a moment, fluttering the broad leaves of the aquatic plants in the fountain below the Terrace. At the Casino, on the hill above the Mall, men and women were eating and drinking, some of them inside the dingy and sprawling building, and some of them out-doors, at little tables set in curving lines under the gayly colored awnings which covered the broad walk bending away from the door of the restaurant. From the band-stand in the

thick of the throng below came the brassy staccato of a cornet rendering "The Last Rose of Summer." Even the Ramble was full of people, and the young couples seeking sequestered nooks under the russet trees were often forced to share their benches with strangers. Beneath the reddening maples lonely men lounged on the grass by themselves, or sat solitary and silent in the midst of chattering family groups.

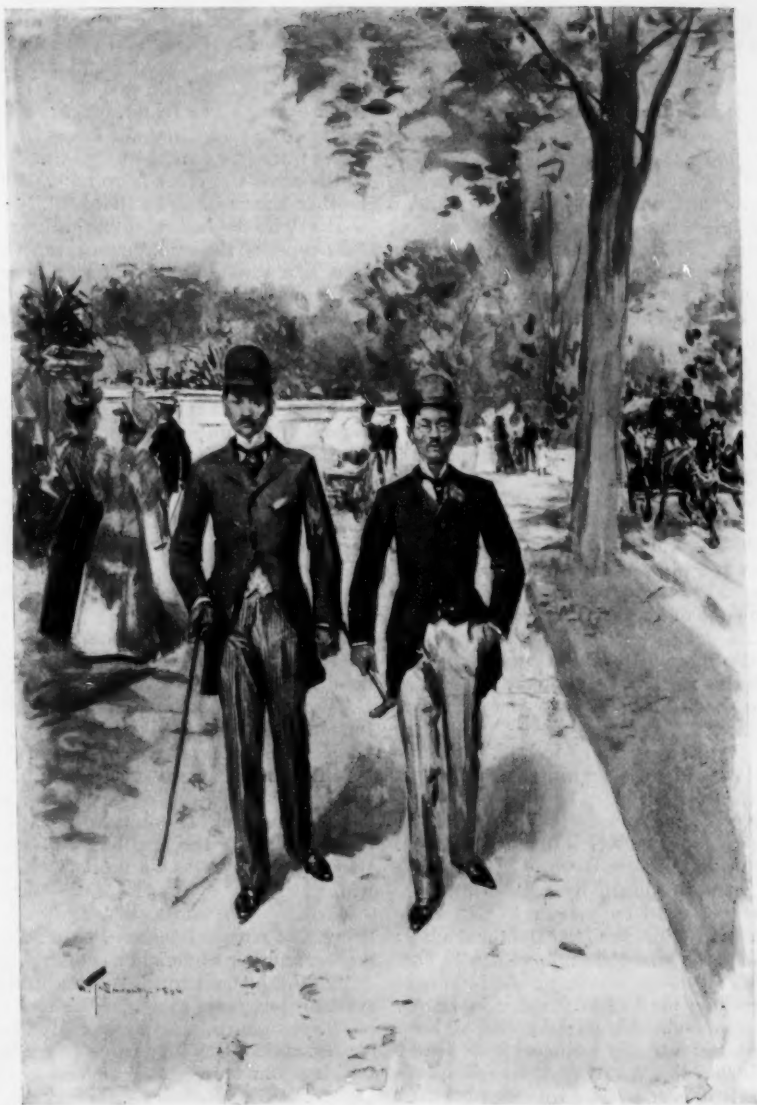
The crowd was cosmopolitan and unhurried. For the most part it was good-natured and well-to-do. There was not a beggar to be seen; there was no appealing poverty. Fathers of families there were in abundance, well fed and well clad, with their wives and with their sons'



wives and with their sons' children. Maids in black dresses and white aprons pushed baby-carriages. Young girls in groups of three and four giggled and gossiped. Young men in couples leaned over the bridge of the Lake, smoking and exchanging opinions. There was a general air of prosperity gladly displaying itself in the sunshine; the misery and the want and the despair of the great city were left behind and thrust out of mind.

Two or three yards after a portly German with a little boy holding each of his hands, while a third son still younger rode ahead astride of the father's solid cane, there came two slim Japanese gentlemen, small and sallow, in their neatly cut coats and trousers. A knot of laughing mulatto girls followed, arm in arm; they, too, seemed ill dressed in the accepted costume of civilization, especially when contrasted with half a dozen Ital-

ians who passed slowly, looking about them with curious glances, the men in worn olive velveteens and with gold rings in their ears, the women with bright colors in their skirts and with embroidery on their neckerchiefs. Where the foot-path touched the carriage-drive there stood a plain but comfortably plump Irish woman, perhaps thirty years of age; she had a baby in her arms, and a little girl of scant three held fast to her patched calico dress; with her left hand she was proffering a basket containing apples, bananas, and grapes; two other children, both under six, played about her skirts; and two more, a boy and a girl, kept within sight of her—the girl, about ten years old, having a basket of her own filled with thin round brown cakes; and the boy, certainly not yet thirteen, holding out a wooden box packed with rolls of lozenges put up in red and yellow and green papers. Now and again the mo-



"TWO SLIM JAPANESE GENTLEMEN."

ther or one of the children made a sale to a pedestrian on his way to the music. The younger children watched, with noisy glee, the light leaps of a gray squirrel bounding along over the grass behind the path, and balancing himself with his horizontal tail.

The broad carriage-drive was as crowded as any of the foot-paths. Bicyclists in white sweaters and black stockings toiled along in groups of three and four, bent forward over the bars of their machines. Politicians with cigars in the corners of their mouths held in impatient trotters.

Park omnibuses heavily laden with women and children drew up for an instant before the Terrace, and then went on again to skirt the Lake. Old-fashioned and shabby landaus lumbered along with strangers from the hotels. Now and then there came in sight a hansom-cab with a young couple framed in the front of it, or a jolting dog-cart, on the high seat of which a British-looking young man was driving tandem. Here and there were other private carriages, coupés and phaetons for the most part, with once and again a four-in-hand coach rumbling heavily on the firmly packed road.

A stylish victoria sped along, spick and span, with its glistening harness and its jingling steel chains, with its stalwart pair of iron-gray steppers, and with two men on the box, correct and impassive. Suddenly, as it passed close to the walk at the end of the Terrace, the coachman drew up sharply, pulling his horses back on their haunches, and swearing inaudibly at the plump Irish woman, who had dropped her basket of fruit just in time to rescue one of her children from being run over.

"It's more careful ye ought to be!" cried the mother, as she stood again on the walk with her daughter clasped to her waist.

"We are very sorry indeed," said the lady in the victoria, leaning forward. "It was an accident—"

"An accident, was it?" returned the Irish woman. "An' it's an accident, then, ye wouldn't like if it was yer own children ye were runnin' over like that."

The childless couple in the carriage looked at each other for a moment only; and then the husband said, swiftly, "Drive on, John!"

He was a man of fifty, spare in frame, and round-shouldered; he had a keen glance, and a weary smile came and went on his thin lips, not hidden by his sparse gray mustache. His wife was a woman of perhaps thirty, tall, dark, with passionate eyes and a full figure.

She was still leaning forward, clinching the side of the carriage as the victoria turned northward and rolled along by the side of the Lake. Her voice showed that her excitement had not subsided as she faced her husband again and said: "John is getting very careless. That is the third time this week he has nearly run over a child!"

"He has not quite run over one yet. It will be time enough to discharge him when he does," her husband answered, calmly. "That little girl there is none the worse for her fright. She seemed a pretty little thing, and she has been saved to grow up in a tenement-house and to go to the devil ten years from now. So her mother has cause to be thankful."

His wife looked at him indignantly. "I suppose," she said, "you mean that it is a pity that John didn't run over the child and kill her."

"I didn't mean that exactly," he responded. "But perhaps it is true enough. Death is not the worst thing in the world, you know."

"You are always talking of dying," returned his young wife, impatiently. "I wonder you don't commit suicide."

"I have thought of it," he answered, looking at her with a tolerant smile. "But life amuses me still—I have so much curiosity, you know. But I might do it, if I were sure I could have the privilege of coming back to see what you will be up to when I'm gone."

She looked straight before her and made no answer, keeping her lips firmly compressed.

There was a touch of tenderness in his tone as he went on—a curious cynical tenderness, quite characteristic of him.

"Don't let some rascal marry you for my money. That would annoy me, I confess. And yet I don't know why I should suggest the possibility of such a thing, for you will be a most fascinating widow."

She gazed ahead steadily, and said nothing, but she had joined her hands together, and her fingers kept moving.

"Still," he continued, "I'm afraid I'm good for ten years more. We're a hardy stock, you know. My father lived to be eighty, and he was fifty when I was born. Besides, you take such good care of me always."

He held out his hand to her, and she took it and clasped it tight in both of hers, while the tears brimmed her eyes.

"But perhaps you are letting me stay out too long this afternoon," he said. "It is balmy, I know, but I'm getting tired already."

"John," she cried, hastily, "you may turn now and go home."

"I don't want you to lose this lovely September afternoon," her husband de-

clared. "Take me home, and come back to the Park here for an hour, while I have a nap, if I can."

Just then there was a break in the stream of vehicles, and the coachman took advantage of it and turned the horses' heads southward. In five minutes the victoria swerved to the westward, leaving the Lake behind, and making for the Riverside Drive.

The Lake was gay with boats. Black gondolas with white canopies and brilliant American flags were propelled adroitly by their standing boatmen. Light canoes were paddled briskly in and out of the bays and channels, where the ducks and swans swam lazily about. Young fellows in their shirt sleeves tugged ineptly at the oars of row-boats laden down with young women. By regular and easy strokes the Park watermen rowed the capacious barges, with their striped awnings, in the prescribed course around the Lake. The oars flashed in the flickering sunlight, and the sunshine gilded the prows of the distant canoes as they shot across the vista. The yellow leaves of the maples high on the bank over the opposite shore fluttered loosely away on the doubtful breeze, and at last fell languidly into the water. To the west a towering apartment-house lifted itself aloft over the edge of the Park, and seemed to shorten the space between. To the east the gilded dome of the new synagogue rose over the tree-tops. Above all was the blue concave of the calm and illimitable sky.

When the victoria, with its two men on the box and with its pair of high-stepping horses, returned to the Park and skirted the Lake again, and approached the Terrace, the lady sat in it alone. As she came in sight of the Mall she bent forward, eagerly looking for the little girl whom they had almost run over half an hour earlier.

Near the Terrace she saw the pleasant-faced Irish woman, with her basket of fruit in one hand and the baby in the other arm; the three little children were playing about their mother's feet, while the elder boy and girl were only a few yards away.

The lonely woman in the victoria bade the coachman draw up.

Seeing the carriage stop at the side of the road, the Irish woman came forward, proffering her fruit. Then she recognized

the lady, and checked her approach, hesitating.

The handsome woman in the carriage smiled, and said, "Which is the little girl we almost ran over?"

"That's the one," answered the mother, indicating the slip of a child who was now clasping the edge of the fruit-basket, while staring at the strange lady with wide-open eyes.

"What a pretty child she is!" said the lady. "I hope she is none the worse for her fright?"

"Ye didn't break any bones, if that's what ye mean," the mother responded.

"And how old is she?" was the next question.

"She'll be three years old come Christmas," was the answer.

The lady in the carriage felt in her pocket, and brought out her purse and looked through it.

"Here," she said at last, as she took out a five-dollar gold piece—"here is something I wish you would give her on Christmas morning as a present from me. Will you?"

"I will that," the mother replied, taking the money, "and gladly, too. It's richer than her sisters she'll be now."

"How many children have you?" the lady inquired.

"Six; thank ye, ma'am, for askin'," was the response; "an' all well and hearty."

"Six?" echoed the woman in the victoria, with a hungry gleam in her eyes. "You have six children?"

"It's six I have," the mother answered; "and it's a fine lot they are altogether, though I say it that shouldn't."

The lady put her hand in her purse again.

"Buy something with this for the others," she said, placing a bank-note in the Irish woman's hands. Then she raised her voice and added, "You may drive on, John!"

As the victoria rolled away to the westward the fruit-vender courtesied, and the children all looked after the carriage with interest.

"That lady must be very rich," said the eldest boy—the one who had lozenges for sale. "I shouldn't wonder if she had two millions of dollars!"

"She must be very happy," the eldest girl added. "I suppose she can have ice-cream every day, and go to the Sea-



"A KNOT OF LAUGHING MULATTO GIRLS, ARM IN ARM."

side Home for two weeks whenever she wants."

"It's a kind heart she has, anyway, for all her money," was the mother's comment, as she unfolded the bank-note and saw the X in the corner of it.

Meanwhile the lady in the victoria was

eaten with bitter thoughts as the carriage rattled along in the brilliant sunshine beneath the unclouded sky.

"Six children!" she was saying to herself. "That Irish woman has six children! Why is it that some women have so much luck?"

NORTH AND SOUTH FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

BY MARRION WILCOX.

A POISONOUS forest of houses far as the eye can see,
And in their shade
All crime is made.

Now God love you and me!

I think He made even that shade in the cities by the sea—
In the poisonous forest of houses like a forest of upas-trees.

Look! from the south—

From the harbor's mouth—

Crisp curling comes the breeze!

From the freed stream's mouth, from the glad, glad south, from the cool breast
of God's seas.

THE INN OF SAN JACINTO.

BY ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

YOU ask me if I believe in ghosts. Of course I do. I believe in them because I have felt one. It was in a ruin, too, the correct place for ghosts; but not exactly in the right kind of ruin, for there was nothing imposing or weird about it; it was a dusty, tumble-down adobe shanty in New Mexico.

Do you remember Harry Felters—what great promise he gave as a young artist, and how he never came to anything? He and I were great chums at the Art School, and afterwards we fell into the way of going on sketching tours together. He was a nice fellow, quick-tempered, but very good-natured too, and it would have been hard to find a jollier companion. I was delighted one autumn when he proposed we should make a little Western excursion together; he wanted to get some of the atmospheric effects on the high plains. We started in September, bought ourselves a couple of broncos when we reached the country we wanted, and started off on the trail which ran near the railroad. We had splendid weather, took all the time we wanted, and got a lot of first-rate things; but Felters was looking forward all the time to stopping at a little Mexican village—San Jacinto, the name was—which lay some distance off the main trail, but which he had heard was the rarest place. A friend of his had been there a couple of years before, but had only been able to stay a day or so. He reported a tolerable inn, and we planned to stop for several weeks, making excursions into the surrounding country, and getting what we were particularly anxious for—some character sketches of the

natives. We had the pleasantest anticipations of our time there.

The day before we expected to reach San Jacinto we struck off on to a side trail across the hills. We learned afterwards that there was more danger in undertaking this lonely journey than we had any idea of at the time, but we came to no harm. We slept out that night, and late the next afternoon we came in sight of the village, perched half-way up a long sloping mesa. We reached it as the sun was setting. There was but a single street running between low adobe huts, but, to our surprise, this street was thronged with Mexicans and Indians in holiday costume—fierce, agile-looking fellows in thumping hats, and slim girls with mantillas over their heads.

We mustered our slender stock of Spanish, and inquired of the first group we met the reason of the crowd. We found some local fair was in progress, and it was not only the inhabitants of San Jacinto we beheld, but of all the settlements for fifty miles around. Harry, in the seventh heaven of delight, was gaping at a! the wrinkled old men and dark-eyed girls, in their picturesque array, but I was hungry, and not willing to waste time on the picturesque just then, so I hauled him along, protesting and turning round all the time, towards what had been pointed out to us as the inn we were in search of. It stood quite at the other end of the street, and looked bigger and more imposing than the rest of the houses, being newly painted a fine brick-color.

"Here we are at last, and a good thing

too," said I, as the owner of the house came bustling out to receive us. He hurried us into a long, crowded room, and set a couple of cooling drinks before us in enormous glasses before we had time to speak, chattering all the time with great civility. But as soon as we began to talk of rooms he sang a different tune.

"Ah, señors," he cried, in a despairing tone, "that is an impossibility, quite an impossibility. Every inch of room in the house is taken—is crowded, I may say. As soon as they are done drinking and singing we put mattresses down on the floor of the eating-room here, and I will try my best to find a corner for a mattress for the two noble gentlemen. Mattresses in plenty I have, but no space to spread them, unfortunately."

"Well, well," broke in Harry, "it isn't mattresses we want. It's a room to ourselves to sleep in. Surely we can find something at some of the neighbors'. We won't grumble if it's a little one."

But the landlord shook his head. "No, no," he reiterated; "there isn't an empty space anywhere in the village big enough to hold a canary-bird. Every house is full."

"But you must have some little corner or cupboard you could put us in. Your own room, for instance. If we pay you well, couldn't you move out of that for a night or two, just till this fair is over?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't slept in my own room for three nights. Seven women have it," he said. "I take one of the benches down here."

"Very well," cried Harry, who was getting out of temper; "then we will simply go on without stopping. We meant to spend several weeks here, but of course if you haven't accommodations—" And he turned and picked up his saddle-bags from the bench where he had flung them.

"Oh, come, now, Harry," said I, "we don't want to leave the moment we get here. For a few nights we can certainly stand it, and then it will quiet down again."

"Yes, yes," cried the landlord, evidently much impressed to hear of the long stay we had intended, and anxious to detain us if promises would do it; "oh, yes, yes! By the end of the week the fair is over, and then you can have splendid rooms—as many rooms as you like."

But, you know, Harry was always a pig-headed fellow. He buckled his bags tight.

"No," said he; "I'm not going to sleep in any such mess as this. If we can't have rooms to ourselves, we go on to-night. That's all about it."

The landlord wrung his hands. "Ah," he cried, "what a shame! what a shame! To have the gentlemen leave my house!" Then I saw a sly gleam come into his eye. "Ah," he cried, "I have it! I have it! If the gentlemen would only be satisfied. Do you mind, perhaps, if you sleep in a very old room? Oh, very, very old!"

"No, no!" we interposed, in a breath.

"But it is very old," he went on, looking at us narrowly, "and there is but the one room for the two."

"That is nothing," we cried. "We won't mind that in the least, as long as we don't have to sleep on the floor with strangers."

"And even there," he went on, "I fear you would have to occupy the same bed; there is but one bedstead in the room. To be sure," he said, reflectively, "one of you might have a mattress on the floor even there, but it would be very cold, I fear. The floor is of stone, and the dampness—"

"Oh, never mind," we interrupted; "for three or four nights it won't matter, as long as we can have the room to ourselves."

"Certainly, certainly," he reiterated, "to yourselves. I should not think of putting any one else in the room of the two noble gentlemen. Sit down, sit down, and make yourselves easy. I will send my niece to make ready for you. You must not expect too much, gentlemen. It is in the old part of the house that has gone to ruin a good deal; that is why I never thought of it before. But this one room is strongly built. It is safe enough; you need have no fear of roof or walls. But it is dusty; I must have it swept." And so talking on, half to himself and half to us, he filled our glasses again, and got himself out of the room. Presently we heard his voice outside calling, "Julita! Julita!" and then a long and rather vehement whispered conversation was carried on not far from the window.

It was an hour or more, and we had finished our supper, before he returned to show us to our apartment. We found it was in a deserted building whose presence we had not even suspected from the front

of the house. It lay far to the back and one side, and was, our host told us, the old original inn, which had been built by his great-uncle several times removed, and had fallen too much out of repair to use. But the room to which he led us was still in tolerable preservation, a queer old place, with walls and floor of rough stone, and lighted by a small grated window high up at one side. They had set in a few odd pieces of furniture for us, and a big four-post bedstead, which looked as old as the room, was piled high with an enormous feather bed. For the bedstead our host apologized profusely. Not to be able to furnish us at least with separate sleeping accommodations weighed heavily on his spirits. But what could he do? It was to be regarded as good fortune that the old bedstead had not long since been brought into the house and given to earlier comers. Its age and weight were the sole reasons it was still at our disposal. For the feather bed he did not think it necessary to apologize, though that was certainly what seemed most formidable to us. However, we were pleased enough to get anything to ourselves, and told him so.

We went back to the big hall, and sat there awhile smoking and watching the queer collection of humanity it held, but we were both tired with our ride, and presently asked the landlord for our candles. He brought them, one for each, and each with a little box of Swedish matches beside it on the candlestick. But he was a long time lighting them, snuffed them out once or twice, and finally said, with a curious air of gravity for so slight a speech:

"The gentlemen see that our candles are not easy to light. Might I beg of them to leave the night-light burning in their chamber?"

"Night-light?" cried Harry, brusquely. "Oh no, we don't want a night-light. There is nothing the matter with those candles. It's only the clumsy way you snuffed them." And with the word he drew a match from his pocket, lit it quickly, and in a moment had the candle burning clearly.

The landlord looked perturbed. "See! see!" he cried. "Once the candle may light quickly, and another time it may not. The little light will not disturb you. I *beg* the gentlemen will leave it burning. There will be no extra charge—

none whatever." And he looked at us anxiously.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Harry, turning away with his candle.

But the landlord must have thought I was of a more accommodating disposition, for now he caught me by the coat sleeve. "I beg, I beg," he repeated; and, tired of his persistence, I answered, carelessly, "Oh, all right; I won't put it out," and left before he had time to say anything more.

But we were not yet free from importunities about our lights, for as we passed the kitchen his fat old wife, who superintended the cooking for her husband's guests, waddled towards us.

"Candles! candles!" she panted. "Oh, they're no good. You'll blow them out before you think twice. But look out not to disturb the little night-light Julita set up in the niche. That'll give you light enough to see by all night."

"Good Lord! what do we want to see for? The night's made for sleeping," cried Harry, roughly, and dragged me through the kitchen like a whirlwind, while behind us we still heard the wheezing voice of the old woman discoursing on the insufficiency of candles and the superior advantages of Julita's oil-taper.

We had not done with the advocates of the night-light even yet. As we made our way through the dusty passage, stumbling over the broken slabs of stone which formed its floor, we encountered Julita herself, pale and trembling, and regarding with anxious fear the lantern which she held in her hand. She jumped aside with a scream when she caught sight of us, then laid her hand on her heart with a look of relief.

"Oh, blessed saints, it is the gentlemen!" she exclaimed. "I have just been to look after the light in your room myself." She spoke as one conscious of having bestowed an inestimable favor. "It is burning brightly. The little oil-lamp is high up in the niche of the wall; nothing can overturn it. The oil is of the best. It will burn all night—"

"Oh, come!" cried Harry, who by this time had entirely lost his temper. "Who wants your infernal lamp? For Heaven's sake, let us have a little peace and darkness."

"Ah, no, no!" cried the girl, recoiling as if he had struck her—"not darkness! The gracious gentleman did not think of

what he was saying. Oh, sir," laying her hand on my arm as Harry pushed angrily past her, "you surely would not put out the light? You will surely let it burn all night!" and she looked at me as desperately as if she were imploring me not to cut my throat. Her eyes were full of tears. I felt sorry for such distress, even while I was annoyed by these continuous appeals from a singularly light-loving populace, and answered, hastily,

"Oh, certainly, certainly, my good girl." Slipping past her, I contrived to get into the room and shut the door before she could speak again.

Harry came up and locked it.

"Confound them!" he said; "what is the matter with them all? We have matches, I hope. Why should they take such a particularly fervent interest in our lamp?" and he laid his match-box on the chair at the head of the ponderous bedstead, beside the candle which he had just extinguished.

Then he reached up and blew out the little flame in the niche above our heads.

"There!" said he; "I hope that's done with for to-night, anyway."

"Oh, Harry," I remonstrated, "I told the girl I wouldn't put it out."

"Well, you haven't, have you?" he rejoined, roughly. "Now you'd better not talk any more of that intolerable nonsense, or I shall get into a temper. Put out your own light when you're ready to go to sleep, and that's the end of it. I'm tired to death."

It wasn't five minutes before he had tumbled into the wide bed, nor five more before he was asleep. I felt wakeful, and made my preparations in a more leisurely way, but presently I too stretched out my weary limbs on the soft feathers. The little window with its iron bars stood diagonally across from the foot of the bed, and as I blew out my candle and sank back on the pillow my eyes fell on the dim gray square. I seemed to see some vague black form pass between me and it. My heart gave a sudden throb, and I started to raise myself; but before I had done so I felt in the darkness something fly at my throat. My hands went up instinctively, and grasped the thick cold fingers which were clutching me so tightly that it was impossible to breathe. The terror of death fell upon me, and with all my strength I tore at the invisible hands which were squeezing my life

out, but I could no more move them than I could have moved the solid rock. I was powerless to make a sound. I set my head and shoulders against the bulk which pressed upon me and tried to push it back, but vainly, though in my agony I writhed and twisted like a snake. I felt that I was growing faint, my head rang, and my senses were faltering, when in my convulsive movements my foot touched Harry's warm and sleeping body. I gathered myself together, and struck out with all the strength I had left. I felt him roll over, and then that he was sitting up in bed. It was like heaven to know that he was beside me and roused, but even then I thought to myself there was little chance of his coming to my rescue in time.

Harry called to me once or twice, and then I felt his hand laid on my heaving shoulder. The next moment I heard him jump out of bed, and it seemed not a second before the flare of a candle lit up the room. The pressure was gone from my throat. I drew in the air again and yet again, but was still too exhausted and bewildered to know anything but that the struggle was over, and I was once more drawing the blessed breath of life.

"Good gracious! What's the matter with you?" I heard Harry say; but I only moaned.

"Here, wake up!" he cried, and shook me by the shoulder. I lifted myself on one elbow, and looked around with a shudder. There was nothing in sight but Harry, who was looking at me sharply. I put my hand to my throat; it was bruised and sore to the touch.

"Oh, Harry," I panted, "something awful has happened!"

"Something awful!" he repeated. "You've had an awful nightmare, that's what's the matter—and you aren't awake yet, either. Shake yourself together, man, can't you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost. I declare your eyes are all blood-shot. Oh, nonsense!" as I slipped back on the pillow, with a sigh. "Come, brace up, and have a little style about you."

"Oh, Harry," I reiterated, "there has been something awful. It's no nightmare. I wasn't asleep. The minute the light was out some one—something—came at my throat. In another moment I should have been strangled, if you hadn't waked."

"Why, I didn't do anything, except

jump out of bed when you kicked me. You needn't thank me for anything more than waking you up—and that isn't half done yet."

"Oh, I'm awake enough!" I cried.

"Well, then," said he, "that's all there is to be said about it. We'll blow out the light and try our hand at sleeping again," and as he spoke he bent over the candle to extinguish it; but I caught him and pulled him away quickly.

"No, no!" I shouted, filled with uncontrollable terror; "let it burn. Light the little night-lamp, won't you? I've had such a scare I'm afraid to be left in the dark."

"All right," he answered, with a laugh; "we'll keep the promise to Julita the rest of the night, anyway. I suppose it was your uneasy conscience wouldn't let you rest."

In a few moments more he was again sound asleep beside me, but my fears were not so easily quieted. A hundred imaginary noises made me start up to peer into the distant corners of the room, or look up at the black square of the window; and at every little quiver of the tiny flame burning in the niche my heart jumped. I lay awake till the dawn came in at the grated casement, and then fell asleep, utterly worn out.

Harry was moving about the room, humming a song, when I woke. The bright sun was shining through the bars of the window. I felt ashamed of myself, and when he caught my eye he broke into a roar of laughter.

"Well, I say," he shouted, "I hope you've managed to pluck up a little spirit this morning. I never saw a man scared so blue in my life. For Heaven's sake, tell us what you were dreaming about. A whole menagerie, I should say. How's your neck this morning?" And he went off into a fresh peal of laughter.

"Well, laugh if you like," said I; "it was awful. I can't imagine how I came to get into such a state. Good heavens! I can't bear to think of it even now." I paused a moment, for as the memory of the night's grisly phantom came back clearly, an intolerable shiver of fear went through me. "Besides," I went on, "my neck is all sore still. I believe you can see the bruises."

"By Jove!" he said, coming up and looking at me closely. "By Jove!" he repeated, touching my throat gingerly with

the tips of his fingers. "That's the most curious thing I ever saw! You're all black and blue! How *did* you do it?"

"That's more than I know," said I, "unless the thing that came at me last night did it." And then I told him every detail of my curious experience of the night. As I told it my own faith in its reality grew, and I could see that he was impressed with the same feeling; but when I came to the end he shook himself, seemed to gather his routed forces, and gave an incredulous laugh again.

"Well," he said, looking down at me from his great height—"well, that certainly is a queer story. And you think all that could go on with me asleep right beside you and me not know it? Eh? Oh, nonsense! You had a nightmare, of course, and that's what made you kick out so. My shins are as black and blue as your neck."

"Yes, and what made my neck black and blue?" I broke in. "Do you suppose you had the nightmare too, and were trying to twist it?"

"No, no! Of course not," said he. "You must have twisted your own fingers around it in your sleep somehow. That isn't so unlikely as that a phantom tried to throttle you." And he gave anew a boisterous laugh.

There was no use in arguing with him; and besides, I had no tenable ground for argument. I could not bring myself to believe in his explanation; but still less could I, in the full light of reason and glare of day, believe in the unseen foe who had made the darkness of night so horrible. With an effort I succeeded in dismissing the whole thing from my mind, and dressed to join Harry in the sketching excursion which we had planned the day before. Julita was in the passage as we went through to breakfast. She did not seem busy about anything, and by her attitude I judged she had been watching our door. At any rate, as we opened it her face was pale and troubled, but a moment later broke into smiles as she saw us both emerge from the room. The landlord, too, greeted us with fervor, and served us an excellent breakfast, which his fat wife came in to watch us eat. Indeed, every one about the inn seemed to take an interest in us, and gathered in the doorways to look at us. This we attributed to the fact that we were, in a way, foreigners; and they were all so good-

natured about it, breaking out into smiles and expressions of satisfaction whenever we looked their way, that we did not mind.

We had a successful day of it, gathering in a collection of queer and picturesque figures, and didn't get back till dark. I had felt strangely tired all day, and was glad to yield to Harry's suggestion that we should go early to bed. He stuck his sketches all around, and gloated over them in the dim illumination of the candles; but I was overcome with sleep, and tumbled into bed as quickly as I could.

"I'll get on the other side, Harry," I said, "if you aren't ready to come yet."

"All right, old man," said he, walking back and forth before his pictures. "I'm not ready yet. I hope this light won't keep you awake."

"On the contrary," said I, "I much prefer it. I can't forget my bad dreams so quickly. Do leave the little night-light burning, Harry, like a good fellow."

"All right," he answered; and in a moment I was asleep.

I don't know how long afterwards it was that I was wakened abruptly by being pushed almost out of bed. I was so sound asleep that I could not collect my thoughts all at once, and lay for a moment trying to rouse myself, when the blow was violently repeated, and then I became aware that Harry was writhing and beating his arms about at my side. In a sudden spasm of terror I sprang out of bed, ran round to the other side where the matches were, and struck the whole bunch as I gathered them in my hand. They flared up, and shivering with fright, I moved to the bedside. There lay Harry, his eyes staring wide with horror, and drawing occasionally a long moaning breath. I knew well enough what it was, and wasted no time on questions, but hurried to light the candle before the matches should go out. Then, for safety, I also reached up and kindled the little taper, which Harry had evidently extinguished, as the oil in the glass was scarcely consumed. Afterwards I turned back to Harry, drew the covers away to give him air, carried the light to the foot of the bed, where his eyes could rest upon it, and draw from it the reassurance that I knew nothing else could give, and softly chafed his nerveless hands. Presently I had the satisfaction of seeing the

wild and wandering look die out of his face and a certain composure return to it. He was evidently getting possession of his faculties.

"Well, Harry," I said, when I saw this, "I suppose you have had the nightmare?"

A sickly smile drew up the corners of his mouth.

"Confound you," he murmured, "I was just thinking that was the first thing you would say, and now you've said it! Good heavens!" he cried, in a louder tone, raising himself in bed and peering around the room, "I can't believe the hideous thing is gone. Are you sure it isn't in one of the corners yet? I tell you I had a narrow squeak for my life. I wouldn't care to come so near death again in a hurry. If that last kick hadn't routed you out I knew I should never have strength enough for another. Oh, what terror!" The wild look came back as he talked; he raised his hand and felt of his throat, which, from where I stood, I could see was red and swollen.

"It is hideous," said I. "You surely must know now it was no nightmare." He nodded, and gave again a quick, frightened look about. I went on:

"It—it is something that only comes in the dark. It cannot be a real thing, for it is gone with the first ray of light. It is real enough to strangle a man, though. Heavens, Harry, suppose either of us had slept here alone!" We both shuddered.

After a little while Harry quieted down, but there was very little sleep for either of us that night. We lighted everything within reach. I had a travelling lamp with me, and Harry hauled out of his bag one of those little pocket-lanterns that his sister had packed in just as he was leaving home. He said he laughed at her when she did it, but we were glad enough to see it now. We dozed and woke at intervals, always reassured to see our improvised illumination when we unclosed our eyes. Everything was still as the grave, and except for our excited nerves we might have rested in peace the whole night through. When daylight came we both gave a sigh of relief, and turning over, fell into a sleep so heavy that we never stirred until we were wakened by a tremendous thumping at the door.

"For the love of God," we heard the

landlord's voice shouting outside, "answer me, gentlemen! Answer me! Are you well? Are you safe? Speak, gentlemen! Answer me!"

Between his rough tones we heard sighs and ejaculations, the low talking of men, and the rustling of petticoats.

"Why, we're all right," I called back, and then came a chorus of congratulations and thanksgiving to all the saints from behind the door. Evidently there had been a little crowd in the hall, for we could hear them dispersing.

We talked the matter over as we were dressing. To tell the truth, I was thoroughly frightened, and felt sick of the whole business. I couldn't understand it, and the more I thought of it the more I disliked it. I didn't attempt to conceal my feelings, either. I said outright that I was scared and wanted to get away, and proposed to Harry that as soon as we had had our breakfast we should saddle our horses and ride off on the trail. From the stories we had heard since we reached the village I understood better than I had done what risk there was in such a lonely ride, but I would a great deal rather be killed by a red man in the daylight than by a monster in the dark, and I said so. But Harry took quite a different view of the matter. The effect of choking on his disposition seemed to be the reverse of depressing, and he talked in a vindictive way of our invisible assailant.

"No, you don't!" he said, when I tried to persuade him to leave. "Not much I go till I know what is the matter here. You couldn't drag me away with wild horses till I've had another wrestle with that thing."

"Mercy, Harry!" said I; "I don't see why you want another; one would have finished you quite if I hadn't been there to help you. Look at your throat now; it's purple and red; you'll have to tie a handkerchief or something round it to make yourself presentable. Whatever that awful thing was, it was stronger than you or I. What can you want to meet it again for? Prudence is the better part of valor, and I propose to quit this horrible spot before I am an hour older."

"You'll quit it alone, then," he said, sulkily, "for I'm not going with you. I'm going to stay and see it out."

I reasoned and expostulated with him, but all to no purpose. He was as obsti-

nate as a mule. I could not face the possible Indians by myself, and still less could I leave him to confront alone the dangers which I believed threatened him if he remained. I told him that if he staid, I did, and then we laid our plans. Harry had no theory at all to account for our strange experience; he simply said he would not go away until he had fathomed it. Whatever the risks might be, he wished, while wide-awake and in full possession of his faculties, to put out the light, and encounter the attack of our midnight enemy.

Through the previous day we had scarcely spoken of my adventure of the first night, having by tacit agreement alluded to it as a nightmare. Now, after what Harry had gone through, this explanation was no longer tenable. Still, we decided it would be better to say nothing of it to any one outside. When we issued from our room we found ourselves again the centre of interest for all the frequenters of the inn. Those who did not come forward to speak to us peeked at us from behind corners. A continuous procession passed through the room where we took breakfast, all on the alert for our every movement. The landlord apologized by saying we were strangers, and every one was naturally struck by our elegant appearance, and also that, owing to our habit of late rising, the simple people of the town had become somewhat anxious lest it might be an illness or other untoward occurrence which had kept us in our room so long. I imagined that he either knew something of our adventure or suspected it, from the sharpness with which he looked at us. But we gave him no satisfaction, simply assured him that we were in the habit of sleeping late, that we were charmed to inspire interest in the bosoms of the appreciative inhabitants of San Jacinto, and should always endeavor to live up to the reputation for elegance which he so kindly imputed to us.

We sketched all day. When night came and we retreated to our room, it was with the intention of thoroughly investigating the mystery. We had already taken occasion to inspect the outside of the building in the daytime. The room in which we slept was part of an old adobe structure, so far gone to ruin that this was the only portion in good preservation. The walls of this one room, however, were perfectly solid. Nowhere was there a flaw in them. There could be no

possible entrance from the outside except by the door and small grated window in the hall.

When we locked our door for the night we placed some percussion-caps in such a way that they must explode if it were opened even a crack. Then we turned our attention to the inside of the chamber. We peered into every crack and cranny of the wall, which offered plenty of opportunity for such investigation. But in spite of its rough and irregular surface it was absolutely sound; the stones were heavy and well joined; there was not an aperture anywhere big enough for a man to get his fingers through, much less his whole body. The roof was perfectly tight. Then we turned our attention to the window, and examined that with special care; for I found that with Harry, as with me, the first premonition of approaching danger had been the passing of some indistinct dark body across its misty square. But here as elsewhere it was evidently impossible that any substantial form should have found entrance. The sides of the aperture were thick and strong, and the whole opening crossed by three iron bars as big as my thumb, let into the solid stone, and clamped down so securely that there could be no chance of their ever having moved since they were put in. The intervals between them were scarcely two inches across.

We went all over the floor. It was made of rough stones set in the firm earth. Nowhere did it give a hollow sound, and its condition showed the surface could not have been disturbed for untold years. We took everything off the bed, and looked beneath it. We moved the two or three small pieces of furniture which had been set into the room since our arrival. Finally, absolutely satisfied that there was no avenue by which any human being could enter the apartment, we made our preparations for the night. Each set a chair at the head of the bed just within reach of his own hand, and on it a candle and a plentiful supply of matches. Our revolvers we laid, Harry under his pillow, and I on the chair beside me. As we calculated, the enemy could attack but one of us at a time, and as the other would be on the watch, it should be easy to overpower him from behind.

We lay down, fully dressed, on either side of the bed, and I blew out my candle.

"Are you all ready?" said Harry.

I cast a quick glance about the room, and said,

"Yes, ready."

He extinguished the remaining light. For a moment there was perfect silence. Then across the window we both saw, or rather felt than saw, through the darkness, a vague shape pass. Harry touched me with his elbow; the next second I felt my throat clutched in a grasp so fierce that all hope of freeing myself from it died within me. My one thought was that as the creature had attacked me, Harry would be able to rescue me, and as the clutch tightened I was filled with a blind fury at his delay. It was just then that a frantic plunge at my side made me aware that Harry, like myself, was fighting silently and wildly; his arms struck me as he hit out, and his kicks were as furious as his blows. I raised my hand again to tear, however vainly, at the thick fingers closed around my throat. There was but one hand there, and as my senses swam for want of breath I realized that the creature must be holding Harry and me both, one in each hand. In my struggles I had moved so far across the bed that I could not reach the matches. Yet I knew that there lay our only chance for life, and with a sudden convulsive effort I managed, not to shake off the clutch, but in spite of it to press so far to one side that I felt my hand touch the edge of the chair. It gave me new strength to know myself so near to light and life, and with a second struggle I laid my hand upon the matches, raised and struck them against the side of the bed. I had never known such happiness before—I never shall again—as shot through my heart when my blurred eyes saw the first flicker of the tiny blue flame. The next instant, as the yellow blaze flared up, the awful constriction was gone from my windpipe. For a second I lay still, unable to do more than draw a faint and painful breath, then terror lest the tiny sticks should burn out and leave me in darkness nerved my fainting will. I put out my other hand, gathered more matches, kindled them at the first, and holding the bunch like a tiny torch I leaned over and lighted the candle. Exhausted by the effort, I fell back fainting on the pillow.

When I came to, the candle was burning brightly. I opened my eyes with a sigh to drink in the luxury of the light, then closed them again in utter weariness,

and lay without a thought, contented in the blissful consciousness that I was alive and safe. I must have remained so for some time, when there suddenly went through my half-torpid brain a memory of Harry. I had not felt him move, and the thought alarmed me so that I sat up in bed, as if roused by an electric shock, and bent over him. His eyes were staring wide, but he lay motionless, and made no response when I called him by name. I laid my hand on his forehead. It was warm. So was his hand, though it dropped nervelessly from mine when I left hold of it. I fancied I could detect a faint breath drawn at long intervals, and a slight, but very slight, pulsation of the heart. There was evidently not a moment to be lost. I jumped from the bed, though I found I was so bruised and sore with struggling that every movement brought sharp pain. I ran to the door, and in spite of the unreasoning horror which attacked me of letting in the darkness, I flung it open and shouted with all my might for help. A few seconds of such clamor and I heard answering voices; a moment more, and it seemed as if people by the hundred, all bearing lamps, candles, lanterns, began to stream along the corridor. They flocked into the room, and it scarcely needed my few hasty words to set them to work with Harry. Almost before I had spoken they had him stripped, and three or four active Mexicans were rubbing and kneading him like so many furies. The women flew for hot water and brandy. In a few moments a long shuddering sigh told that his vital forces were returning, and in a little more I had what was to me the ineffable satisfaction of seeing his eyelids close, and shut out the look of horror which had seemed stamped upon the eyeballs beneath them.

Of course we moved Harry out of that room immediately, but it took weeks of the most careful nursing before he could leave San Jacinto. During all that time, as you may well believe, I spent every moment I could spare from him in trying to fathom the causes of our horrible experience. But the more I searched the more inexplicable the whole affair became. At first I very naturally suspected that it was part of some scheme for robbery or murder on the part of the people of the inn, but I soon became convinced that they were perfectly innocent. There was no mistaking the sincerity of

their concern for what had happened, nor the simple friendliness with which they helped to care for Harry. They were coarse and superstitious people, but not criminal, and not unkindly. I detected, however, a certain shade of self-reproach, if not remorse, in their manner, and when I had probed this to the bottom I had found the only explanation for the whole affair which I ever reached. It was so utterly unreasonable that I can only give it to you and leave you to make what you can of it.

When we carried Harry to the miserable little adobe hut at the other end of the street, which was hastily abandoned for his use, I heard an uproar behind us in the direction of the inn, to which at the time I paid no attention. And during that afternoon, in the intervals between Harry's repeated fainting attacks, I heard shouts, mixed with hollow crashing sounds, for which I did not even try to account. But when in the course of a few days I permitted myself a short walk, I strolled in the direction of the inn, and there found that the ruinous structure in which we had lodged had been torn down. The big stones lay scattered in every direction, but not one remained on top of another. I asked the landlord what it meant.

"Ah, señor," said he, "it was the people that did it. They would not let the old building stand another hour. And perhaps they were right, though the loss is mine. I am happier myself now that it is down. Who knows? Some time in the future I might have been tempted again by greed to let some luckless traveller have that room. The señor knows our people are very superstitious, and make more of such things than those in the great world. I wished to be wiser than my neighbors—the saints pardon me! When the traveller was found dead there fifteen years ago I made sure he had died of some sudden illness; and as for the two who died there in my father's time, and the others before that, I forced myself to disbelieve in them. But the señor's story of what happened the other night has taught me better. The place was accursed. It is well that it has been destroyed."

I asked him what he meant by calling it accursed, and he told me a long story of the old house, in which we had occupied the only habitable chamber. The build-

ing was over a hundred years old, and had been occupied for many years as an inn, whose visitors were the Indians and Mexicans at their seasons of festival, and such few travellers as made their way into that distant region. Some seventy-five years before it had been in the possession of a man of enormous strength and evil disposition, under whose rule the place gained a bad reputation exactly in proportion as the landlord increased in wealth. Two or three travellers who were known to have money about them were never seen again after entering the doors; the landlord maintained that each of them had continued his journey the next day, starting before dawn, and there was no one to gainsay him. Others were found dead in bed with black marks on their throats, but beyond these there was nothing to throw suspicion on any one person, and the terror with which the brutal innkeeper inspired his neighbors was sufficient to crush out inquiry. At last, however, the landlord was caught in the act. An American engineer, carrying a large sum of money, had passed through the town, and taken shelter at the inn for the night. He made no secret of the money about him, perhaps because, being a very large and strong man and well armed, he had entire confidence in his ability to keep his own. But that night some wretched gringos, who were sleeping on the floor of the kitchen, heard a shout for help. Too timid to answer the call themselves, they ran for aid, and presently, with the assistance of half a dozen others, burst in the door of the man's room. They found the man dead, and the landlord kneeling on the bed, with his knotted fingers still twisted round the throat of his victim. Before he could stir, while he was still blinking at the sudden light from the broken door, he was shot dead by another American, a miserable tramp, half gambler and half drunkard, who had joined in breaking open the door. The avenger, much lauded by the populace, had gone on his way the same day. The two bodies had been buried side by side outside the town. There was now no question as to the cause of the previous deaths and disappearances.

But the room in which such ghastly crimes had been committed had ever since been regarded with horror by the natives. According to their belief, the man who died in the commission of such a deed be-

came an evil spirit, condemned to exist in darkness, and to repeat forever the awful crime in which his last moments had been spent. For years the chamber stood unoccupied; but when, after the lapse of a long time, stress of company made it necessary to use it, a strange confirmation of their faith was given to the superstitious.

The solitary occupant, who had retired the night before apparently in good health, was found dead in bed the next morning. There were not wanting those who affirmed that on his throat were the purple marks which testified to the presence of the midnight strangler. However that may have been, within the next thirty years three more deaths occurred in the same mysterious manner, and at the time of the last so great was the popular horror that not only was the room itself condemned as "accursed," but the whole building, now very ruinous, was abandoned, and a new one erected nearer the street. It was many years since the old room had been occupied when we took possession of it, and the temptation to the landlord to keep beneath his roof the two Americans, who to his eyes were simply mines of future wealth, had proved too strong to be overcome. He had salved his conscience by arguing that the tales about the room were a parcel of foolish superstitions not worthy the notice of any man of the world, and, in addition, that we were safe at any rate, since the evil spirit, if it still haunted those walls, could attack only in the darkness, while we were not only provided with abundant means of illumination, but had had clearly impressed upon us the importance of using them.

And now you know what has really been the matter with Harry Felters. He has never fully recovered since that night. It took me a year or two to get over the shock, but he never did. Whether there was some actual physical injury done to him, or whether the fright made too deep an impression on his nerves ever to be effaced, I cannot tell you. But from that time to this he has remained ailing and good for nothing, though most of the time he is reasonable and composed. He is subject, though, to occasional violent attacks of terror. But these come on him only in the dark, and if you have ever spent any time with him you will remember with what elaborate precautions he surrounds himself against being left even for a moment without light. He is a wreck.

KINSHIP.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

BACK to the bewildering vision
And the border-land of birth;
Back into the looming wonder,
The companionship of earth;

Back unto the simple kindred—
Childlike fingers, childlike eyes,
Working, waiting, comprehending,
Now in patience, now surprise;

Back unto the faithful healing
And the candor of the sod—
Scent of mould and moisture stirring
At the secret touch of God;

Back into the ancient stillness
Where the wise enchanter weaves—
To the twine of questing tree root,
The expectancy of leaves;

Back to hear the hushed consulting
Over bud and blade and germ,
As the Mother's mood apportions
Each its pattern, each its term;

Back into the grave beginnings
Where all wonder-tales are true,
Strong enchantments, strange successions,
Mysteries of old and new;

Back to knowledge and renewal,
Faith to fashion and reveal,—
Take me, Mother—in compassion
All thy hurt ones fain to heal.

Back to wisdom take me, Mother;
Comfort me with kindred hands;
Tell me tales the world's forgetting,
Till my spirit understands.

Tell me how some sightless impulse,
Working out a hidden plan,
God for kin and clay for fellow,
Wakes to find itself a man.

Tell me how the life of mortal,
Wavering from breath to breath,
Like a web of scarlet pattern
Hurtles from the loom of death;

How the caged bright bird, desire,
Which the hands of God deliver,
Beats aloft to drop unheeded
At the confines of forever;

Faints unheeded for a season,
Then outwings the furthest star
To the wisdom and the stillness
Where thy consummations are.

EDITOR'S STUDY.



I.

IF Napoleon in 1815, when he threw himself upon the hospitality of his chief enemy, had been transported to the United States instead of being made a prisoner on St. Helena, his career would have had a less romantic ending. His treatment, however, was dictated by fear of him, and by want of confidence in any pledge he might make of relinquishment of imperial pretensions. It has been said of him that he saw every day a new horizon. With a man of his temperament, it is an interesting conjecture what might have happened if he had become a resident of America. Would he have been still a possible disturber of the peace of Europe? Would he not always have been watching the opportune moment when he might suddenly appear in France and call upon his legions? If, on the contrary, he had cast in his lot with the new country, and ended his days here as a quiet country gentleman, would not the Napoleonic legend have quietly disappeared, like a spent wave on the Atlantic shore? The eagle emperor, chained to a rock in mid-ocean, was still the most conspicuous figure in history, and when passionate Paris demanded his body from her hereditary enemy, and the Hôtel des Invalides became a shrine second only in pathetic interest and devotion (for Frenchmen) to the sepulchre at Jerusalem, the legend was made immortal, and a Napoleon III. became possible. This might not have been if Napoleon had come to America. He was then forty-six years old. The greater portion of his vital energy had been spent. Probably he would have found a refuge in sedative New Jersey, where other Bonapartes have lived quietly, and where some of the most fiery spirits of his military family ended their days in peace. Would he have been a disturbing element in our politics? It is not likely. However much his own restless energy might have impelled him into action, and apt as the new horizons he saw were to inspire in him a vision of personal advantage, the situation here would not have been congenial to his ambition, nor could he have been popular. We can conceive that New Jersey might have sent him to

the United States Senate, but he would have found there at that date little field for his peculiar genius, or the exercise of the sort of leadership that France offered him then and would offer him to-day. This simple suggestion reveals to us the different environment for a politician or a statesman in the two countries. He was not, in truth, of our time, of our ways, of our conception of political life. Such a man could nowhere have been a nonentity, but there is no other country where he would have come so near to the common level as in America. It is not simply that the Americans are, and were at that time, jealous of foreigners, or that they were not overawed by a great foreign reputation, that they did not and do not sufficiently respect it, but that the republic has a singular power of absorption, and of trying everything by its own standards. It is a curious matter of speculation to imagine what Coleridge would have become if he had carried out his intention of emigrating to America, what Browning would have been if he also had made his home here, as it is said he thought of doing, and whether either of them would have been held in as high consideration by readers in the United States if they had, by becoming citizens here, cast aside the advantage of the foreign perspective. As to Napoleon, it is reasonable to suppose that he would have been a harmless member of our community, if not a powerless one, and that even if he had come here in his youth, as Hamilton came in his, his career would have resembled that of Aaron Burr more than that of Hamilton.

We have sometimes occasion to regret the lack of respect in this country for authority and tradition in literature, in art, in economics, in government. The conceit of newness and opportunity leads to raw opinions and disastrous experiments that attention to experience might avoid. Yet, on the other hand, our foreign critics would save themselves from a ridiculous attitude if they tried to understand the nature and development of a great nation before they judge us by their local and conventional standards. Their failure to do this renders their opinions valueless, and helps to feed the conceit

referred to by encouraging a contempt for all foreign criticism. During the late Fair the smart and flippant Parisian writers were sincerely disappointed because the exhibition at Chicago was not an exaggerated Wild West Show, and they were at the same time blind to the real significance of the rush and noise and headlong speed of what seemed to them a comfortless and chaotic society. This *bavardage* criticism is lately giving place, in a few observers, to that philosophic study of new conditions which we have a right to expect from a nation that has produced De Tocqueville and scholars who have made the most fruitful observations, in the true scientific spirit, of the historic development of past civilizations. The French mind is waking up to the fact that here is going on one of the most interesting developments the world has ever seen, and to discern in its crudeness the mighty forces going to the making of a nation.

This sort of investigation requires, of course, patience and toleration, and a wide knowledge. It is much easier to dismiss the subject with the superficial and, in a sense, descriptive remark that this country is a "camp" and a "railway station," where everybody is waiting to take a train. One measures himself, however, rather than the country, by such an estimate. But it is a natural observation. It expresses the shrinking of a European "tenderfoot" from contact with the rude and incongruous elements of a formative period, or a campaign on a great scale, who in his love of comfort and accustomed order cannot enter joyfully into the manly conflict of a vigorous march toward a new and boundless horizon. It is shared by a great number whom a cruel chance has made native to the United States. Europe is full of these shrinking soldiers who have retired from the intolerable noise and clamor of our life, and find their congenial and sympathetic place there. They justly shrink from vulgarity, unless it be conventional. Their example, based upon experience of their own natures, should be a warning to all of like mind and sensitiveness not to adventure upon these turbulent coasts. In a hundred years, perhaps, when all life here runs well in set grooves, and striving has settled into realization or defeat, the country may be a fit residence for the tender souls who are always born out of due time.

But to the student of history and the man of philosophic temperament there could not be a spectacle more interesting than the United States at present. There have been meetings before of various races in process of assimilation, but never before of so many races, and on so wide a field. But what distinguishes this process from all others in history, and makes the liveliness and novelty of the spectacle, is the part played by science and invention. The building of a nation by the help of all the recent adaptations of natural forces to man's use distinguishes our experiment. We may not be able to trace the unrest and the haste and clamor of our life to electricity, or to the development of railways and the general substitution of machinery for human power; but the new inventions are not simply symbols of our condition, they mark the difference between our own growth and that of any previous nation. These conditions are common to the world, but have never before played so great a part in any national development. Americans have the reputation of bragging about the size of their country, about its natural resources, its diversity, and its increase in population and wealth. If the soberest historian were describing any country or period in the past that exhibited anything like our conditions, he would be subject to a like charge of exaggeration. Historical investigation of such a period would have the profoundest interest for a student, more lively than the testimony that the rocks give us in regard to any geologic era. And when we think that here is an open opportunity for seeing a creation and development in actual progress, we wonder that any observer can miss the significance of it, can judge it by flippant personal standards, or fail to rise to some conception of its possibilities. It is also strange that any American can feel conceit in presence of such novel opportunities and tremendous responsibilities.

The hasty critic who is wearied by the noise and rush, by the sight of cities badly governed because their control has been let to pass into the hands of adventurers who make of politics simply the means of personal profit, by the disregard of personal rights and the sanctities of private life by the press and in the Legislatures, by the dawning of the long predicted tyranny of the majority, does not hesitate to say that universal suffrage is a failure,

and majority rule an experiment already proved unequal to secure the individual welfare. And this sentiment is unfortunately echoed by too many Americans, who in private conversation despair of the republic, and say, with what seems to them a commendable candor and the exhibition of a philosophic spirit, that universal suffrage cannot bring to the front either the talent or the integrity needed for the successful government of a great people. They point to the cities, to the State Legislatures, and to the Federal Congress.

O ye of little faith! The result does not depend upon you. If the world becomes as bad as you feel, no form of government will save any part of it, nothing but a Noachian deluge will be an adequate remedy. The majority rule has its experienced disadvantages, its visible perils. But we still believe that government derives its just power from the consent of the governed, and we know that in the past hundred years no other form of government has been so stable as ours, and that, on the whole, no other land has offered the individual man such opportunities of bettering his condition. Considering what human nature is, and, above all, what an assortment of perverted human nature we have been trying to assimilate, we have been doing very well. Have a little patience, and have a little more private virtue! Why, the Christian religion is not a failure because its principles do not yet control our business intercourse or our international relations.

II.

Because the English have graciously borrowed from us our feature of personal journalism, does courtesy require us to accept and adopt their style of personal and socially vulgar fiction? We think not. We will do almost anything to keep the peace and to keep the good-will of our English cousins, but it is asking too much that we should like a good deal of the fiction which is largely sold and much talked about in London, which our own publishers hesitate to reproduce in paper even, and which the English themselves would call "nasty" if it were produced elsewhere. It is hardly safe in these days to give an English novelist free access to the general American public through the pages of a popular magazine without careful scrutiny. Only a

generation ago M. Guizot, in his popular *History of England*, was able to say, and to say truly: "Not only has the novelist's art in England at our epoch [Thackeray and George Eliot were then writing] had the honor to fall into honorable hands, habitually depicting pure manners, or touching upon corruption with a high-mindedness and a delicacy of pencil which the most distinguished of our French novelists have so lacked that the judgment of the whole world has been thereby deceived in respect to the moral and social state of France, but a great number of the authors of modern English romances have regarded, and do regard, their art as a talent for which they must give account, as a weapon put into their hands to defend the cause of justice, charity, and eternal truth."

Would M. Guizot write that of English novelists to-day, or would he say that many of them are deceiving the world in respect to the moral and social state of England? And would he regret the absence of "high-mindedness and delicacy," the want of which characterized so much of the fiction of Paris that finds in our day so many clumsy imitators? In the art of being wicked gracefully and bewitchingly, if not becomingly, we have still much to learn, and it seems to a transatlantic observer that some of the London writers are pursuing the substance without the alleviating *nuance*. It is task enough for one generation to vulgarize our literature by giving conspicuous place to the sordid and the mean, without reducing it to the *risque* level of the gossip of the "smart" set anywhere. Better even "realism," as it is called, than the vulgarity of "society." Fiction is a great spreader of morals as well as of manners, and if the London life is what it is depicted in many recent romances, it is a pity to risk its diffusion in the middle classes by means of the circulating libraries.

III.

The honoring of great authors, the creators of works of the imagination, and of characters who are as real to our apprehension as historical persons, has always met one of two difficulties—either want of artistic capacity or lack of money to carry out the conceptions of the artists. Perhaps a method we have to suggest would have both difficulties. In the

case of a hero it is comparatively easy to put him in some position of glory suggesting his achievements, and let him ride or walk in perpetual fame. It is not so easy to deal with the poets and the novelists, whose works are those of the imagination. Painters, indeed, draw freely upon the works of the imagination for their subjects, and a common device is to honor an author by drawing or sculpturing in visible form some of the characters he has created. What we have to suggest is the representation of the author surrounded by his creations. To illustrate: Suppose the Longfellow Association desire to erect in Cambridge a unique memorial of the poet. In some fit place of natural beauty—in a grove, on a gentle eminence, or by a stream—they might have in bronze the sitting figure of the poet, and grouped about him in attitudes characteristic the children of his brain—Evangeline, Priscilla, and Miles Standish, Hiawatha, characters from the "Spanish Student," from the "Wayside Inn," from "Hyperion," whatever person the poet's imagination had given a form and body of its own. The list is long from which to choose, and the variety is sufficient to make a most interesting and picturesque group of statues. To arrange it and save it, on the one hand from stiffness, and on the other from burlesque, would require the highest artistic genius, and to execute it would give employment to a great number of sculptors, and probably it would require the purse of a Roman emperor to pay for it. And yet a simple group of a few most conspicuous characters is within the reach of any appreciative millionaire. How effective would the statue of Hawthorne be amidst his weird and yet solid creations! Fancy, however, this treatment applied to Shakespeare! We should have not a group, not a mass-meeting even, but a long procession of well-known, almost historic figures, marching across the campus, led by the divine bard. It is easy to ridicule this idea, to talk about a group of wax-works and an assembly of figures in a stone-cutter's yard. The Study is tempted to do it. But if a great genius would carry out this idea in regard to any famous author, respect would take the place of jeering, and the public curiosity would be changed to admiration. At any rate, the suggestion is not patented.

IV.

The modest memorial proposed for George William Curtis is open to none of the objections that might be urged to the above. And the suggestion of it comes not so much from the necessity of any device to keep his memory green as a means of inspiring in the present and coming generations a love for the high-mindedness and the civic virtues which his whole career illustrated. To stand for principle without bitterness, for good manners without affectation, for democracy without demagogism, for amenity in letters and in politics without surrender of vital purity, and to preserve the enthusiasm of youth for high ideals in society and in the state in the midst of a growing sophistication and materialism, was the mission of this chivalric soul, this American of a purer type, this just and calm citizen whose heart burned with love for his country. It is in recognition of this noble example that over four hundred of the representative men and women of America, from every section of the country, truly representative of the best there is in our society, in our art, our letters, and our politics, have united in requesting the Curtis Memorial Committee to emphasize the lesson of his life in some fitting way. The plan agreed upon, as one comparatively inexpensive, and so in accord with his own taste, is the foundation of a perpetual lectureship in connection with some of our universities, and the placing of a portrait bust somewhere in the city of New York. It is estimated that to carry out this design about twenty-five thousand dollars will be needed; certainly not less than the income of twenty thousand dollars would provide for the annual lecture, which could be repeated to the students of several colleges. It is thought that the honor of delivering this lecture, from year to year, would command the services of men most capable of inspiring the young, and that at the universities most young men could be reached who are likely to play a prominent part in politics and in letters. The theme of the lectures would always be good citizenship, the civic virtues, republican principles, patriotism, the fundamental and high ideals of a free people in questions of public interest that will from time to time be prominent. In thus keeping in memory his ideals we shall be in that

line of conduct and aspiration, in sight of those standards, which will lead us to the best attainments in our political and social life.

To the readers of the *causeries* of the Easy Chair for thirty years perhaps this appeal comes with a more intimate and personal reason than to others. In all literary history there is not such another example of long-continued courtesy, common-sense, familiar dignity, social amenity, and intellectual illumination. His readers were drawn to him by many ties, and in all those years he never forgot what was due to his wide and sympathetic audience. He gave from month to month of the best that was in him in all sincerity, and with an optimistic grace that made his audience con-

scious that they were in good society and in a hopeful world. The Chair is forever empty, and the loved voice is silent, but the influence remains. In ten thousand homes it is still a call to a higher life. It is the expectation of the memorial committee that the response to this appeal for twenty-five thousand dollars will be spontaneous, and in many cases liberal; but it will be exceedingly appropriate if the subscription is a popular one, and includes any, the least, sums that affection for the man or sympathy with his life work and character may prompt. Any sum, therefore, large or small, will be equally welcome if sent to William L. Trenholm, Esq., the treasurer of the committee, 160 Broadway, New York city.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of June.—There were labor disturbances during the month, chiefly among the miners in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, and Pennsylvania. Collisions with militia and sheriffs' deputies occurred. A coal famine was threatened, and railroads began seizing consignments of coal intended for manufacturers. Bridges were burned by strikers, coal trains were blocked, and at Cripple Creek, Colorado, prominent citizens were taken prisoners and held as hostages.

The Presbyterian General Assembly met at Saratoga May 17th. Dr. Samuel D. Mutchmore, of Philadelphia, was elected moderator. The Assembly voted to assume direct control of all theological seminaries in the Church. Professor Henry Preserved Smith, of the Lane Theological Seminary, was deposed from the ministry for heresy.

Rear-Admiral Erben, Captain Mahan, and the officers of the United States cruiser *Chicago*, were entertained at a great public dinner in London on May 24th.

The Lexow investigating committee of the State Senate, in session in New York city, obtained evidence of the complicity of the police with keepers of unlicensed saloons and other disorderly houses. Many witnesses testified to bribery and blackmail.

Supporters of the provisional government in Hawaii obtained a majority in the constitutional convention, which adopted plans for a republican government.

A revolution in San Salvador ended successfully on June 4th. President Ezeta fled.

Queen Victoria's seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated in England on May 24th.

A World's Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association opened in London June 1st. The Golden Jubilee of the organization was celebrated on the 6th.

The French cabinet resigned on May 22d. A new cabinet was formed on the 29th under the premiership of M. Dupuy. M. Casimir-Perier was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies June 2d.

King Alexander of Servia on May 21st restored the old constitution, greatly increasing the power of the monarch. Riots and wholesale arrests followed.

Muley Hassam, Sultan of Morocco, died on June 7th, and was succeeded by his sixteen-year-old son Mulai Abdul.

DISASTERS.

April 28th.—Severe earthquake shocks destroyed several villages in Venezuela, near the borders of Colombia. The loss of life was estimated at 7000.

May 13th.—The third Brooklyn Tabernacle under the pastorate of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge burned with the Hotel Regent. Loss, \$1,000,000.—Four Harvard students were drowned in Boston Harbor.

May 14th.—Fire in Boston destroyed property worth \$1,000,000.

May 17th and 18th.—Severe storms in the West caused \$1,000,000 damage, and twenty lives were lost in Lake Michigan. Storms in Pennsylvania were followed by floods which caused a loss of \$3,000,000 at Williamsport and in Lycoming County.

June 8th.—Fifteen members of the "Coxey Industrial Army" were drowned in the Platte River near Brighton, Colorado.

OBITUARY.

May 12th.—At Philadelphia, Brigadier-General Robert P. Dechert, aged fifty-two years.

May 14th.—At Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, Henry Morley, author and lecturer, aged seventy-two years.

May 16th.—At Berlin, W. H. Edwards, United States Consul-General.

May 20th.—At London, Edmund Yates, writer and editor, aged sixty-three years.

June 7th.—At New Haven, Connecticut, Professor William Dwight Whitney, aged sixty-seven years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A POSSIBLE IMPROBABILITY.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

"**S**PEAKING of deliverance from situations of extreme personal peril," said the Bishop—and his words attracted an even slighter attention because at that moment the actual subject of conversation was the comparative inefficiency of the various sorts of steam-heating apparatus ordinarily in use in country houses—"what has not been said within the past few minutes has reminded me very forcibly of a trifling adventure of my own which occurred some years since during my life as a missionary in Ellesmere Land, the comparatively uninhabited region, you know, at the extreme northern end of Baffin Bay. And it seems to me only proper to state at the outset that had I not been so fortunate as to have on the suit of wool-lined armor, and had I not carried with me the bottle of Tabasco sauce, there would have been no story for me to tell. Lacking those most fortunate additions to my outfit, it is probable that if anybody had told a story it would have been the two polar bears."

Having delivered this brief exordium, which so effectually distracted the attention of his auditors that several of them immediately left the room, the Bishop coughed slightly, and then proceeded in the following words:

"When the harrowing scene which I have not described was ended, I found myself alone in the whale-boat, slowly circling about the miniature maelstrom created when the *Harmony Home* went down. The only objects in sight upon that vast waste of waters—excepting the land, half a mile or so to leeward—were the two icebergs which, inopportunistly closing upon the brig like a pair of lemon-squeezers, had produced the catastrophe. The temperature of the air was 35°, and of the water 39°, by the Fahrenheit scale, as I immediately ascertained by means of my pocket-thermometer, knowing that these facts would be of interest when, on occasions like the present, I should describe what at the moment was an annoying experience in order to while away an idle hour.

"Excepting my thermometer, I had saved from the sinking vessel only the suit of wool-lined armor and the bottle of Tabasco sauce to which I have already referred, together with an abundant supply of fresh and salt provisions, several blocks of chemically pure ice (in which convenient and hygienic form our stock of drinking-water was carried), tea, coffee, condensed milk, a few dozens of wines and spirits, several boxes of cigars, my dressing-case, writing materials, and some well-chosen books. I should add that my situation was rendered a

little less desperate by the fact that the whale-boat had been fitted for making short expeditions from the vessel, and therefore was a trifle more comfortable than is usual with such craft. In its centre was a small but snug cabin, fitted with two standing berths, and reasonably, though far from luxuriously furnished. By an ingenious arrangement, the supply of coal for the cabin stove—sufficient, if used with economy, to last for several weeks—was stowed in the vacant space between the deck planking and the keel, thus obviating the necessity of going out of doors in bad weather to fill the coal-scuttle. The cans of kerosene for the hanging lamps, however, were stored in the stern-sheets, as was also the kindling-wood for starting the fire—an inconsiderate arrangement that added bitterly to the many hardships which I had to bear.

"In a word, a more desolate or distressing situation than that in which I then found myself cannot, I am confident, be imagined. But to yield to the natural feeling of despair that it engendered, as I well knew, was only to precipitate the gloomy end which would have been inevitable but for the mitigating conditions which rendered it extremely improbable. Therefore, drawing not vainly upon my stock of manly fortitude, I endeavored so to busy myself with active manual labor that the seething agony of my heart and brain might be allayed. Moreover, I was pressed to take vigorous steps for my own preservation by the conjunctive approach of dinner-time and night.

"With the feverish energy of one who works under so severe a strain, I laid the fuel in the stove and lighted it, selected from my stock of provisions what best would serve my turn in my keen fight with death—milk-turtle soup, salmon, chicken, a few vegetables, a pâté, and some sweets and cheese, with black coffee and cognac at the end—and when this ghastly meal (with which I drank a bottle of carefully cooled, not chilled, Châtean Yquem) was at an end, and the dishes washed, I settled myself until bedtime with my novel and cigar in the steamer-chair beneath the hanging lamp. The extreme cold—by midnight, when I went to bed, the mercury had dropped to eleven degrees below the freezing-point—would have been fraught with greater danger to me had not the boat's stores included a warming-pan, with which humble but useful domestic appliance I reduced to a minimum my chances of freezing to death in my bunk.

"Of the ensuing horrible five weeks, during which time I drifted slowly southward with the great Polar Current, I will not pain you by

speaking exhaustively. Cut off as I was from wholesome out-door exercise, and betrayed into eating and drinking more than was good for me by the too-appetizing nature of my supplies, to say nothing of excessive smoking in order to kill time, my digestion suffered severely, and my liver went completely wrong. But so much has been written of direful experience in open boats at sea that this phase of my terrible adventure need not be enlarged upon. Leaving its miseries to your imagination, I pass on at once to the catastrophe.

"Awakening, then, on the morning after the boat had grounded under the circumstances which I have not mentioned, I was conscious of a curious whining noise near by, accompanied by a slight scratching at the cabin door. At first, in my then sleepy condition, I fancied that I was back on board the *Harmony Home*, and that my favorite cat, Don Alouzo, was making his customary morning salutation; and then, as I grew more wakeful, I remembered my actual pitifully forsaken condition and the cruel fact that my faithful little friend was lost to me forever when the brig went down. Obviously, therefore, the strong instinct of self-preservation compelled me—though the fire had burned low and the cabin was disagreeably chilly—to get out of bed and investigate the cause of the curious noises, which, in that region, and under the circumstances, might emanate from savage beasts or almost equally savage men.

"Springing out of bed, and stopping only to put on my slippers and dressing-gown, I softly unlatched the cabin door, softly opened it, and cautiously thrust forth my head through the narrow crevice—and instantly inverted this series of actions, but with an exceeding celerity, upon finding my nose almost in contact with the nose of an exceptionally large polar bear. Although my opportunity for observation was not extended, I perceived that the animal seemed to be quite as much startled by the sudden encounter as I was, and I even fancied that its expression betrayed a lively sense of alarm.

"With the door shut, and the dead-latch down, I knew that for the moment I was safe. Obviously, in order to prepare for the fierce encounter that I clearly foresaw was imminent, it was most desirable that I should conserve my physical energies by partaking of substantial food. To this end—after hastily bathing and shaving—I rapidly prepared and ate a hearty breakfast. But I confess frankly that my terror very sensibly was augmented, while thus engaged, by hearing sounds from the forward end of the boat which convinced me that another bear had come aboard. Indeed, while I was washing the breakfast things, the increasing frequency and depth of the growls of the ferocious beasts thrilled me with the dismal conviction that the breakfast which had but that moment become mine soon would be a part of theirs.

"In this desperate emergency I most fortunately bethought myself of the armor, which I had bought, I may explain, at a bric-à-brac shop in Spitzbergen, but with little thought that it would be used, while on its way to become a decorative feature of my library, in what I may term its original sense. It was wool-lined, I should add, because in those far Northern countries steel garments not thus treated are almost certain to give their wearers colds.

"I never had worn armor; but, in a general way, the shape of the several pieces indicated the portions of the human body to which they severally belonged, and I was able to apply them properly—with only the trifling mistake, which I immediately rectified, of trying to put on the trousers hind part first. I may say, also, that I never dressed in clothes of any sort more rapidly, being stimulated to extreme haste by the savage growlings of those awful brutes, and by the fact that as the result of their now desperate clawings the wood-work of the cabin was beginning to give way. And, indeed, with all my haste, I was not dressed a moment too soon. Just as I had fastened on the helmet—after delaying a moment to grease the rusty joints of the visor with a pat of butter that most fortunately remained upon the breakfast table—the forward planking began to shiver, and at the same instant the bear in the stern succeeded in crushing in the cabin door.

"In that supreme moment my eyes lighted on the bottle of Tabasco sauce standing on the rack above the cabin table, and in one of those flashes of super-intelligence which come to us in moments of supreme peril, my plan of action was formed. With a trembling hand I seized the bottle, and removed—as quickly as this was possible, yet with a truly agonizing slowness because of the awkwardness of manag- ing so small an object with my mailed hands—the minute metal cap protecting the orifice through the cork. Sometimes, even now, I repeat that dreadful operation in my dreams, and wake in a cold sweat of horror as I feel the hot breath of the enraged animal hissing through the chinks of my visor, and then the jingle of his teeth in his vain attempts to bite my arms and shoulders, while yet the screw refuses to turn.

"Evidently puzzled, and greatly enraged by encountering a human being with so unpleasant an epidermis, the bear drew back for a moment, and in that same moment the cap of the bottle at last came off. As he came on again, with flaming eyes and with mouth wide open, I was able to act upon the offensive, and with a prompt dexterity I popped two drops of the fiery condiment upon his largely exposed tongue. The effect was instantaneous, and ideally perfect in its realization of the result which in my crisis of super-intense thought I had foreseen. The expression of avid ferocity upon the animal's face disap-



COMPLETELY MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

peared, and in its place came an expression of pained surprise. Instead of approaching me more closely, it drew back quickly with tears in its eyes, and then fell to making awkward attempts with its ungainly paws to remove from its mouth the burning and stinging substance which occasioned it so keen an uneasiness—much in the way that you, no doubt, have seen a dog try to rid his mouth of a piece of molasses candy.

"Amusing though this odd spectacle certainly was, I had no time to spend in contemplating it, scarcely a moment elapsing after my administration of the corrective stimulant to the first bear before the second bear succeeded in crashing through the wood-work, and was upon me, like the first, with open mouth and blazing eyes. But with this attack—the bottle being opened, and my self-confidence restored by the successful working of my plan—I dealt quite coolly. Taking a deliberate aim, I spurted three drops of Tabasco directly upon the centre of the creature's tongue, with results precisely identical with those arrived at by the first experiment, and equally satisfactory: the same quick change of facial expression; the same instantaneous

relinquishment of deadly purpose; the same comical attempts on the part of the bear to remove the offensive foreign substance by making absurd dabs at its mouth with its huge paws.

"Virtually, as you will infer, this was the end of the encounter. Being completely master of the situation, I had only to seat myself comfortably between the two animals and to administer to them—as the sting of the condiment abated sufficiently for them to venture fresh attacks upon me—occasional fresh doses of Tabasco in their open jaws."

"But what did you do when the bottle was empty?" inquired one of the few remaining uninterested auditors.

"I regret to say," the Bishop answered, sadly, "that in the end I was compelled to shoot both animals as the only practicable way of saving my own life."

"Why on earth," said the same person, speaking thoughtfully, and after some moments of silence, "didn't you shoot them to begin with?"

But the Bishop did not answer this question. While it was in course of mental formulation he had left the room.

BOOKWORM VERSES.

A LIGHT LUNCHEON.

I HAD a batch of novels on my table yesterday,
Most of them bound in yellow—just the sort to
throw away.

I showed them to my Bookworm, and I said,
"Pray have some lunch."

"I don't care if I do," said he; "I feel just like
a munch."

"What is there on the bill of fare?" he asked,
as he sat down.

"The books most widely read to-day," said I, "in
all the town;

The books the people talk about, the books that
dealers say

Relieve the book-man's creditors and drive the
wolves away;

"The books you'll find all over, in the boudoir,
on the train;

The books that deal with humble life, with lives
high up and vain;

The books that take six pages to describe a maid-
en's smile;

Some of 'em tell you stories, and the others teach
you style.

"So sit ye down, good Bookworm, eat away, and
merry be;

And if I don't return by six, pray wait not up
for me,

If any one should call meantime you do not wish
to meet,

Hide in my book of *Poems*; 'tis, alas! a safe
retreat."

And then I left my Bookworm to enjoy the
fresh-cooked food

With which the writing caterers regale the mul-
titude.

I staid away till seven, and returning then to
him,

I found that he had gone to bed, but in the
twilight dim

I caught a glimpse of writing there upon my blot-
ting-pad—

The writing of my Bookworm, and for him it
wasn't bad.

He said: "Beloved Master,—I do hope you won't
be vexed.

I've eaten all the margins, but I cannot go the text."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE UNTERRIFIED MONTANIANS.

It was once more Friday night, and we had
finished printing another number of the pa-
per. Old Wallis, the compositor, had been
provided with ten cents, with which to pur-
chase what he insisted was the only known
remedy for the poison of the antimony in type-
metal, namely, corn whiskey, when he said:

"It's a strange thing, the difference between
people in different parts of the country. These
Dakota folks are good enough in their way,
but they are deficient in git-up-and-git."

I was gloomily addressing a paper to a man
who had not paid a cent for two years, but I
paused and said, "Well, where do you find
more git-up-and-git?"

"In Montana. A Montana man will fight a
rattlesnake and give the snake the first bite.
And the Montana women are fit companions
for the Montana men. When I was at Powder-
horn River, working in the *Early Settler* office,
there was a rancher living up on Pizen Creek
named Snyder. He was married, and his wife
was probably about thirty-five years old. She
was the mother of four children, and though
rather plain, was not by any means bad-looking.
Before marriage she had been a school-teacher
in Missouri. For a year past, at the time I speak
of, her health had been declining, and she felt
that she was losing her strength. At last she
consulted a physician at Powder-horn River.

"You have been too closely confined at your
household duties, and need more exercise, es-
pecially exercise to expand your lungs. Have
your husband get you a pair of light Indian-
clubs, and use them every day," said he.

"She told Snyder, but though he looked all
over town, he could find nothing suitable, so
he decided to send to the States for a pair.
The next day, while he happened to be absent,
Mrs. Snyder heard a tremendous uproar in the
hen-house, and ran out to see what caused it.
She found that a pair of wild-cats, each about
twice as big as an ordinary tame cat, were at-
tacking the poultry. She hesitated for a mo-
ment, but when they dashed at a brood of little
chicks, putting the hen to flight, her mother-
heart was touched, and seizing a pitchfork, she
charged the cats bravely. They turned and
ran, she close behind. As they leaped over
the high threshold to escape, an idea struck
her. Dropping the fork, she grasped the tail
of a cat in either hand, and began to swing
the infuriated and astonished animals about
her head precisely as Indian-clubs are manip-
ulated. She kept it up for ten minutes, as
the doctor had directed, and then shut the ex-
hausted beasts under a box for future use.
She continued to exercise with them twice a
day, and at the end of three months she had
gained twenty pounds, the old color was back
in her cheeks, and she was a well and happy
woman. The cats were thin but lively.

"Snyder was of course pleased at his wife's
recovery, and the affair also gave him a busi-
ness hint. He began to catch wild-cats for
other women. He came into the *Early Settler*
office and advertised this scale of prices:
'Prime wild-cats for ladies' calisthenics, ten
dollars a pair. Mountain-lions, for more ro-
bust ladies, fifteen dollars. No. 1 domestic
cats (for girls from nine to fourteen), five
dollars.—N. B. All tails warranted to hold, or
money refunded.'

"Yes, sir, there is another class of people
living in Montana. If you were running your
paper out there, it wouldn't do for you to
charge that a political opponent had murder-
ed his grandmother unless you had positive
proof that he at least had had a grandmother,
and that the old lady had been snatched away
suddenly."

H. C.



A MATTER OF COMPARISON.

NEW YORK MISS. "How do you think the New York four hundred compare with society in Chicago?"
CHICAGO MISS. "Oh, not at all! Why, really there are at least eight hundred of us, and during the Fair we considered a thousand quite a small gathering."

AN OPINION.

DURING the war a soldier who took part in a foraging expedition found a bottle of whiskey, and proceeded forthwith to console himself for the hardships he had endured during the campaign. On returning to camp he was placed in the guard-house, and his condition reported to the captain.

"How did he get into that condition?" asked the captain.

"He captured a bottle of whiskey."

"How did he manage to do that?"

"I am not sure, sir," said the sergeant, "but I think he surrounded it." P. McA.

HE KEPT IT, NATURALLY ENOUGH.

AFTER Mr. Scadds left the station he experienced a severe shock upon discovering that a packet of bank-notes which he was taking to the city was nowhere about his person.

He must have left it in the Pullman car.

"I'll go to the superintendent's office and make my loss known," he thought; and he did. "I left a package containing \$5000 in bank-notes in a Pullman car not half an hour ago," said Mr. Scadds to the official.

"Which train?"

"The one which arrived at 9.15."

"Have you your Pullman check?"

Fortunately he had, and this enabled the superintendent to send for the conductor.

He soon arrived, for he had not yet finished the report of his trip, and was still in the building.

"Conductor," said the superintendent, "did you see anything of a package left in your car?"

"No, sir."

"Porter didn't turn anything over to you?"

"No, sir."

"Bring the porter here."

He was brought.

"Did you see anything of a small packet after the passengers left your car?"

"Yes, sah."

"You haven't turned it in?"

"Why, no, sah. It was a lot of money, sah."

"Precisely. Where is it now?"

"Here, sah."

It was produced from an inside pocket.

Mr. Scadds's eyes brightened when he saw the roll. "That's it," he exclaimed. He counted the money, and it was all there, the entire \$5000.

"Look here, porter," said the superintendent, severely, "I want to know why you did not bring that package to me the moment you got your fingers on it."

"Why, sah," replied the man, with an injured air, "I s'posed de gemman had left it for a tip, sah. That's why, sah."

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

AN ARTIST'S TRIAL.

THE Impressionist was standing close to his own picture. "Looks sort of soaked in," he said to himself, gazing at the orange and red

high lights and the greenish-purple shadows, that showed a prodigal use of the broad brush and palette-knife. The title read, "Before the Fire." This was a change made at the last moment from "After the Bath," but the word "fire" explained the high lights much better.

As the Impressionist backed away, still gazing through the hollow of his fist, he almost bumped into a rather interesting couple who were approaching with the gallery stroll in their every movement. It was evident they had come to talk the pictures over.

The Impressionist dropped behind to listen.

The young girl (she was still young and quite pretty) gazed at the benumbed walls with a frank and critical air, sometimes measuring proportions with half-shut eyes and an extended thumb and forefinger.

"Well done, I should say," said the young man, looking from the title to the red, startling picture. "I mean done to a crisp," he added.

"Ye-e-s," answered the girl, pausing.

The Impressionist's cold chill of delight at the first "well done" had been followed by a flush of anger.

"What do you think of it—the drawing, of course?" inquired the young man.

"Well," said the young girl, looking through half-shut eyes, "the man who painted that"—waving her hand—"shows a contempt for nature not bred of familiarity."

The Impressionist glared at them, but he was a small man, and they looked over his head.

J. B.

SATISFACTORY.

A COUPLE about to be married were anxious that all their friends should attend the ceremony, but were in doubt as to the capacity of the church. Accordingly the young man went to the sexton and asked, "How many will the church seat?"

The sexton considered the matter carefully for several minutes, and then replied, reflectively, "We-ell, ord'narily it'll seat 'bout three hundred; but if some'll sit with their legs hangin' over the organ-loft, I guess it'll seat three hundred and ten."

HIS FUTURE.

AN old farmer and his son called upon me the other day. The boy is about eleven or twelve years old, and a gawky, ugly dawdler. He wandered aimlessly about the office, running the tip of his finger over the backs of my books. At last I asked, "Well, my boy, would you like to be a lawyer?"

"Naw."

"A doctor?"

"Naw."

"Preacher?"

"Naw."

"Well, what do you want to be?"

"Nawthin'."

"By thunder! that's what you will be!" commented his disgusted father, earnestly.



THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

"I'D like to vote," said fair Louise, "because it seems to me
The polls should be refined a bit—they're common as can be;
And if we women took a hand, those horrid, nasty men
Who linger there would go away, and not come back again.
A woman with a lorgnette at her eyes can give a snub
To heelers that would hurt far more than the policeman's club."

"Well, as for me," said Jane Marie, "I do not wish to vote.
To say who shall be President I wouldn't give a groat.
I've got too much to do as 'tis; I'm busy all the day;
With all the work I have, to add to it would hardly pay.
To dress for balls is hard enough, so pray why vex our souls
In getting up a polonaise to wear down at the polls?"

"And I," said Polly—"I have thought the question o'er and o'er
Much harder than I've ever thought of anything before.
I can't say that I want to vote; I can't say that I don't;
I can't say if I can I will, nor really that I won't.
Sometimes I'm glad that things are as they just now seem to be,
And then again I feel oppressed, which really vexes me."

And that was how it happened, when the suffrage people came,
The fair Louise took up her pen and straightway signed her name;
And when to Jane Marie with their petition they did go,
She put her little foot right down and loudly answered no.
And that is also why it was—or so the story goes—
Dear Polly's name was signed to both the Antis.
and the Pros.

CARLYLE SMITH.

AN AUTHORITY.

JOSIAH JOSHUA HOBSON is a farmer, and an authority on all that pertains to farming. At least he thinks he is, and supports his statements by instances drawn from sixty years of farm life. If he were to say that a certain kind of chickens took at once to the water like ducks, he would have raised several broods of that kind back in the fifties. Although I sometimes fear that Hobson exaggerates a trifle, this sort of argument shuts me up, because I dare not express my doubts. I am confident that if I did I should wither up and blow away under his hot scorn of "them city fellers as don't know a harrow from a hoe."

"Hobson, what kind of fence posts lasts the longest?" I asked, the other day.

"Pine ones. Pine 'll last 'bout a hundred years."

"Are you sure?" I queried, doubtfully, for his answer surprised me.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. I've tried 'em myself twicet," he snorted.

EXPLAINED.

THE detail of the court martial which recently tried Commander Oscar F. Heyerman and Lieutenant Charles H. Lyman for responsibility for the loss of the United States corvette *Kearsarge* was made up of a particularly jolly set of naval officers, from the president of the court down. Away up near the head of the table sat Captain Albert Kautz, who held his place there through seniority on the naval list.

Captain Kautz, as his name implies, is of German extraction, and while possessing ordinarily the phlegmatic characteristics of the race, his humor machine is easily started running.

As an illustration of this the following story is told: While on shore leave some years ago Captain Kautz was invited to join a party of equestrians. During the ride the captain, whose horsemanship was perhaps on a par with that of most men of his profession, was thrown, and got a rather bad fall.

He was up in a moment, and to the anxious inquiries of his friends replied that he was not hurt. It was evident, however, that the captain had been badly shaken up, and on being again asked if he was sure he had sustained no injury, answered:

"Hurt? Me hurt? I couldn't be hurt by a fall from a horse. Why, I've a brother who is a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry!"

However, Captain Kautz was hurt, and had to take to his bed.

Some days later he was visited by several of his horsy friends, who gently grieved him about his denial that he was hurt, and also about the unique reason he gave for immunity from injury by that particular kind of accident.

"That's all right," said the doughty captain, as he winced at the pain in his back,

"but my reason would have held good and I wouldn't be here now but for one thing. Why, you wouldn't believe it, but I have just heard that on the very day I fell off that horse my brother was made a lieutenant-colonel of infantry!"

AN ENCOURAGING ENDORSEMENT.

JIMMIEBOY has been attending a German kindergarten for a winter, and is firmly of the belief that he can speak German like a native. In the early summer a Teutonic carpenter was employed about the house in which Jimmieboy lives for several days, and in the small boy's hours of leisure he followed the carpenter wherever he went, and conversed with him on subjects of presumably mutual interest.

One afternoon, meeting the boy's father, who was on a tour of inspection of the work he was doing, Fritz, with a nod toward Jimmieboy, observed with enthusiasm:

"Dot poy's shmart enough. He shpeaks Charman quite some—almost as petter as me shpeak Euklish!"



The Minstrel.

He seized some strands of vagrant hair
Betwixt his finger and his thumb,
And then a wild Aolian air
Across the vibrant chords did thrum.

