

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII.

APRIL, 1894.

No. DXXVII.

## A BATTLE-SHIP IN ACTION.

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THE *Farragut* was steaming sixteen knots, fires under every boiler, and each one of her thirty-two furnaces burning freely with the natural draught of her hundred-foot funnels, the forced draught which would give her the final and maximum battle speed of seventeen knots still kept in reserve. The vessel whose smoke had been sighted half an hour earlier was now only six miles distant, and was clearly seen to be an enemy's battle-ship, practically equal in strength to the *Farragut*, and indeed the one which the coast signal service had reported from Cape Cod the day before, and in search of which the *Farragut* was cruising.

The signal officer had gone into the military top, eighty feet above the water-line, when the first report of the lookout was heard, and with a powerful glass had made out and passed to the captain in the pilot-house below all those distinctive features of shape of hull, number of smoke-pipes and military masts, and installation of heavy guns, which marked her individuality. Although her hull had been painted a muddy gray upon the outbreak of war, not a vestige remaining of the beautiful white and gold which is a first lieutenant's pride in time of peace, and she showed as yet no national colors, not an officer upon the *Farragut's* bridge had the least doubt of her identity.

The great powers had been narrowly watching each other's armed development for many years, and there was not a battle-ship, cruiser, or torpedo-boat whose speed, strength, and characteristic features could not be found in the confidential information leisurely and accurately prepared in time of peace, and issued to commanding officers in preparation for war. The captain of the *Farragut* knew with equal certainty that the enemy's telescopes had swept every foot of his own hull with the same satisfactory result.

The display of the ensigns—a salutation in peace, a challenge in war—had not yet been made. As yet each vessel ignored the other's presence. But to a thousand human beings the issue was one of life or death, and to the two captains much more than that—the crowning effort of serious and arduous professional lives, that crucial test long studied and long prepared for, success in which meant fame and honor, while failure meant reproach and bitter mortification, if not a broken and ruined career.

The time was September, 1898, and the place a point in the Atlantic Ocean eighty miles southeast of the capes of the Delaware. There was a long, light swell, the reminiscence of a southwester, and a brisk northwest breeze which broke the gently rolling surface of the sea into dancing white-caps. The sky was clear, the sunshine brilliant, the air cool, dry, and bracing—an ideal day for sailing or fighting.

The *Farragut* was steaming due east when the enemy's smoke was sighted, and continued that course. The latter bore E.N.E. when first seen, and as she drew slightly ahead, it was evident that she was standing well to the southward and would cross the *Farragut's* bows. She was, in

fact, making full speed on a S.S.W. course, to effect a rendezvous with her flag-officer south of Hatteras.

The crew had been called to quarters when the enemy's hull began to lift above the horizon, and the *Farragut* was cleared for action. Every stanchion, hatch-canopy, and railing that interfered with the fire of the guns, or that, if struck by shot, might become a missile of destruction and death, was removed. The compasses were carried below to a place of safety. Around the bridges and rails were placed hammocks as a protection against the fire of small-arms and machine-guns. The turrets had been revolved back and forth through their extreme arcs of train to test the turning machinery, and to ascertain that no obstacles to rapid and efficient work existed. All guns were charged, and torpedoes were placed in the tubes. Reports had been received from all divisions. The means of communication with the different portions of the huge and complicated structure—electrical, mechanical, and by voice-tubes—were tested.

The enemy was now six miles distant and bearing nearly ahead. The captain of the *Farragut* lifted the speaking-tube to his lips and ordered the forced draught put on, at the same time repeating the signal "full speed." In two minutes the revolutions-indicator showed an increase of three turns per minute, and continued slowly to mount. Again a low sharp order, and the stars and stripes floated from the mast-head and the flag-staff. The enemy hesitated not an instant to accept the challenge. With his helm aport he swung steadily around to meet the *Farragut*, and displayed his national colors. Now only five miles distant, and at a speed of seventeen knots, the two leviathans rushed upon each other. In nine minutes they would cover the distance which separated them. The scenery of an ocean drama was set, and the curtain had been rung up for the first act.

War had been declared in August. It was not unexpected, for the growing irritation between the people of the two nations over unfortunate questions of commercial influence and control—an irritation so pronounced that it appeared to render an amicable adjustment impossible—had extended to the governments themselves. The importance of these questions had been accentuated by the rapid progress of work upon the Nicaragua Ca-

nal, already at that time an assured success. The expansion of old lines of trade and the creation of new ones were certain, in public opinion, to follow the completion of that great undertaking. The prosperity and population of the United States had continued rapidly to increase, and an augmented proportion of its money and labor had again turned to the sea as a remunerative field. Cheaper coal and materials were once more making of the seaboard Americans what cheaper timber made of them fifty years before—a ship-building and ship-sailing people, carrying their own freights, and even bidding successfully for the freights of others. From well-equipped yards there had already been launched scores of steamers unrivalled in speed and economy, taking in their respective classes the position held by the American clipper-ship of the early fifties. The markets of South America were filling up with American manufactured goods, and their carrying trade was coming under the control of American lines of steamers. Slowly but surely European trade, which had long regarded that part of the world as almost its exclusive possession, was being crowded out by the competition of the United States. And this energy was extending into other seas, and threatening to disturb the security of other commercial interests. Our flag once more had become a familiar sight in the ports of the world. From the Baltic to the Mediterranean statesmen and capitalists began to regard the United States as a dangerous rival in her new field of effort, and pretexts to curtail by force of arms and subsequent treaty those commercial ambitions which economic conditions had failed to check were willingly accepted.

The outbreak came, as might have been expected, through arbitrary and discriminating custom-house exactions. An American steamer was seized in a foreign port, and her master was imprisoned. The captain of a United States cruiser sent an armed force on board the steamer, took her out of the hands of the customs officers, and escorted her to sea before the harbor authorities realized what was happening. A fast corvette was sent in pursuit, and an engagement took place between the public vessels, in which men were killed and wounded on both sides. There was too much hot blood to permit





IN SIGHT OF THE ENEMY—THE CHALLENGE.



IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SHIP.

any discussion or delay, and war immediately ensued.

The navy of the United States had grown, although not in proportion to its commercial marine. She had six battle-ships of the first and two of the second class; five double-turreted monitors, valuable for the defence of harbors and roadsteads, but counting for little in any work at sea; a number of powerful armored and protected cruisers; and a fair proportion of smaller craft, gunboats, and torpedo-boats. With a small margin of national income above national expense, it had frequently been a hard fight for the naval appropriations to hold their own against the river and harbor bills and other popular measures of internal improvement; but national interest in the navy had kept pace with interest in the rapidly developing commercial marine, and moderate construction bills never failed to pass.

The *Farragut* was one of the latest of the first-class sea-going battle-ships. She had been completed the year before, had been at once commissioned, and was now in thorough condition for war service, her capacities tested and understood, her crew trained, her officers knowing their ship, knowing their men, and familiar with all

the duties which they would or might be called upon to perform.

The evolution and development of fifty years had produced in the modern battle-ship a wonderful and complex instrument of warfare—almost unsinkable, almost impregnable, with tremendous offensive power. She was filled with powerful agencies, all obedient to the control of man—the creatures of his brain and the servants of his will.

Steam in its sim-

ple application drove her main engines and many auxiliaries. Steam transformed into hydraulic power moved her steering-gear and turned her turrets. Steam converted into electrical energy produced her incandescent and search lights, worked small motors in remote places, and fired her guns when desired. Every application of energy, every device of mechanism, found its office somewhere in that vast hull, and the source of all the varied forms of power lay in the great boilers, far down below danger of shot and shell, under which grimy stokers were always shovelling coal. Decades of thought and study, experiment and failure, trial again with partial success, and repeated trials with complete success, had assigned to each agency its appropriate function, and perfected the mechanism through which its work was performed.

The *Farragut* was a sister ship to the *Iowa*. Built two years later, the same dimensions and design had been retained, but improvements in the processes of manufacturing armor plates had enabled a saving of weight in the heavily armored parts to be effected, which saving was applied to light protection on the water-line forward and abaft of the barbettes.

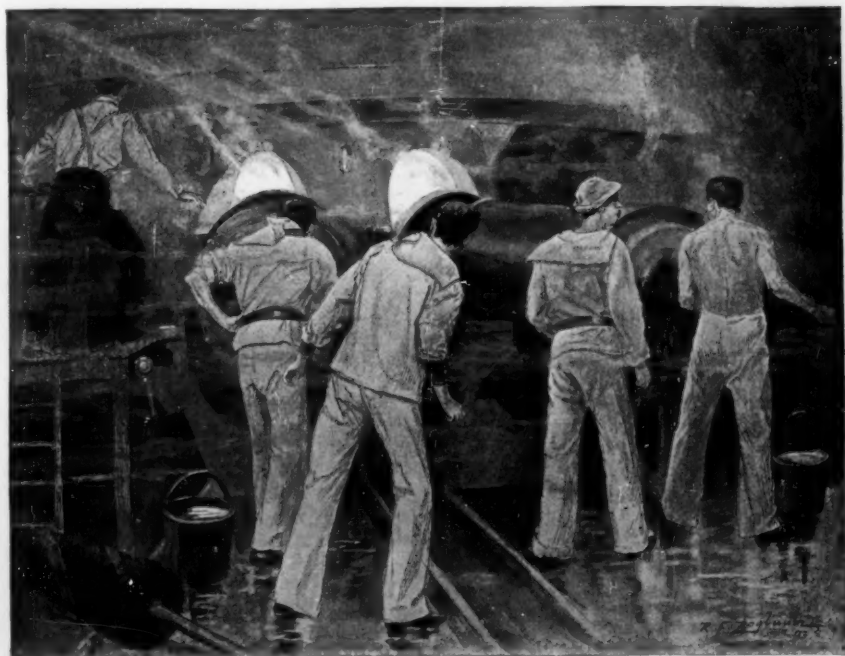
Her length was 360 feet, her breadth 72,

her draught 24. Placed on one of the avenues of New York city, she would have covered a square and blocked two streets, with 50 or 60 feet of surplus length. Her water-line would have been 24 feet above the pavement, her heavy guns 50 feet, her conning-tower 60 feet, and the tops of her smoke-stacks 110 feet. Her total weight—11,300 tons—was quite equal to the aggregate weight of the houses fronting Fifth Avenue on both sides of a square. Although in length and speed and in actual size she was inferior to an ocean greyhound, her enormous guns, her massive turrets and barbettes, her impervious side armor, and her torpedoes, made her an object of greater interest and study. The transatlantic liner is an ocean palace, fleet but defenceless; the battle-ship is a floating fortress, armed and invulnerable at every point.

The great hull which supports and carries the vast weights of machinery, guns, and armor was built of thin plates closely jointed and fitted, and bound together with straps, angle-irons, and brack-

ets, to make a strong, unyielding structure. Its strength is that of the girder, and not that of the beam.

Visitors are often surprised, when being shown through the lower flats and store-rooms of a modern ship, to learn that less than an inch of steel lies between them and the depths of the sea. The *Farragut's* keel plates were one and three-eighths inches thick; the remainder of her outside plating from three-quarters to half an inch. This plating was secured to light steel transverse frames. Throughout the greater portion of the length of the ship, excluding only a certain part at either end, vertical plates were erected upon the frames and outside plating, running both lengthwise of the ship and transversely; and upon these plates was laid a second or inner bottom. Thus was formed the "double bottom," a common feature in battle-ships and heavy cruisers, adding greatly to their strength and safety. It extended in the *Farragut* throughout her heavily armored portion, and from the keel to the water-line on



IN THE TURRET.

both sides. All its vertical plates were accurately fitted and secured to both outer and inner bottoms. All connections were strongly riveted, calked, and made water-tight.

The "double bottom" was like a honeycomb, separated into a multitude of cells, localizing an injury, and rendering it ineffective to sink or disable the vessel.

Throughout the whole length of the ship, spaced at frequent intervals, and extending from the main-deck to the keel and from side to side, were transverse water-tight bulkheads of steel, strong enough to resist the pressure of the water should one compartment be filled and the others empty. These bulkheads were placed close together at the ends of the ship, especially forward, where they added much to the structural strength and supported the ram, and in the central portion as frequently as the disposition of engines and boilers permitted.

The cellular construction of the double bottom, and compartmental construction on a larger scale throughout the ship, constituted the structural safeguards against sinking from collision, grounding, or injuries from shot or torpedoes. A slight wound, piercing only the outer skin, would be localized by the arrangement of the double bottom. A serious injury crashing through both bottoms would be confined to that part of the ship by the water-tight bulkheads. Nothing but the deadly blow of a ram, smashing through bottoms and bulkheads, and throwing several compartments into one, would be likely to sink such a ship.

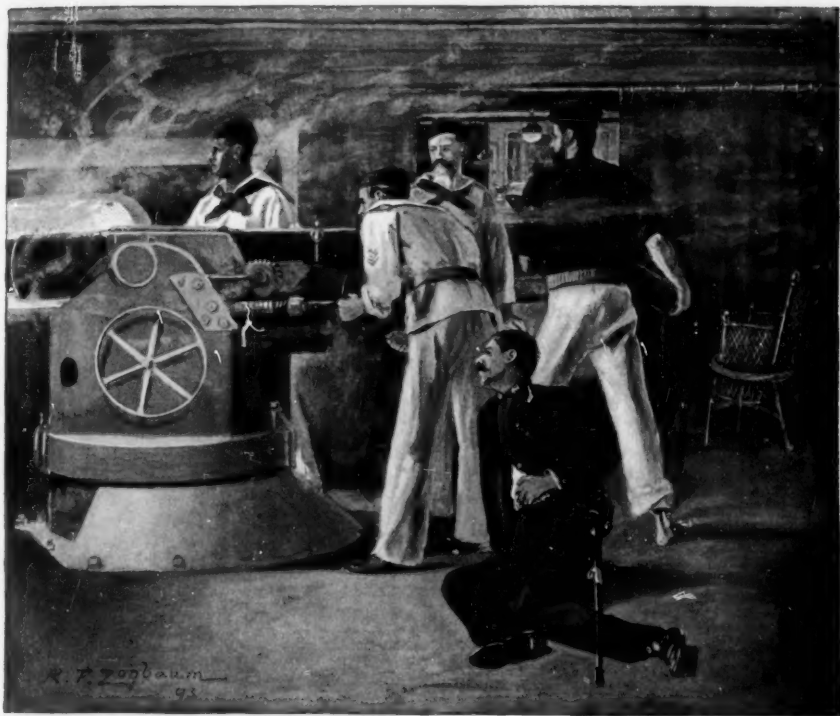
But the heavy shells from an enemy's guns may do many other forms of injury besides sinking a vessel and disabling her crew. They may strike and disable her engines, or pierce her boilers, causing disastrous explosions. They may injure her steering-gear, destroy the mechanism which controls her turrets and guns, or injure the guns themselves and their carriages. In every feature of offence which renders her a formidable and dangerous foe—her speed, her mobility, the fire of her guns—a man-of-war is dangerously vulnerable unless she be protected by armor, unless the enemy's shot be rejected by plates which it cannot penetrate.

The percentage of weight which may be allotted to armor in the design of a ship limits the area which can be wholly protected, but often permits the partial

protection of other areas of less importance to her vitality and destructive force. Motive power, steering-gear, and magazines stand first upon the list of those features demanding complete protection.

The *Iowa* had a water-line belt of fourteen-inch steel armor, extending from one barbette to the other, or through about one hundred and eighty feet of the length of the ship, and from four and a half feet below the water-line to three feet above it. From the ends of this belt twelve-inch diagonal steel bulkheads extended across the vessel, and met forward of the forward barbette and abaft the after barbette, thus completely enclosing them and the whole central part of the ship in a steel box seven feet and six inches high. Over this belt was laid a three-inch steel deck to deflect plunging shot. The ends of the ship were not protected by vertical armor, but from the bottom of the belt to the stem and stern posts were laid three-inch protective steel decks. Thus there was a large part of the ship of considerably greater size than her total submerged portion, extending three feet above the water-line amidships, and to four feet and a half below the water-line at the ends, which was practically impregnable to the attacks of an enemy's battery; and this fortress contained the engines and boilers, the steering-gear, and the magazines.

The development of armor had made such progress before the *Farragut's* designs were completed that it was possible, without increasing her weight, to extend the protected area. The Harvey process of surface hardening, applied to plates of nickel-steel, had produced an armor almost ideal in its combined qualities of hardness and toughness. Highly tempered shot broke up upon its surface, and softer projectiles were so deformed that their penetrating power was seriously impaired. It was found possible to reduce the thickness of the belt, barbette, and turret armor sufficiently to extend the belt to the ends of the ship, with a thickness of five inches outside of the barbettes, and to raise it at the ends to protect the torpedo-tubes and torpedo-manipulating rooms. This much increased the water-line protection, making it invulnerable throughout against guns of small calibre, and diminished to a great degree a danger much discussed among naval men, that the unarmored ends of battle-ships would



THE SECONDARY BATTERY—THE AFTER-CABIN.

be so riddled in action by explosive shells as to destroy their buoyancy and floating power; their compartments filled with water would immerse the whole ship to a deeper draught, would diminish her speed and steering qualities, and thus seriously impair two of her most valuable attributes.

The *Farragut's* battery was the same as that of the *Iowa*—four 12-inch rifles mounted in pairs in two turrets, eight 8-inch rifles, also mounted in pairs in turrets, six rapid-fire 4-inch rifles, and an ample secondary battery of twenty 6-pounder and six 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, and two Gatlings—all high-powered breech-loading guns of the best American manufacture.

The turrets of the 12-inch guns were placed on the midship-line of the ship, at the ends of the central heavily armored portion. They were mounted inside of fixed barbettes which supported their weight and protected the turning mech-

anism, communications, and passage of ammunition. The forward guns were 25 feet above the water, the after guns 18 feet.

The turrets of the 8-inch guns were placed, two on each side of the ship, between those of the 12-inch guns. They were six inches thick, and were also mounted upon barbettes six inches in thickness. These barbettes extended down to the light side armor above the belt, thus covering communications and ammunition passages.

The 4-inch and secondary battery guns were arranged to obtain the most effective angles of fire, many of them being placed upon the superstructure above the upper deck. One-pounders and Gatlings were mounted in the military tops.

The power of modern ordnance had reached an extraordinary point of development. From the 12-inch rifles steel shells weighing 850 pounds, and propelled by 400 pounds of powder, were launched



with a velocity of 2200 feet per second. At 1500 yards' distance one of these shells was capable of penetrating 22 inches of ordinary solid steel. Only the new and improved armor, which broke up and destroyed projectiles upon a flinty surface, could prevent such powerful bolts from reaching the vitals of a ship. The two shells from one pair of these enormous guns striking together exerted an energy sufficient to raise the total weight of the *Farragut*, more than eleven thousand tons, to a height of five feet.

The 8-inch rifles, 40 calibres in length, fired 250-pound projectiles with a powder charge of 125 pounds and a velocity of 2300 feet per second. These guns were symmetrically disposed in their four turrets, so that two pairs would fire in any direction—ahead, astern, or on either side. The rapid-fire lighter guns were of equal excellence in their several classes. With skilful gunners five to fifteen aimed shots per minute could be discharged from each of them; and as a satisfactory smokeless powder had finally been produced—one which neither obscured the vision nor asphyxiated the crew—a destructive hail of explosive projectiles could be directed upon any point without delay or confusion.

The disposition of the *Farragut's* battery armed her at every point. There were no "dead angles" or parts of the horizon not swept by her guns, no directions in which a faster or more handy antagonist might lie in comparative safety while delivering his own deadly fire. Anything ahead was commanded by two 12-inch and four 8-inch guns. An enemy astern confronted the same fire, while on either beam a tremendous broadside of four 12-inch and four 8-inch could be directed.

It had been intended to give to the new battle-ship the name of a prosperous Western State; but before the time of her launching arrived, the deepening interest in naval matters had strengthened the impression that it would be wise to preserve in a concrete and tangible form the memory of brilliant and honorable pages in our naval history. It was felt that the claims of States and cities, however important and powerful, to representation upon the navy list could not always be greater than those of distinguished men who had rendered their country immortal services while many of those States and cities were yet untrod-

den wildernesses. The illustrious examples of an honorable service, kept alive in the breasts and minds of young officers and sailors, would point out to them always the paths in which duty and patriotism lay, and encourage them to noble deeds of emulation.

Erie, Champlain, Perry, Macdonough, Decatur, Farragut, were more than names to the bright young men who formed the bone and sinew of the country's new navy—as well to those who wore the blue jacket as to those who wore the laced coat; and when it was proposed to name the new battle-ship after the hero of Mobile Bay, the expression of public sentiment was a chorus of approval.

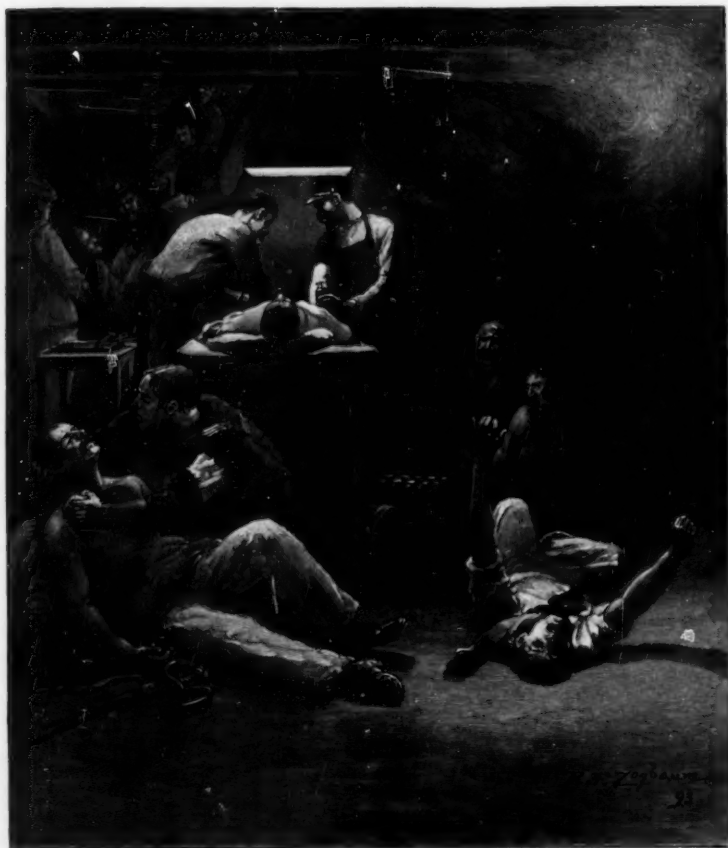
Such was the construction, the armament, and the history of the battle-ship rushing upon her antagonist that bright September morning.

Every man was at his station for battle; every preparation was made. Although several minutes would still elapse before the action began, bustle and movement had ceased. In silence and suspense, with quickened breath, the onset was awaited.

In the fire and engine rooms stood the engineer's force. These great machinery spaces, 24 feet in height from the inner plating of the double bottom to the protective deck above, were filled with the massive propelling machinery and its auxiliaries. Four enormous boilers, 17 feet in diameter and 20 in length, their steel shells one and a half inches thick, built to carry a working pressure of 160 pounds, provided the steam. Each pair of these boilers, placed fore and aft and side by side, was installed in a separate compartment, with fire-rooms at the ends. Every boiler had four furnaces in each end, which gave eight to each fire-room, or a total of thirty-two. The two boiler compartments were separated by a water-tight bulkhead, and by a deep broad coal-bunker. At the sides of the ship were also coal-bunkers, which supplemented the heavy armor belt by the protection of a mass of coal twelve feet in thickness—in itself a not inconsiderable earth-work, which might arrest the fragments of a bursting shell that had succeeded in piercing the armor. No casualty of naval combat can be worse than the penetration of high-pressure boilers by heavy shells. Their complete protection is an imperative condition, quite as important as the protection of the magazines.

A contingent of firemen, water-tenders, and coal-heavers in each fire-room performed its duties with a precision unvarying and mechanical. Stripped to the waist, with muscles knotted on arms and shoulders, these grimy, stalwart men han-

scores of men, yet nothing would reach them except muffled and distorted sounds. In the beginning, when the enemy was first sighted and the ship put under full speed, they were informed by their comrades on deck of the progress of events.



IN THE COCKPIT.

dled slice-bar, rake, and shovel, or dragged from the bowels of the bunkers fresh supplies of fuel. They were safe from shot and shell, but they also were denied all knowledge of passing events. The battle might rage over them and about them without conveying any intimation of the fortunes of the day. Shells might shriek and tear through the decks above, dismounting guns, maiming and killing

Even after the call to stations for battle vague and undecided rumors found their way to the regions below; but after the forced draught was put on, and all hatches closed, they were cut off as effectually from all further knowledge as if buried in the catacombs. Silent and intent they toiled, the blazing furnaces in front of them, a tangled mass of pipes and connections over their heads. The whirl of

the forced-draught fans made a monotonous accompaniment to the metallic clash of furnace doors and shovels, the electric light fell upon their glistening shoulders and cast strong shadows on their rugged faces, as with suspense magnified by ignorance and unrelieved by excitement they did their part.

The main engines worked with steady rhythmic stroke. On the platforms, at the reversing-gear, at every valve and throttle, were stationed men to make immediate response to every command, to meet an emergency with appropriate action. The oilers moved here and there, filling cups, feeling and examining every journal, rod, and crank. Cadets were placed at the voice-tubes and annunciators to remain in constant communication with the conning-tower. Everywhere, and in charge of all, the veteran chief-engineer moved, a principal assistant in charge of each engine and another in charge of the fire-rooms. Upon him was the responsibility of maintaining seventeen knots until the issue of battle was decided, and his sharp critical eye, as it fell upon his engines and his men, was filled with the gravity of the occasion.

The engineer's division was protected from shell, but not from two other dreaded weapons—the ram and torpedo. A Whitehead striking below the armor belt might burst with tremendous force through double bottom and coal-bunkers, or a grinding steel prow, backed by the momentum of thousands of tons, might crash irresistibly through armor, beams, and machinery to the very heart and vitals of the ship. These were possible disasters, which might not even be threatened, and which, if threatened, might be avoided by coolness and skill in manœuvring; but they would be destructive, perhaps overwhelming, if they did occur.

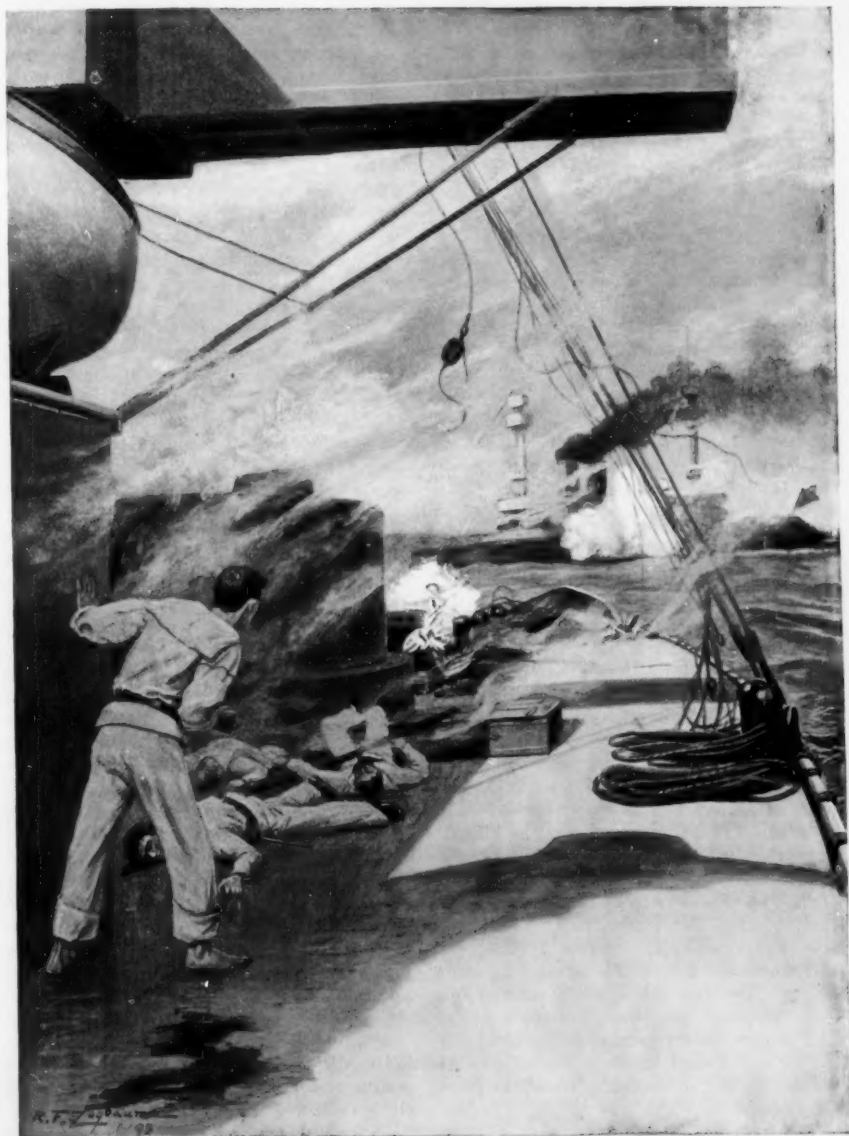
The men at the guns were sure to have a certain proportion of death and wounds from bullets and shells. Those below would escape this danger, and probably other dangers; but there was always the chance of a catastrophe.

The "powder division" provided ammunition and controlled the hoists which conveyed shell and powder to the guns of the battery. In the magazines and shell-rooms, far below the water-line, on the lower flats, and at successive stations, men stood to guide the shells, both great and small, and the cylinders of powder from

the depths of the ship to the turrets and fighting-decks. This division also, although in close touch with the active business of fighting, would not have an actual part in it, except in the extreme case of calling up all hands to repel an enemy who was gaining possession of the decks—an exigency not likely to occur in modern naval battles. Below the berth-deck its members were completely protected by the ship's heaviest armor, and upon the berth-deck they were partially protected by the lighter side armor extending above the belt. The torpedo-rooms, four in number, were protected by light armor. One of them was aft and one forward, with fixed tubes, discharging their torpedoes in line with the keel. The other two were on the quarters, their tubes ranging forward to threaten any ship attempting to ram. A crew in each room adjusted the torpedo, put on its fighting-head, and upon placing it in the tube attached its percussion-fuse. The torpedoes could be discharged from the several rooms or from the conning-tower. The ship carried twelve; three for each tube. With a speed of thirty knots these torpedoes would run 500 yards—the limit of distance at which they would be employed between moving vessels—in thirty seconds.

The crews of the 8 and 12 inch rifles were assembled in the turrets, grouped about their guns, and straining their eyes at the approaching foe. Time and again their glances were cast upon every preparation and every fitting, to render doubly sure the assurance that the moment of need would find nothing unheeded or forgotten. Cutlasses and revolvers were belted on, rifles were placed near at hand, and the silence was unbroken save now and then by a hushed whispered comment on the appearance and speed of the enemy, her battery, and vulnerable points.

At the lighter guns stood the sailors in smaller groups. A part of the marine guard was stationed here, the remainder assigned as sharpshooters. All men not actually needed for the service of the guns engaged were directed to remain in the shelter of the barbettes and turrets. There was to be no dramatic sacrifice of life. Before the fight was many minutes old there would be vacancies enough to give every man a chance to show his nerve and pluck. The officers of divisions walked



"STAND BY TO RAM!"

to and fro or leaned upon their swords, with frequent glances ahead and at the captain on the bridge.

On one of the flats below the protective deck the surgeon's amputating-table

was laid, his glistening instruments arranged in neat precision; buckets of water, sponges, and bandages at hand, all spotless and clean, but soon to be deluged by red blood then flowing through the

veins of vigorous men. Tourniquets were distributed through the divisions to men instructed in their use, and in a hatchway were rigged a cot and tackle to gently lower the wounded men below. In hospital garb, with white coats and aprons and bared arms, the surgeon and his assistants awaited the beginning of their labors.

Now pacing the bridge with rapid nervous steps, now studying his antagonist through his binoculars, the captain of the *Farragut* seemed absorbed in anxious thought. Doubtless he was rehearsing lessons long since studied, the varying tactics and opportunities of a marine duel, and wondering what unforeseen situations the one now opening might present. The time had not yet come to enter the conning-tower, and perhaps, indeed, the gallant sailor would scarcely enter it at all, preferring, in the fierce excitement of battle, danger and a broader field of vision to comparative safety and a restricted view. It had long been doubted if a captain within the conning-tower could properly fight his ship.

After a brief and earnest conversation with the captain, the first lieutenant had withdrawn and stood in silence near the rail. A little later he would leave the bridge and move among the guns, encouraging and directing the men. The next in succession to the command, and thoroughly conversant with his superior's plan of action, it was important that he should not remain immediately at his side in action lest the same shell might disable them both.

The navigator was in the tower, quartermaster at the wheel, petty officers at the engine signals. In his bullet-proof turret at each end of the bridge a young officer kept the telescope of the rangefinder directed upon the approaching ship. The ranges were recorded in the conning-tower, and a dial in each turret and division kept gun-captains constantly informed.

The captain of the *Farragut* was an officer of merit and distinction. In 1894 new conditions of promotion had been introduced into the United States Navy. Prior to that time advancement from grade to grade, from the lowest to the highest, had been controlled by seniority alone. Provided an officer neither disgraced himself nor failed in health, he was sure, irrespective of his merit, indus-

try, or ambition, to reach the highest ranks and dignities. Promotion was entirely a waiting game, in which the indolent and indifferent shared honors equally with the ardent and enthusiastic. A good digestion was by far the most valuable qualification for attaining the rank of rear-admiral. This method, which had long since been discarded in other navies, and which was inherently discouraging to the best military development, had the double disadvantage of keeping men in the subordinate grades during the best and most vigorous years of their lives, and of making the same standard for captains and admirals as for lieutenants—permitting no discriminative choice of officers to take high duties of command and responsibility. It was felt that a radical change was imperative, and after much consideration a measure had been passed directing vacancies to be filled with officers selected and recommended by a promotion board.

The captain of the *Farragut* was a lieutenant-commander when this act became law, and was one of the first selected for advancement to the grade of commander. Appointed to the command of a cruiser, he had an excellent ship, whose efficient organization and condition made her a model and example for the service. His prompt, skilful, and satisfactory settlement of a disagreeable incident in the Spanish Main relieved the administration of an embarrassing situation, added to his already brilliant reputation, and secured his advancement to the rank of captain.

He brought to the command of the *Farragut* those qualities which had made his command of the *Champlain* conspicuous and successful. His alert professional skill and knowledge, his active unceasing study and trial of all the qualities and capacities of his ship, stimulated and quickened his subordinates.

Frequently assembling his lieutenants, he would discuss with them the varied conditions of a naval combat, gaining their opinions and giving them his own. This had a far more important purpose than a simple increase of knowledge. Any one of these lieutenants might succeed to the command of the ship during an engagement, and to avoid delay and confusion, perhaps disaster, it was necessary to have some agreement and continuity of plan.

Only four miles—7000 yards—now separated the two combatants.



Believing in the paramount value of rapid and well-delivered battery fire, diminishing and silencing the fire of the enemy by a pitiless and continuous hail of projectiles, the captain of the *Farragut* had given especial attention to this branch of the training of his crew. With an ample allowance of ammunition for target-practice—an allowance which for the lighter guns was so liberal that it permitted a carefully devised system of fire instruction under the conditions of actual combat—the divisions had been trained to fire continuously and rapidly at a target toward which their ship was approaching, or from which she was receding, at full speed; and scores had been made at this practice which, if equalled in action, would land nine projectiles in every ten upon the hull of a battle-ship. The smokeless powder, with which the secondary battery guns were charged, interfered neither with their own successive shots nor with the pointing of the powerful rifles of the main battery.

The plan of battle was simple. Assuming the generally expected conditions of a duel between two ships—that they would pass and repass each other at full speed, using their guns always, and employing the torpedo when within reach, until some decided advantage which permitted the use of the ram had been gained, it was ordered that fire from the lighter guns should begin at 4000 yards, and from the main battery at 2500 yards. This would give time during the advance for from fifteen to forty shots from each light gun, while each of the forward 12 and 8 inch guns could fire two shots and reload in time to train abeam for the passing broadside.



THE MILITARY TOP.

A large measure of independent action was reserved to the lieutenants of divisions. Throughout the various situations of an engagement, all of which had been anticipated and planned for, they were to regulate and control the fire of their guns without further instructions. Although everything in the ship was brought by electrical and mechanical devices within the control of the conning-tower, the captain did not consider it practicable for one man to direct with efficiency the total offensive power of the ship, nor advisable to cultivate in his officers that dependence and lack of initiative which such an organization produces. The motive and steering power of the ship remained of necessity under his immediate control, and associated with that control was the exercise of his own judgment and decision as to the use of the ram. The discharge of torpedoes was also, except under special circumstances, made subject to his immediate command.

The *Farragut* was now only 5000 yards from her foe. Each ship was slightly on the other's starboard bow, and would pass on the starboard side. The gun-captains placed their sights for 4000 yards, laid their guns upon the approaching vessel, and waited, with lock-string in hand.

Slowly the pointers on the range-dials crept downwards. "Stand by!" came in low tones from the division officers, and "Fire!" as the pointer touched the mark. A sharp volley rang out, and from eight jets of flame two 4-inch and six 6-pounder shells sped upon their way. Sights were rapidly adjusted to the distances indicated by the range-finder, and a continuous roar marked the rapid service of the guns. A few of the shells fell in the sea, but puffs of smoke in rapid succession at different points of the enemy's hull showed that a large percentage of the shots were effective.

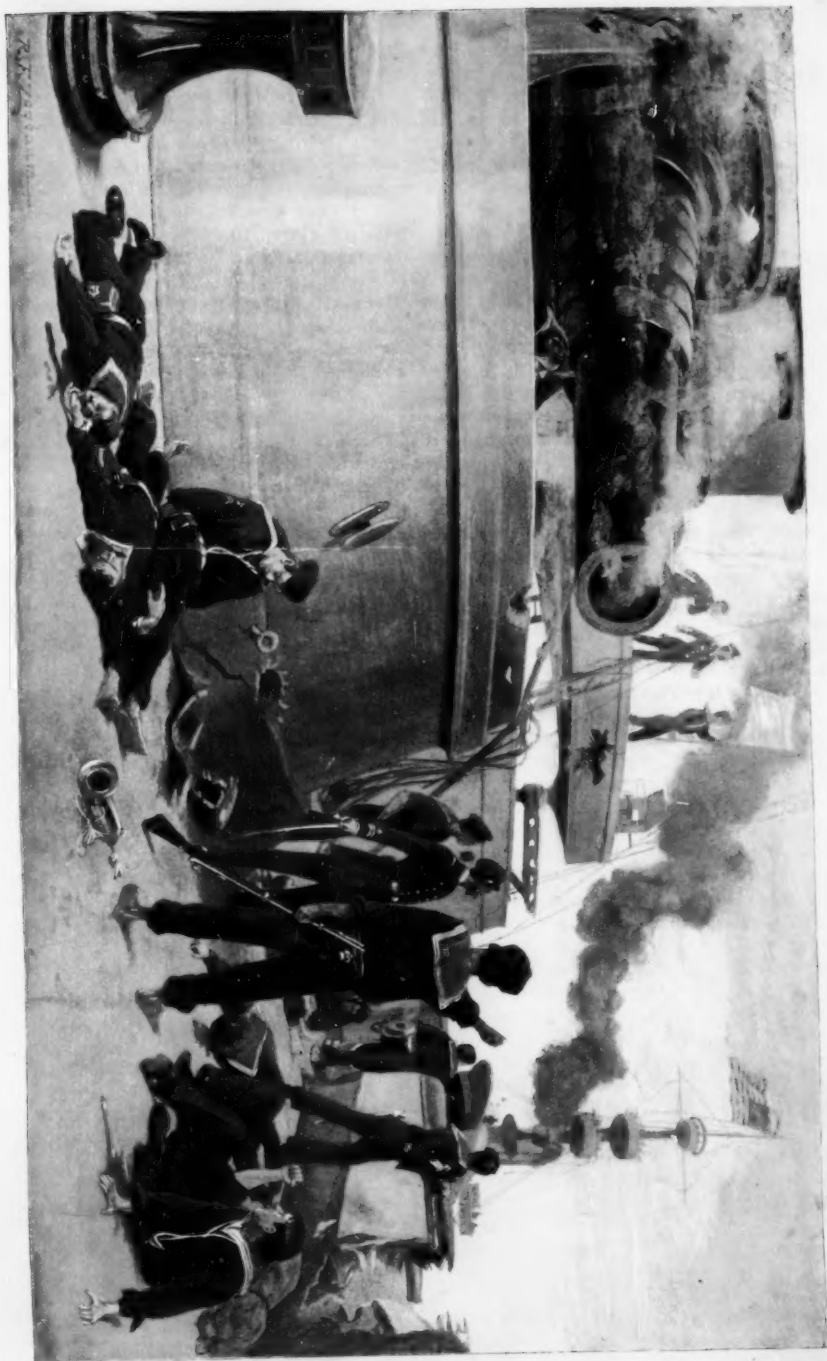
The enemy evidently expected the fight to be opened on both sides by the heavy guns, for it was half a minute before he made reply to the *Farragut's* artillery. Then his secondary battery opened, and with some effect, dismounting one of the *Farragut's* 6-pounders and disabling two men; but his fire was neither well-directed nor rapid, and was evidently forced by the circumstances rather than part of a definite plan of action.

The range-dial pointers moved towards the 2500-yard mark, and with a crash and shock that caused the great structure to vibrate throughout her length, the two 12-inch and four 8-inch guns were discharged. Anxious eyes watched the shells as they mounted to the height of their trajectories and fell towards the mark. One went over; another to the left; four struck; but it was impossible as yet to determine their effect. The secondary fire was suspended for a few seconds while the volume of smoke from the heavy guns drifted away, then again rang out sharp and clear. The *Farragut* had scored first with her heavy as well as with her light guns. Where was the counter-blow? The distance was now 2000 yards, and an involuntary "Ah!" broke from the lips of those in the conning-tower as four giant puffs of smoke and flame leaped from the enemy. An instant of suspense, and one 13-inch shell fell close alongside. Another burst against the forward barbette, striking a glancing blow and sending a shower of fragments across the forward angle of the main-deck. One 10-inch shell entered the forward body above the belt, and was stopped by the diagonal bulkhead; a second glanced on the side armor. A dozen men dead and wounded, but no serious injury done.

Twelve hundred yards, and a second time the *Farragut's* big forward guns belched forth their thunder-bolts. All but one shot told. The binoculars showed a 10-inch rifle jammed hard against the side of its turret port, and evidently out of action, while the track of an 8-inch shell left a great rent along the forward water-line. And now both vessels laid their guns for the passing broadside, while to the crack of the rapid-fire guns was added the rattle of the Gatlings. The light artillery was directed at the gun-ports and conning-tower, with the sole object of killing and disabling men, and thus reducing the enemy's fire. The heavy guns were pointed at the water-line, the 8-inch guns being directed to pierce the unarmored ends, the enemy in common with other vessels of her type being only partially belted.

Sweeping on with majesty and power, the two battle-ships came abeam at 300 yards, and with a blinding crash and roar, the jets of flame and smoke almost interlacing, their terrible broadsides were poured into each other. At such a distance to miss such a mark was almost impossible. Great breaches were made through the unarmored portions of both hulls; mangled men were blown along the decks by the explosion of heavy shells; bulkheads were demolished and guns dismounted. An 8-inch turret in the *Farragut* and a 10-inch turret in her antagonist were pierced, and their guns disabled. It was a hell of destruction and death, and the 6-pounders kept up their murderous fire as the vessels rapidly separated.

The ships themselves appeared to be substantially uninjured. Two of the *Farragut's* water-line plates were cracked and started, but they had rejected the 13-inch shell which struck them. The *Farragut* had sent a 12-inch shell through her enemy's belt, but it had stopped in the coal, and failed of injuring the boilers. But the *Farragut's* lightly armored ends had suffered little harm at the water-line, while the totally unprotected ends of her adversary had been badly riddled. While approaching she had received serious wounds in her forward body, and while passing, two of the *Farragut's* 8-inch shells had entered at the water-line and gone out on the other side and below. Already the injured ship was trimming by the head.



THE WHITE FLAG.

Each vessel discharged a torpedo in passing. That from the *Farragut* passed astern. The enemy's was better directed, and men held their breath while the foaming line of air-bubbles broke rapidly towards their ship. But its fuse failed, or it was turned aside by the rush of water, for no explosion was felt or seen.

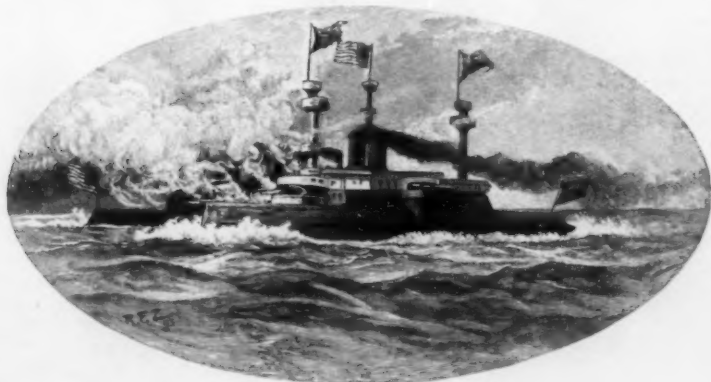
The *Farragut* turned to starboard, her enemy to port; and again they approached each other with undiminished speed. This manœuvre brought their port sides opposed to each other in passing. The captain of the *Farragut*, observing that his antagonist was going deep in the water forward, ordered the fire of the light guns to be directed upon that portion of the ship, and sent word to the forward 8-inch turrets to serve their guns as rapidly as possible upon the same objective. Again the heavy guns were laid abeam, and again the broadsides thundered above the rippling sea. Again the vessels swept apart, and the *Farragut's* helm was put hard a-starboard to turn for the third charge. She had half made the turn when it was perceived that her adversary was neither turning nor steaming at full speed. She had, in fact, received a disabling blow. Her altered trim had raised her propellers and rudder nearer the surface, and pitching gently to the long swell, she occasionally brought them partly above the water. At such a moment an 8-inch shell had struck her port screw, bending its shaft, and glancing, had inflicted upon the rudder-head a fatal injury. The enemy, one vital quality destroyed, another seriously im-

paired, lay at the mercy of her opponent's ram.

The captain of the *Farragut* stepped out upon the bridge. Shot were still flying, crashing through steel and timber, but the fight was his; and the hope and pride, the toil and achievement of thirty years were concentrated in that glorious hour of victory. Steadily his noble ship swung around and headed for her prey.

The crippled enemy was not yet dead. His starboard screw still moving, he had turned slowly to port, and now presented his port quarter to the *Farragut*, and at a thousand yards his broadside hurled its masses of steel upon the approaching vessel. Another 8-inch turret was demolished, a 12-inch gun was bent and ruined, a heavy shell, entering and bursting on the main-deck, carried death to a dozen men and wounds to twenty more. The *Farragut* made no reply. The enemy could not reload, and the end was certain and close at hand. Would she surrender or would she go to the bottom? Victory was the same in either instance, but it would be a crowning triumph for the *Farragut* to add a captured battle-ship to her own fleet. Eight hundred yards! seven hundred yards! six hundred yards! The grinding destruction of the ram was already pictured, and men braced themselves for the shock. Five hundred yards! and a white flag fluttered from the enemy's bridge as his colors came slowly down.

There was just time. "Starboard!" shouted the *Farragut's* captain. "Stop both engines." "Back port!" and the conquering vessel forged past her beaten foe.



A PALE GIRL'S FACE.  
THE HISTORY OF A SCOOP.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

MIDNIGHT may have been "the witching hour" in the sixteenth century, but if Shakespeare had worked, as I do, on an American morning paper, he would have found it otherwise in these days. In the office of the *Running Diary*, midnight is the hour when things hum. It is then that the belated reporter rushes in, flings down his cuffs, and sharpens his pencil; the telephone bell screams its little riddle, the answer to which somebody is bound, under heavy penalties, to get up from his desk and find out; the city editor asks sudden questions of busy pencil-drivers. Outside, the electric lights shed a glare in which no ghost would venture to sally forth. Only when the municipal authorities cause all those electric lights to be extinguished, and the celestial authorities are not yet quite ready with the dawn, comes the hour that brings magic. The centres of light over street crossings suddenly change to red points in darkness, and the red points quickly die out, leaving ashy pallor above the line of house-tops, and darkness below, when the magic hour comes—the Sprite Hour. In that charmed time the streets are any streets you please.

One such time in early autumn I was walking along Third Street, which masked as St. Giles at Oxford. The Federal Building, rising between the east and me, the sprites had dressed up as the Radcliffe; a row of trees on the other side of the street recalled St. John's College, and St. John's recalled the square athletic figure and the reserved manner of Challoner. He was a St. John's man. I was never very intimate with him, and had but one reminiscence of him which could be called interesting.

It was of the afternoon when some half a dozen undergraduates of us were at the station to say good-by to him. He had shaken hands with us, and was just getting into his compartment, carrying a strapped bundle of rugs, walking-sticks, and Zulu assegais, when a pale girl, rather pretty, appeared among us, and held out her hand to Challoner. He showed neither surprise nor any other emotion, but coolly shook hands with her as if she had been one of us. As the guard

slammed the door of the compartment, the pale girl impulsively stretched out her hands, then seemed to be going to clasp them together, but stopped, and turned away as the train moved off. I saw her face at that moment, and saw, besides its paleness, how its expression was of utter bewilderment. She went away by herself, and no one seemed to know who she was.

All this I saw again in the Sprite Hour. But the dawn came. I watched her glow and make the faint, slender moon look like a husk of past beauty, and then I went to bed, and forgot all about Challoner and Oxford and the pale girl at the station.

And when the sun had passed to the opposite horizon I was in the office, with no memory more remote than the details of a buggy accident which I had had the good fortune to see that afternoon. I wanted to get it written up at once, but the city editor willed otherwise.

"Fitz," he called to me, as he came in and hung up his hat, "have you had your supper?"

I had not had my supper.

"Well, go out and get it now, and on your way I want you to call at the Wilbor. There's a nice little sensational item there, I believe—a runaway marriage. Hurry up, and you'll just catch them."

Now who ever heard of anything sensational about a runaway marriage in our part of America? The city editor might as well have told me to look out for sensational developments in a "drunk and disorderly" case at the city court. So thinking, I yearned after my buggy item as I walked round to the Wilbor.

I was wearily crossing the hall of that hotel to begin catechising the clerk, when one of the hotel hall group of loungers attracted my attention by a very distinct, though not loud, "By Jove!" He was a square-shouldered man, with a light brown beard and blue eyes, and he rose leisurely from his chair as I looked at him. While I was still wondering where I had seen him the night before, he came towards me, holding out his hand.



"Hullo, old chap!" he said, in just the tone to convince me that I had made his acquaintance the night before.

"Hullo, old man!" I echoed. "What do you know to-day?" But, with the interrogative intonation of the last word still incomplete, I exclaimed, in astonishment, "Challoner, by Jingo! . . . Isn't this strange?" I went on, still wondering where I had seen Challoner the night before.

"Hardly," he answered. "I knew you were in America. How long is it since we have met?"

Then I remembered the railway station at Oxford, and the pale girl, and the Sprite Hour stroll on Third Street.

"What brought you here?" I asked him.

"Depends how you mean. If you mean this State, quest of bread and cheese; if this city—well, the question presents large opportunities for prevarication or candor. On the whole, candor strikes me as the right thing with you."

Candor always is the right thing with me, although Challoner might not know it. Looking at his watch, and without asking any questions about me, he went on: "I have just fourteen minutes to tell you a long story. Have you dined? No? Then we will get a table to ourselves."

"But," I said, "I have business here. The fact is, Challoner—"

"Just let that go till we've had dinner, can't you?" he interrupted.

There was no mistake about the man's identity. I had said good-by to him at Oxford ten years before under remarkable circumstances, had heard nothing from him all that time, and now he was piloting me about a Kentucky hotel as if we had spent the interval in travelling together. That was Challoner all over.

"I hope your appetite is good," he said as we sat down, "because I want you to eat and listen while I tell my story. Have you been long in Kentucky?"

"About two years."

"Then you know where Paducah is. I have been nearly a year in Paducah, teaching in a sort of experimental grammar-school they have started there."

I wondered why he should have come to Paducah to teach in a grammar-school, instead of staying in Lancashire and practising law, as he had intended.

"Last spring," he was continuing, "I became engaged to a girl there. Her father, whose acquaintance I had the honor

of making only after the engagement, objected strongly. So did her mother. Her mother belongs to some dissenting body, and objects to my religion. Unaccustomed to let dogma stand in my way, I offered to dissent in any form that might be agreeable, but the offer only made things worse. Her father's objections were chiefly on financial grounds. The grammar-school is not yet a lucrative affair. Moreover, he knew nothing of my antecedents or family connections. It was not in my power to satisfy him on the financial point, and I hardly felt inclined to get a copy of my family tree for the edification of a country ironmonger. With the aid of all her friends and relatives, they tried for three months to make Mabel throw me over. She had promised to marry me whenever I should say the word, and she has stricter views on promises than most American girls. About a month ago they got her to go and visit an old lady at a place called Harrodsburg. This old lady has always professed great affection for Mabel, but it soon became evident that she was an ally of my future mother-in-law. She has made several desperate efforts to arrange marriages between Mabel and various eligibles of Harrodsburg, and I understand she assaults my character, nationality, and religion once in every twenty-four hours."

The city editor was right as to the runaway marriage. And it was a scoop too.

"So, to put a stop to all this bother," Challoner went on, while I picked one of the Wilbor's lanky mutton-chops, "Mabel and I agreed to meet here this evening. I got here a little after six; she is due at 8.40. I was to have gone and engaged a preacher of her denomination, whose name she gave me in her letter; but, by the most abominable luck, when I went to his chapel he was not there, and I found painted on the door an address from which he seems to have lately moved. You must find him for me. His name is Pritchard. If not, you must find some one else, while I go and meet her at the Union Depot. 'Have you dined?'"

Of course I had. It was ten minutes after eight, and Challoner was ready to leave the table. Better die of hunger than hinder the development of my novel runaway marriage item. As for the Reverend F. G. Pritchard, I had interviewed him not long since. There would be less difficulty in making sure of a minister

than in securing the license, of which Challoner had said nothing.

While lighting our cigars in the hall, whom should I see but my friend Robinson, of the *Times*. If Challoner had not been an Englishman, and a reticent one, it would have been necessary to caution him not to give Robinson a hint of his business at the Wilbor. As it was, I had no fear in introducing the two men, and while Robinson was expressing the pleasure it gave him to know Challoner, and Challoner stared at Robinson as if he wondered why, I learned from my friend the clerk that Hardin K. Schoutz, of Hancock County, and Miss Birdie McBride, of Taylorsville, had been married in the parlors of the Wilbor at seven o'clock, and had left for Covington by the next train—the city editor's runaway marriage.

Robinson had only got as far as asking Challoner if he was a native of England, when I interrupted and asked him which way he was going. He was going down, to do the hotels, so, subordinating fact to expediency, I told him that we had to go up, as Challoner wanted to pay a visit out on Third Street.

"Then I suppose we shall meet later at the Star," said Robinson. "Good-night, Mr. Challoner. Very pleased to have met you."

As we two turned up the street, and Robinson hurried down, "Why all this duplicity?" asked Challoner. "Oughtn't we to have gone the other way to get to the station?"

"Yes; but he's on the *Times*, don't you see."

"Ah! Yes, of course. He'd have it all in his paper."

"Just so. Now, have you got a license?"

"No," he answered, coolly. "Got to wait until she comes. Nobody here to swear she's of age."

"All right, then. I'm going to find a deputy county clerk, while you wait for her at the station. If I am not there by the time the train comes, you bring her to the Wilbor—ladies' entrance—and wait for me in the ladies' sitting-room. You must ask for the 'parlor.'"

"I'll ask for the 'parlor,' and I'll call the gentleman who gives us the license a 'clerk.' Ta-ta!"

Though I could not have sworn that Cunningham, the deputy county clerk, was then sitting in the inner shrine of

comfort and oblivion at the sign of the Boston, I thought it very highly probable, and going to see, found it so. I joined him in one julep, and he promised to be in his office at ten minutes before nine, and wait there until ten minutes past. When he had promised, I knew he would do it.

But, in passing through the outer bar-room of the Boston as I came, I noticed a neatly built, middle-sized young man, with much brick-dust in his complexion and a small reddish mustache. He was in the act of lifting a cocktail, but paused when he saw me, set the cocktail down, and stared hard. I took no notice of him until I had finished with Cunningham and was hurrying out. The neatly built young man then stopped me with, "Say, didn't I see you at the race-track last spring?"

Studying his face, I remembered it quite well, but his name had got mixed up with some scores of others out at the race-track. When he said his name was Marston, I remembered him. A blue-grass farmer, who had plunged on a dark horse and won, and then refused to take the money because he believed the favorite had been pulled. Of course Marston wanted me to drink with him. "No," I said; "I'm rushed at present. You're staying in town?"

"Came this evening. You're a newspaper man, ain't you? Well, I want to tell you something, only you must promise not to put it in the paper. See here; I want you to help me." He pulled out a telegram from Harrodsburg: "Mabel taken train for Louisville. All over now."

I must have been near laughing aloud when I read the words "Harrodsburg" and "Mabel"; Marston's eyes took on a disagreeable expression, and he said to me, very quickly, "Do you know her?"

"No, I do not," I made haste to answer, "What is the lady's name?"

"Miss Mabel Brackenbury."

The crisis was acute. I recalled Challoner's careless mention of "various eligibles of Harrodsburg." Little as I knew of Marston, he was just the man I would have liked to oblige, but I was enlisted for Challoner. Then, too, there was my scoop. It made me nervous to think how, just inside that mahogany partition, I had been giving Cunningham, a moment before, the very information which Marston wanted.

"If I could only speak to her," Marston went on.

"Has she any friends in the city?"

"Yes; and I am going there to look for her. But you might—"

Clearly Marston thought his Mabel had started in the morning train.

"Stop, Mr. Marston," I said. "I want you to understand that I haven't forgotten that Piaghini business last spring, so I'm going to be perfectly straight. I can't help you this time. You'll know why to-morrow morning." And with that I rushed out. There were only eight minutes left for me to get to the depot.

I began to think it would have been more agreeable to help out Marston than Challoner. I wondered whether Challoner spoke to Mabel about her people as he had spoken to me. He had said nothing exactly libellous about them, but he ought not to have called her father "a country ironmonger," and spoken as he had about her mother's religion; it was bad taste. This conclusion I reached at Fourth and Main, on my way to the depot.

At Fifth and Main I was wondering why Challoner had come to America, and that brought me again to the pale girl at Oxford. She had never before so thoroughly aroused my curiosity. Had she trusted Challoner as Mabel was trusting him? Had he told Mabel all about that pale girl?

By the time I had got to Sixth and Main I found myself pitying Mabel, which was absurd. Mabel was old enough to take care of herself. But then perhaps I might have said the same thing about that pale girl. After all, she might have been only an acquaintance. What right had I to draw ugly inferences from the single fact that a young lady had come to the station and shaken hands with my friend when he left Oxford?

Turning from Main towards the depot, I resolved not to make an ass of myself about what was none of my business. My business was my scoop. By-the-way, I must not forget to drop in at the Star, for the play was nearly as good as new. I chuckled at the thought of old Robinson sitting in the theatre all that evening taking critical notes, and just then I heard a distant train-bell.

When I reached the platform outside the iron railing Challoner was sitting, very much at his ease, on the bench by

the door of the refreshment-room. At the same moment the locomotive came in sight, its bell clanging terribly. The cow-catcher, the railed platforms of the cars, and that hideous bell, all intensified by contrast my recollection of the day Challoner left Oxford.

Passing quickly through the crowd, dodging and jostling all sorts as we went, Challoner suddenly said, "I see her." I looked at the ladies' car, and saw a man I knew lifting two small children down. He kissed the children, then helped his wife to get down, and kissed her. And at the top of the steps, looking very pale in the glare of the arc lamps, was a slender girl in a dark serge dress, with a well-fitting light brown jacket and a yachting-cap. She seemed to be looking all over the depot, but at last she saw us. We were quite near her by that time, and I noticed her lips part with a look of surprise. Challoner took her satchel from her, and the conductor helped her down. From some vague instinct of delicacy, I hung back, but she was no sooner on the flooring of the depot than Challoner said, in his matter-of-fact way, "Miss Brackenbury, Mr. Fitzgerald." It was the first time I had heard Challoner utter her surname.

Perhaps it was because she reminded me of the other girl that I felt sorry for her. The first words I heard her say were, "No, I came without my trunk," when Challoner asked for her baggage check. She did not seem to be enjoying the situation. In the walk from the car to the ticket gate I could study her face, although it was not until afterwards that I learned her eyes were gray. Light brown-gold curls showed under the peak of her cap; her mouth was smaller than I like a girl's mouth to be, and yet I forgave it because the lips spoke so much without sound, and because of the little beauty-spot by the corner next me; the oval of her face was peculiarly perfect.

It occurred to me presently that I ought to say something; so I said, "Are you very tired after your journey, Miss Brackenbury?" and she said, "Sir?" in a quick, interrogative way, with a little catch of her breath, much as she had answered Challoner's embarrassing question about her trunk. It seemed a part of her idiosyncrasy—quaint and pretty. Her voice was delightfully musical.

I recommended walking, as a back at

the door of the court-house at that hour would have attracted attention. She said nothing when I explained why we were going to the court-house, but seemed to cling tighter to Challoner's arm. She was next the wall, I on the outside, Challoner between us.

The silence set me thinking. If there had only been some part of my plan left to think about, it would have been well; but there was not. The license secured, Challoner was to take her to the Wilbor, while I went to make sure of Brother Pritchard; then I would telephone to the hotel to tell Miss Brackenbury that her uncle and aunt were both at home, and she and Challoner would get on a Second Street car, and come out to Brother Pritchard's. I had provided a substitute, in case Brother Pritchard should not be available. Cunningham was a sure thing. So all the way to the court-house I had nothing better to think of than that pale girl at Oxford, and anything else on earth would have been better. With her pale face, her anxious, searching glance, as she stood on the platform of the car, and the involuntary look of surprise which appeared on her face when she recognized Challoner, and knew that everything had fallen out just as they had planned, Miss Mabel had reminded me of the Oxford girl.

And so that Oxford girl followed me from the depot. It took her a long time to say what she wanted to tell me. She began by observing upon the perfect trust this American young lady had shown in leaving her friends and journeying so far to meet Challoner, on the mere faith of a letter from him received nearly a week before. She hinted with tantalizing vagueness that this was not the first time a girl had trusted Challoner. She made me imagine Miss Brackenbury's two slender hands moving swiftly together, as if to clasp, and then checked by the presence of witnesses. She asked me what would become of this Kentucky girl if a marriage so very much against the wishes of her family should not turn out entirely as she hoped. How would I feel if some day I should see a quiver about the corner of that absurdly small mouth, where the little beauty-spot stood sentinel?

Miss Mabel and Challoner must have been talking together all this time, but I had no idea what they were saying. The spectre became more and more importu-

nate. In desperation, I asked her to tell me what Challoner had ever done to her. She only replied, "Ask him"; and that was why, as we turned from deserted Main Street into Fifth, I suddenly began, "Challoner—," and straightway wondered what I should say to him.

"What is it, old fellow?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing—nothing of any consequence."

"Is there anything wrong, Mr. Fitzgerald?" said the bride, anxiously. It was then I first noticed her slight lisp.

"No. Only I remembered something I wanted to ask Challoner about."

That Oxford girl had woven her spell over me, and my scoop was forgotten. As we turned into the short walk between grass-plots protected by five-dollar fines and ornamented with sad willows, I had no thought for the glaring electric light on the tall post, so inconveniently near the basement door of the court-house that we could not go in without attracting the attention of any one who might be looking that way for news. We entered the long dark corridor, the other end of which almost faces the police station. Our footsteps sounded like the tramp of a procession, but again I could hear the Oxford girl say, "Ask him." We went up the flight of worn stone steps on the right of the door, and walked along the upper corridor in the imperfect light which the lamp outside sent through the dirty window. None of us spoke except the wraith of the Oxford girl, and she said, "Ask him now." Half-way along the upper corridor is a circular space, with a railing, and a statue of a great Kentuckian inside the railing. Just to quiet the wraith, I began again, as we reached this point: "Challoner, I want to ask you a question—" But the door of the county clerk's office opened just then. It was Cunningham, and I had to do the introductions. His big jolly face wore the regular marriage-license smile as he filled in the blanks. Miss Mabel looked round nervously into the unlighted space, where rows of stands with big books could be dimly made out if one knew beforehand what they were. She was only called upon to declare her age and to sign her name.

Cunningham came out last, turning out the lights and locking the door. It fell to me to lead the way with Miss Mabel. When we got into the open air again the scoop-hunter's secretive instinct was still

so much awake in me that I hurried them all past that dangerous light in the yard; but as Cunningham stopped on the sidewalk to say a few pleasant conventionalities before leaving us, I again heard the pale girl whisper in my ear, "Now!"

It was extremely awkward to do what she wanted, even though Challoner himself gave me an opening. He was in high spirits, and Miss Mabel seemed more cheerful than when we had met her at the depot. I gave him his instructions as soon as Cunningham went—how to take Miss Mabel to the hotel without attracting attention, how she was to receive and understand my telephone message, and where they were to get off the car.

"All right, old chap," he said. "You're a brick, and a genius strategic. I say, though, what is it you were going to ask me?"

At that I felt sure Challoner's conscience must be void of offence. Surely the wraith of the pale girl was but the figment of an overwrought imagination. I plunged into the midst.

"An idea struck me, that was all," I said, laughing. "I didn't want to excite Miss Brackenbury's curiosity, but if you like I'll tell you what I was thinking of. Don't you remember the day you were leaving Oxford? Dent of Exeter was there at the station, and Ross of St. John's, and Sanguinetti of Teddy Hall."

I noticed Challoner beginning to look serious.

"And—well," I blundered on, "don't you remember? You didn't introduce us to that pale girl who came and said 'good-by' to you. Miss Brackenbury reminded me of her."

If Challoner had known I was going to stop there, I feel sure he would have been ready with the right answer, but he must have counted on my saying more, for when I stopped there was a silence, and Miss Mabel's fluty voice broke it.

"Was that your sister, Mr. Challoner?" she asked, smiling.

I felt intensely uncomfortable. He did not answer her question until after another horrible pause.

"It's a long story," he began at last, in a perfectly unembarrassed way; and I, glad of the opportunity to escape, chimed in with:

"Yes, I must hurry off to Mr. Pritchard's. Give me the license. *Au revoir!*"

Swinging myself on the car, I thought:

"Challoner has made a break, unless his conscience is clear. If it is a long story, he will have to tell it to her." And then the pale face left me.

When I reached Brother Pritchard's door, ten minutes later, I was once more a reporter—without a past, and with no future but the promise of a triumphant scoop. It seemed that my work was all but crowned by its end when the young lady in a short frock who had once before admitted me to an interview with the Reverend Pritchard said:

"Yes, papa is at home, but— Do you wish to speak to him? Is it anything important?"

I very soon made her aware that it was something important. Would a reporter be likely to drop in on the clergy at 9.30 P.M. just to tell a good story he had heard at the barber's? She opened the study door, and I heard a familiar voice speaking to Brother Pritchard, but the dialogue was cut short.

Brother Pritchard said, "Ask him to come in"; and going to the door, I was met there by him.

But as I was taking the license from my inside pocket with one hand and holding out the other for the reportorial shake, I was a little disconcerted by the sight of Marston at the other end of the room, folding a piece of yellowish paper into very small 32mo. It was his voice I had heard. Seeing me, he came hurtling like a projectile across the room, exclaiming violently:

"Don't you have anything to do with it, Brother Pritchard! For God's sake, don't!"

I staid where I was, while Brother Pritchard, holding Marston back with one hand, said, "Quietly now, quietly!" Then to me, "Is it a marriage, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, Mr. Pritchard. You know the bride, I believe—Miss Mabel Brackenbury. The groom is an old acquaintance of mine. Here is the license."

Then, like a torrent, came from poor Marston: "Mabel's mother and father belonged to your church at Paducah; you have known her from a child. Are you going to help this man steal her from us?"

"Allow me one word, Mr. Marston," I said. "If Mr. Pritchard refuses to perform the ceremony, I have only to go one square to get Mr. Winkelrode. Challoner is an Episcopalian, and Miss Mabel



will have no objection under the circumstances, I suppose."

Marston was beginning something violent about Challoner, when the preacher stopped him, and I went on: "I believe Mr. Pritchard is willing to officiate if Miss Mabel insists on carrying the affair through. Whatever objections he has to make as an old friend of the family he can make to her when she gets here. So can you. Meanwhile I will go and send them word to come out by the first car."

Brother Pritchard, if I read his looks aright, was not altogether blind to the chances of a thrilling scene in his study which this plan of mine entailed. I bowed and escaped while he was trying to hold Marston from rushing after me, and hurrying to the nearest drug-store, I telephoned the message about Miss Brackenbury's uncle and aunt.

It was twenty-five minutes to ten. Standing at the corner of Second and Blackburn, I smoked and watched for more than a quarter of an hour. At last a red car came humming along, from which Challoner descended, and then I recognized the peaked cap with the little bit of gold cord.

But something must have happened. I saw that she had brought the satchel with her, and that seemed beside the programme. Neither of their faces was plainly visible; but in my heart I felt that something had gone wrong. She took Challoner's arm, I thought, not as she had taken it at the station. I only said, "This way," as I raised my hat, and we walked in silence. On general grounds I would have disliked silence, because it tended to give the party an unusual air, which might attract attention, but on the particular ground that something was wrong, and a word might make difficulties at this late hour—I still had the Star to do—the silence was well. However, as we reached the corner of Third Street, I ventured to say, "Miss Brackenbury, there is a friend of yours at Mr. Pritchard's—Mr. Marston."

She drew in her breath sharply and stopped.

Challoner said, very suavely, "Would you like to turn back?" and we went on.

"Who is Mr. Marston?" said Challoner.

Miss Mabel was going to answer him, but I interrupted: "He is from Woodford County. An old acquaintance of Miss Brackenbury's."

By that time we were less than a score of yards from the preacher's gate; and there, hurrying towards us, in and out of the shadows the maple-trees cast, was the tempestuous young man himself. Miss Mabel was admirable in the self-possession conventional of her salutation, followed by, "Mr. Challoner, my friend Mr. Marston."

Marston glared; Challoner raised his hat, and said, "How d'ye do, Mr. Marston?"

Marston volleyed out his speech in a hoarse, angry voice, though not loud: "Mabel, I invited myself to your wedding. Mrs. Cannon sent me a telegram from Harrodsburg. When we were both at school we were sweethearts. You know me. Do you know this man? Do you trust him?"

I went round and took her arm. As I did so she moved a step away from Challoner, who stood listening in decorous silence, as if Marston were the spokesman of a deputation delivering an address of welcome.

"Isn't this rather public?" Challoner suggested, very deliberately, as soon as Marston had finished.

Miss Mabel rested the point of her umbrella on the ground, opening and shutting her hand nervously on the handle. She looked slowly at Challoner, and said, "No, I don't trust him."

"Perhaps you had better take this," said Challoner, handing her little satchel to Marston. Then he continued, still more deliberately: "Mr. Marston, you have made a mistake. Miss Brackenbury knows what I mean."

Marston was glaring like a mad bull.

"What does he mean?" Mabel gasped.

"For God's sake, Challoner, stop!" I whispered, hurriedly, and took hold of his arm.

"Fitzgerald," he went on, taking no notice of what I said, "the license you have in your pocket is evidence that I meant to do Miss Brackenbury justice."

I would not have believed that Challoner could be such a stupid liar if his words had not been so distinct, but before I could speak my thought a scream warned me, and I turned to receive squarely in the chest a blow from Marston which was meant for him. Catching and holding that incarnate thunderbolt for the greater part of a second was one of the most extraordinary athletic

feats I ever remember to have performed. My strength was almost exhausted when Marston got his right arm free, and I saw his hand fly back to where danger so often lurks in a Kentuckian's clothing. I saw a gleam of nickel-plate and mother-of-pearl, and I whispered, "Think of her—the story in the papers."

Marston looked at me for one moment, breathing hard. "Here—take it from me," he said, and I took it.

Miss Mabel seized him by the arm and said, "Come, Crit."

She did not invite me to come; but I went too, leaving Challoner standing, with both hands in his pockets, in the middle of a patch of light that came between two trees. If I had staid with him it would only have been to fight, and it was getting late.

A few minutes later Marston and I were explaining matters to Mr. Pritchard in his entrance-hall. The young lady in the short dress and another lady had carried Mabel off to the back parlor. It was nearly ten o'clock, and the Star remained to be done.

"Brother Pritchard," I said, "I am a little pressed for time. Will you kindly find out for me when the wedding will take place?"

They both stared, but an idea seemed to suddenly strike Marston; he said, "I'll go," and leaving the preacher with me, went into the back parlor. After keeping me waiting an unreasonable time, he came back with the authorized statement that the wedding would take place at 8 P.M. next day. Mr. Brackenbury, Mabel's father, had telegraphed that he would be there that night, and he was expected to be present at the ceremony. I next found out from Marston and the preacher certain names in full, and other details for my item.

Marston followed me outside when I said good-night, and asked how much of the story I was going to put in the paper.

"You need not fear that I shall put too much," I answered. "What am I to do with this?" and I half drew from my pocket his pearl-handled toy.

"Keep it," he said. "But do you think that fellow will ever repeat—"

"No. Not when she is Mrs. Marston. He won't lie for nothing."

"The marriage of Miss Mabel Brackenbury, of Paducah, to Mr. Crittenden Marston, of Bramhill Farm, Woodford County, which will take place at 8 o'clock this evening at the residence of the Reverend F. G. Pritchard, in the presence of a few near relatives of the parties, will be in the nature of a surprise to their friends. The bride, who has been spending the past five or six weeks at Harrodsburg as the guest of Mrs. Bowden Cannon, there renewed an acquaintance with Mr. Marston which dates from the early school-days of both. It was not generally known, however, that this acquaintance would so soon attain the happy result which is to be celebrated this evening. Miss Brackenbury arrived in town last night, and is the guest of Mrs. F. G. Pritchard. Her father, Mr. John Brackenbury, a prominent hardware merchant of Paducah, left that city yesterday in time to be present at his daughter's wedding.

"The bride, a graceful blonde of twenty-two, is well known and much admired, not only in the Purchase, but in this city, and in many other parts of the State. 'Crit' Marston, the young blue-grass stock-farmer, is a favorite throughout all that section. He is closely related to many leading families of this city."

The above, a four-line head, headed half-way, was all that came of my scoop. However, I had the consolation of being invited to the wedding by a special note from the bride. She said to me, just before the ceremony, "Mr. Fitzgerald, I want to explain to you how it is. That man used to talk to me about how sacred a promise was. I had gotten so I believed everything he said. I said I had promised him, and would do what I promised, in spite of everybody.—(I often saw Crit at Harrodsburg.)—Then he wrote and told me to come, and I came. Then—then I asked him about that girl at Oxford, and at last he said she thought they were engaged. And thank you so much, Mr. Fitzgerald. You saved two lives last night. What did he say about me, though? Crit won't tell me."

No, it was the pale girl who saved Mabel's life. My friend Challoner got out of Kentucky alive, I believe, but the pale girl's face I still see sometimes in the Sprite Hour.



## RACE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

### I.

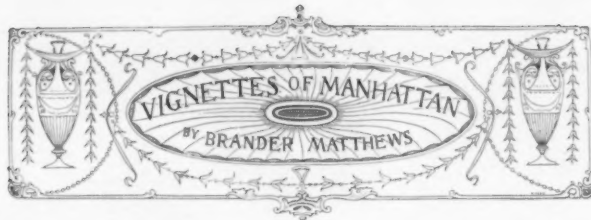
LEAVE me, here, those looks of yours!  
All those pretty airs and lures:  
Flush of cheek, and flash of eye;  
Your lips' smile and their deep dye;  
Gleam of the white teeth within;  
Dimple of the cloven chin;  
All the sunshine that you wear  
In the summer of your hair;  
All the morning of your face;  
All your figure's wilding grace;  
The flower-pose of your head, the light  
Flutter of your footsteps' flight:  
I own all, and that glad heart  
I must claim ere you depart.

### II.

Go, yet go not unconsolated!  
Sometime, after you are old,  
You shall come, and I will take  
From your brow the sullen ache,  
From your eyes the twilight gaze  
Darkening upon winter days,  
From your feet their palsy pace,  
And the wrinkles from your face,  
From your locks the snow; the droop  
Of your head, your worn frame's stoop,  
And that withered smile within  
The kissing of the nose and chin:  
I own all, and that sad heart  
I will claim ere you depart.

### III.

I am Race, and both are mine,  
Mortal Age and Youth divine:  
Mine to grant, but not in fee;  
Both again revert to me  
From each that lives, that I may give  
Unto each that yet shall live.



#### SPRING IN A SIDE STREET.

**I**N the city the spring comes earlier than it does in the country, and the horse-chestnuts in the sheltered squares sometimes break into blossom a fortnight before their brethren in the open fields. That year the spring came earlier than usual, both in the country and in the city, for March, going out like a lion, made an April-fool of the following month, and the huge banks of snow heaped high by the sidewalks vanished in three or four days, leaving the gutters only a little thicker with mud than they are accustomed to be. Very trying to the convalescent was the uncertain weather, with its obvious inability to know its own mind, with its dark fog one morning and its brisk wind in the afternoon, with its mid-day as bright as June and its sudden chill descending before nightfall.

Yet when the last week of April came, and the grass in the little square around the corner was green again, and the shrubs were beginning to flower out, the sick man also felt his vigor returning. His strength came back with the spring, and restored health sent fresh blood coursing through his veins as the sap was rising in the branches of the tree before his window. He had had a hard struggle, he knew, although he did not suspect that more than once he had wrestled with death itself. Now his appetite had awakened again, and he had more force to withstand the brooding sadness which sought to master him.

The tree before his window was but a shabby sycamore, and the window belonged to a hall bedroom in a shabby boarding-house down a side street. The young man himself lay back in the steamer chair lent him by one of the few friends he had in town, and his overcoat was thrown over his knees. His hands, shrunken yet sinewy, lay crossed upon a book in his lap. His body was wasted by sickness, but the frame was well knit

and solid. His face was still white and thin, although the yellow pallor of the sick-bed had gone already. His scanty boyish beard that curled about his chin had not been trimmed for two months, and his uncut brown hair fell thickly on the collar of his coat. His dark eyes bore the mark of recent suffering, but they revealed also a steadfast soul, strong to withstand misfortune.

His room was on the north side of the street, and the morning sun shone in his window, as he lay back in the chair, grateful for its warmth. A heavy cart lumbered along slowly over the worn and irregular pavement; it came to a stand at the corner, and a gang of workmen swiftly emptied it of the steel rails it contained, dropping them on the sidewalk one by one with a loud clang which reverberated harshly far down the street. From the little knot of men who were relaying the horse-car track came cries of command, and then a rail would drop into position, and be spiked swiftly to its place. Then the laborers would draw aside while an arrested horse-car urged forward again, with the regular footfall of its one horse, as audible above the mighty roar of the metropolis as the jingle of the little bell on the horse's collar. At last there came from over the house-tops a loud whistle of escaping steam, followed shortly by a dozen similar signals, proclaiming the mid-day rest. A rail or two more clanged down on the others, and then the cart rumbled away. The workmen relaying the track had already seated themselves on the curb to eat their dinner, while one of them had gone to the saloon at the corner for a large can of the new beer advertised in the window by the gaudy lithograph of a frisky young goat bearing a plump young goddess on his back.

The invalid was glad of the respite from the more violent noises of track-layers, for his head was not yet as clear as it might be, and his nerves were strained

by pain. He leaned forward and looked down at the street below, catching the eye of a young man who was bawling "Straw-b'rees! straw-b'rees!" at the top of an unmelodious voice. The invalid smiled, for he knew that the street venders of strawberries were an infallible sign of spring—an indication of its arrival as indisputable as the small square labels announcing that three of the houses opposite to him were "To Let." The first of May was at hand. He wondered whether the flower-market in Union Square had already opened; and he recalled the early mornings of the preceding spring, when the girl he loved, the girl who had promised to marry him, had gone with him to Union Square to pick out young roses and full-blown geraniums worthy to bloom in the windows of her parlor looking out on Central Park.

He thought of her often that morning, and without bitterness, though their engagement had been broken in the fall, three months or more before he was taken sick. He had not seen her since Christmas, and he found himself wondering how she would look that afternoon, and whether she was happy. His reverie was broken by the jangling notes of an ill-tuned piano in the next house, separated from his little room only by a thin party-wall. Some one was trying to pick out the simple tune of "Wait till the Clouds roll by." Seemingly it was the practice hour for

one of the children next door, whose playful voices he had often heard. Seemingly also the task was unpleasant, for the piano and the tune and the hearer suffered from the ill-will of the childish performer.

A sudden hammering of a steel rail in the street below notified him the noon-ing was over, and that the workmen had gone back to their labors. Somehow he



"SEEMINGLY IT WAS THE PRACTICE HOUR FOR ONE OF THE CHILDREN NEXT DOOR."

had failed to hear the stroke of one from the steeple of the church at the corner of the avenue, a short block away. Now he became conscious of a permeating odor, and he knew that the luncheon hour of the boarding-house had arrived. He had waked early, and his breakfast had been very light. He felt ready for food, and he was glad when the servant brought him up a plate of cold beef and a saucer





"HE WISHED HIMSELF IN THE COUNTRY."

of prunes. His appetite was excellent, and he ate with relish and enjoyment.

When he had made an end of his unpretending meal, he leaned back again in his chair. A turbulent wind blew the dust of the street high in the air and set swinging the budding branches of the sycamore before the window. As he looked at the tender green of the young leaves dancing before him in the sunlight he felt the spring-time stir his blood; he was strong again with the strength of youth; he was able to cope with all mor-

bid fancies, and to cast away all repining. He wished himself in the country—somewhere where there were brooks and groves and grass—somewhere where there were quiet and rest and surcease of noise—somewhere where there were time and space to think out the past and to plan out the future resolutely—somewhere where there were not two hand-organs at opposite ends of the block vying which should be the more violent, one playing "Annie Laurie" and the other "Annie Rooney." He winced as the struggle between the two

organs attained its height, while the child next door pounded the piano more viciously than before. Then he smiled.

With returning health, why should he mind petty annoyances? In a week or so he would be able to go back to the store and to begin again to earn his own living. No doubt the work would be hard at first, but hard work was what he needed now. For the sake of its results in the future, and for its own sake also, he needed severe labor. Other young men there were a plenty in the thick of the struggle, but he knew himself as stout of heart as any in the whole city, and why might not fortune favor him too? With money and power and position he could hold his own in New York; and perhaps some of those who thought little of him now would then be glad to know him.

While he lay back in the steamer chair in his hall room the shadows began to lengthen a little, and the long day drew nearer to its end. When next he roused himself the hand-organs had both gone away, and the child next door had given over her practising, and the street was quiet again, save for the high notes of a soprano voice singing a florid aria by an open window in the conservatory of music in the next block, and save also for an unusual rattle of vehicles drawing up almost in front of the door of the boarding-house. With an effort he raised himself, and saw a line of carriages on the other side of the way, moving slowly toward the corner. A swirling sand-storm sprang up again in the street below, and a simoom of dust almost hid from him the faces of those who sat in the carriages—young girls dressed in light colors, and young men with

buttoned frock-coats. They were chatting easily; now and again a gay laugh rang out.

He wondered if it were time for the wedding. With difficulty he twisted himself in his chair and took from the bureau behind him an envelope containing the wedding-cards. The ceremony was fixed for three. He looked at his watch, and he saw that it lacked but a few minutes of that hour. His hand trembled a little as he put the watch back in his pocket; and he gazed steadily into space until the bell in the steeple of the church at the corner of the avenue struck three times. The hour appointed for the wedding had arrived. There were still car-



"DISTRACTED BY THE CROSSING SHOUTS OF LOUD-VOICED MEN."

riages driving up swiftly to deposit belated guests.

The convalescent young man in the little hall bedroom of the shabby boarding-house in the side street was not yet strong enough to venture out in the spring sunshine and to be present at the ceremony. But as he lay there in the rickety steamer chair with the old over-

sighed wearily, and lay back in his chair with his eyes closed, as though to keep out the unwelcome vision. He did not move when the carriages again crowded past his door, and went up to the church porch one after another in answer to hoarse calls from conflicting voices.

He lay there for a long while motionless and silent. He was thinking about



"THE BRIDE OF THAT AFTERNOON."

coat across his knees, he had no difficulty in evoking the scene in the church. He saw the middle-aged groom standing at the rail awaiting the bride. He heard the solemn and yet joyous strains of the wedding-march. He saw the bride pass slowly up the aisle on the arm of her father, with the lace veil scarcely lighter or fairer than her own filmy hair. He wondered whether she would be pale, and whether her conscience would reproach her as she stood at the altar. He heard the clergyman ask the questions and pronounce the benediction. He saw the new-made wife go down the aisle again on the arm of her husband. He

himself, about his hopes, which had been as bright as the sunshine of spring, about his bitter disappointment. He was pondering on the mysteries of the universe, and asking himself whether he could be of any use to the world—for he still had high ambitions. He was wondering what might be the value of any one man's labor for his fellow-men, and he thought harshly of the order of things. He said to himself that we all slip out of sight when we die, and the waters close over us, for the best of us are soon forgotten, and so are the worst, since it makes little difference whether the coin you throw into the pool is gold or copper—the rarer metal

does not make the more ripples. Then, as he saw the long shafts of almost level sunshine sifting through the tiny leaves of the tree before his window, he took heart again as he recalled the great things accomplished by one man. He gave over his mood of self-pity; and he even smiled at the unconscious conceit of his attitude toward himself.

He was recalled from his long reverie by the thundering of a heavy fire-engine, which crashed its way down the street, with its rattling hose-reel tearing along after it. In the stillness that followed, broken only by the warning whistles of the engine as it crossed avenue after avenue further and further east, he found time to remember that every man's struggle forward helps along the advance of mankind at large. The humble fireman who does his duty and dies serves the cause of humanity.

The swift twilight of New York was almost upon him when he was next distracted from his thoughts by the crossing shouts of loud-voiced men bawling forth a catch-penny extra of a third-rate evening paper. The cries arose from both sides

of the street at once, and they ceased while the fellows sold a paper here and there to the householders whose curiosity called them to the doorstep.

The sky was clear, and a single star shone out sharply. The air was fresh, and yet balmy. The clanging of rails had ceased an hour before, and the gang of men who were spiking the iron into place had dispersed each to his own home. The day was drawing to an end. Again there was an odor of cooking diffused through the house, heralding the dinner hour.

But the young man who lay back in the steamer chair in the hall bedroom of the boarding-house was unconscious of all except his own thoughts. Before him was a picture of a train of cars speeding along moonlit valleys, and casting a hurrying shadow. In this train, as he saw it, was the bride of that afternoon, borne away by the side of her husband. But it was the bride he saw, and not the husband. He saw her pale face and her luminous eyes and her ashen-gold hair; and he wondered whether in the years to come she would be as happy as if she had kept her promise to marry him.

### THE WAPENTAKE.\*

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

**B**LACK was his robe, and mute his lip,  
Iron his weapon at the tip:  
Dread sight, from sights more dreadful come:  
In all his ways he walketh dumb.

For stern the code, and dark the day:  
Old England knew no happier way.  
She haled the people at a whim;  
Whoso is touched must follow him.

"Oh God, behold the Wapentake!"  
In the Queen's name, for the Queen's sake.  
Without a word, without a moan,  
Summoned to dungeon or to throne,

The heir, the yeoman, or the bride,  
Fear-frozen, followed at his side.  
None dared to ask, and none knew why,  
Nor guessed if 'twere to live or die.

A sign—and, lo! that still arrest;  
A touch—and swift at his behest,  
From castle hall or cottage gate,  
He dragged, and left the desolate.

\* The word Wapentake is used here in the sense in which it is used by Victor Hugo in *L'Homme qui rit*—the tragedy whose hero is touched by the Wapentake and summoned to an extreme fate.





And if to joy, or if to woe,  
 Unclasp the arms and let him go.  
 See ye tell no man what ye saw.  
 The Queen did will. It was the Law.

Out in the dark you found me, and out of the dark you came,  
 A messenger whose errand had no warrant and no name;  
 And without speech or language you made the feudal sign  
 That, pointed soulward, meaneth: "I take thee. Thou art mine."

Oh, what if a heart should struggle, and beat itself to blood,  
 Resisting—what? It knoweth not—an evil or a good?  
 And what if the lips should open, and utter the whole cry  
 That bewails a dream deserted, and a hope like heaven high?

And then if all the fruitless, wild entreaty on the air  
 Fell idly—as it falters—and I see you, smiling there,  
 Serene, advancing, confident, for rapture or for woe.  
 Insistent, daring, dazzling, like sun upon the snow?...

Pass by, thou mighty Wapentake.  
 Spare me Love's terrors for Love's sake!  
 Silent and iron, pressing on,  
 Give thy still sign, and get thee gone.

What! Waiting yet, thou solemn Fate?  
 So stern, so strong, so sweet, so late?  
 Relentless Joy! thou takest me.  
 Love's life-long risk! I follow thee.

I ask not, guess not, know not why,  
 Nor care if 'tis to live or die.  
 Hush! I tell no man what I saw.  
 The King hath willed. It is the Law.

Dear, give me the life of the window! Find me the breath from the door!  
 Go, beg the soul of the sea to steal into mine once more.  
 Oh, for a moment, a moment! I had a thing to say.  
 I did not think—did you?—that I should be called to-day.

So—let the tears run over, and do not try to smile.  
 That is harder to bear than the other—I have such a little while!  
 And I wanted to bless you once, for the word of a dying wife  
 Is said to follow a man, and to fashion all his life.

We con a hundred lessons, but Love's are always best,  
 And now I cannot say them, though I learned them on your breast.  
 Take from me, darling, take the last, who gave the first long kiss.  
 Oh, what can life, in any world, give us like that, or this?

Approach, thou awful Wapentake,  
 Whose signal maketh no mistake.  
 Dumb and direct, thou halest me;  
 Silent as thou, I follow thee.

And if 'twere ill, or were it well,  
 Those whom thou touchest do not tell.  
 Now no man knoweth what I see.  
 It is the Law. Let God decree.

## THE ENGLISH SENATE.

BY GEORGE W. SMAILEY.

THE House of Lords seems to be chiefly interesting to Americans as an object of attack. Our own attacks on it are, for the most part, so many expressions of democratic impatience with an institution based on the hereditary and not on the elective principle. Democracy has advanced with such strides in England that the same sort of impatience makes itself heard here also, but it would be a mistake to suppose that much of the existing English dislike of this House as a legislative body springs from sentiment, or even from theory. So far as it is sentimental, it is ineffective. So far as it is theoretical, the influence of it is secondary. The number of Englishmen in public life who take, or hold very strongly, theoretical views of the Constitution is never very large. They pride themselves, and with reason, not upon the symmetrical form of their institutions, but upon the practical working of them. The main reason why Radicals want to get rid of the Upper House is that it stands in the way of their schemes. They cannot get their bills through—or, in Lord Brougham's phrase, through or over—the House of Lords. We might expect them to assail, first of all, the Throne, since the Throne is hereditary, and a more anti-democratic institution than an aristocracy. But they do not. The Throne does not stand in their way, and the House of Lords does, and to the English mind the practical reason is almost always a sufficient reason.

The writers and speakers who base their condemnation of the House of Lords on theory are, for the most part, those to whom not only the House of Lords, but any Second Chamber whatever, is hateful. They are doctrinaires, and the foremost of them, Mr. John Morley, is not only a doctrinaire, but a sort of English Jacobin; the most amiable of men in private life, one of the most honorable and sincere in public life, but of an implacable austerity which too often hardens into bitterness. He it was who levelled at the Lords the phrase which has passed into a proverb among the agitators—End them or Mend them. That was the only alternative he would consider when he set out upon his crusade against the Upper House. Now he will hardly admit that there is an alternative. They must be

ended. He would have the House of Commons supreme. He would commit the Constitution and fortunes of this empire to the mercies of the majority of the moment in that House. He would not leave anywhere in this kingdom any authority to suspend or to revise or to reconsider the decision of a snap majority of a single House, elected perchance on a totally different issue from the one they were deciding. He would have no check on popular impulses or on Parliamentary politics. What the people, or the loudest section of them, might demand, and what their representatives, obeying the French doctrine of the mandate, might enact, that shall become law, and become not only law, but the fundamental law of the land and an integral part of the Constitution. In one word, Mr. John Morley would set up in Westminster the French Convention, putting the clock of the world a hundred years back, and repeating in another country, in a later age, in totally different circumstances, and among a people to whom the ideas from which the Convention sprang are alien—repeating, I say, one of the crudest legislative experiments ever made. There was a Jacobin conquest of France, and the Convention was the legislative symbol and instrument of the tyranny of an unscrupulous minority. Mr. Morley would subject England also to a Jacobin conquest, and to the unchecked tyranny of a single Chamber.

It is not necessary to take so extreme a view as Mr. Morley's, or to take an extreme view at all, in order to find material for censure in the constitution of the House of Lords. The House has existed for some six centuries. Since it came into being every institution in England has passed through various stages of change for the better. The Monarchy, the Church, the House of Commons—all have been transformed. The House of Lords alone remains, not indeed what it was in the beginning, for in the beginning it was mainly an ecclesiastical body, but remains, and has remained during three centuries, impervious to those influences which have modified everything else. The spirit of reform has passed it by. It has gained political authority and lost it again, its legislative constitution and

place in the Constitution of the kingdom continuing all the while what they were. Democracy itself has left it thus far unaltered. It is therefore to-day a gigantic anachronism. It is not only out of date, but, for the most part, out of touch with the springs and sources of power. To use a French phrase, it is not *dans le mouvement*, and it rests still on the principle which, to modern ideas, is the most vicious of all principles of authority—the hereditary principle.

The House of Lords, nevertheless, keeps its place in the Constitution. Its assent to every bill passed by the Commons is a preliminary to its becoming law. Its legislative power is unquestioned and unquestionable, save when some considerable measure of reform or of party politics is at issue. Then the Lords are denounced if they venture to throw it out. They may reject, and do constantly reject, or perhaps amend into impotence, other measures, and nobody challenges them, or denies their co-ordinate legislative authority. It is, however, well understood that in the case of a bill large enough to agitate the country upon, their power of rejection is limited. What is called the veto of the Lords, which is an unscientific phrase, becomes in that case a suspensory veto. The Lords use their right of rejecting a bill in order that, if big enough, it may be referred to the country. If, after its rejection, the country returns a majority of the House of Commons in favor of this rejected measure, the Lords no longer oppose it, but accept it, and pass it, and the country has its way. All the Lords do is to make sure that the country does desire that the bill in question shall become law. That is what is meant by the suspensory veto, and that is the limitation which, by force of usage and of opinion, and without any statute, has been set upon the constitutional privileges of the House of Lords.

It may be well to remind ourselves that the complaint against the existing House of Lords is not that it lacks political or legislative or debating ability. Nobody alleges that. The more extreme Radicals, it is true, bring an indictment against the Peers themselves. That is their way. If they attack an institution, they denounce the personal character of those who compose or support it. They are not content to complain of the use their adversaries make of their powers,

which is the legitimate form of political criticism. They revile the individuals of whose votes they disapprove. The Peers are, says the most extreme journal of all, a powerful and widely circulated newspaper in London, "lords and lackeys, vulgar, out of date appanages of an impossible social system. They have got to go." They are, or many of them are, "life-long enemies of the people," and "mere low evil-livers and race-course notorieties." It is another echo of the French Revolution; the Peers are to be hunted down; perhaps their property confiscated, their castles burnt; perhaps their lives menaced.

Well, there are black sheep among the Peers as there are among the Commons, but neither body is to be judged by its exceptions. Lord Rosebery, the flower of the Liberals in the House of Lords, described it not long ago as an assembly of men of great ability, great business capacity, and great common-sense. Can no use be found for such an assembly except to abolish it? There are many Peers who have come up from the ranks—the Bishops, the Law Lords, the four nominated Judges who now sit in the Lords, the ennobled representatives of finance, of commerce, of business, and many more. It is an aristocracy of intelligence. But if you exclude all these, and look only to the men who are members of the House by virtue of hereditary right, you may compile a list of great distinction. Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Devonshire—it is useless to multiply names familiar to everybody. Mr. Gladstone's present Cabinet contains five Peers, one-tenth of all his supporters in what he calls the "gilded chamber"—a change no doubt from the time when Mr. Pitt was the only Commoner in his own Cabinet; but they are enough to show how much the great Prime Minister leans on colleagues who are members of the House he assails. When the long four months' struggle between coal-owners and coal-miners was ended by the conference over which Lord Rosebery presided, a good Gladstonian said to a Conservative friend, "You see, the Old Man has scored again." "Yes," was the answer, "but he had to go to the House of Lords to do it." And you must go to the same place for much of the finest debating and most effective political oratory of the time. A dress-debate

in the Lords is to-day perhaps a more perfect and admirable performance than a similar debate in the House of Commons, even if Mr. Gladstone be reckoned among the debaters.

There are, then, two ways in which the House of Lords may be looked at. You may consider it as a hereditary Chamber based upon a principle vicious because hereditary. Or you may consider it simply as a Second Chamber, which, be its faults what they may, is part of the Legislature of this country, and the only restraint upon the legislative energy of the House of Commons. And there are three parties among its opponents. There are those who would simply abolish it, among whom Mr. Asquith, the brilliant young Liberal who is Mr. Gladstone's Home Secretary, must now be reckoned; there are those who would perhaps abolish it if some efficient and more popular substitute could be provided; and there are those who would reform the existing House.

The ending and mending policies are not merely alternative; they are inconsistent and irreconcilable. The party which wants to end the Lords will have nothing to say to mending them. Amendment would diminish the force of the argument, whatever it may be, for abolition. We may come at once, therefore, to the question, How is the House of Lords to be ended? The answer is simpler than some of the champions of abolition seem to suspect. There is but one method which is not revolutionary: an Act of Parliament. But there can be no Act of Parliament which has not passed the Lords as well as the Commons. The abolitionists are therefore confronted with the question how they are to induce the Lords to abolish themselves.

If this problem has ever been discussed, it has been discussed in private, and not in public. I doubt whether it has been much discussed even in private. There have been two recent, or comparatively recent, occasions on which the abolition of the House of Lords has been talked of freely. One was in 1884, when they were thought likely to reject the County Franchise Bill. One was during last year, when they did reject the Home-Rule Bill. In the interval the question slept, or, at most, simmered. At the crises, whether in 1884 or in 1893, little or nothing was said to indicate that the subject

had ever been thought out. It was taken for granted that abolition could be effected somehow. There is a vague notion that the existing majority in the Lords might be swamped by a creation of new Peers pledged to vote for their own extinction. It is not quite certain how far such pledges would be thought binding by those who might give them. Mr. Gladstone's Peers—I mean the Peers created upon his advice—have in great part turned against him. But there is a graver doubt: Would the Queen consent to create these new Peers? They must be created by her if at all, and her opinion, her will, her judgment, are, or might be, very important factors.

The House of Lords now consists of about 550 members. The Conservative majority last August threw out the Home-Rule bill by 419 to 41. Taking that as a fair test, there are 378 votes to be overcome, 379 new Peers to be created in order to obtain a majority of one for the abolition of the House. That is more than twice the number which was contemplated in 1832, and even then the creation of less than 200 Peers to overwhelm the existing House was regarded as, and defended as, a revolutionary measure. It was urged and defended on the ground that not otherwise could a greater revolution be averted. The Lords themselves took this last view, and yielded, and both revolutions were averted.

But to-day, where is the sign of revolution, or even of any popular agitation which threatens revolution in the country, or could be held to justify a revolutionary policy toward the Lords themselves? Notoriously there is none. It may come, but it has not come yet. Mr. Gladstone was expected to give the signal for it at Edinburgh last September. But Mr. Gladstone, impetuous and masterful though he be in dealing with his own party, or with the House of Commons, is a cautious leader when he has to face the constituencies. He saw clearly that the action of the Lords in rejecting his darling measure had provoked no general resentment in the country, stirred no agitation, created no wish for abolition. The country, so far from clamoring for the overthrow of the Upper House, found in this rejection a new reason for maintaining it. In 1832 the country was up in arms against the Lords, and, to some extent, in 1884. In 1893 not one single

great meeting was held to protest against the defeat of Home-Rule, or to complain of the legislative body which had thrown out the bill. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, had to choose between his Radical supporters and the country. Of course he chose for the country. He conciliated, to some slight extent, the Radicals by an invective against the Lords, a recapitulation of their offences in time past, and a forecast of the doom that might overtake them in some more or less distant future. But his long speech contained no recommendation for the present, no proposal either of abolition or reform, no programme even for agitation, no serious menace. The Radicals understood that they had to lie low for the present. The platforms from which they were to have thundered all through the autumn have been silent. Mr. Gladstone's own thunder was but *brutum fulmen*. He had discharged a broadside, but the guns were not shot.

The only definite, or rather the only positive, answer yet given to this question how to end the Lords was given by Mr. John Morley at Manchester on the 8th of last November. He said they can only be dealt with by force. Mr. Morley is so considerable a person, and this passage in his speech so remarkable, that it may be quoted:

"You are dealing with a vast, overwhelming preponderance, a huge dead weight of prejudice, of passion, of interest, of bigotry, of blind class and party spirit, impenetrable by argument, immovable by discussion, beyond the reach of reason, and only to be driven from its hereditary and antiquated entrenchments, not by argument or by reason or by discussion, but by force."

There are, no doubt, several kinds of force, but Mr. Morley seems to mean that the force he would employ against the House of Lords is physical force. It cannot be the force of argument, for he says they are impenetrable by argument; nor of reason, for they are beyond its reach; nor can any known form of moral force be supposed capable of dealing with a huge dead weight of prejudice, passion, bigotry, and blind class spirit. What Mr. Morley proposes is violence. He would apparently contemplate "with sombre acquiescence" the invasion of the House by a street mob, as the French Assemblies have so often been invaded by a street mob,

calling itself, and being called by a certain class of historians, the people. Mr. Morley is, or tries to be, a philosophical politician. He is a Cabinet Minister. He has an important following and a wide reputation in the country. Is it likely that he would advocate revolution if he saw his way to his end by legal and peaceable means? His speech at Manchester is a counsel of despair. And there is no other.

To mend the Lords is another matter, and raises a wholly different class of questions. The most convinced believer in a Second Chamber would be the first to admit and to assert that large reforms in the present constitution of this assembly are needed and are urgent. If the Lords were a sagacious body as a whole, they would reform themselves from within, lest a worse thing befall them from without. They might do much to mitigate the force of hostile criticism. Whether they have, or ever will have, a virtue heroic enough to go to the root of the evil and extinguish the hereditary character of their House may be doubted. It is not likely that anything short of that will suffice. The most interesting of the few attempts at reform from within has been made by Lord Rosebery. He brought forward two proposals, one in 1884, one in 1888. In each case he asked his colleagues to appoint a committee to inquire into the constitution of the House. On the second occasion he obtained 50 votes for this proposal, which was rejected by 97. The first effort hardly went beyond details. The second dealt with principles, and among others with the hereditary principle. Lord Rosebery, knowing how hopeless it would be to suggest its abolition as a principle, condemned only the indiscriminate and untempered application of it. He said:

"What you require in a hereditary legislative Chamber, by the mere fact and principle of its existence, is an unblemished succession of hereditary virtue, hereditary wisdom, and hereditary discretion."

That is to require the impossible, and that is what Lord Rosebery meant. He would escape from the dilemma by a compromise—the most English of all methods. He urges that any reform should respect the name of the House of Lords, and that a reconstructed House should be limited in number, and consist



of selected or elected hereditary Peers, and that by some process and some form of constituency there should be representative Peers, to be called Lords of Parliament. He makes many other suggestions, often acute and sagacious, but this is the central idea of his scheme. He does not undertake to determine who the electors should be, but suggests county boards, the larger municipalities, and the House of Commons, or all three. That is not the valuable part of his proposal. There would be nothing organic in the composition of a body elected in that rather miscellaneous manner. But nobody has yet proposed a better; and the fact that Lord Rosebery has nothing better to offer, and that nothing better is offered, is a measure of the perplexity of the problem. The proposal for a House composed of Peers nominated for life only evades the hereditary difficulty, but does not meet the demand for an assembly that shall be both representative and elective.

If the House of Lords in its legislative capacity is to be defended, it must be on American principles. Put aside its hereditary character, not now defensible on any principle, consider it merely as a Second Chamber, and you will find that the most effective defence of it may be drawn from American analogies and American precedents.

Indeed, before an American tries to judge the situation in England, he would do well to put clearly before himself the difference between his own Constitution and that of the United Kingdom so far as it affects this issue. He must take into account the undisputed fact that the House of Lords is the sole check upon the legislative supremacy of the House of Commons. Let him try to draw a parallel between Westminster and Washington, and consider with what safeguards and precautions constitutional legislation at Washington is hedged about, and how every one of them is wanting at Westminster. There is at Westminster no distinction between the making of an ordinary law and of fundamental law, or of what we call a constitutional amendment. There are no more formalities in the one case than in the other, nor any different procedure. A bill which subverts the Constitution of this realm is brought in like any other bill, and may be passed through the House of Commons like any

other bill, between ten o'clock and midnight, by a bare majority. It may be forced through by the closure and without debate, or half debated. A constitutional amendment in America is a matter of a few lines, the declaration of a single principle or purpose; brief, clear, easily understood of all men. The bill passed by the House of Commons may be, as the recent bill to amend the provision for the government of Ireland, commonly called the Home-Rule Bill, was, an extremely intricate, complicated, and voluminous bill—a bill of forty clauses and seven schedules; a bill profoundly modifying the relations of the component parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; dissolving a Legislative Union, creating a new Legislature and a new Executive in Ireland, and profoundly modifying the constitution of the House of Commons itself. Such a bill may be, and in fact was, passed by the drastic use of the closure; more than two-thirds of it undebated, unconsidered, by the House at any stage; not even amendments allowed to be put to vote. That bill, so passed, would be law to-day if there were no House of Lords. You may think it ought to be, but do you think it ought to be passed in that way? If you do, you condemn the American system and reproach the authors of the American Constitution.

Any bill, any measure of constitutional innovation, once passed, goes to the House of Lords, and the House of Lords is thenceforward the sole means by which the final passage of it can be delayed. There are no State Legislatures to which it can be referred. There is no Supreme Court which can directly or indirectly declare it to be unconstitutional. Every Act of Parliament is constitutional. The English Constitution, in so far as it has any written existence, consists of Acts of Parliament, and one is as good as another. No English court would listen to an argument based on the alleged unconstitutionality of a statute. There is no such thing. Constitutionality, as Selden said of Privilege, is whatever Parliament pleases. There is no veto. The veto of the Crown, once valid and effective and not infrequent, has not been used since Queen Anne's time; and Queen Anne, as we all know, is dead. The last veto was in 1707. There is no machinery by which a bill can be referred to the people, unless indirectly through the House of Lords. There

is no provision for ascertaining the real sense of the people, either their second thoughts if a bill has been passed in obedience to a popular wish or impulse, or their first thoughts if the bill be without popular backing. It may be the offspring of a powerful minister or of a pushing clique. The people may never have asked for it. If they have not, they cannot be consulted.

Such is the condition of things at Westminster. What it is at Washington every American knows; but he may like to know how the American system strikes the mind of the English Radical in a hurry for reform. An anecdote will show him. A very eminent English Radical once asked me to explain to him the processes by which an amendment to the Constitution of the United States was proposed and adopted or rejected. He listened, with ever-increasing impatience, to the recital of the long series of checks and safeguards which the wisdom of our fathers had provided to insure stability to the fabric they created, and to protect it against the gusts of popular passion or interest or caprice—in short, against the dangers of pure Democracy. When the recital came to an end, he exclaimed, with heat, "You need not suppose we should stand that sort of thing over here."

If, then, you apply American principles to the House of Lords, considered without reference to its hereditary character, but merely as a Second Chamber, you find it discharging a useful and, to the American mind, an indispensable function. Whether it has discharged that function wisely or unwisely during the last two or three generations is another question. I do not enter upon any historical inquiry. It is sufficient to say that, from our point of view, the House of Lords has, during most of that period, been the opponent of reform, or has consented to reform unwillingly. It has set itself in many instances against the will of the nation. It opposed the great Reform Bill of 1831-2. It opposed Lord Melbourne's measures of Irish reform from 1835 to 1841. It opposed the abolition of the duty on paper in 1860. These are the modern cases most frequently cited, and, after all, the catalogue is not a very formidable one. Nor was the majority of the Lords always, as it is now, anti-Liberal. Till 1832 it commonly supported the government of the day. Its later conservatism, says Lord Salisbury,

dates from the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power, and from Mr. Gladstone's persistent efforts to sow division and dissension between different classes and different sections of the kingdom.

On the other hand, it has passed many Liberal measures in obedience to public opinion or to good advice. Harkening to the counsels of the Duke of Wellington, it assented to the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. It assented, in deference to the judgment of Lord Beaconsfield, to the overthrow of the Irish Church in 1869. It passed, under the same influence, the Irish Land Bill of 1870. It passed the Reform Bill of 1884, after negotiations ending in a compromise. It passed the Reform Bill of 1867, in some respects the most radical and sweeping measure of suffrage ever proposed in England, and it rejected the Home-Rule Bill of 1893. On both these last two occasions it was on the side of the people of Great Britain, and gave effect to their wishes. Let us, however, admit that it has more often thwarted than promoted the cause of progress, and that it deserves the censures which it has incurred. What then? Is it to be dealt with penally? Is a great constitutional question to be considered in a merely vindictive spirit? Or is it to be considered primarily and all the time with reference to the public interest, and to the present and future efficiency and good working of the Constitution itself?

So considering it we may escape the historical inquiry, and it will become unnecessary to organize a political party into a criminal court, or put the Lords or anybody else into the dock. The true question is: How can legislation be made safe and wise in a country which has no written Constitution and no tribunal to which constitutional questions can be referred? When we come to answer that question, we may prudently lay down one proposition, namely, that any Second Chamber is better than none. The House of Lords and the House of Commons may each be looked at as an instrument for giving effect to the popular will. And the House of Lords, though not elective, may be, and sometimes is, representative. It may be, and to-day probably is, at least with reference to one great question, stronger than the House of Commons, and more democratic than the House of Commons, because it has the people at its back. If there were no

Second Chamber, the most revolutionary measure of modern times, perhaps of any time in England, would have become law, against the declared wish of the people of England and of the people of Great Britain. The British majority against Home-Rule in the House of Commons is 21. The English majority against it is 70. There are, in other words, thirty millions of whom the majority is opposed to Home-Rule, and there are five millions of whom the majority is in favor of Home-Rule. The Lords are on the side of the thirty millions against the five millions. They have rejected the bill, as it was admittedly their constitutional right to do, and also their constitutional duty. This revolutionary measure had never been before the people at all. Its nature, its provisions, the form of government it was meant to set up in Ireland, were all unknown when the present session of Parliament began. After its introduction it was turned inside out, and on two if not three vital points was transformed and became a new bill. What the Lords have done is to insure the reference of this measure—revolutionary, secret, transitory, kaleidoscopic, as it proved to be in its passage through the House of Commons—to the people for their final decision. Will any American who values American principles say that this procedure is not strictly in accord with the ideas which underlie our own political system?

Fully agreeing that the House of Lords must be reformed if it is to endure, I nevertheless think that the majority of Englishmen who act from other than party motives, or impulse, or mere doctrinairism, will resist the abolition of it, at least until some rational and workable scheme for another Second Chamber shall have been proposed. For it is their one bulwark against an untamed, untaught, inexperienced, incapable Democracy. If that expression shock any thinking American, I will ask him whether there are no limits to his belief in Democracy as a political panacea. He knows that in America Democracy has a bit in its mouth. He knows that in England it has none. Does he think all men fit to be trusted with self-government?

I do not wish to make disagreeable comparisons, nor will I make any. But the present majority of the English electorate consists of agricultural and unskilled laborers. Does the thinking American know

what they are like, and what degree of political intelligence they possess? If he does, will he say that the government of an immense empire can be safely confided to them, or to a majority of which they are the majority? Let him ask any Englishman, familiar with elections, on what elections turn in an agricultural constituency. On Home-Rule, on Disestablishment, on Foreign Policy, on Colonial Policy? Nothing of the sort. But on beer, on purely local interests, on personal influence, on appeals to cupidity and to prejudice and to class hatreds.

The lower and larger stratum of the Democracy of England is in the hands of the Demagogue. Three or four millions of voters were enfranchised at a blow. They had no political training of any kind, no town meeting, no local assembly, no control of any kind of affairs, nothing which the American has always had. It was in that condition that they became the arbiters of the destiny of the realm. They have to learn the business of government at the expense of the governed, themselves included. They elect the House of Commons, or a majority of its members. The House of Commons is the government; for the Cabinet is, in effect, only a committee of the House. Between the House of Commons, which springs from such sources, and the Empire there is absolutely nothing, legislatively speaking, but the House of Lords. Be its faults what they may, will any wise man sweep it away and leave nothing in its place? When the waters are out, will you open the dikes because you don't like the fashion of the masonry?

There are signs that this country is approaching a grave social crisis—possibly enough, revolutionary. If it be revolutionary, it may overturn many things besides the House of Lords. If it stop short of revolution; if Radicalism and Socialism proceed by constitutional methods; if they attack property and individual liberties, as they daily threaten to do, under cover of law; and if, in pursuit of such ends, they once elect a majority of the House of Commons, and abolish the House of Lords—they are masters of the kingdom. Until they abolish it, society in its existing form has a last line of defence, and the true friends of order and liberty might in such circumstances consider even a hereditary Chamber a less evil than civil convulsion.

## THE MONUMENT TO CORDER.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

SHE looked back at the house as if with a sudden feeling that in the importance of her mission she had forgotten to lock the door. The old gray cottage, with its hanging eaves and dark little windows, seemed to convey to her some reassurance, for she clasped the tiny red flower-pots more closely to the sagging bosom of her brown cotton frock, and went on down the street.

There was distinct purpose in her gait. Something not unlike peace shone from the dim blue eyes under the poking rim of her straw bonnet. Vague flecks of pink mottled her wrinkled cheeks; and not since Corder died, along in the winter, had his wife's soft old lips worn a look so like a smile.

He had been dead three months, had Corder. The shutters of the small weather-worn house, in which he had lived so long, were still tied with strips of black cotton stuff. These mournful tokens, dangling against the moss-blotched wall, gave a funereal aspect to the aged yew by the door-step—a yew in itself so threadbare and rusty as to seem out of all harmony with the genial freshness of the spring morning. For April was well forward, and all the maples along the creek-flagged walk had little wormy-looking brown buds creeping out upon their twigs. Bushes were veiled in hazes of pale green. Willows charmed the air with fands of bright gold; and even the tall forest trees skirting the village had a perceptible liveliness of tone, as if the sap leaped warm at their reluctant hearts.

The sleepy old houses of the little Kentucky hamlet nestled back in bits of yards, just beginning to be softly dashed with powdery green. Here and there, as if for the triumphal passage of forgetfulness, a rickety gate lifted an arch of vines. Moss scored the fence-rails and crept up the walls. Indeed, since the building of the new railway, four miles to eastward, the small old town, left out of touch with time and traffic, had seemed as if settling comfortably back to a state of nature. Even the Brundage House, a low brick structure with enclosed side galleries glooming over a mouldy garden space—even this once popular inn had an air of disuse. Though the door was open and a row of chairs

sat hospitably on the curb, most of the blue shades were drawn, the mortar was crumbling away between the bricks, and Oblivion appeared to have gone over the threshold, leaving faint greenish foot-prints behind him on the stone steps.

No one was in sight. Then presently a woman, rather excitedly waving a turkey-wing fan in her fat white hand, came to the door and peered eagerly down the street.

She was amply modelled, with broad pink cheeks and soft stayless girth. Her gray hair was closely rippled. She had little red-brown eyes and a small mouth, at present anxiously puckered.

"It's her!" she said. "It's Jane Corder, sure 'nough. She's goin' down street lickety-switch—her arms full of flower-pots agin. That's the fourth time this week! Them's flower-pots, ain't they, Minervy?"

A pretty girl, whose curves promised well for future rotundity, appeared in the doorway.

"Yes, maw, they're flower-pots," she corroborated. "I reckon she's going to the graveyard. Watch how her skirt flaps! I don't reckon it ever see starch. It's a wonder she wouldn't wear mourning for Corder—her lettin' on to think so much of him!"

The fat woman scanned the wisp of a figure in brown cotton. She rearranged the heavy gold watch-chain looping her lavishly crape-trimmed bosom.

"Mebby she thinks it's onchristian to wear black when you're bereaved," she considered, with a smile of tolerant scorn. "I never argify with folks's notions. For me, I've been in crape the three hull years since your paw died, Minervy. He 'ain't got it to throw up to me at the throne of grace as I didn't pay proper respect. Many's the time I've set in meetin' fahly stranglin' through my veil. The unly thing that kept me up was remem-berin' that there wasn't a widow woman in town wore their crape heavier. It comes high, so it does. Every person hasn't the money to show how their bosom's tore."

"Maybe Mrs. Corder hasn't," charitably suggested Minerva.

"She ought to hev," hotly contested Mrs. Brundage, "livin' as pore as her and Corder did. I hev'n't no sympathy with

folks that's always scrimpin'. I d'know as I've much use for Jane Corder anyways. We've never visited since your paw and Corder run that wagon-shop together. Your paw was as keen as they make 'em, and if he found as he hed to squeeze Corder out of the business, I 'ain't a word to say. I never asked nothing about it. Brundage made me a good livin', and hardly ever give me a cross word. Corder was no 'count, anyhow; and when I heard he was telling it everywhere that your paw had cheated him, I jest stopped goin' to see his wife." She added, mournfully, that no one would ever know how she missed Brundage. "If he'd of lived, that railroad never would have left us four mile out! It's ruined the business," she continued. "We don't take in skercely anything nowadays. I'm mighty glad I got your paw a fine monnymint whiles I had the money. He's got the highest-priced monnymint will ever be in the graveyard, so he hes."

"Unless Mrs. Corder lays off to buy a finer one," said Minerva.

Her mother's face assumed a look of ominous conjecture.

"It 'd kill me," she gasped; "it 'd p'intedly kill me if she got her man a bigger stone than your paw's! their lot right next to ours and all! Law me, I wouldn't wonder if she was a-hoardin' up for that very thing!" A tremor passed over her massive shoulders. "Minervy," she commanded, sternly, "you git out my bunnit. I'm goin' to step out yender to the graveyard and find out what she's up to."

Mental disturbance was by no means common with Mrs. Brundage. Life had dealt easily with her always. She had been a handsome girl, and she had married well. It was true that Jacob Brundage had not been specially well-favored. With his narrow frame, lean face, and expression of reserve, he had possessed a constrained and stealthy look, as of one who has squeezed and crept to prominence through thready, surreptitious byways. But though he was so plain, Brundage had not been ill equipped for life's race, being in no wise handicapped by any foolish ideas of business integrity. He was a successful man, and the other village women envied Mrs. Brundage her rustling silks and gorgeous bonnets.

Once, observing her as she swept pompously by to church, Corder, leaning on

the old gate before his house, had turned away with a darkening brow.

"Jinny," he said to his wife, who was gazing, awe-struck, at her neighbor's passage, "if I hadn't been fooled and rascaled out'n my share of that wagon-shop, you'd of worn as fine fixin's as *her*! It ain't right! it ain't! I've ben honest and hard-workin' all my life, and I 'ain't ever laid by nothing." His shoulders seemed to bend even more than their wont with this new recognition of life's futility and injustice.

"I find no fault with you-'ns, Albert," said his wife, gently.

"I find fault with myself!" he muttered. "You done porely when you married me, Jinny!"

"I ain't complainin'" she said, laughing softly, and regarding him with eyes of content. She was well on in her fifties, but her eyes had always kept a haunting of girlishness.

These, however, since Corder died, had lost the old gentle light. Something sharp and stern pervaded them, and people remarked that though Mrs. Corder did not "take on" as a bereaved woman excusably might, her mental attitude was not what they called "resigned."

Unrest seemed to possess her. She went often to the graveyard just beyond the village, returning always with the same unsubdued bitterness in her little pinched face.

When spring opened, and she began to plant flowers on Corder's grave, this expression of resentful sorrow became a little less marked.

"I'm not doin' what I'd like to," she muttered, tucking the roots of a geranium into the easy soil, "but I'm doing something."

She cast round a slow, implacable glance. Hard by the long yellow mound under which Corder lay, a gleaming marble tomb cast off the morning sunshine in a glare of white. It was massive, and shaped like a box, with an engraved slab surmounting its four sides. The polished surface, the delicate veinings, indefinite as if faint wreaths of smoke garlanded the serene whiteness, the smoothly finished edges and sharp depth of the letters—all these things took Mrs. Corder's eye with a certain mocking perfection.

She noticed that the grass lifted well above the gleamy base of Brundage's tomb. It had evidently had no spring



cutting, while the sward rolling greenly from the unmarked mound in the next lot was clipped to a velvety softness.

"He's got everything but remembrance," commented Mrs. Corder, as if a little heartened. "He's got marble over him, and his name and age and all, but his folks ain't keepin' up the lot. They don't come out to see how things are doin'." Catching a noise, she looked up.

Some one heavily clothed in black was climbing the white steps of the graveyard stile. The large figure mounted with difficulty, clutching at obscuring veils and impeding skirts. Having made the ascent, it paused, and cautiously set foot on the inner steps.

The path was overrun with grass, but it showed itself as a faint silvery trail leading through the dark luxuriance of myrtle-clad hillocks. Mrs. Brundage came along it with slow solemnity of tread, holding up her skirts at each side, and peering through her crape with an eye apprehensive of green garter-snakes.

"Why, howdy?" she exclaimed, pausing at the Corder lot, and observing with well-feigned surprise the figure working at the mound. "This is right soon in the day to be travellin' out here. But I says to Minervy, I says, 'Them that's ben bereaved don't study 'bout what time o' the morning they take to shed a tear in.' She sighed deeply, and with an important gesture flung the black stuff from her face.

Corder's grave now plainly revealed to her lines of green where seeding-plants daintily pushed their heads through the soil. These seemed to maintain some design, so that the little knoll appeared to be overcast with a crumpled fabric of brown delicately wrought in verdant threads. Across the flat expanse a cross of geraniums, already budding, stretched its arms.

Elsewhere, in notable contrast with this trim gardening, flourished the rank plenitude of forgetfulness. Grass and weeds were high. Myrtle wove a stout dark web over the paths. Rose-trees stretched thorny, untrimmed branches over the lost footways, catching with plaintive insistence at the garments of infrequent rangers through these dwellings of the dead. The very cypresses, unpruned and black, seemed as if settling toward the ground in a sullen apathy. Head-stones stood awry. Many of their

inscriptions were padded with moss; and frail dark lichens were everywhere tracing upon the marbles characters no man could read.

Mrs. Brundage eyed the flowery promise of the mound before her, and cast an abashed glance at the riotous greenery of her own lot.

"I no idea the grass was so forward," she remarked. "Them marble slabs of Brundage's don't look nothing like their size when the blades are so high. There's no better marble made than them slabs! I told the stone-cutter, 'Wilkins,' says I, 'don't spare anything on that monnymint. He was a good man,' says I, 'and hardly ever give me a cross word. I aim to hev him the finest stone can be got. And I want it made box-shape,' says I. 'They're not so showy as the peaked kind, but they come high, and 'tain't every one kin hev 'em.'" She broke off with a cheerful air, as if her consciousness of the uncut grass had been swept from her mind by a vivid remembrance of the tomb's cost. "Wilkins did right well by me," she pursued; "I kin recommend him." And she added, with a casual sort of manner: "The sod's pretty well settled in your lot, Mrs. Corder. I reckon you'll be 'rectin' a stone 'fore long?"

Mrs. Corder bent over the hillock, wiping the dust from a geranium leaf. Her face was hidden in the rim of her bonnet.

"I got a prejudice agin gravestones," she said, calmly.

Mrs. Brundage stared. "I never heard the like!" she gasped.

The other woman's shoulders twitched as if a nervous tremor had contracted them.

"I d'know as I mind a little shaft of marble—a *little* one, right at the head of a grave," she conceded, tolerantly; "but I ain't sure I could conscience heapin' five heavy slabs of rock on top of any one I keered for. I d'know as I could rest nights a-studyin' about 'em crushed down onder all that hefty stone. That's how I feel. Buyin' big monnymints, and clappin' 'em down over your lost ones, always 'pears to me a sorry way of showin' grief. It's like you said to 'em, 'There, now! I've set to work in weddin' hurry and r'ared you a stone and plastered you up fast and sound. I've done all any person could ask for. If there ain't no flowers laid over you, and the grass gits rank,

it's 'euz I got somethin' else to do besides a-rickellectin' of you continual. Rest as easy as you kin, for I've done all I'm goin' to!"

"I never heard the like!" again gasped Mrs. Brundage. Her broad face harbored a resentful crimson. "Any one kin mess round with a few flowers. They don't cost skercely anything."

"It takes time and labor to keep 'em flourishin'," contested the other, also a little breathless. "And folks that sees 'em growin' knows the person underneath ain't forgit by their kin." She patted down the edge of the sod before her, glancing with an eye of mild commiseration toward Brundage's tomb.

Mrs. Brundage, still convulsively grasping her skirts, had a color which had deepened from red to purple as she listened to these extraordinary views.

"I reckon there's no male man mol-jerin' in this place as is remembered as constant as Jacob Brundage," she burst out, defiantly.

"I never passed no names," Mrs. Corder softly reminded her. She had risen, and stood, small and shrunken and pale, facing down in her faded old frock the lavish figure opposing her with its profuse ostentation of woe.

Mrs. Brundage's bosom heaved. An uncomfortable thought seemed to haunt her.

"I don't reckon them that's dead hes feelin's about whether their gravestones lays flat on 'em or r'ares up," she speculated.

"We don't know what they feel," said Mrs. Corder. "I knew a woman whose sister ha'nted her day and night, always a-mournin' that her hands hurted her so she couldn't rest in her coffin. And finally the woman—she was kin to my folks, name of Lidy Clay—finally she hed 'em to take her sister up, and there was her fingers all twisted in and out like they'd fixed 'em when they laid her out. So they straightened her hands, and Lidy she never heard no more of her sister's ghost. Well, I don't *say* as the dead feels. But if I'd put a stone over any of my folks to keep the sun and air off 'em, I'd kind of look for 'em to walk nights."

The other woman's wide cheeks paled. She started and glanced toward the tomb as if half expecting to see a sheeted figure thrust the stone cover aside.

"Well, good-day!" she ejaculated.

"I'm goin' to send up and hev that grass mowed."

The green blades murmured silkily as they sprang upright from the swish of her skirts. Her form disappeared behind the bushes. Mrs. Corder's eyes held a strange little gleam as she flashed them again on Brundage's resting-place.

"You hev no right to lay there onder that monnymint!" she breathed, huskily. "My man was honest and true. You beat him out'n everything. And there you lay in that fine tomb. Oh, Corder, Corder! there's only a few pore flowers over you! but I'm savin'—I'm savin'. I 'ain't got much, but I'm workin' and savin'. I wouldn't even spend a cent to buy myself a thread of crape to show as my heart's broke since you left me!" She gathered up the empty flower-pots and went toward the stile.

As the season went on, people began to talk about Corder's grave. It had bloomed into a sweet expanse of bright flowers. Mignonette furred the edges with fragrant green, pansies scrolled ribbons of purple about, geraniums spanned it with a white cross, which seemed to shine always as if it caught some pallid glory from beyond the summer skies.

A remorseful envy twitched at the hearts of those who had half forgotten how often they once used to climb the graveyard stile. A late redding up of weedy and sunken hillocks took place, for Corder's grave was a page typed with characters to make the dullest grief almost warm again. Mrs. Brundage herself observed its waxing beauty with a reluctant eye. Standing of Sunday afternoons by Brundage's tomb, a renewed sense of widowhood quickened in her breast, and she felt as a stern reproach the breathing glow of Corder's flowers.

Once she brought a bunch of blossoms to lay on her husband's tomb, but the pretty things had so piteous an incongruity with the glittering slab that she snatched them off and burst into tears.

"I paid out a heap more'n I could afford on that monnymint!" she sobbed, as if exonerating herself to an unseen presence.

To her daughter she said, hysterically: "It's killin' me, Minervy! I keep thinkin' of your paw a-smotherin' onder them stones till I'm mighty nigh near distracted. He was never no hand for much kivers—used to haul off and kick the com-

forts down in the dead of winter. Oh me! And there's Corder—triflin' man he was!—there's Corder a-smilin' under his posies like he felt the sun meltin' his marrer!"

One night in July, Minerva, sleeping in her four-post bed, was roused by a spasmodic grasp. Her mother, with night-cap askew on her streaming gray hair, stood shaking by the bedside.

"Minervy," she panted, "I ben havin' awful dreams! I 'lowed I see your paw, and he was twistin' and turnin' and gaspin' for breath, and he says to me, 'Molly, I hardly ever give you a cross word, and yit you've went and soldered me up so tight I can't git my breath!'" She drew a gurgling sigh.

Minerva turned drowsily over. "It was the boiled cabbage you had for supper," she argued, falling asleep.

The next morning Mrs. Brundage sat at meat with stern abstraction in her face. Afterwards, as she donned her crapes and proceeded down the street, she looked as if her pulpiness of mind and body had finally taken fixed shape. She stopped at a little shop, from which came a sound of ringing steel. Through the door could be seen a rear yard, in which slabs of gray and white stone stood about. On a stone chiselled with the design of a sleeping lamb a man was cutting some letters.

"Wilkins," said Mrs. Brundage, "I want you to do something for me. I ain't satisfied with that monnymint of ours. It's too heavy. It looks too smotherin'. I—I can't abide to hev him under it no longer. I want you to take it back, and put up a little light-weighted stone."

The man stared.

"That ain't business. I can't sell them slabs to no one. Might use the sides for something, but—"

"You won't lose a cent," cut in Mrs. Brundage. "If you won't allow me nothing for the slabs—God knows they came high!—I'll pay for the little stone. Only change it quick. I'm goin' to hev the grave sodded. Oh, law me! When did you say you'd hev the small stone up?—in a week?"

A day or two later, Mrs. Corder, going up the graveyard lane, heard a sound of voices. She paused at the stile to listen. Golden-rod was powdering the fence with yellow, and the graveyard stretched away in the bright fulness of midsummer leafage. Late roses dropped their languid

pink petals on the thick sward. It was warm and still, except for the talk of two men in blue blouses who seemed to be working over Brundage's tomb. They laughed together as they set crowbars into the crevices, lifting the heavy top slab upward so that the tomb gaped wide.

Mrs. Corder approached the laborers.

"What—what—" she stammered, pointing with an unsteady hand at the displaced stone.

Wilkins set his hands on his hips to explain.

"Blame foolishness!" he commented, in finishing. "All them slabs on my hands!—and no call for this style tomb skercely. Folks wants angels nowadays, and lambs, and patiences, and sech. Well, women beats the devil!"

He plucked up his crowbar.

Mrs. Corder watched the marble sides fall out of Brundage's tomb. She saw the pale green things which had netted themselves as in some blind effort of growth within the sunless space. There was a final flash of the crowbar. Then the brown soft lips of the earth writhed apart, mouthing at the last slab as it fell outward.

A wagon stood just beyond.

"Hev a holt!" cried Wilkins to his man. He bent over his end of the nearer marble, and then looked up to see what had touched his shoulder. Mrs. Corder was standing very near. Her face was drawn to the keenness of a blade.

"I want to speak to you," she said, strangely—"I want to speak to you."

An hour afterward Wilkins drew up at the Brundage house and entered. Mrs. Brundage met him in the hall.

"Well, it's all right," he said. "I'll hev the new shaft up next week. And mebby I kin allow something on the old one. I ain't reckoned jest what, but I'll let you know."

"Be sure the new stone's right slim and light," Mrs. Brundage adjured him, drawing a sigh of relief.

At the time appointed she went out to see the new shaft. The late sun cast a mellow glow upon Brundage's last resting-place, which, even at the distance of the stile, revealed itself to Mrs. Brundage by reason of the sharp new whiteness at its head. It was not much of a monument. Dozens of those at hand matched it for height. But Mrs. Brundage, observing it through her veils, felt satisfied

to see how slight a shadow it cast on the freshly sodded hillock below.

Still advancing, she turned her veils back, and then suddenly she stopped short. Was she the victim of an illusion? What was that quadrangular pile confronting her in a massive lift of white? Had Brundage risen by night in his grave-clothes and shifted quarters to the lot of his enemy? For there under the rose-bush Mrs. Corder had set out stood the boxlike tomb of the innkeeper.

Mrs. Brundage, possessed of a sense of hallucination, struggled nearer, and set dazed eyes on the table of stone. Whosoever the monument may once have been, it was now sacred to the memory of Albert Corder, whose birth and death were recorded upon it in freshly chipped letters, still powdery with stone-dust.

Mrs. Brundage looked at the edges of the top piece. The bevel was reversed. The slab had been turned.

She clutched at the glittering coldness and gazed blankly. A woman who had come up the path stood still at the side of the lot.

Mrs. Brundage, turning, set her gaze on the figure standing there in its strait faded gown, a figure hardly seeming to observe her, for the tranquil intensity with which it looked beyond at Corder's tomb.

Mrs. Brundage pointed toward it.

"How came you," she stammered—"how came you—"

"I bought it of Wilkins," said Mrs.

Corder, simply. "He was willin' to let it go cheap. And I had a little money saved—nearly enough—and I kin work the rest out sewin' for Mrs. Wilkins."

"You bought 'em—after all you said, you bought them stones to lay on top of Corder?"

"I got to studyin' 'bout winter comin' on," said Mrs. Corder, dreamily, "and it hurt me to think of rain and snow fallin' on him. Flowers are all very well in summer, but I couldn't lay in my warm bed of bleak blowy nights and study over Corder without even a plank betwix' him and the storm." And she added: "Then an uncovered grave needs a heap of care. When I'm gone there'll be no one to 'tend to this lot. I take a heap of comfort in knowin' that howsoever Corder may of ben done out of his rights in this life, he's got a monnymint that 'll stand firm when all these little 'pindlin' stones hereabouts are layin' in the dust!"

"But the weight—the—"

"I got to studyin' that the weight don't come on him at all. He lays onder the holler of it," said Mrs. Corder, gently. There was nothing like triumph in the look she cast upon the purple perplexity of Mrs. Brundage's face. And as she turned to go, she regarded again with a certain rapt tranquillity the meagre shaft at Brundage's head and the broad white block below which Corder lay, at last splendid in his ashes and pompous in his tomb.

## A VIGOROUS POLITICIAN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED.

COLONEL MATTHEW LYON was for twenty years one of the best-known men in Vermont, and for a further twenty one of the best-known in the United States, and his life, from beginning to end, was as picturesque as any to be found in our annals. It was one indomitable fight against adverse fortune, and he died unconquered.

Matthew Lyon was born in County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1746. He received some rudimentary education, but before he was thirteen was apprenticed to a printer and bookbinder in Dublin. At the mature age of thirteen he concluded to come to America. Arranging with the ship-captain that upon his arrival he should be bound out to service to such

person as would pay for his passage, he ran away from parents and master to become a "redemptioneer" in New England. His first master sold his indentures, the consideration being a yoke of oxen. This episode in his early career was never lost sight of by his adversaries when he became a person of political consequence; but it did not particularly bother him, and during all his life his favorite oath was, "By the bulls that redeemed me!" To him so humble an origin and so ludicrous an occurrence suggested nothing discreditable, but to his children it was a sore subject, and by it they were provoked to many a hard bout of fisticuffs when bantered by other children.

When he attained his liberty he became a farm laborer and married. He had four children, but early became a widower. At this time he was a laborer for Thomas Chittenden, of Arlington, who was afterwards Governor of Vermont. Lyon, shortly after the death of his first wife, married Beulah Chittenden, the daughter of his master. She lived with him for fifty years, and survived him for a short time. They had several children, and from this marriage sprung several of the best-known and most highly respected families in Kentucky, whither Matthew Lyon moved in the early part of this century. It must not be thought that this marriage of the Irish farm laborer and the Governor's daughter provoked any social upheaval in the Green Mountains in those Colonial days. Not at all. The democracy was very pure at that time, at least in that section, and the union was thought to be a very proper one.

Lyon's first appearance in public life was not auspicious. He was, in 1776, a lieutenant of a company commanded by a Captain Fassett, and belonging to the Continental army under General Gates, which was operating against the British forces under Sir Guy Carlton. The company was stationed at Jericho, while General Gates, with the main army, was at Ticonderoga. The position of the Vermont company was not pleasant. Some of the officers, not willing to take the responsibility of abandoning the post, suggested that the men mutiny and desert. This they did, and Lieutenant Lyon was sent to Ticonderoga to convey the intelligence to General Gates. Though Lyon protested that he took no part in the conspiracy to procure a mutiny, he was placed in arrest, and, with the other officers, tried by court martial and cashiered. He could not have been very blameworthy in this matter, for he never appeared to suffer in the esteem of the Vermont people—and they knew more of it than any others—and shortly afterwards he was commissioned a paymaster in the army by General Schuyler, and served some time in that capacity.

Colonel Lyon's political adversaries in State affairs, and afterwards when he had a larger place in the national Congress, continued to make use of this early episode in his career, and he was sometimes called "the knight of the wooden sword." I fancy the real truth was that Colonel

Lyon, like the great majority of his race, rather preferred a fight than not, and found enjoyment in a controversy for its own sake.

When Lyon returned from the army he began his career as a civil office-holder as deputy secretary to the Governor and Council, and clerk of the Court of Confiscation. This tribunal had the extraordinary power of ordering the confiscation and sale of the estates "of the enemies of this State, living within the State, who distinguished themselves by repairing to the enemy or other treasonable conduct." This clerkship he held during the existence of the court, but he did not settle his affairs without a dispute. In 1785 the Council of Censors directed that he turn over the records to them. He declined to do this, and he was impeached by the General Assembly, and ordered to hand over the records or pay a fine of five hundred dollars. On a rehearing the matter was satisfactorily arranged. I only mention this minor episode because it was one of the many disagreeable things which happened to Lyon in his public employment, in which he was pretty nearly always in the hottest kind of hot water. In 1779 he was sent to the General Assembly from Arlington, being one of the two chosen to succeed Ethan Allen and Thomas Chittenden. While the Legislature was in session in 1780, Lyon had his first physical encounter on account of legislative business. Judge Nathaniel Chipman made a report on the work of the Court of Confiscation, and Colonel Lyon, in his breezy and impetuous way, said that no man having a spark of honesty in him could have made such a report. The judge retorted by calling the colonel an ignorant Irish puppy. Of course there was a fight, but not much harm was done. Until Lyon removed to Fair Haven in 1783 he continued to represent Arlington in the General Assembly, and took a prominent part in the proceedings looking towards the settlement of the boundaries of Vermont. The main contention as to the boundary was with New Hampshire, but both Massachusetts and New York were making what Lord Coke calls "continual claim"; for though neither State could make good its pretensions, they acted like the old litigant "who hath title to enter into any lands, if he dares not enter into the same lands for fear of a



beating, or for doubt of death, goeth as near to the tenements as he dare for such doubt, and by word claimeth the land to be his."

Upon his removal to Fair Haven, Colonel Lyon was at once elected to the General Assembly to represent that constituency, and he continued in that position for fourteen years. In Fair Haven he began industries which flourished until a few years ago, and some of which are still pursued. He built a sawmill, a grist-mill, paper-mill, and forge, and engaged largely in the manufacture of lumber, paper, and iron. In 1793 he also started a newspaper, *The Farmer's Library*, and printed it on paper of his own making. This was edited sometimes by himself and sometimes by his son James. It ran for three or four years, being known towards the end of its career as the *Fair Haven Gazette*. From his press in the paper-mill several books were also issued, among them being a *Life of Franklin* and a novel called *Alphonso and Delinda*. In 1798 he started a semi-monthly magazine, *The Scourge of Aristocracy and Repository of Important Political Truths*. It was a duodecimo of thirty-six pages, and nominally edited by James Lyon, but it was well understood that the father was the actual editor. It lasted for one year, but it evidently served its purpose, for Colonel Lyon by its aid secured his second election to Congress.

When Vermont was admitted to the Union in 1791, the same day upon which Kentucky was admitted, Colonel Lyon announced himself as a candidate for Congress, as "the representative of the commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests, in preference to any of the law characters." There were three candidates, and Lyon received a plurality, but not a majority. At the second election, one of the candidates having withdrawn, Lyon was defeated. At each succeeding election, with an ever-increasing strength, he was a candidate, until in 1796 he was elected. When Lyon began his career in Congress it was customary, after the reception of the President's message, to reply to it in form. Lyon took this occasion to make his first appearance as a speaker. He denounced the practice of making such responses as inconvenient and ridiculous, as well as slavish and anti-republican, a waste of time, and a delay

of public business. He also set forth at considerable length his own services in the cause of democracy, and moved that he personally might be excused from the customary attendance on the presentation of the reply. This speech was not received well by either Federalists or Democrats. The Federalists regarded what had been said as insulting to the Executive, while the Democrats thought the new member from Vermont was trying to unduly exalt himself in the ranks of the party. The difficulty was solved by Mr. Dana of Connecticut, who, in a very contemptuous tone, seconded the motion, saying that the company of the gentleman from Vermont was not very desirable. Permission was therefore unanimously granted, and that time Colonel Lyon was not required to wait upon President John Adams. At the second session of the same Congress Lyon renewed his request under similar circumstances, but on this occasion the motion was voted down by a large majority.

During this session of Congress Colonel Lyon had a personal altercation on the floor of the House, and before the whole matter was settled there were two resolutions for his expulsion voted upon. The House had voted to impeach William Blount (formerly Governor of the territory south of the Ohio) for misconduct while in office, and the tellers were engaged in counting the ballots for managers of the impeachment, the Speaker having left the chair, and many members their seats, as was not unusual on such occasions, though the House remained in session. The Speaker and several members of the House, among whom were Mr. Lyon and the Hon. Samuel W. Dana, of Connecticut, gathered around the fire and engaged in conversation. Between Lyon and Dana the conversation soon degenerated into dispute respecting the amendment to a certain bill which had recently been under discussion. Lyon declared that the Representatives from Connecticut would every one of them lose their re-election if they voted against the amendment; and said other things of an irritating nature, to which Dana replied in the same style. The Speaker here interposed, saying, "Gentlemen, keep yourselves cool; if you proceed much further you will want seconds." Lyon then addressed himself to the Speaker, and, in allusion to Dana's fiery temper, said that he

had in his own mind designated the mission to Cayenne as an appropriate one for the member from Connecticut. A brief and pleasant conversation ensued, after which Lyon resumed his animadversions upon the conduct of the Connecticut delegation. He declared that they were acting in direct opposition to the wishes and opinions of nine-tenths of their constituents, and that they were seeking their own interests, regardless of the public good; that they were looking for offices, not holding it material whether the salaries annexed were nine thousand dollars or one thousand; and that he well knew the people of Connecticut, as he had to fight them in his own district.

Mr. Roger Griswold, of Connecticut, who sat near, asked if he had fought them with his wooden sword. Lyon, not hearing the question, or affecting not to hear it, continued his remarks to the Speaker, and said that when the Connecticut people came into his district on visits to relations they came with strong prejudices against him and his politics, but after conversing with them freely, he could always bring them to his side, and that if he could go into Connecticut and talk with them there, he could effect an entire change in the politics of the State. Griswold then, laying his hand upon Lyon's arm to secure his attention, said, "If you were to go into Connecticut for the purpose you mention, you could not alter the opinion of the meanest hostler." Lyon replied that he knew better; that if he were to remove there and conduct a paper for six months, he could effect a revolution, and induce the people to turn out all their present Representatives. Griswold then said, "When you go into Connecticut you had better take with you your wooden sword." To this Lyon made no other reply than by spitting in Griswold's face, who thereupon stepped back, clinched his fist, and was about to take immediate revenge for the insult; but his colleague interposed, and reminded him that another time and place were more appropriate for the settlement of the affair. He and his colleague then left the House.

As soon as the matter then in hand was disposed of a resolution was introduced into the House to expel Mr. Lyon "for a gross indecency committed in the presence of the House." This was vehemently opposed by the Democrats, headed by Nicholas and Gallatin. Parties were so

nearly equal in the House that the loss of a single man would have been a serious misfortune to his party, and though it was not possible to excuse the act, there was ground for the plausible argument that the House should not take cognizance of what was done while it was in such a disorderly condition. This was urged very strongly, but at length the resolution was referred to the Committee on Privileges, with instructions to report the facts and an opinion thereon. While the investigation was going on, Lyon addressed a letter to the Speaker, declaring that he was ignorant of the House being in session, and expressing his regret that he unwittingly transgressed its privileges. On the 2d of February, 1798, four days after the occurrence, the committee reported, recommending the adoption of the resolution of expulsion. This gave rise to a smart debate, in which Lyon participated, defending himself as having only answered one insult with another, and giving a detailed statement of the affair at Jericho, all the blame of which he threw upon the chief officer. A motion to substitute reprimand for expulsion was lost by a vote of 44 to 52, and the resolution of expulsion received a corresponding vote of 52 to 44; but a vote of two-thirds was necessary to expel a member, and Lyon retained his seat.

Griswold, not satisfied with this result, determined to take his revenge with his own hands. On the 20th of February, having provided himself with a heavy hickory cane, he assailed Lyon while in his seat in the House. Morning prayer had been offered, but the House had not been called to order, and members were occupied in reading, writing, or talking. Lyon was in his seat, engaged with papers, and having a small cane leaning against his chair. He did not notice Griswold's approach in season to meet him, but while still in his seat Griswold struck him violently on the head, repeating the blows as rapidly as possible, so that several blows were struck before Lyon could put himself in a position of defence. In the mean time he was disengaging himself as best he might from the desk and chair that embarrassed his movements. Having at length extricated himself, he rushed towards his assailant, endeavoring to close with him; but Griswold retreated, pushing him off with the left hand, and continuing to ply the cane,

till the parties came near the fireplace, where Lyon seized a pair of tongs, and went into the fray with fresh hope and courage. The combatants now closed, and in the contest Griswold got the better of Lyon, threw him upon the floor, and fell upon him. By this time some of the members thought it expedient to interfere; others were for letting them have it out to a finish. But at length Mr. Haven and Mr. Elmendorf each seized a leg of Griswold and dragged him off. All this while the Speaker forbore to call the House to order, and interfered only to remonstrate with those who attempted to withdraw Griswold from the fray. A resolution to expel both Griswold and Lyon was lost by a vote of 73 to 21. A vote of censure was also lost.

The Congress whose labors were enlivened by the scenes just described passed what was known as the sedition law, and it went into effect on the 4th of July, 1798. When Colonel Lyon returned home from Philadelphia at the end of the session he was not long permitted to rest in peace; or rather, more properly speaking, he would not allow himself to rest in peace. This sedition law provided that any person who should write or publish, or cause to be written or published, or assist in writing or publishing, any words calumniating the government of the United States, or either House of Congress, or the President of the United States, or any words calculated to bring either of them into disrepute, or to stir up sedition in the country, should be punished by a fine not exceeding two thousand dollars, and be imprisoned not more than two years.

About that time a violent attack had been made on Lyon in the *Vermont Journal*, and the article was copied in the Federalist papers in Philadelphia. On the 20th of June Lyon wrote and posted to the editor of the *Journal* a letter in his own defence, and this letter was published on the 31st of July. It was written and posted fourteen days before the sedition law went into effect, but it was not published until after the law had become operative. In this letter Lyon said:

"As to the Executive, when I shall see the efforts of that power bent on the promotion of the comfort, the happiness, and the accommodation of the people, that Executive shall have my zealous and uniform support. But whenever I shall, on the part of the Executive,

see every consideration of public welfare swallowed up in a continual grasp for power, in an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation, or selfish avarice; when I shall behold men of real merit turned out of office, for no other cause but independency of spirit; when I shall see men of firmness, merit, years, abilities, and experience discarded, in their applications for office, for fear they possess that independence, and men of meanness preferred, for the ease with which they can take up and advocate opinions the consequences of which they know little of; when I shall see the sacred name of religion employed as a State engine to make mankind hate and persecute each other—I shall not be their humble advocate."

This was considered by the Federal law officers in Vermont to be against the new sedition law, and the matter was brought before the Grand Jury, together with the additional charge that he had procured the publication of a "letter [containing seditious matter] from an American diplomatic character to a member of Congress in Philadelphia." This letter was said to have been written by Joel Barlow to Abraham Baldwin.

On the 3d of October, 1798, an indictment was found by the Federal Grand Jury in Rutland, and on the 6th of the same month Colonel Lyon's trial began before Justice Patterson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Judge Hitchcock, who presided over the Vermont District Court. These judges were both strong Federalists, as were also the other officers of the court. Lyon maintained that his letter in the *Vermont Journal* had been written and posted and had passed out of his control before the sedition law went into effect. Therefore he could not be convicted for that letter except by an *ex post facto* operation. As to the other publication, he denied all participation in it, and said that so far from procuring its publication, he had done what he could to prevent its publication by destroying every copy that came into his hands. His defence availed him nothing. He was convicted, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of \$1000 and the costs of the prosecution, these being taxed at \$60 96.

The marshal of the court took his prisoner to Vergennes, where he was imprisoned for the specified time. Colonel Lyon had not the means with which to pay his fine, so he organized a lottery, giving his houses and lots in Fair Haven as prizes.

By this means he raised over \$4000. He was denied common comforts while in jail, and treated with the greatest harshness. But during his imprisonment he was re-elected to Congress. He well knew that his political enemies would try to arrest him when his time was out, on some other charge. So when he was released on the morning of February 9, 1799, he at once announced that he was on his way to Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting. His privilege as a member secured him from arrest. His release was celebrated by the Vermont Democrats, and his progress through his district was like a triumphal march. At Tinmouth the children formed a procession, and one of them offered the following sentiment:

"This day satisfies Federal vengeance. Our brave representative, who has been suffering under an unjust sentence and the tyranny of a detested understrapper of despotism, this day rises superior to despotism."

He reached Philadelphia on the 20th of February, and took his seat. At once a resolution of expulsion was offered on the ground that he had been "convicted of being a malicious and seditious person, of a depraved mind and wicked and diabolical disposition, guilty of public libels against the President with intent to bring the government of the United States into contempt." The vote on this resolution was 49 in the affirmative to 45 against, but again was Lyon secured in his seat because of the necessity for a two-thirds vote to expel a member. This sedition law did not remain long operative. Were it in force now, nearly all the opposition newspapers in America would be edited from the common jails of the country. In 1840 Congress passed a bill appropriating \$1060 96, with interest from 1799, to the heirs of Colonel Lyon, on account of a fine paid by him under a law which was void.

In the contest in the House between Jefferson and Burr for the Presidency, each having had an equal number of electoral votes, there was balloting for seven days, and still there was no choice. Jefferson had eight States, Burr six; and two States, Vermont and Maryland, were equally divided. Mr. Morris, Mr. Lyon's colleague from Vermont, voted for Burr, and Lyon for Jefferson. When the Federalists abandoned all hope of electing Burr, it was arranged that Mr. Morris

should absent himself from the House, and Colonel Lyon cast the vote of Vermont for Jefferson, and thus end a contest which had become dangerously exciting. Colonel Lyon always took much pride in the part he enacted on this occasion, and when, some time later, he had a disagreement with the President—it will have been noted that Lyon had a way of disagreeing with people in high places—he exclaimed, with an oath, "I made him, and I can unmake him." Alas, for the vanity of human pride!

When this session of Congress was over, Colonel Lyon moved to southwestern Kentucky, and bought property in Caldwell County, on the Cumberland River. Later he was joined there by several families from Vermont, and a new town was founded—Eddyville, from its situation between two eddies in the river. Colonel Lyon started several industries in the new town, among others a printing-office, the type for which was carried across the Alleghanies on horseback. He was soon also engaged in politics, and in 1802 was elected to the Kentucky Legislature. The next year he was sent to Congress, and served four consecutive terms.

When the war against Great Britain was declared, in 1812, Colonel Lyon made a contract with the government to build a fleet of gunboats and float them down the Ohio and Mississippi, delivering them to the naval authorities on the Atlantic. Two of them were sunk in the Mississippi, and the others fell into the hands of the British at New Orleans. As he was unable to fulfil his contract, the government never paid him anything on it, and he was much embarrassed in his affairs. He made an assignment to his son, Chittenden Lyon, who advanced \$28,000 from his own resources, to meet his father's obligations. From this time to 1820 he was busy at Eddyville with private affairs. He was then appointed, by President Monroe, Factor of the United States with the Cherokee Indians in Arkansas. When Arkansas was organized as a Territory, Colonel Lyon was elected the first delegate to Congress. But he did not live to take his seat, as he died at Spadra Bluffs in 1822, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His son, Chittenden Lyon, was in his day one of the foremost men in Kentucky, and the descendants of the irrepressible democrat are well established in various parts of the State.

## AS TOLD TO HIS GRACE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

### V.—AN INTERRUPTED STORY.

ONE evening in his rooms the Duke turned to his friends and asked, "Perhaps, gentlemen, you may never have heard how my late father insisted on telling a story to the Duc de Choiseul?"

"We are listening," smiled M. Guilloux, while M. d'Arde nodded eagerly.

"I have no distinct remembrance of my father," began the young Duke, "for he died when I was still a child, but I know he added to his ability a somewhat quick and imperious temper. In '62 he was accredited to your court to conclude the terms of the treaty upon which the fate of Canada was to be decided.

"The Duke de Choiseul, although then Minister of War and Marine, was the actual power, and all the terms were quickly agreed upon, save certain points which touched the protection of the fishing rights of your nation.

"Neither would listen to any compromise; my father declared that the point must be yielded in his favor, as his instructions were positive. 'Very well,' answered M. de Choiseul, hotly; 'then war! You are at liberty to withdraw whenever it may suit your convenience.'

"My father, highly indignant, was about to reply as hotly, but suddenly controlled himself, and dropping into his natural tone, said, 'But, *mon cher duc*, you must listen while I tell a little story.'

"M. de Choiseul replied, very dryly, that he might spare himself the trouble, but my father went on, unheeding: 'It was only the other day, when walking through the grounds of M. Bouret, that I—'

At this point the young Duke was interrupted by a heavy trampling of feet in the outer passage, followed by a sharp rat-tat-tat of a cane on the panel of the door of the antechamber and a quick turn of the handle. The door was locked, and an impatient voice was heard: "Open, open, citizens, in the name of the Nation!"

The servant appeared with a blanched face at the inner door.

"What shall I do, milord?"

"Open, open, citizen, in the name of the Nation!" laughingly answered the Duke.

The three friends waited a moment in silence; they heard the door unlocked

and pushed violently open, a few impatient demands from the intruders, and when the inner door was held back again it was to admit three men—the leader arrayed in all the dignity of cockade and scarf.

"*Le citoyen anglais*, styling himself Bedford?" he queried, with curt incivility.

The young Duke turned towards the speaker and said, smiling, "I am Francis Russell, whom most men call the Duke of Bedford."

"H-m-m, brown hair, high complexion, large nose; h-m-m, yes, yes, that answers the description. Well, *Citoyen François*, or Russell, or Bedford, or whatever you may choose to style yourself, we are not too sure of your motives; and in its paternal solicitude for inquisitive strangers, as well as its own children, the Nation has decreed that all foreigners must leave France within twenty-four hours after receiving notice, which I now hand you."

D'Arde, who was boiling with indignation throughout this diatribe, stepped forward. "Come, come, my fine fellow, the Nation gives you no right to insult peaceable citizens, and if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head I'll throw you down stairs."

"Not so loud, my big country gamecock! You were wearing a uniform a few months ago, and where is it now? Have a care how you crow, for I have my eye upon you, and you may find yourself in water hot enough to draggle your feathers before you know what has happened."

D'Arde was about to put his threat into execution, when M. Guilloux's hand dropped heavily on his shoulder. "Have a care, have a care, my friend; you may only compromise the Duke."

The whispered warning was sufficient, and D'Arde controlled himself, while the Duke, who had glanced over the paper, turned to the official, and said, quietly, "Your instructions are exact, *Citoyen*—"

"Loches," answered the man, somewhat mollified.

"*Citoyen Loches*, and I have ever been too honest an upholder of public order to resist such a demand for a moment. Let me have my passport in the morning, and I will trouble the Nation no longer with my insignificant pres-



ence," and, with perfect coolness, he bowed the commissioner and his following out through the antechamber, and closed the door behind their clattering heels.

"The whole affair appears to me to be false on its very face. There never has been any such order passed, milord," said M. Guilloux. "This man is certainly not a regular official, bad as they are. Why not apply to Danton? I am sure this is the work of some private enemy."

But his Grace only laughed. "It has spoiled my story, at all events, and things have now come to such a pass here that I can do no good by remaining."

The friends consulted long and earnestly, and separated at midnight with hearts full of foreboding. The following day the Duke left Paris, never to enter her walls again.

#### VI.—A LETTER.

"*A Monseigneur,  
Monseigneur le Duc de Bedford  
à son Château de Woborn  
Comté de Bedford  
En Angleterre*"

PARIS, Thermidor, l'an II.

MY LORD,—I have an opportunity to send this by a safe hand, and hasten to apprise you of the fate of our friend M. d'Arde, with whom we passed so many pleasant hours a long year and a half ago.

It did not require any great insight into the future to foresee the path into which he was drifting, and you already know how the death of the unfortunate King drove him completely from the ranks of the extreme party.

He was aware that he was closely watched; but to leave France was impossible, and to return home was even more dangerous than to remain here.

On the morning of the 16th of October last he dressed quietly, and took up his position, with others, in the *Place de la Révolution* to look for the last time on the face of Marie Antoinette, whose heroic courage first opened his eyes to the other side of the struggle.

At noon, when she reached the scaffold, there was more or less disturbance in various points in the crowd, probably excited by creatures expressly employed for this purpose.

Our friend was standing quietly, his eyes fixed on the unfortunate princess,

whom he had learned to reverence as his Queen during the weary months of her sufferings, when he was startled by a harsh voice beside him:

"Where is your cockade, citizen?"

He turned, and saw close behind him the malignant face of Loches, whom you will remember as the *soi-disant* official on the night of your departure, now one of the public accusers. Without a word, D'Arde fixed his eyes again on the scaffold, only to be tapped insolently on the shoulder and hear the ruffian's brutal voice raised in the same question: "Where is your cockade, citizen?"

Recognizing his intention, D'Arde sensibly suppressed his anger, and remonstrated: "*Mais, mais, monsieur . . .*"

"No more *monsieur* than yourself, *mon aristo!*" interrupted the spy; "all honest men are citizens together now! Have you ever cried '*Vive la République, mon p'tit avoué!*'" he continued, bound to pick his quarrel.

"I have, citizen," answered D'Arde, with admirable coolness.

"Then shout it now, *coquin!*" screamed the brute as the axe fell.

With a cry of disgust, D'Arde turned, and struck the foul animal full in the face.

There was a scream, a struggle, and before our friend fully realized what had happened, he was half-way across Paris, on his way to the Conciergerie.

For more than two weeks I could hear no word of him, and feared that he had perished. My first move was to enter his rooms, burn every paper that could possibly compromise him, and secure his valuables. Then I set to work, and at last succeeded in finding that he was confined in one of the dungeons with some of the worst criminals. There was no specific charge against him. Loches had disappeared, so I had him removed to the main corridor, where he had a cell to himself, the liberty of the large hall, and even got so far as to visit him once, when I handed him a sum of money to secure him what comforts were possible.

He had found friends there—the old Comte de Veleme and his daughter, the principal family of his native town. The old Comte was a completely broken man. He barely tolerated our friend, whose unvarying kindness and unceasing self-denial were accepted by the Comte as a natural offering due to one of his exalted

position. With the petulance of a child, the old gentleman blamed him personally for the whole Revolution and his individual misfortunes. But our young friend bore with it all; and why, my lord?

The question would not be difficult to answer did you know Mademoiselle Arline. Whatever burden of ingratitude the old Comte endeavored to lay upon M. d'Arde was borne equally by his bright-eyed friend, separated from him by the great iron grating. Prison flowers grow apace, my lord, and if ever the flower of love took deep root, it was in the hearts of these two young people.

The winter dragged out its long tragedy of death and despair; the old Comte grumbled and growled disconsolate, inconsolable, and before spring came died in the faithful arms of the man he had dared to despise in his selfish arrogance.

The awful prison was ever filling, ever emptying, but these two lived on uncalled-for, unnoticed; it seemed as if even Death had forgotten them.

At the risk of instant execution, if discovered, they joined hands through the bars, and amid the tears and laughter, the coming and going of that ever unquiet centre, were made man and wife by a priest, who ventured his life to add a gleam of happiness to two passing souls.

The summer came, and the prison was even more intolerable than in winter; few of their original fellow-prisoners remained; but the Conciergerie was none the less full. The rule of Robespierre and his creatures was at its height; the former pretence of trial had now dwindled down to a hurried examination, the summons to which was given by the jailer during the previous evening, at an hour whose uncertainty added to its terror, and in the early morning a chalk mark on the door of the cells told who were to be taken.

One evening in July the unfortunates sat in their usual expectancy, awaiting the coming of the jailer with his fatal list.

D'Arde stood at the grating beside Arline when the door opened to admit the jailer and his clerk, accompanied by an unknown man evidently of some authority. They advanced into the middle of the room, under the light of the lantern hung from the vaulted ceiling, and the jailer began to read aloud what he playfully called "*les extraits mortuaires*."

Name after name was called, and was received in silence: Jean Coulet, gendarme, twenty-four years; Pierre François Daulhac, ex-abbé, thirty years; Arline Tourigny, heretofore Comtesse de Vellesme, aristocrat, twenty years.

"Oh, my God, my God!" moaned Arline in her sudden terror as she fell half fainting against the *grille*. The three men looked up at her faint cry.

"She thought we had forgotten her, *la sainte Nitouche*!" laughed the jailer.

The official looked sharply at D'Arde for a moment. "Who is that tall fellow beside her?" he whispered.

The clerk turned over his list and read: "D'Arde, Jacques-Michel, Haute Lorraine. Here since October. Was a *fédéré* on service at the Tuileries. No special charge."

D'Arde looked anxiously toward the group. The face of the new official seemed strangely familiar, but before he had time to recall it, his own name was read out—"Jacques-Michel d'Arde, advocate, twenty-six years!" and he turned to whisper joyously to the fainting girl: "Courage! courage, *ma mie*! We are together!"

At an early hour in the morning d'Arde was up and dressed, impatient for the opening of his cell. When the door was at length swung back he called the turnkey, and placing his few remaining gold pieces in his hand, begged for a last favor—that Arline should be placed in the same cart with him. The man, a Swiss, named Straale, who had all along shown him much kindness, consented readily, and d'Arde waited patiently for his call.

The short hours passed; he heard voices and the sound of footsteps through the prison; the noises outside increased, and he knew what was passing in the court below.

The door of his cell was slammed to suddenly. He stared at it for a moment in surprise, then instantly sprang forward and began to beat upon it with all his strength, crying after the retreating turnkey. The man returned, unlocked the door, swung it open again, and left on his round without a word, while D'Arde stood trembling within the narrow limits of his cell.

Presently the head jailer began his round; he heard cell after cell opened, he heard the brief summons to the condemn-

ed, until "Jacques-Michel d'Arde!" sounded like a cry of deliverance at his door.

He joined a little group, and with them passed through the familiar corridor, with one last glance at the great hall, in which he had found a joy surpassing all his suffering, through doors and passages, until they joined the main body of the victims in the outer hall.

He glanced quickly about, but there was no sign of Arline; but he instantly determined that she had gone on before.

Each prisoner's hands were securely bound, and then one by one, as their names were called, they entered an adjoining room, and went through the pitiable mockery of a trial. There was practically no charge against D'Arde; but he refused to reply to the questions put by his judges, for in the man sitting beside the chief official he recognized the triumphant face of Loches the informer. He heard his fate without emotion, and was led away to join the condemned.

"All here!" rung out a stentorian voice. The great doors were slowly opened; a file of soldiers passed out and formed up. There was a refreshing rush of cool morning air, but D'Arde hardly felt it; there was a hoarse murmur from the waiting crowd, but he was not conscious of it—all his senses were concentrated towards one object. The moment he stepped on the threshold he raised himself to his full height—and saw the three waiting carts were empty! He was to die alone!

For the first time since his imprisonment he broke down; and, Englishman as you are, my lord, I know you will count it no shame that the tears sprung to those eyes which no fear had ever dimmed. He stood there, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, thinking only of the terrible misery of the poor creature he had left behind; thinking of how short this weary journey would have been had she stood beside him.

How slowly, slowly, the dismal little procession moved forward! Gradually he recognized things about him, and saw they were entering the Rue St.-Antoine; he became aware that there was unusual disturbance on the quays; there were stoppages in their slow progress; twice had the carts been arrested, and the uproar and crowding in the narrow street forced the soldiers to use their muskets, to the intense anger and irritation of the

pressing crowd, whose attacks were directed rather against them than against their prisoners.

He roused himself, and saw in front of him, in the same cart, a mother with her three daughters, the eldest not more than twelve. A man in a long military cloak pressed close to the cart, and D'Arde heard him say, distinctly, "I can save one, madame."

"Toinette, maman; save Toinette!" whispered the other two; and when the man was forced away from the wheels the little one was safe under the folds of his cloak.

D'Arde realized that a dozen eyes must have seen the rescue, but no alarm was given, and the deliverer disappeared without difficulty in the pressing crowd.

Then for the first time awoke a fierce desire for life and liberty. Why should he die like a dog, and never raise his hand to help Arline?

He sat down at the back of the cart unnoticed, and at the next disturbance, which was fiercer than ever about the foremost carts, he slipped out, and in a moment had reached the side of the street, and was moving along in the same direction as the crowd, with his bound hands against the wall.

No hand was raised against him; every eye was directed towards the soldiery and their charge. Scarcely daring to credit his good fortune, he found himself at the corner of the Rue Tison, and moving quickly up it, always with his back against the wall, gained the Rue du Roi de Sicile, which, to his joy, was entirely deserted.

He stopped at the angle of a house, and set to work to cut away his bonds against the sharp stone. But as he sawed at the tough cords he heard footsteps, and a moment later saw a man rounding the corner and rapidly approach, with his face muffled in his cloak.

D'Arde's position was too compromising to admit of any attempt at concealment; he would risk his fate and boldly ask for assistance. "Citizen—" he began, before the passer-by perceived him.

The man looked up. It was Loches!

With a shout of hatred the informer leaped at his throat, but with a cry of equal fierceness D'Arde sprang to meet him, and with his shoulder struck him full under the chin. The man fell without a cry, and lay insensible on the stones. The effort had broken D'Arde's bonds,

who, without a look at his enemy, picked up his hat and hurried on, with an exultant feeling of renewed strength and resolve.

Hastily undoing the remnants of cord, he thrust them into his pockets, and kept on his way through the quiet streets, careless of where he wandered, so long as he left the noise of the mob behind. But want of food and the excitement of the past hours began to tell upon him, and, to his alarm, he found himself staggering from weakness.

At a corner he saw a small fountain. Hurrying towards it, he drank heartily, and then, removing his hat and coat, bathed his face and swollen wrists.

Whilst so employed he heard steps, and turned expectant of fresh peril, but the new-comer proved to be a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, bearing her pitcher. The unusual sight of a gentleman thus performing his toilet in public made her hesitate, but he spoke at once: "Mademoiselle, I am an escaped prisoner; my name is D'Arde. If you like, you can give me up; but if I can read your face aright, I am safe in your hands."

"What can I do, monsieur?"

"Can you take me somewhere where I can have an hour's rest and something to eat?"

"Willingly, monsieur; you can come with me."

"But not to your home, mademoiselle. I have no right to bring danger to your roof."

"Come, come, monsieur; I am sure my father will approve."

She filled her pitcher, and following her across the little square, he entered a narrow street, and in a few minutes was in safety in her humble apartments.

In a short time he was refreshed and anxious to depart, but she urged him to wait until her father returned. Any one might suspect him, with his white face and thin beard. If monsieur could shave himself she would bring her father's razors. He shaved carefully, and after dressing his hair was a different-looking man from the escaped prisoner of a few hours before. He agreed to wait until the father returned, and in the interval his hostess told him their simple story. Her father was a watch-maker; so was her brother, but he had been hurried off to the frontier, under pain of death, and they had heard nothing of him since Longwy.

He told her something of his own story, and she was full of sympathy and thoughtful suggestion. If he would help poor despairing madame, his first care must be for his own safety; and he had better not venture out until dusk.

He felt the truth of her warning, and forced himself into an apparent quiet, but the long July day seemed never-ending, and in his anxiety a vague suspicion was aroused. Was the girl's father really a watch-maker? and was her story as true as it was simple?

At last a knock came to the door, and crying, "Ah, there he is!" his hostess flew to open it. D'Arde arose apprehensive, but his fears took flight at the sight of the honest face bent in kindly greeting.

It only required a few words of explanation to insure a welcome to his unexpected guest; and, with his welcome, he cried: "But, monsieur, there is news—great, wonderful news! Robespierre is arrested; they say he is dead; at all events, an end has come, and we are free men once more!"

My lord, that same evening the honest watch-maker sought me out, and in his own house I once again held in my arms our friend returned from the dead.

Before another day France was free from the tyrant who had so long held her in terror; in their joy the people were rushing to the other extreme; the doors of French prisons were once more opened to release the innocent, and Arline de Velesme was a free woman before she knew of her lover's safety.

As I write they are journeying in all hope to claim a welcome at your hands, and on their account, and my letter being their *avant-coureur*, public news must in this case give way to private rejoicing.

Our young friends urged me to accompany them, as I could readily have procured a third passport, but I am old enough to dread change more than danger; besides, "*J'ai du tabac dans ma tabatière*," and while it lasts I will quietly await the future, ever with strong hope that we have seen the worst, and that the day is coming of which we so often spoke in '92,

And until it dawns

I am,

My Lord,

Your ever-admiring friend and servant,  
GUILLOUX.



"WHAT CAN I DO, MONSIEUR?"



## THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENT BY ANDREW LANG.

### XII.—WINTER'S TALE.

NONE of Shakespeare's comedies are more appropriately named than the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *Winter's Tale*.

Midsummer night not only was, but still is, the season when goblin, ghost, and fairy play their pranks beneath the moon. My friend, a certain game-keeper in a certain part of England, is a person of good sense, of excellent temper, of wonderful keen sight, of some reading, and not more superstitious than a sceptical member of the Society for Psychical Research. Yet he has but now told me a tale of his one solitary abnormal experience—abnormal enough in all conscience, and shared by a gallant officer in her Majesty's service. The events (which were congenial to *Puck*, but not to Shakespearian criticism in general) occurred on Midsummer night. Hence I infer that the spells of that season are as potent now as when Shakespeare chose the name of the great fairy comedy, the most magical page in the literature of the world.

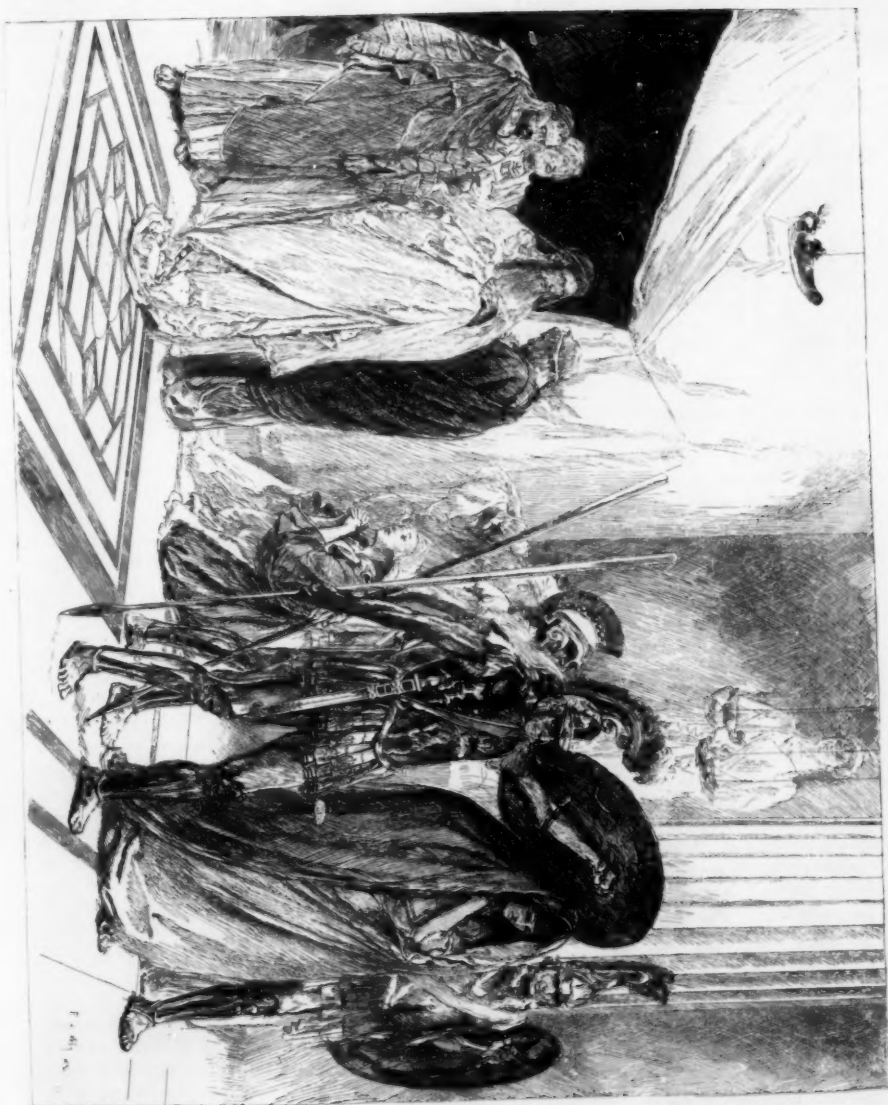
Not less appropriate to the matter is the title of *Winter's Tale*. The old Greeks spoke of "a winter's dream, when the nights are longest," and in Elizabethan speech "a winter's tale" corresponded to the French *conte à dormir debout*. An endless long rambling story of exposed children, reanimated corpses, recovered heirs—"this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale," says the Second Gentleman—such is the matter of *Winter's Tale*. Wandering about through a generation, skipping long tracts of years, the topic and theme of *Winter's Tale* entirely lacks unity. Such dramas as this, or rather dramas on such a *donnée* as this, were mocked at by Sir Philip Sidney in a famous passage of *The Defence of Poesy*:

"Now of time they are much more liberal: for ordinary it is that too young princes fall in love" (here a chaste generation requires a change in the phrase; let us say, she becomes a mother); "her fair boy is lost, groweth a man, falleth in

love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space, which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine; and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in."

However, Shakespeare chose not to heed such objections as Sidney's, and was wholly indifferent to the unities of Aristotle. For this negligence Ben Jonson seems to have glanced severely at Shakespeare, in his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden. Now there can be no doubt that Aristotle and Sidney and Ben Jonson are right in theory. A work of art should be duly and decorously organized. The instinct, as it were, of the Greeks told them this; they naturally evolved the unities, in practice (there are certain exceptions), long before Aristotle extracted, from the use and wont of the stage, his celebrated rule. In this matter of art we encounter a curious paradox. Nothing is really so easy as the construction of a plot, the organization of a play. To say that a plot holds water, and is not marred by inconsistencies and incoherencies, to say that a drama is *bien charpenté*, is to say very little. These excellences are almost mechanical; any playwright, any critic, could show how the organization of *A Winter's Tale*, how the conduct of a Waverley novel, might be made more "correct," more in accordance with the canons of Aristotle and Sidney. Thus Euripides would have put all the earlier part of the *Winter's Tale*, all the affairs of Hermione, Polixenes, and Leontes, into a prologue. Apollo (as his oracle takes part in the play) might have prologized and told the beginnings of the tale. I cannot see that this is really a more artistic plan than "Enter Time, as Chorus," at the opening of Act IV. The predecessors of Euripides, Æschylus and Sophocles, would probably have made the drama begin in the second generation (the generation of Perdita and Florizel), and would have

THE IMPRISON-  
MENT OF THE  
QUEEN.  
Act II., Scene I.



made some messenger, nurse, or courtier tell the tale of the earlier generation in the course of the play. "And so," says Sidney, "was the manner the ancients took by some *nuntius* to recount things done in former time or other place."

All these expedients are easy, familiar, traditional. It is easy to wind up a novel or a play with a seemingly, satisfactory *dénouement*. We could all do these things—we critics and intelligent amateurs. We are like Andrea del Sarto, in Mr. Browning's poem, criticising Raphael:

"That arm is wrongly put; and there again,  
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,  
Its body, so to speak; its soul is right.  
He means right—that, a child may understand.  
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.

... And indeed the arm is wrong.  
I hardly dare—yet, only you to see—  
Give the chalk here, quick,—thus the line  
should go!

Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!"

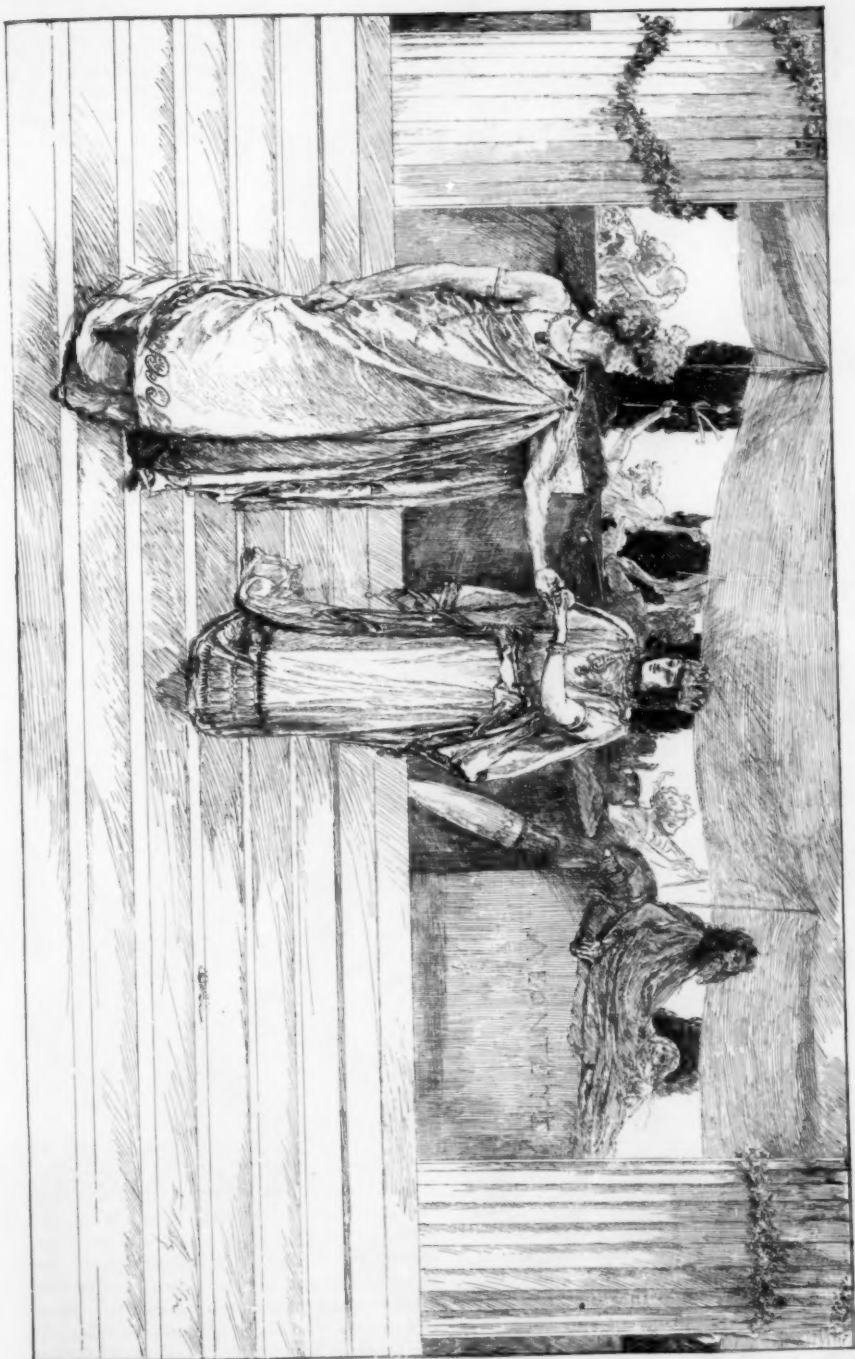
This is the paradox and this the puzzle. Why, when it is easy enough to get the body right, the drawing right—why do artists who can give the soul neglect the body? Any one almost can see the great good-humored faults in the *dénouements* of Shakespeare, Molière, Scott. The carelessnesses of the English and the Scotch poets "leap at the eyes." Shakespeare cannot but have known, Scott cannot but have known, that a very little care would better, in the eyes of the ordinary spectator or critic, the structure of their plays or tales. But they, who could give us the soul, displayed often a lordly indifference to the body, to the drawing of the arm, as in Andrea's soliloquy.

Thus in the *Winter's Tale* Shakespeare seems to have deliberately illustrated Sidney's criticism. It is as if he had read, or heard, such remarks, and had said, "I shall fly in the face of all this learning, and yet make an immortal masterpiece." To men who naturally grasp the essentials, the life of art, like Shakespeare and Scott, the rules, the unities, even finish, may seem almost contemptible. In *Winter's Tale* we may almost fancy that Shakespeare is mocking at contemporary critics. "You say that I am not a university man, no scholar. Very good. I shall make, by design, such blunders, such anachronisms, as even a dunce could hardly make inadvertently, and yet my work shall be immortal." Shakespeare was so entirely devoid of vanity, of touchy self-consciousness, that, doubtless, he never

deliberately reflected thus. Yet he piled up anachronisms only to be matched in Thackeray's *Barbazure*; "Four hundred knights and six times as many archers fought round the banner of Barbazure at Bouvines, Malplaquet, and Azincour. For his services at Fontenoy against the English, the heroic Charles Martel was appointed the fourteenth Baron, Hereditary Grand Boot-jack of the Kingdom of France."

Shakespeare sins in this large plausible manner. The sea-shore of Bohemia; the Delphic oracle appealed to by a Sicilian tyrant who has wedded a daughter of the Czar; a statue of this lady executed by Giulio Romano—these among other playful excesses does Shakespeare commit, throwing in printed ballads at an age earlier than the last utterance of the last oracle, the immortally beautiful strain rescued for us by Cedrenus. Perhaps even Autolycus is intended for the old classic Autolycus who "outdid men in skill with the oath," as Homer informs us. I like to think of Ben Jonson, that learned poet, in his stall at the first night of the play, and bounding in his seat as he hears the monstrous anachronisms come out all unashamed. It may be disrespectful to think that Shakespeare went too far wrong in a spirit of humorous despite against pedantic critics, but the hypothesis has its temptations.

Mr. Halliwell Phillipps thinks that the name of the *Winter's Tale* "is probably owing to its having been produced in the winter season." This reason would only have a very temporary meaning. The phrase "winter's tale," as Mr. Halliwell Phillipps himself remarks, was usual in English with the sense of a very extravagant story. The materials of the comedy are adapted, as is well known, from *Pandosto*, a novel by Robert Greene, published not later than 1588. The hero and heroine, Dorastus and Fawnia, correspond to Florizel and Perdita. Their adventures, reduced to the shape and price of a chap-book, amused the populace of England till the end of the last century. Our own age of "progress" has entirely destroyed the purely literary culture of which the populace once had its share. In addition to the charmed imagination of our oldest literary inheritance, folk-lore, the people read in cheap editions the tale of Troy, which had fascinated Caxton's contemporaries, and the adventures of Dorastus



HERMIONE ENTRE LES POLIXÈNES.—Act I., Scene II.



ENTER TIME, AS CHORUS.

and Fawnia, which had beguiled the leisure of Elizabethan courtiers. Now, for poetry, the populace has music-hall songs; for literature, it studies cheap appeals to political passions and cheap scandal about people in general. These are the fruits of progress and of education, as far as letters are concerned.

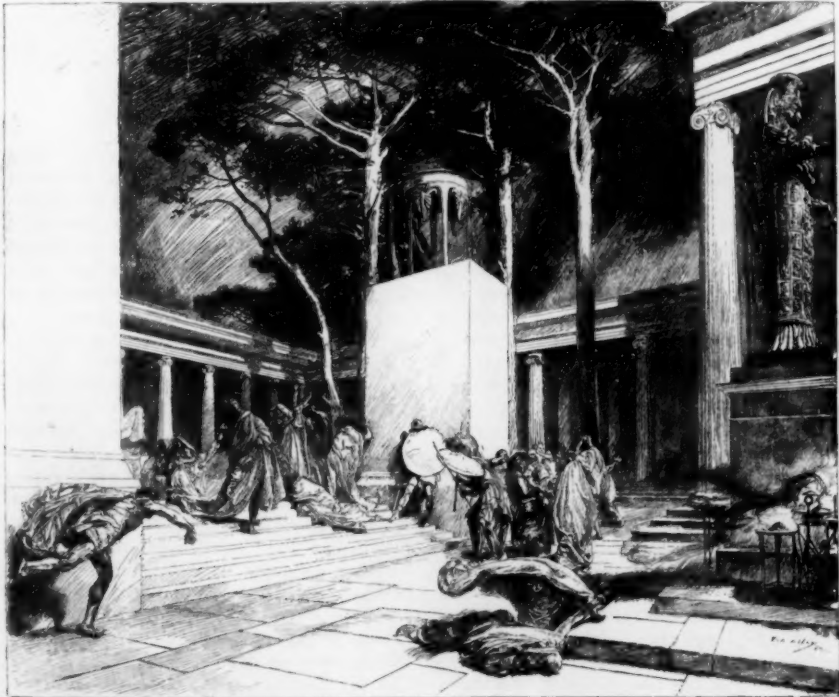
The novel of Robert Greene reads as if

it had been conveyed from the French or the Italian, but its foreign source, if foreign source it possesses, has not yet been discovered. The great popularity of the story, no doubt, depends on the pure and disinterested passion of Dorastus. Here is a prince who loves a shepherd's daughter *pour le bon motif*. His royal father may rage, "but Love shall still be Lord



of all." This in itself is very popular, but when fidelity gets its worldly reward, when the shepherdess proves to be no shepherdess, but a princess in disguise, then the ancient popular sentiment (which was not envious) received all the pleasure which dreams could give. Fawnia enjoyed the advantages of the Claimant to the Tichbourne estates. Popular sentiment espoused his cause, for that he was a Butcher. Popular logic also, without difficulty, recognized in Arthur Orton a "B. B. K.," a Baronet. Fawnia was dear to the people as a daughter of the people, still more dear as the daughter of a king "kep' out of her own." Recognitions of exposed children, or of children "changed at nurse," have been dear to human fancy since the earliest days of the Greek drama; nay, since earlier days. Trojan Paris was a prince, exposed on Mount Ida, and "kep' out of his own." Such a plot is still dear to the unsophisticated novel-reader, and will ever be dear. *Repetita placebit.* In a recent book, Mr.

Gosse, perhaps ironically, says that the old, old plots are outworn, and expresses the desire entertained by Culture for a novel which shall contain instructive information about the pilchard fishery. This must assuredly be an employment of the figure called irony. The mass of mankind that reads fiction does not care a baubee for the details of the pilchard fishery. Humanity is like children, who cry for the same old story over again. The lost child, the wandering heir, have aroused the world's hopes and fears since long before Homer's day. These plots sufficed for Sophocles, Euripides, and Shakespeare. In their plays we see that the staleness of the plot, the fact that the stories have been told and retold eternally, is a matter of no importance. There is only a certain very limited number of stories to tell. Mr. Kipling and Mr. Haggard, in the last year, have gone back to Romulus and Remus, to Signy and Sinfjötli, to the Wolf Brethren. For his part, Shakespeare never, perhaps, dreamed of



THE ORACLE DEFINED.—Act III., Scene II.



PERDITA DISCOVERED — Act III., Scene III.

inventing. The old, old story, a threadbare plot, sufficed him, as in *Winter's Tale*.

The falsely accused queen of the fairy tales and legends like *Berthe aux grans piés*; the exposed child; the course of true love; the feigned death—these sufficed him as materials for a deathless poem. Neither he and his contemporaries, nor Homer and his contemporaries, nor Sophocles and his contemporaries, regarded Romance as a kind of Blue Book, valuable for its interesting information about the pilchard fishery. We are warned not to prophesy before we know, yet I would gladly pledge my most indispensable garment to secure funds for a bet that the exposed child and the faithful shepherdess will outlive all the novels which rely on moving details about the sardine trade or the millinery business.

In adapting Greene's novel, Shakespeare made many changes, some of them demanded by the necessities of the stage. He altered all the names of the characters except that of Mopsa. He inverted the

relations of Sicily and Bohemia. This process makes it inevitable that Bohemia must have a seaboard. That geographical rearrangement has been learnedly apologized for by students of mediæval history, but Shakespeare does not need their assistance. One fantasy among so many is not worth explaining away.

The jealousy of Leontes (Pandosto in the novel) is gradual in the tale; inevitably it is represented as a sudden madness on the stage. This is not, however, wrong in psychology. Many mental changes, especially that of religious conversion (as in Colonel Gardiner's case), seem sudden to the patient. They have really been maturing for long in the dim regions of the "subliminal self." Thus Leontes becomes explicitly conscious of his jealousy in a moment when Hermione and Polixenes display their honorable and blameless affection by those salutations which were so offensive to John Knox. The old English, from the time of Erasmus at least, down to that of Mr. Samuel Pepys, were a great people for kissing.



AUTOLYCUS.



PERDITA'S FOSTER-RELATIVES.—*Act IV., Scene II.*

Mr. Pepys records his discomfort when he saw a French friend kissing Mrs. Pepys, though, as he says, he "knows there is no harm in it." In similar circumstances, Leontes carries his sentiment very much further than Mr. Pepys did. He awakes, as it were, to find himself jealous, the captive and victim of a credulous passion. But the passion (as in Greene's novel) had probably been maturing for months. The personal meetings of kings, as Comines argues very acutely, are invariably dangerous. Even such old

friends from boyhood as Leontes and Polixenes could not meet without danger, and James V. was not as ill-advised as Mr. Froude supposes when he did not meet Henry VIII. Such opportunities, Comines thought, are too much for mortal virtue, and so it proves in the play; Leontes conspires to poison Polixenes. In the novel, Pandosto (Leontes) commits suicide; in no other way can he escape from his grief and shame.

The unvarying smiling tolerance of Shakespeare, his godlike charity for his

POLIXENES AND  
FRIDITA.  
Act IV., Scene III.





creatures, rescues the wretched Leontes from this doom. Shakespeare regards his jealousy as a long madness, out of which he awakens at the last. In the novel the accused queen also dies; the statue by Giulio Romano is Shakespeare's own device, or rather the use of it here is his device.

As to the date of the play, Mr. Halliwell Phillippus quotes an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert. In 1623 he licensed "an old play, *A Winter's Tale*," previously licensed by his predecessor, Sir George Buck, and likewise by himself. Now, in 1603, Buck received a reversionary grant of the office of Master of the Revels, and entered fully on the office in 1610. As deputy, he had been licensing plays long before 1610, and the *Winter's Tale* might, conceivably, be as old as 1603. Probably it was not acted, however, before 1610; it alludes to the song "Whoop, do me no harm, good man," of which the music was published in 1610 by William Corkine, in "Ayres to sing and play to the Lute and Basse Viol." On May 15, 1611, the comedy was witnessed at the Globe Theatre by Dr. Forman, the notorious astrologer.\* The doctor made some notes on the piece. "Remember also the rog that came in all tottered like Coll Piper;" he draws a moral against trusting "feined beggars." The *Winter's Tale* was not published during Shakespeare's lifetime; at least there is no trace of a separate publication. Had we a quarto, perhaps some obscurities in an early speech of Leontes might be cleared up.

Though seldom seen on the modern stage in England (for Mr. Irving would be something over-parted with Florizel, and Polixenes is not always "on"), the *Winter's Tale* is probably among the very foremost favorites of students. The frank and noble Hermione, that heart of gold; Mamillius, that rare and living study of a boy; the loyal Paulina, a termagant for the right, like Beatrice; the half-insane Leontes, an object at once of pity and contempt—are all among Shakespeare's most original portraits. The picture which Polixenes draws of boyish friendship,

"We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal,"

\* The curious may consult "*Forman, a Tale*," in three volumes. London: 1819.

contains the very sum of the delight of youth. The affecting misery of the earlier acts, wherein we are only less pained for Hermione than, in *Othello*, for Desdemona, is happily relieved by the golden rustic world of Bohemia. Perhaps those Bohemian shepherds are the most winning of all Shakespeare's humorous rustics. They pun less than most of such characters in Shakespeare; they are shrewd, but not quite shrewd enough to escape from the most enchanting of all Shakespeare's rogues, Autolycus. Shakespeare decidedly likes rogues. As Thackeray says, in a kindred spirit, "the mind loves to repose, and broods benevolently over this expanded theme. What thieves are there in Paris, oh heavens! . . . or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and smeared over with palm-oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo!" There is no doubt that Shakespeare likes his rogues; he cannot bear to see them punished. He gives Autolycus some of his prettiest songs: "How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!" says this delicious knave. The jangling country girls, the good old shepherd, the honorable clown with his "first gentlemanlike tears," are all rare foils to Autolycus. As for Perdita, Shakespeare has deliberately made her one perfection, the flower of beauty, innocence, goodness; fragrant and fair as the blossoms which she bestows, like a happier Ophelia, on her visitors. In the affection of Florizel and Perdita, Shakespeare again, as in *The Tempest*, draws a love soft, pure, and passionate, of indefeasible loyalty: the ideal first and last love, so rarely found on earth. That Florizel's conduct is not exactly filial, the audience forgives, for Florizel's father is only a king, with royally conventional ideas, and he must submit to the sway of "Love, that is a great master." But these graces are not hid, as in Sir Andrew Aguecheek's case, and need no pointing to and no commendation. Out of his hackneyed old materials Shakespeare has made an immortal poem, ringing with every note of pain and pleasure, of jealousy and mirth; fragrant, too, of an older, a fresher, a happier, and a wiser world than ours. For out of that world "country Content" had not yet taken flight; Content, the lost good angel, whom no Reforms, no Revolutions, no innumerable multitude of votes, can ever recall to earth.

## TRILBY.\*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

### Part Fourth.

MID-DAY had struck. The expected hamper had not turned up in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts.

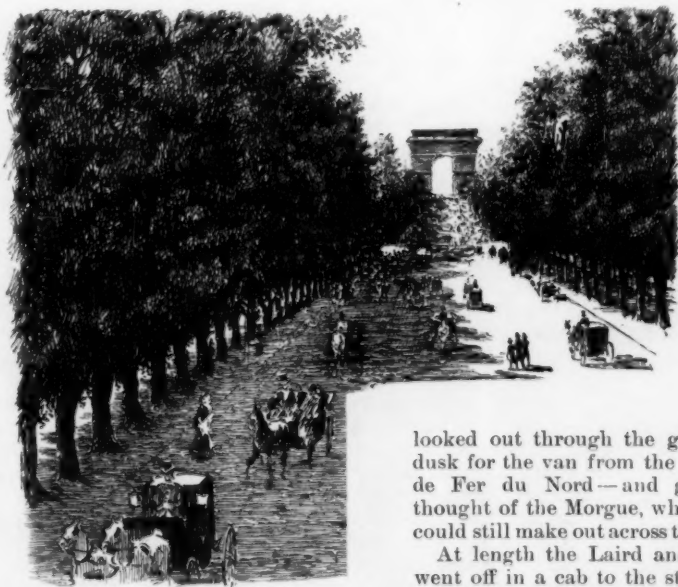
All Madame Vinard's kitchen battery was in readiness; Trilby and Madame Angèle Boisse were in the studio, their sleeves turned up, and ready to begin.

At twelve the Trois Angliches and the two fair blanchisseuses sat down to lunch in a very anxious frame of mind; and

that did not rightly belong to her, and of course getting her own way in the end.

And that, as the Laird remarked, was her confounded Trilbiness.

Two o'clock—three—four—but no hamper! Darkness had almost set in. It was simply maddening. They kneeled on the divan, with their elbows on the window-sill, and watched the street lamps popping into life along the quays--and



SOUVENIR.

finished a pâté de foie gras and two bottles of Burgundy between them, such was their disquietude.

The guests had been invited for six o'clock.

Most elaborately they laid the cloth on the table they had borrowed from the Hôtel de Seine, and settled who was to sit next to whom, and then unsettled it, and quarrelled over it—Trilby, as was her wont in such matters, assuming an authority

looked out through the gathering dusk for the van from the Chemin de Fer du Nord—and gloomily thought of the Morgue, which they could still make out across the river.

At length the Laird and Trilby went off in a cab to the station—a long drive—and, lo! before they came back the long-expected hamper arrived, at six o'clock.

And with it Durien, Vincent, Sibley, Lorrimer, Carnegie, Petrolicocnose, Dodor, and l'Zouzou—the last two in uniform, as usual.

And suddenly the studio, which had been so silent, dark, and dull, with Taffy and Little Billee sitting hopeless and despondent round the stove, became a scene of the noisiest, busiest, and cheerfulest animation. The three big lamps were lit, and all the Chinese lanterns. The pieces of resistance and the pudding were

\* Begun in January number, 1894.

whisked off by Trilby, Angèle, and Madame Vinard to other regions—the porter's lodge and Durien's studio (which had been lent for the purpose); and every one was pressed into the preparations for the banquet. There was plenty for idle hands to do. Sausages to be fried for the turkey, stuffing made, and sauces, salads mixed, and punch—holly hung in festoons all round and about—a thousand things. Everybody was so clever and good-humored that nobody got in anybody's way—not even Carnegie, who was in evening dress (to the Laird's delight). So they made him do the scullion's work—cleaning, rinsing, peeling, etc.

The cooking of the dinner was almost better fun than the eating of it. And though there were so many cooks, not even the broth was spoilt (cockaleekie, from a receipt of the Laird's).

It was ten o'clock before they sat down to that most memorable repast.

Zouzou and Dodor, who had been the most useful and energetic of all its cooks, apparently quite forgot they were due at their respective barracks at that very moment: they had only been able to obtain "la permission de dix heures." If they remembered it, the certainty that next day Zouzou would be reduced to the ranks for the fifth time, and Dodor confined to his barracks for a month, did not trouble them in the least.

The waiting was as good as the cooking. The handsome, quick, authoritative Madame Vinard was in a dozen places at once, and openly prompted, rebuked, and ballyragged her husband into a proper smartness. The pretty little Madame Angèle moved about as deftly and as quietly as a mouse; which of course did not prevent them both from genially joining in the general conversation whenever it wandered into French.

Trilby, tall, graceful, and stately, and also swift of action, though more like Juno or Diana than Hebe, devoted herself more especially to her own particular favorites—Durien, Taffy, the Laird, Little Billee—and Dodor and Zouzou, whom she loved, and *tutoyé*d en bonne camarade as she served them with all there was of the choicest.

The two little Vinards did their little best—they scrupulously respected the mince pies, and only broke two bottles of oil and one of Harvey sauce, which made

their mother furious. To console them, the Laird took one of them on each knee and gave them of his share of plum-pudding and many other unaccustomed good things, so bad for their little French tumtums.

The genteel Carnegie had never been at such a queer scene in his life. It opened his mind—and Dodor and Zouzou, between whom he sat (the Laird thought it would do him good to sit between a private soldier and a humble corporal), taught him more French than he had learnt during the three months he had spent in Paris. It was a specialty of theirs. It was more colloquial than what is generally used in diplomatic circles, and stuck longer in the memory; but it hasn't interfered with his preferment in the Church.

He quite unbent. He was the first to volunteer a song (without being asked) when the pipes and cigars were lit, and after the usual toasts had been drunk—her Majesty's health, Tennyson, Thackeray, and Dickens, and John Leech.

He sang, with a very cracked and rather hiccupy voice, his only song (it seems)—an English one, of which the burden, he explained, was French:

"Veeverler veeverler veeverler vee  
Veeverler companyee!"

And Zouzou and Dodor complimented him so profusely on his French accent that he was with difficulty prevented from singing it all over again.

Then everybody sang in rotation.

The Laird, with a capital barytone, sang

"Hic diddle Dee for the Lowlands low,"

which was encored.

Little Billee sang "Little Billee."

Vincent sang

"Old Joe kicking up behind and afore,  
And the yaller gal a-kicking up behind old Joe."

A capital song, with words of quite a masterly scansion.

Joe Sibley sang "Le Sire de Framboisy." Enthusiastic encore.

Lorrimer, inspired no doubt by the occasion, sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," and accompanied himself on the piano, but failed to obtain an encore.

Durien sang:

"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;  
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie..."

"MY SISTER DEAR."



It was his favorite song, and one of the beautiful songs of the world, and he sang it very well—and it became popular in the quartier latin ever after.

The Greek couldn't sing, and very wisely didn't.

Zouzou sang capitally a capital song in praise of "le vin à quat' sous!"

Taffy, in a voice like a high wind (and with a very good imitation of the Yorkshire brogue), sang a Somersetshire hunting-ditty, ending:

"Of this 'ere song should I be axed the reason  
for to show,  
I don't exactly know, I don't exactly know!  
But all my fancy dwells upon Nancy,  
And I sing Tally-ho!"

It is a quite superexcellent ditty, and haunts my memory to this day; and one felt sure that Nancy was a dear and a



A DUCAL FRENCH FIGHTING-COCK.

sweet, wherever she lived, and when. So Taffy was encored twice—once for her sake, once for his own.

And finally, to the surprise of all, the bold dragon sang (in English) "My sister dear," out of *Masaniello*, with such pathos, and in a voice so sweet and high and well in tune, that his audience felt almost weepy in the midst of their jollification, and grew quite sentimental, as Englishmen abroad are apt to do when they are rather tipsy and hear pretty music, and think of their dear sisters across the sea, or their friends' dear sisters.

Madame Vinard interrupted her Christmas dinner on the model-throne to listen,

and wept and wiped her eyes quite openly, and remarked to Madame Boisse, who stood modestly close by: "Il est gentil tout plein, ce dragon! Mon Dieu! comme il chante bien! Il est Angliche aussi, il paraît. Ils sont joliment bien élevés, tous ces Angliches—tous plus gentils les uns que les autres! et quant à Monsieur Litrebilli, on lui donnerait le bon Dieu sans confession!"

And Madame Boisse agreed.

Then Svengali and Gecko came, and the table had to be laid and decorated anew, for it was supper-time.

Supper was even jollier than dinner, which had taken off the keen edge of the appetites, so that every one talked at once—the true test of a successful supper—except when J. Sibley told some of his experiences of bohemia; for instance, how, after staying at home all day for a month to avoid his creditors, he became reckless one Sunday morning, and went to the Bains Deligny, and jumped into a deep part by mistake, and was saved from a watery grave by a bold swimmer, who turned out to be his boot-maker, Satory, to whom he owed sixty francs—of all his duns the one he dreaded the most—and who didn't let him go in a hurry.

Whereupon Svengali remarked that he also owed sixty francs to Satory,—"*Mais comme che ne me baigne chamais, che n'ai rien à craindre!*"

Whereupon there was such a laugh that Svengali felt he had scored off Sibley at last and had a prettier wit. He flattered himself that he'd got the laugh of Sibley *this* time.

And after supper Svengali and Gecko made such lovely music that everybody was sobered and athirst again, and the punch-bowl, wreathed with holly and mistletoe, was placed in the middle of the table, and clean glasses set all round it.

Then Dodor and l'Zouzou stood up to dance with Trilby and Madame Angèle, and executed a series of cancan steps, which, though they were so inimitably droll that they had each and all to be encored, were such that not one of them need have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty.

Then the Laird danced a sword-dance over two T squares and broke them both.



And Taffy, baring his mighty arms to the admiring gaze of all, did dumbbell exercises, with Little Billee for a dumbbell, and all but dropped him into the punch-bowl; and tried to cut a pewter ladle in two with Dodor's sabre, and sent it through the window; and this made him cross, so that he abused French sabres, and said they were made of worse pewter than even French ladles; and the Laird sententiously opined that they managed these things better in England, and winked at Little Billee.

Then they played at "cock-fighting," with their wrists tied across their shins, and a broomstick thrust in between; thus manacled, you are placed opposite your antagonist, and try to upset him with your feet, and he you. It is a very good game. The cuirassier and the Zouave playing at this got so angry, and were so irresistibly droll a sight, that the shouts of laughter could be heard on the other side of the river, so that a sergent de ville came in and civilly requested them not to make so much noise. They were disturbing the whole quartier, he said, and there was quite a "rassemblement" outside. So they made him tipsy, and also another policeman, who came to look after his comrade, and yet another; and these guardians of the peace of Paris were trussed and made to play at cock-fighting, and were still droller than the two soldiers, and laughed louder and made more noise than any one else, so that Madame Vinard had to remonstrate with them, till they got too tipsy to speak, and fell fast asleep, and were laid next to each other behind the stove.

The *fin de siècle* reader, disgusted at the thought of such an orgy as I have been trying to describe, must remember that it happened in the fifties, when men calling themselves gentlemen, and being called so, still wrenched off door-knockers and came back drunk from the Derby, and even drank too much after dinner before joining the ladies, as is all duly chronicled and set down in John Leech's immortal pictures of life and character out of *Punch*.

Then M. and Madame Vinard and Trilby and Angèle Boisse bade the company good-night, Trilby being the last of them to leave.

Little Billee took her to the top of the staircase, and there he said to her:



"ANSWER ME, TRILBY!"

"Trilby, I have asked you nineteen times, and you have refused. Trilby, once more, on Christmas night, for the twentieth time—*will* you marry me? If not, I leave Paris to-morrow morning, and never come back. I swear it on my word of honor!"

Trilby turned very pale, and leant her back against the wall, and covered her face with her hands.

Little Billee pulled them away.

"Answer me, Trilby!"

"God forgive me, *yes!*" said Trilby, and she ran down stairs, weeping.

It was now very late.

It soon became evident that Little Billee was in extraordinary high spirits—in an abnormal state of excitement.

He challenged Svengali to spar, and made his nose bleed, and frightened him out of his sardonic wits. He performed wonderful and quite unsuspected feats of strength. He swore eternal friendship to Dodor and Zouzou, and filled their



"LES GLOUGLOUX DU VIN À QUAT' SOUS...."

glasses again and again, and also (in his innocence) his own, and trinquéd with them many times running. They were the last to leave (except the three helpless policemen); and at about five or six in the morning, to his surprise, he found himself walking between Dodor and Zouzou by the late windy moonlight in the Rue Vieille des mauvais Ladres, now on one side of the frozen gutter, now on the other, now in the middle of it, stopping them now and then to tell them how jolly they were and how dearly he loved them.

Presently his hat flew away, and went rolling and skipping and bounding up the narrow street, and they discovered that as soon as they let each other go to run after it, they all three sat down.

So Dodor and Little Billee remained sitting, with their arms round each other's necks and their feet in the gutter, while Zouzou went after the hat on all fours, and caught it, and brought it back in his mouth like a tipsy retriever. Little Billee wept for sheer love and gratitude, and called him a *caryatide* (in English), and laughed loudly at his own wit, which was

quite thrown away on Zouzou! "No man ever *had* such dear, dear frengé! no man ever *was* s'happy!"

After sitting for a while in love and amity, they managed to get up on their feet again, each helping the other; and in some never-to-be-remembered way they reached the Hôtel Corneille.

There they sat Little Billee on the door-step and rang the bell, and seeing some one coming up the Place de l'Odéon, and fearing he might be a sergent de ville, they bid Little Billee a most affectionate but hasty farewell, kissing him on both cheeks in French fashion, and contrived to get themselves round the corner and out of sight.

Little Billee tried to sing Zouzou's drinking song:

"Quoi de plus doux  
Que les glougloux—  
Les glougloux du vin à quat' sous...."

The stranger came up. Fortunately, it was no sergent de ville, but Ribot, just back from a Christmas tree and a little family dance at his aunt's, Madame Kolb (the Alsacian banker's wife, in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin).

Next morning poor Little Billee was dreadfully ill.

He had passed a terrible night. His bed had heaved like the ocean, with oceanic results. He had forgotten to put out his candle, but fortunately Ribot had blown it out for him, after putting him to bed and tucking him up like a real good Samaritan.

And next morning, when Madame Paul brought him a cup of tisane de chiendent (which does not happen to mean a hair of the dog that bit him), she was kind, but very severe on the dangers and disgrace of intoxication, and talked to him like a mother.

"If it had not been for kind Monsieur Ribot" (she told him), "the door-step would have been his portion; and who could say he didn't deserve it? And then think of the dangers of fire from a tipsy man all alone in a small bedroom with chintz curtains and a lighted candle!"

"Ribot was kind enough to blow out my candle," said Little Billee, humbly.

"Ah, Dame!" said Madame Paul, with much meaning—"au moins il a *bon cœur*, Monsieur Ribot!"

And the cruellest sting of all was when the good-natured and incorrigibly festive Ribot came and sat by his bedside, and was kind and tenderly sympathetic, and got him a pick-me-up from the chemist's (unknown to Madame Paul).

"Credieu! vous vous êtes crânement bien amusé, hier soir! quelle bosse, hein! je parie que c'était plus drôle que chez ma tante Kolb!"

All of which, of course, it is unnecessary to translate; except perhaps the word "bosse," which stands for "noce," which stands for a "jolly good spree."

In all his innocent little life Little Billee had never dreamt of such humiliation as this—such ignominious depths of shame and misery and remorse! He did not care to live. He had but one longing: that Trilby, dear Trilby, kind Trilby, would come and pillow his head on her beautiful white English bosom, and lay her soft cool tender hand on his aching brow, and there let him go to sleep, and sleeping, die!

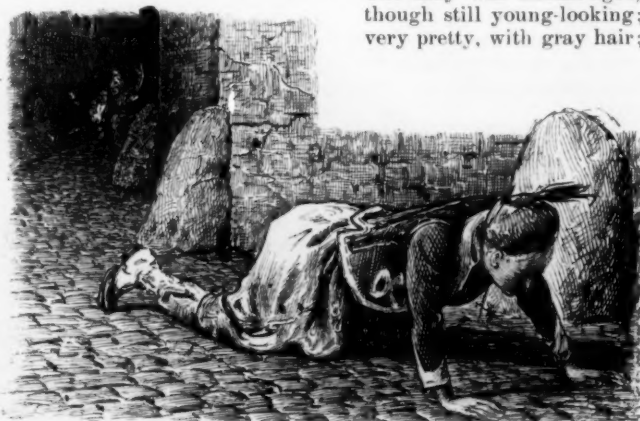
He slept and slept, with no better rest for his aching brow than the pillow of his bed in the Hôtel Corneille, and failed to die this time. And when, after some forty-eight hours or so, he had quite slept off the fumes of that memorable Christmas debauch, he found that a sad thing had happened to him, and a strange!

It was as though a tarnishing breath had swept over the reminiscent mirror of his mind and left a little film behind it, so that no past thing he wished to see therein was reflected with quite the old pristine clearness. As though the keen quick razorlike edge of his power to reach and re-evoke the by-gone charm and glamour and essence of things had been blunted and coarsened. As though the bloom of that special joy, the gift he unconsciously had of recalling past emotions and sensations and situations, and making them actual once more by a mere effort of the will, had been brushed away.

And he never recovered the full use of that most precious faculty, the boon of youth and happy childhood, and which he had once possessed, without knowing it, in such singular and exceptional completeness. He was to lose other precious faculties of his over-rich and complex nature—to be pruned and clipped and thinned—that his one supreme faculty of painting might have elbow-room to reach its fullest, or else you could never have seen the wood for the trees (or *vice versa*—which is it?).

On New-Year's day Taffy and the Laird were at their work in the studio, when there was a knock at the door, and Monsieur Vinard, cap in hand, respectfully introduced a pair of visitors, an English lady and gentleman.

The gentleman was a clergyman, small, thin, round-shouldered, with a long neck; weak-eyed, and dryly polite. The lady was middle-aged, though still young-looking; very pretty, with gray hair;



A CARYHATIDE

very well dressed; very small, full of nervous energy, with tiny hands and feet. It was Little Billee's mother; and the clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Bagot, was her brother-in-law.

Their faces were full of trouble—so much so that the two painters did not even apologize for the carelessness of their attire, or for the odor of tobacco that filled the room. Little Billee's mother recognized the two painters at a glance, from the sketches and descriptions of which her son's letters were always full.

They all sat down.

After a moment's embarrassed silence, Mrs. Bagot exclaimed, addressing Taffy:

"Mr. Wynne, we are in terrible distress of mind. I don't know if my son has told you, but on Christmas day he engaged himself to be married!"

"To—be—married!" exclaimed Taffy and the Laird, for whom this was news indeed.

"Yes—to be married to a Miss Trilby O'Ferrall, who, from what he implies, is in quite a different position in life to himself. Do you know the lady, Mr. Wynne?"

"Oh yes! I know her very well indeed; we all know her."

"Is she English?"

"She's an English subject, I believe."

"Is she a Protestant or a Roman Catholic?" inquired the clergyman.

"A—a—upon my word, I really don't know!"

"You know her very well indeed, and you don't—know—that, Mr. Wynne!" exclaimed Mr. Bagot.

"Is she a lady, Mr. Wynne?" asked Mrs. Bagot, somewhat impatiently, as if that were a much more important matter.

By this time the Laird had managed to basely desert his friend; had got himself into his bedroom, and from thence, by another door, into the street and away.

"A lady?" said Taffy; "a—it so much depends upon what that word exactly means, you know; things are so—a—so different here. Her father was a gentleman, I believe—a fellow of Trinity, Cambridge—and a clergyman, if *that* means anything! . . . he was unfortunate and all that—a—intemperate, I fear, and not successful in life. He has been dead six or seven years."

"And her mother?"

"I really know very little about her mother, except that she was very handsome, I believe, and of inferior social rank to her husband. She's also dead; she died soon after him."

"What is the young lady, then? An English governess, or something of that sort?"

"Oh, no, no—a—nothing of *that* sort," said Taffy (and inwardly, "You coward—you cad of a Scotch thief of a sneak of a Laird—to leave all this to me!").

"What? Has she independent means of her own, then?"

"A—not that I know of; I should even say, decidedly not!"

"What is she, then? She's at least respectable, I hope!"

"At present she's a—a blanchisseuse de fin—that is considered respectable here."

"Why, that's a washer-woman, isn't it?"

"Well—rather better than that, perhaps—*de fin*, you know!—things are so different in Paris! I don't think you'd say she was very much like a washer-woman—to look at!"

"Is she so good-looking, then?"

"Oh yes; extremely so. You may well say that—very beautiful, indeed—about that, at least, there is no doubt whatever!"

"And of unblemished character?"

Taffy, red and perspiring as if he were going through his Indian-club exercise, was silent—and his face expressed a miserable perplexity. But nothing could equal the anxious misery of those two maternal eyes, so wistfully fixed on his.

After some seconds of a most painful stillness, the lady said, "Can't you—oh, *can't* you give me an answer, Mr. Wynne?"

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot, you have placed me in a terrible position! I—I love your son just as if he were my own brother! This engagement is a complete surprise to me—a most painful surprise! I'd thought of many possible things, but never of *that*! I cannot—I really *must* not conceal from you that it would be an unfortunate marriage for your son—from a—a worldly point of view, you know—although both I and McAllister have a very deep and warm regard for poor Trilby O'Ferrall—indeed, a great admiration and affection and respect! She was once a model."

"A model, Mr. Wynne? What sort of

model—there are models and models, of course."

"Well, a model of every sort, in every possible sense of the word—head, hands, feet, everything!"

"A model for the *figure*?"

"Well—yes!"

"Oh, my God! my God! my God!" cried Mrs. Bagot—and she got up and walked up and down the studio in a most terrible state of agitation, her brother-in-law following her and begging her to control herself. Her exclamations seemed to shock him, and she didn't seem to care.

"Oh! Mr. Wynne! — Mr. Wynne! If you only *knew* what my son is to me—to all of us—always has been! He has been with us all his life, till he came to this wicked, accursed city! My poor husband would never hear of his going to any school, for fear of all the harm he might learn there. My son was as innocent and pure-minded as any girl, Mr. Wynne—I could have trusted him anywhere—and that's why I gave way and allowed him to come *here*, of all places in the world—all alone. Oh! I should have come with him! Fool—fool—fool that I was! . . .

"Oh, Mr. Wynne, he won't see either his mother or his uncle! I found a letter from him at the hotel, saying he'd left Paris—and I don't even know where he's gone! . . . Can't *you*, can't Mr. McAllister, do *anything* to avert this miserable disaster? You don't know how he loves you both—you should see his letters to me and to his sister! they are always full of you!"

"Indeed, Mrs. Bagot—you can count on McAllister and me for doing everything

in our power! But it is of no use our trying to influence your son—I feel quite sure of *that*! It is to *her* we must make our appeal."

"Oh, Mr. Wynne! to a washer-woman—a figure model—and Heaven knows what besides! and with such a chance as this!"



"A MODEL, MR. WYNNE?"

"Mrs. Bagot, you don't know her! She may have been all that. But, strange as it may seem to you—and seems to me, for that matter—she's a—she's—upon my word of honor, I really think she's about the best woman I ever met—the most unselfish—the most—"

"Ah! She's a *beautiful* woman—I can well see *that*!"

"She has a beautiful nature, Mrs. Bagot—you may believe me or not, as you like—and it is to that I shall make my appeal, as your son's friend, who has his interests at heart. And let me tell you that deeply as I grieve for you in your present distress, my grief and concern for her are far greater!"

"What! grief for her if she marries my son!"

"No, indeed—but if she refuses to marry him. She may not do so, of course—but my instinct tells me she will!"



"Oh! Mr. Wynne, is that likely?"

"I will do my best to make it so—with such an utter trust in her unselfish goodness of heart and her passionate affection for your son as—"

"How do you know she has all this passionate affection for him?"

"Oh, McAllister and I have long guessed it—though we never thought this particular thing would come of it. I think, perhaps, that first of all you ought to see her yourself—you would get quite a new idea of what she really is—you would be surprised, I assure you."

Mrs. Wynne shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and there was silence for a minute or two.

And then, just as in a play, Trilby's "Milk below!" was sounded at the door, and Trilby came into the little ante-chamber, and seeing strangers, was about to turn back. She was dressed as a grisette, in her Sunday gown and pretty white cap (for it was New-Year's day), and looking her very best.

Taffy called out, "Come in, Trilby!"

And Trilby came into the studio.

As soon as she saw Mrs. Bagot's face she stopped short—erect, her shoulders a little high, her mouth a little open, her eyes wide with fright—and pale to the lips—a pathetic, yet commanding, magnificent, and most distinguished apparition, in spite of her humble attire.

The little lady got up and walked straight to her, and looked up into her face, that seemed to tower so. Trilby breathed hard.

At length Mrs. Bagot said, in her high accents, "You are Miss Trilby O'Ferrall?"

"Oh yes—yes—I am Trilby O'Ferrall; and you are Mrs. Bagot; I can see that!"

A new tone had come into her large deep soft voice, so tragic, so touching, so strangely in accord with her whole aspect just then—so strangely in accord with the whole situation—that Taffy felt his cheeks and lips go cold, and his big spine thrill and tickle all down his back.

"Oh yes; you are very, very beautiful—there's no doubt about *that*! You wish to marry my son?"

"I've refused to marry him nineteen times—for his own sake; he will tell you so himself. I am not the right person for him to marry. I know that. On Christmas night he asked me for the twentieth time; he swore he would leave Paris next day forever if I refused him.

I hadn't the courage. I was weak, you see! It was a dreadful mistake."

"Are you so fond of him?"

"Fond of him? Aren't you?"

"I'm his mother, my good girl!"

To this Trilby seemed to have nothing to say.

"You have just said yourself you are not a fit wife for him. If you are so fond of him, will you ruin him by marrying him; drag him down; prevent him from getting on in life; separate him from his sister, his family, his friends?"

Trilby turned her miserable eyes to Taffy's miserable face, and said, "Will it really be all that, Taffy?"

"Oh, Trilby, things have got all wrong, and can't be righted! I'm afraid it might be so. Dear Trilby—I can't tell you what I feel—but I can't tell you lies, you know!"

"Oh no—Taffy—you don't tell lies!"

Then Trilby began to tremble very much, and Taffy tried to make her sit down, but she wouldn't. Mrs. Bagot looked up into her face, herself breathless with keen suspense and cruel anxiety—almost imploring.

Trilby looked down at Mrs. Bagot very kindly, put out her shaking hand, and said: "Good-by, Mrs. Bagot. I will not marry your son. I *promise* you. I will never see him again."

Mrs. Bagot caught and clasped her hand and tried to kiss it, and said: "Don't go yet, my dear good girl. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you how deeply I—"

"Good-by, Mrs. Bagot," said Trilby, once more; and disengaging her hand, she walked swiftly out of the room.

Mrs. Bagot seemed stupefied, and only half content with her quick triumph.

"She will not marry your son, Mrs. Bagot. I only wish to God she'd marry *me*!"

"Oh, Mr. Wynne!" said Mrs. Bagot, and burst into tears.

"Ah!" exclaimed the clergyman, with a feebly satirical smile and a little cough and sniff that were not sympathetic. "now if *that* could be arranged—and I've no doubt there wouldn't be much opposition on the part of the lady" (here he made a little complimentary bow), "it would be a very desirable thing all round!"

"It's tremendously good of you, I'm sure—to interest yourself in *my* humble

affairs," said Taffy. "Look here, sir—I'm not a great genius like your nephew—and it doesn't much matter to any one but myself what I make of my life—but I can assure you that if Trilby's heart were set on me as it is on him, I would gladly cast in my lot with hers for life. She's one in a thousand. She's the one sinner that repenteth, you know!"

"Ah, yes—to be sure!—to be sure! I know all about that; still, facts are facts, and the world is the world, and we've got to live in it," said Mr. Bagot, whose satirical smile had died away under the gleam of Taffy's choleric blue eye.

Then said the good Taffy, frowning down on the parson (who looked mean and foolish, as people can sometimes do even with right on their side): "And now, Mr. Bagot—I can't tell you how very keenly I have suffered during this—a—this most painful interview—on account of my very deep regard for Trilby O'Ferrall. I congratulate you and your sister-in-law on its complete success. I also feel very deeply for your nephew. I'm not sure that he has not lost more than he will gain by—a—by the—a—the success of this—a—this interview, in short!"

Taffy's eloquence was exhausted, and his quick temper was getting the better of him.

Then Mrs. Bagot, drying her eyes, came and took his hand in a very charming and simple manner, and said: "Mr. Wynne, I think I know what you are feeling just now. You must try and make some allowance for us. You will, I am sure, when we are gone, and you have had time to think a little. As for that noble and beautiful girl, I only wish that she were such that my son *could* marry her—in her past life, I mean. It



"FOND OF HIM? AREN'T YOU?"

is not her humble rank that would frighten me; *pray* believe that I am quite sincere in this—and don't think too hardly of your friend's mother. Think of all I shall have to go through with my poor son—who is deeply in love—and no wonder! and who has won the love of such a woman as that! and who cannot see at present how fatal to him such a marriage would be. I can see all the charm and believe in all the goodness, in spite of all. And, oh, how beautiful she is, and what a voice! All that counts for so much, doesn't it? I cannot tell you how I grieve for her. I can make no amends—who could, for such a thing? There are no amends, and I shall not even try. I will only write and tell her all I think and feel. You will forgive us, won't you?"

And in the quick, impulsive warmth and grace and sincerity of her manner as she said all this, Mrs. Bagot was so absurdly like Little Billee that it touched big Taffy's heart, and he would have forgiven anything, and there was nothing to forgive.

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot, there's no question of forgiveness. Good heavens! it is all so unfortunate, you know! Nobody's to

blame, that I can see. Good-by, Mrs. Bagot; good-by, sir," and so saying, he saw them down to their "remise," in which sat a singularly pretty young lady of seventeen or so, pale and anxious, and so like Little Billee that it was quite funny, and touched big Taffy's heart again.



"SO LIKE LITTLE BILLEE."

When Trilby went out into the courtyard in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, she saw Miss Bagot looking out of the carriage window, and in the young lady's face, as she caught her eye, an expression of sweet surprise and sympathetic admiration, with lifted eyebrows and parted lips—just such a look as she had often got from Little Billee! She knew her for his sister at once. It was a sharp pang.

She turned away, saying to herself: "Oh no; I will not separate him from his sister, his family, his friends! That would *never* do! *That's* settled, anyhow!"

Feeling a little dazed, and wishing to think, she turned up the Rue Vieille des mauvais Ladres, which was always deserted at this hour. It was empty, but for a solitary figure sitting on a post, with its legs dangling, its hands in its trouser pockets, an inverted pipe in its mouth, a tattered straw hat on the back of its head, and a long gray coat down to its heels. It was the Laird.

As soon as he saw her he jumped off his post and came to her, saying: "Oh, Trilby—what's it all about? I couldn't stand it! I ran away! Little Billee's mother's there!"

"Yes, Sandy dear, I've just seen her."

"Well, what's up?"

"I've promised her never to see Little Billee any more. I was foolish enough to promise to marry him. I refused many times these last three months, and then he said he'd leave Paris and never come back, and so, like a fool, I gave way. I've offered to live with him and take care of him and be his servant—to be everything he wished but his wife! But he wouldn't hear of it. Dear, dear Little Billee! he's an angel—and I'll take precious good care no harm shall ever come to him through me! I shall leave this hateful place and go and live in the country: I suppose I must manage to get through life somehow. I know of some poor people who were once very fond of me, and I could live with them and help them and keep myself.

The difficulty is about Jeannot. I thought it all out before it came to this. I was well prepared, you see."

She smiled in a forlorn sort of way, with her upper lip drawn tight against her teeth, as if some one were pulling her back by the lobes of her ears.

"Oh! but Trilby—what shall we do without you? Taffy and I, you know! You've become one of us!"

"Now how good and kind of you to say that!" exclaimed poor Trilby, her eyes filling. "Why, that's just all I lived for, till all this happened. But it can't be any more now, can it? Everything is changed for me—the very sky seems different. Ah! Durien's little song—'*Plaisir d'amour—chagrin d'amour!*' it's all quite true, isn't it! I shall start immediately, and take Jeannot with me, I think."

"But where do you think of going?"

"Ah! I mayn't tell you that, Sandy dear—not for a long time! Think of all the trouble there'd be— Well, there's no time to be lost. I must take the bull by the horns."

She tried to laugh, and took him by his big side whiskers and kissed him on the eyes and mouth, and her tears fell on his face.

Then, feeling unable to speak, she nod-

ded farewell, and walked quickly up the narrow winding street. When she came to the first bend she turned round and waved her hand, and kissed it two or three times, and then disappeared.

The Laird stared for several minutes up the empty thoroughfare—wretched, full of sorrow and compassion. Then he filled himself another pipe and lit it, and hitched himself on to another post, and sat there dangling his legs and kicking his heels, and waited for the Bagots' cab to depart, that he might go up and face the righteous wrath of Taffy like a man, and bear up against his bitter reproaches for cowardice and desertion before the foe.

Next morning Taffy received two letters: one, a very long one, was from Mrs. Bagot. He read it twice over, and was forced to acknowledge that it was a very good letter—the letter of a clever, warm-hearted woman, but a woman also whose son was to her as the very apple of her eye. One felt she was ready to flay her dearest friend alive in order to make Little Billee a pair of gloves out of the skin, if he wanted a pair; but one also felt she would be genuinely sorry for the friend. Taffy's own mother had been a little like that, and he missed her every day of his life.

Full justice was done by Mrs. Bagot to all Trilby's qualities of head and heart and person; but at the same time she pointed out, with all the cunning and ingeniously casuistic logic of her sex, when it takes to special pleading (even when it has right on its side), what the consequences of such a marriage must inevitably be in a few years—even sooner! The quick disenchantment, the life-long regret, on both sides!

He could not have found a word to controvert her arguments, save perhaps in his own private belief that Trilby and Little Billee were both exceptional people; and how could he hope to know Little Billee's nature better than the boy's own mother?

And if he had been the boy's elder brother in blood, as he already was in art and affection, would he, should he, could he have given his fraternal sanction to such a match?

Both as his friend and his brother he felt it was out of the question.

The other letter was from Trilby,

in her bold, careless handwriting, that sprawled all over the page, and her occasionally imperfect spelling. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR, DEAR TAFFY,—This is to say good-by. I'm going away, to put an end to all this misery, for which nobody's to blame but myself.

"The very moment after I'd said *yes* to Little Billee I knew perfectly well what a stupid fool I was, and I've been ashamed of myself ever since. I had a miserable week, I can tell you. I knew how it would all turn out.

"I am dreadfully unhappy, but not half so unhappy as if I married him and he were ever to regret it and be ashamed of me; and of course he would, really, even



"I MUST TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS."



"TRILBY! WHERE IS SHE?"

if he didn't show it—good and kind as he is—an angel!

"Besides—of course I could never be a lady—how could I?—though I ought to have been one, I suppose. But everything seems to have gone wrong with me, though I never found it out before—and it can't be righted!

"Poor papa!

"I am going away with Jeannot. I've been neglecting him shamefully. I mean to make up for it all now.

"You mustn't try and find out where I am going; I know you won't if I beg you, nor any one else. It would make everything so much harder for me.

"Angèle knows; she has promised me not to tell. I should like to have a line from you very much. If you send it to her she will send it on to me.

"Dear Taffy, next to Little Billee, I love you and the Laird better than any one else in the whole world. I've never known real happiness till I met you. You have changed me into another person—you and Sandy and Little Billee.

"Oh, it *has* been a jolly time, though it didn't last long. It will have to do for me for life. So good-by. I shall never, never forget; and remain, with dearest love,

"Your ever faithful and most affectionate friend,

TRILBY O'FERRALL.

"P.S.—When it has all blown over and settled again, if it ever does, I shall come back to Paris, perhaps, and see you again some day."

The good Taffy pondered deeply over this letter—read it half a dozen times at least; and then he kissed it, and put it back into its envelope and locked it up.

He knew what very deep anguish underlay this somewhat trivial expression of her sorrow.

He guessed how Trilby, so childishly impulsive and demon-

strative in the ordinary intercourse of friendship, would be more reticent than most women in such a case as this.

He wrote to her warmly, affectionately, at great length, and sent the letter as she had told him.

The Laird also wrote a long letter full of tenderly worded friendship and sincere regard. Both expressed their hope and belief that they would soon see her again, when the first bitterness of her grief would be over, and that the old pleasant relations would be renewed.

And then, feeling wretched, they went and silently lunched together at the Café de l'Odéon, where the omelets were good and the wine wasn't blue.

Late that evening they sat together in the studio, reading. They found they could not talk to each other very readily without Little Billee to listen—three's company sometimes and two's none!

Suddenly there was a tremendous getting up the dark stairs outside in a violent hurry, and Little Billee burst into the room like a small whirlwind—haggard, out of breath, almost speechless at first with excitement.

"Trilby! where is she? . . . what's become of her? . . . She's run away . . . oh! She's written me such a letter! . . . We



were to have been married . . . at the Embassy . . . my mother . . . she's been meddling; and that cursed old ass . . . that beast . . . my uncle! . . . They've been here! I know all about it . . . Why didn't you stick up for her? . . ."

"I did . . . as well as I could. Sandy couldn't stand it, and cut."

"You stuck up for her . . . *you*—why, you agreed with my mother that she oughtn't to marry me—you—*you* false friend—you . . . . Why, she's an angel—far too good for the likes of *me* . . . you know she is. As . . . as for her social position and all that, what degrading rot! Her father was as much a gentleman as mine . . . besides . . . what the devil do I care for her father? . . . it's *her* I want—*her—her—her*, I tell you . . . I can't *live* without her . . . I must have her *back*—I must have her *back* . . . do you *hear*? We were to have lived together at Barbizon . . . all our lives—and I was to have painted stunning pictures . . . like those other fellows there. Who cares for *their* social position, I should like to know . . . or that of their wives? *D*—social position! . . . we've often said so—over and over again. An artist's life should be *away* from the world—above all that meanness and paltriness . . . all in his work. Social position, indeed! Over and over again we've said what fetid bestial rot it all was—a thing to make one sick and shut one's self away from the world . . . Why say one thing and act another? . . . Love comes before all—love levels all—love and art . . . and beauty—before such beauty as Trilby's rank doesn't exist. Such rank as mine, too! Good God! I'll never paint another stroke till I've got her back . . . never, never, I tell you—I can't—I won't! . . ."

And so the poor boy went on, tearing and raving about in his rampage, knocking over chairs and easels, stammering and shrieking, mad with excitement.

They tried to reason with him, to make him listen, to point out that it was not her social position alone that unfitted her to be his wife and the mother of his children, etc.

It was no good. He grew more and more uncontrollable, became almost unintelligible, he stammered so—a pitiable sight and pitiable to hear.

"Oh! oh! good heavens! are you so precious immaculate, you two, that you should throw stones at poor Trilby? What a shame, what a hideous shame it

is that there should be one law for the woman and another for the man! . . . poor weak women—poor soft affectionate things that beasts of men are always running after, and pestering, and ruining, and trampling underfoot . . . Oh! oh! it makes me sick—it makes me sick!" And finally he gasped and screamed and fell down in a fit on the floor.

The doctor was sent for; Taffy went in a cab to the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion to fetch his mother; and poor Little Billee, quite unconscious, was undressed by Sandy and Madame Vinard and put into the Laird's bed.



"LA SŒUR DE LITREBILI."

The doctor came, and not long after Mrs. Bagot and her daughter. It was a serious case. Another doctor was called in. Beds were got and made up in the studio for the two grief-stricken ladies, and thus closed the eve of what was to have been poor Little Billee's wedding-day, it seems.

Little Billee's attack appears to have been a kind of epileptic seizure. It ended in brain-fever and other complications—a long and tedious illness. It was many weeks before he was out of danger, and his convalescence was long and tedious too.

His nature seemed changed. He lay languid and listless—never even men-

tioned Trilby, except once to ask if she had come back, and if any one knew where she was, and if she had been written to.

She had not, it appears. Mrs. Bagot had thought it was better not, and Taffy and the Laird agreed with her that no good could come of writing.

Mrs. Bagot felt bitterly against the woman who had been the cause of all this trouble, and bitterly against herself for her injustice. It was an unhappy time for everybody.

There was more unhappiness still to come.

One day in February Madame Angèle Boisse called on Taffy and the Laird in the temporary studio where they worked. She was in terrible tribulation.

Trilby's little brother had died of scarlet fever and was buried, and Trilby had left her hiding-place the day after the funeral and had never come back, and this was a week ago. She and Jeannot had been living at a village called Vibraye, in la Sarthe, lodging with some poor people she knew—she washing and working with her needle till her brother fell ill.

She had never left his bedside for a moment, night or day, and when he died her grief was so terrible that people thought she would go out of her mind; and the day after he was buried she was not to be found anywhere—she had disappeared, taking nothing with her, not even her clothes—simply vanished and left no sign, no message of any kind.

All the ponds had been searched—all the wells, and the small stream that flows through Vibraye—and the old forest.

Taffy went to Vibraye, cross-examined everybody he could, communicated with the Paris police, but with no result, and every afternoon, with a beating heart, he went to the Morgue. . . .

The news was of course kept from Little Billee. There was no difficulty about this. He never asked a question, hardly ever spoke.

When he first got up and was carried into the studio he asked for his picture "The Pitcher goes to the Well," and looked at it for a while, and then shrugged his shoulders and laughed—a miserable sort of laugh, painful to hear—the laugh of a cold old man, who laughs so as not

to cry! Then he looked at his mother and sister, and saw the sad havoc that grief and anxiety had wrought in them.

It seemed to him, as in a bad dream, that he had been mad for many years—a cause of endless sickening terror and distress; and that his poor weak wandering wits had come back at last, bringing in their train cruel remorse, and the remembrance of all the patient love and kindness that had been lavished on him for many years! His sweet sister—his dear, long-suffering mother! what had really happened to make them look like this?

And taking them both in his feeble arms, he fell a-weeping, quite desperately and for a long time.

And when his weeping fit was over, when he had quite wept himself out, he fell asleep.

And when he woke he was conscious that another sad thing had happened to him, and that for some mysterious cause his power of loving had not come back with his wandering wits—had been left behind—and it seemed to him that it was gone for ever and ever—would never come back again—not even his love for his mother and sister, not even his love for Trilby—where all *that* had once been was a void, a gap, a blankness. . . .

Truly, if Trilby had suffered much, she had also been the innocent cause of terrible suffering. Poor Mrs. Bagot, in her heart, could not forgive her.

I feel this is getting to be quite a sad story, and that it is high time to cut this part of it short.

As the warmer weather came, and Little Billee got stronger, the studio became more pleasant. The ladies' beds were removed to another studio on the next landing, which was vacant, and the friends came to see Little Billee, and make it more lively for him and his sister.

As for Taffy and the Laird, they had already long been to Mrs. Bagot as a pair of crutches, without whose invaluable help she could never have held herself upright to pick her way in all this maze of trouble.

Then M. Carrel came every day to chat with his favorite pupil and gladden Mrs. Bagot's heart. And also Durien, Carnegie, Petrolicoconose, Vincent, Sibley, Lorimer, Dodor, and l'Zouzou; Mrs. Bagot thought the last two irresistible, when she had once been satisfied that they were "gentlemen," in spite of appearances.

And, indeed, they showed themselves to great advantage; and though they were so much the opposite to Little Billee in everything, she felt almost maternal towards them, and gave them innocent good motherly advice, which they swallowed *avec attendrissement*, not even stealing a look at each other. And they held Mrs. Bagot's wool, and listened to Miss Bagot's sacred music with upturned pious eyes, and mealy mouths that butter wouldn't melt in!



"HE FELL A-WEeping QUITE DESPERATELY."

It is good to be a soldier and a detrimental; you touch the hearts of women and charm them—old and young, high or low (excepting, perhaps, a few worldly mothers of marriageable daughters). They take the sticking of your tongue in the cheek for the wearing of your heart on the sleeve.

Indeed, good women all over the world, and ever since it began, have loved to be bamboozled by these genial roistering dare-devils, who haven't got a penny to bless themselves with (which is so touching), and are supposed to carry their lives in their hands, even in piping times of peace. Nay, even a few rare *bad* women sometimes, such women as the best and wisest of us are often ready to sell our souls for!

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green—  
No more of me you knew,  
My love!  
No more of me you knew. . . ."

As if that wasn't enough, and to spare!

Little Billee could hardly realize that these two polite and gentle and sympathetic sons of Mars were the lively grigs who had made themselves so pleasant all round, and in such a singular manner,

on the top of that St. Cloud omnibus; and he admired how they added hypocrisy to their other crimes!

Svengali had gone back to Germany, it seemed, with his pockets full of napoleons and big Havana cigars, and wrapped in an immense fur-lined coat, which he meant to wear all through the summer. But little Gecko often came with his violin and made lovely music, and that seemed to do Little Billee more good than anything else.

It made him realize in his brain all the love he could no longer feel in his heart. The sweet melodic phrase, rendered by a master, was as wholesome, refreshing balm to him while it lasted—or as manna in the wilderness. It was the one good thing within his reach, never to be taken from him as long as his eardrums remained and he could hear a master play.

Poor Gecko treated the two English ladies *de bas en haut* as if they had been goddesses, even when they accompanied him on the piano! He begged their pardon for every wrong note they struck, and adopted their "*tempi*"—that is the proper technical term, I believe—and turned scherzos and allegrettos into fu-

neral dirges to please them; and agreed with them, poor little traitor, that it all sounded much better like that!

Oh Beethoven! oh Mozart! did you turn in your graves?

Then, on fine afternoons, Little Billee was taken for drives to the Bois de Boulogne with his mother and sister in an open fly, and generally Taffy as a fourth; to Passy, Auteuil, Boulogne, St. Cloud, Meudon—there are many charming places within an easy drive of Paris.

And sometimes Taffy or the Laird would escort Mrs. and Miss Bagot to the Luxembourg Gallery, the Louvre, the Palais Royal—to the Comédie Française once or twice; and on Sundays, now and then, to the English chapel in the Rue Marboeuf. It was all very pleasant; and Miss Bagot looks back on the days of her brother's convalescence as among the happiest in her life.

And they would all five dine together in the studio, with Madame Vinard to wait, and her mother (a cordon bleu) for cook; and the whole aspect of the place was changed and made fragrant, sweet, and charming by all this new feminine invasion and occupation.

And what is sweeter to watch than the dawn and growth of love's young dream, when strength and beauty meet together by the couch of a beloved invalid?

Of course the sympathetic reader will foresee how readily the stalwart Taffy fell a victim to the charms of his friend's sweet sister, and how she grew to return his more than brotherly regard! and how, one lovely evening, just as March was going out like a lamb (to make room for the first of April), Little Billee joined their hands together, and gave them his brotherly blessing!

As a matter of fact, however, nothing of this kind happened. Nothing ever happens but the unforeseen. Pazienza!

Then at length one day—it was a fine, sunny, showery day in April, by-the-bye, and the big studio window was open at the top and let in a pleasant breeze from the northwest, just as when our little story began—a railway omnibus drew up at the porte cochère in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, and carried away to the station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord Little Billee and his mother and sister, and all their belongings (the famous picture had gone before); and Taffy and the Laird

rode with them, their faces very long, to see the last of the dear people, and of the train that was to bear them away from Paris; and Little Billee, with his quick, prehensile, æsthetic eye, took many a long and wistful parting gaze at many a French thing he loved, from the gray towers of Notre Dame downwards—Heaven only knew when he might see them again!—so he tried to get their aspect well by heart, that he might have the better store of beloved shape and color memories to chew the cud of when his lost powers of loving and remembering clearly should come back, and he lay awake at night and listened to the wash of the Atlantic along the beautiful red sandstone coast at home.

He had a faint hope that he should feel sorry at parting with Taffy and the Laird.

But when the time came for saying good-by he couldn't feel sorry in the least, for all he tried and strained so hard!

So he thanked them so earnestly and profusely for all their kindness and patience and sympathy (as did also his mother and sister) that their hearts were too full to speak, and their manner was quite gruff—it was a way they had when they were deeply moved and didn't want to show it.

And as he gazed out of the carriage window at their two forlorn figures looking after him when the train steamed out of the station, his sorrow at not feeling sorry made him look so haggard and so woe-begone that they could scarcely bear the sight of him departing without them, and almost felt as if they must follow by the next train, and go and cheer him up in Devonshire, and themselves too.

They did not yield to this amiable weakness. Sorrowfully, arm in arm, with trailing umbrellas, they recrossed the river, and found their way to the Café de l'Odéon, where they ate many omelets in silence, and dejectedly drank of the best they could get, and were very sad indeed.

“Félicité passée  
Qui ne peux revenir,  
Tourment de ma pensée,  
Que n'ay-je, en te perdant, perdu le souvenir!”

Nearly five years have elapsed since we bade farewell and *au revoir* to Taffy

and the Laird at the Paris station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and wished Little Billee and his mother and sister God-speed on their way to Devonshire, where the poor sufferer was to rest and lie fallow for a few months, and recruit his lost strength and energy, that he might follow up his first and well-deserved success, which perhaps contributed just a little to his recovery.

Many of my readers will remember his splendid début at the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square with that now so famous canvas "The Pitcher goes to the Well," and how it was sold three times over on the morning of the private view, the third time for a thousand pounds—just five times what he got for it himself. And that was thought a large sum in those days for a beginner's picture, two feet by four.

I am well aware that such a vulgar test is no criterion whatever of a picture's real merit. But this picture is well known to all the world by this time, and sold only last year at Christy's (more than thirty-six years after it was painted) for three thousand pounds.

Thirty-six years! That goes a long way to redeem even three thousand pounds of all their cumulative vulgarity.

"The Pitcher" is now in the National Gallery, with that other canvas by the same hand, "The Moon-Dial." There they hang together for all who care to see them, his first and his last—the blossom and the fruit.

He had not long to live himself, and it was his good fortune, so rare among those whose work is destined to live forever, that he succeeded at his first go-off.

And his success was of the best and most flattering kind.

It began high up, where it should, among the masters of his own craft. But his fame filtered quickly down to those immediately beneath, and through these to wider circles. And there was quite enough of opposition and vilification and coarse abuse of him to clear it of any suspicion of cheapness or evanescence. What better antiseptic can there be than the philistine's deep hate? what sweeter, fresher, wholesomer music than the sound of his voice when he doth so furiously rage?

Yes! That is "good production"—as Svengali would have said—"c'est un cri du cœur."

And then, when popular acclaim brings the great dealers and the big cheques, up rises the printed howl of the duffer, the



"THE SWEET MELODIC PHRASE."



disappointed one, the "wounded thing with an angry cry"—the prosperous and happy bagman that *should* have been, who has given up all for art, and finds he can't paint and make himself a name, after all, and never will, so falls to writing about those who can—and what writing!

To write in hissing dispraise of our more successful fellow-craftsman, and of those who admire him! that is not a clean or pretty trade. It seems, alas! an easy one, and it gives pleasure to so many. It does not even want good grammar. But it pays—well enough even to start and run a magazine with, instead of scholarship and taste and talent! humor, sense, wit, and wisdom! It is something like the purveying of pornographic pictures: some of us look at them and laugh, and even buy. To be a purchaser is bad enough; but to be the purveyor thereof—ugh!

A poor devil of a cracked soprano (are there such people still?) who has been turned out of the Pope's choir because he can't sing in tune, *after all!*—think of him yelling and squeaking his treble rage at Santley—Sims Reeves—Lablache!

Poor lost beardless nondescript! why not fly to other climes, where at least thou might'st hide from us thy woful crack, and keep thy miserable secret to thyself! Are there no harems still left in Stamboul for the likes of thee to sweep and clean, no women's beds to make and slops to empty, and doors and windows to bar—and tales to carry, and the pasha's confidence and favor and protection to win? Even *that* is a better trade than pandering for hire to the basest instinct of all—the dirty pleasure we feel (some of us) in seeing mud and dead cats and rotten eggs flung at those we cannot but admire—and secretly envy!

All of which eloquence means that Little Billee was pitched into right and left, as well as overpraised. And it all rolled off him like water off a duck's back, both praise and blame.

It was a happy summer for Mrs. Bagot, a sweet compensation for all the anguish of the winter that had gone before, with her two beloved children together under her wing, and all the world (for her) ringing with the praise of her boy, the apple of her eye, so providentially rescued from the very jaws of death, and from other

dangers almost as terrible to her fiercely jealous maternal heart.

And his affection for her *seemed* to grow with his returning health; but, alas! he was never again to be quite the same light-hearted, innocent, expansive lad he had been before that fatal year spent in Paris.

One chapter of his life was closed, never to be reopened, never to be spoken of again by him to her, by her to him. She could neither forgive nor forget. She could but be silent.

Otherwise he was pleasant and sweet to live with, and everything was done to make his life at home as sweet and pleasant as a loving mother could—as could a most charming sister—and others' sisters who were charming too, and much disposed to worship at the shrine of this young celebrity, who woke up one morning in their little village to find himself famous, and bore his blushing honors so meekly. And among them the vicar's daughter, his sister's friend and co-teacher at the Sunday-school, "a simple, pure, and pious maiden of gentle birth," everything he once thought a young lady should be; and her name it was Alice, and she was sweet, and her hair was brown—as brown! . . .

And if he no longer found the simple country pleasures, the junketings and picnics, the garden parties and innocent little musical evenings, quite so exciting as of old, he never showed it.

Indeed, there was much that he did not show, and that his mother and sister tried in vain to guess—many things.

And among them one thing that constantly preoccupied and distressed him—the numbness of his affections. He could be as easily demonstrative to his mother and sister as though nothing had ever happened to him—from the mere force of a sweet old habit—even more so, out of sheer gratitude and compunction.

But, alas! he felt that in his heart he could no longer care for them in the least!—nor for Taffy, nor the Laird, nor for himself; not even for Trilby, of whom he constantly thought, but without emotion; and of whose strange disappearance he had been told, and the story had been confirmed in all its details by Angèle Boisse, to whom he had written.

It was as though some part of his brain where his affections were seated had been paralyzed, while all the rest of it was as

keen and as active as ever. He felt like some poor live bird or beast or reptile, a part of whose cerebrum (or cerebellum, or whatever it is) had been dug out by the vivisector for experimental purposes; and the strongest emotional feeling he seemed capable of was his anxiety and alarm about this curious symptom, and his concern as to whether he ought to mention it or not.

He did not do so, for fear of causing distress, hoping that it would pass away in time, and redoubled his caresses to his mother and sister, and clung to them more than ever; and became more considerate of others in manner, word, and deed than he had ever been before, as though by constantly assuming the virtue he had no longer he would gradually coax it back again. There was no trouble he would not take to give pleasure to the humblest.

Also, his vanity about himself had become as nothing, and he missed it almost as much as his affection.

Yet he told himself over and over again that he was a great artist, and that he would spare no pains to make himself a greater. But that was no merit of his own.

$2+2=4$ , also  $2 \times 2=4$ ; that peculiarity was no reason why 4 should be conceited; for what was 4 but a result, either way?

Well, he was like 4—just an inevitable result of circumstances over which he had no control—a mere product or sum; and though he meant to make himself as big a 4 as he could (to cultivate his peculiar *fourness*), he could no longer feel the old conceit and self-complacency; and they had been a joy, and it was hard to do without them.

At the bottom of it all was a vague disquieting unhappiness, a constant fidget.

And it seemed to him, and much to his distress, that such mild unhappiness would be the greatest he could ever feel henceforward—but that, such as it was, it would never leave him, and that his moral existence would be for evermore one long gray gloomy blank—the glimmer of twilight—never glad confident morning again!



"SORROWFULLY, ARM IN ARM."

So much for Little Billee's convalescence.

Then one day in the late autumn he spread his wings and flew away to London, which was very ready with open arms to welcome William Bagot, the already famous painter, *alias* Little Billee!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## EMPEROR WILLIAM'S STUD-FARM AND HUNTING FOREST.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

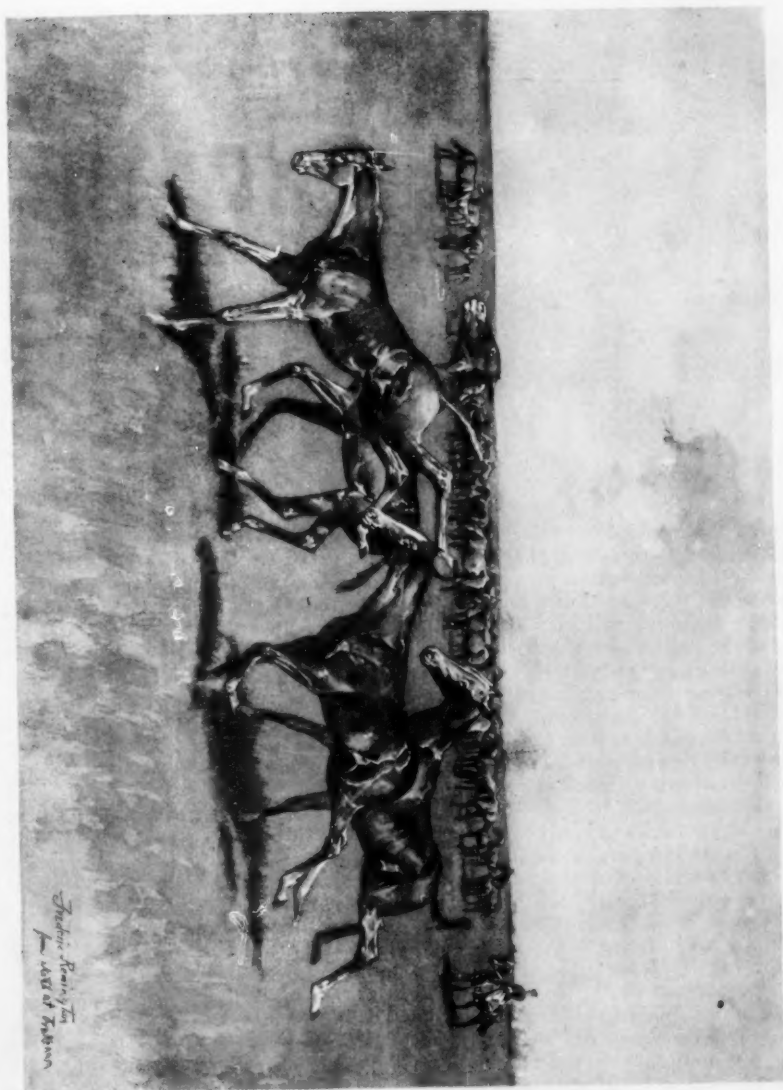


WHEN Remington and I crossed into Germany we determined to make an excursion into the very easternmost corner of the Prussian monarchy, where the father of Frederick the Great established a great horse-breeding establishment near a little village called Trakehnen. This famous stud-farm is still carried on with characteristic energy, and not only provides the German Army with the hundred thousand horses which it requires in time of peace, but does an enormous amount towards keeping up in the country a high standard of horse for general purposes. Trakehnen is only about ten miles from the Russian frontier, and has three times been exposed to capture by invasion from over the border; but each time the authorities have been able to escape with all the animals there, a feat which appears almost miraculous considering the flat and open character of the country. I had with me a letter of introduction to the commandant or governor of this estate, Major von Frankenberg-Proschlitz. We alighted one beautiful day in July at the little station of Trakehnen. It was the only house in sight, the village was four miles away, but the Major had kindly sent an open carriage to meet us. The drive to the Major's house was along beautiful avenues shaded by oak-trees almost the whole way. When we halted at the front door, our host received us with every manifestation of good-will in spite of the fact that on the morrow he was anticipating an official inspection at the hands of no less impressive dignitaries than the Minister of War and his colleague of the Agricultural Department. A Prussian inspection is a matter of tremendous importance, and that Major von Frankenberg under such circumstances should appear comfortable, even genial, speaks volumes for the self-reliance and sweetness of that gentleman's nature.

Nothing more pretty can be conceived than the appearance of the Major's quarters as we drove up through the vista of trees. It was large, commodious, covered with vines, fragrant with the odor of flowers that grew about and before the door. A shady lawn stretched in the rear with flower beds on its edges, and close by was a delightful arbor where coffee was served in the afternoon during the warm season. Within a few minutes the family of this Prussian officer made us feel that we had once more fallen amongst good friends. The kind Major quickly divined the interest which we felt in the great horse-breeding establishment which he controlled, and as soon as luncheon was disposed of lost no time in driving us about from point to point, chatting with us in regard to what we saw, and answering our questions with frankness.

To begin with, Trakehnen is situated in the most favored province of Germany for horse-breeding purposes, although, geographically considered, it appears to be the most unpropitious. Nearly every farm in East Prussia is devoted to this one occupation, and the German army gets many more horses from this little corner than from any other province or kingdom of the empire. The war authorities are, in respect to this branch of the government, very liberal, for it affects the army directly as well as it does the country indirectly. The very best thoroughbreds that can be bought for money are brought here, and from them are bred a secondary class of horses which the Germans call "halbblut," a word which cannot be safely translated as half-breed, but is more nearly rendered by the French "près du sang." Every year some of the best names on the English turf disappear in favor of the breeding-farms for the German cavalry. The stallions chosen are such as have good records on the race-track, and, in addition, the peculiar qualities of form and structure which the German officer considers essential to the ideal cavalry horse—that is to say, one in whom speed and weight-carrying capacity unite to the highest possible degree. All told, Trakehnen has about a thousand head of every age, but of only one general class. It has been by strict adher-

COLTS PLAYING NEAR A HERD





MASSAGE OF A COLT'S KNEES.

ence to the principle of selection above mentioned that the *Trakehner* or *Prussian* horse has reached its present definite position and high level of power. Remington's drawings will give a better notion of the ideal which the Prussian military authorities entertain on the subject of this horse than any lengthy description which I might attempt. Suffice it to say that Germans at least consider themselves amply compensated for the cost of this institution during the two centuries of its existence.

The Major does not breed for the race-track nor for the plough; he has in view the heavy cavalry cuirassier horse, or the requirements of the lighter hussar, and *Trakehnen* may be considered a national stud-farm, in so far as the horse required for the cavalry is one that is useful for other purposes as well.

We pulled up in a field in which were a hundred three-year-old stallions running free and watched by two herders, each bearing a long whip, which they cracked now and then as a warning that some one of the herd was straying. The herders had no saddles or stirrups, sat simply upon a blanket strapped to the horse's back, and were dressed in the livery of the estate, which is not dissimilar

to the grooms' livery of the royal family. Any one familiar with three-year-old stallions in English or American stables might easily expect that a herd of one hundred would be disposed to resent the intrusion of a couple of strangers in their midst, especially remembering that these colts were of thoroughbred parents at least on one side and of fair blood on the other. We naturally remarked that the herd appeared very quiet, and paid little attention to our carriage

as it drove up close to them on the grass. The Major wished us, however, to understand that they were as gentle as sheep and not half as shy, and in order to make a practical test of this, I jumped from my seat and walked up to the herd, into the very midst of them, strolling in and out amongst them, patting them on the nose or on the flank, wherever I happened to be nearest them. Amongst German cavalry horses I had often experienced an extraordinary docility, which comes naturally as the result of intelligent handling on the part of the grooms, and was therefore more or less prepared to risk the heels and the teeth of those into whose midst Major von Frankenberg requested me to wander.

If this docility sprang from sleepiness or coarseness of blood, there would be little worth noting, but in the case of animals of most unquestioned pluck and power the experience is certainly unique.

"How do you accomplish this result?" we asked.

"We offer a prize," answered the Major, "to those whose horses show the most confiding disposition at the approach of man. Whenever I enter the large spaces under roof where they are gathered for the night, if I discover the least shyness





or unfriendliness on the part of the colts, it is a sign that the herdsmen have acted contrary to their duty."

Every spring, usually about May, the four-year-olds are distributed amongst the auxiliary or secondary stud-farms of Prussia, likewise for breeding purposes, so that with the exception of the stallions

and brood-mares all the good blood here is disposed of when it is four years old. There is a very formidable committee that determines what horses are to be reserved for military breeding purposes at the other stations and what shall be sold at auction, an event which draws to Trakehnen buyers from every country of the

globe, anxious to secure specimens of this excellent breed of horse. It is from this estate that the Emperor draws the horses which he uses for private purposes in his carriages and for the saddle.

By a special arrangement, made in 1848, the Prussian crown made these estates a present to the government, on condition that each year the King should be allowed to select thirty horses for private use, and naturally those selected are apt to be the best. A beautiful little saddle-

horse was being trained for the Emperor's eldest son during our visit, as well built an animal as one could wish, and as gentle as a baby. The royal stables of Prussia are filled almost exclusively with black horses for driving purposes, although for riding the Emperor does not confine himself to any particular color. In addition to the breeding animals which are sent from here to the various stud-farms of the government in other parts of Prussia, the government is very wise



BRINGING OUT A STALLION.





ARREST OF A POACHER IN THE FOREST.

country covered with ice and snow, at the rate of thirty-five English miles a day.

At the same time the Major was careful to point out what United States cavalry officers can appreciate more than those of any other army, that these are not horses that can be turned out to take care of themselves, like the Indian's mustang or the rough Cossack pony of the steppes.

All the young horses are carefully rubbed clean and inspected every day, the brush and curry-comb being used in cleaning. During this process the young colts are tied, but when three or four years old they stand quietly enough and enjoy it. In order to insure docility on the part of these animals it is made a rule that each day the colts are to be stroked with the hand, their feet raised—in other words, treated in such a way as to make them familiar with their future masters.

It would seem as though the rich succulent grass produced by the pastures would be enough food for these young animals, but the Major said that they did better when they received two portions of oats a day, once in the morning and again at noon, but never at night.

One evening the Major took us to see

the horses called home from the pasture. They came in troops of hundreds, and gathered in large enclosures facing the stables, or rather the large spaces in which they all spent the night in common, in groups of one hundred or less. These paddock were formed by planting railway sleepers on end at short intervals, connected by gas-pipes—a very simple and economical arrangement. Here the young horses are exercised in the winter when it would be unsuitable to let them out in the snow. They go round and round in a ring under the eye of the groom.

On the occasion of our visit I noticed that the main body divided itself according to color—the blacks going to one corner, the browns to another, the bays to a third; of whites or grays I saw no specimens. Here and there would be one who had mistaken his corner, or was seeking forbidden company out of deviltry. The keeper had no difficulty in bringing him to his right senses, however, by simply calling his name and waving his hand in the direction of the corner to which he belonged. The colt thus addressed invariably leaped out from the corner in which he was an intruder, and galloped straight

to the corner whose color matched his. This we saw done many times over, and it never failed. . . .

Neither Remington nor I had intended to tax the hospitality of our kindly host more than a day, but we were gladly persuaded to prolong our stay, which gave us an opportunity to visit the vast and almost primeval forests to which the Emperor of Germany retires in order to hunt the wild deer and boar. A victoria was placed at our disposal by the Major, and in this luxurious vehicle we sat while a pair of black Trakehner mares carried us swiftly, and without interruption, over the twenty miles of country road that separated us from the hunting-lodge of Rominten. It was a rolling open country across which we drove, until we came upon the edges of sombre woods. The cultivation was on all sides of a high grade, and in striking contrast to what prevails across the border, only about five or ten miles distant. There were few villages, but their inhabitants were clean and tidily dressed. Had it not been a day of sunshine, made more beautiful by the effect of fleecy clouds studding here and there the blue heavens, in an atmosphere freshened by the breeze following a day of rain, with a road under us neither dusty nor muddy, although towards the latter part of it it was a mere cart-track through a somewhat sandy soil, I fear that we might have termed our twenty miles rather desolate travelling. We saw some fine specimens of the Emperor's wild-boar and big red deer, that bounded into the thicket as we approached, for these animals are not as tame as those in English parks, being rarely disturbed. At one point our driver stopped to let us get out and see how near we could come to

a herd that appeared to be about a thousand yards off. We stalked so close that Remington decided emphatically that he would have bagged half a dozen had he been allowed to try his hand at it. As it was, however, he did something better by making some sketches from behind a fallen tree. We drove a long distance,



PEASANTS NEAR ROMINTEN.

after this, amidst magnificent trees, mostly evergreens, although oak and poplar appeared here and there. The forest, which includes about fifty square miles, is watered by some excellent streams, stocked with a variety of fish, chief of all the trout, although pike, perch, carp, *Scardinius erythrophthalmus*, *Carassius vulgaris*, and many others of excellent quality are also abundant. Half a dozen houses compose all there is of the village



here, whose inhabitants are principally occupied in work about the forest. We passed through the village, over a bridge, and up a hill, on the top of which stood the house which the Emperor is building as his hunting-lodge. The dark evergreen forest closes it in at the rear, and in many respects it suggests a summer residence in the Adirondack Mountains. There were several officials in the house at the time, on various errands, the most important



GERMAN PEASANT, EAST PRUSSIA.

to us being the forester. We asked permission to enter and take a look at the rooms, but were politely informed, with apparent regret, that this was contrary to their orders. The German court was, however, at Potsdam, and as there was a telegraph office near by, we wired to the capital asking permission of the Emperor to visit his place here. The postmaster and chief of the telegraph department we found perched on the ridge-pole of his thatched roof making some repairs.

He came down cheerfully from the roof, sent off our message for us, and acceded to our desire that he should harness up his ponies to a farm wagon and point out to us some interesting features of the wilderness. We had a rather bumpy ride of it, for our way led over rocks and stumps, zigzagging in and out among the big trees without reference to any road or path. He was a pretty old man, this forester, bent by rheumatism as well as years, but withal of a communicative and kindly disposition. As the Emperor's house here is so near the Russian frontier, it naturally occurred to Remington that a party of enterprising Muscovite cowboys could, without difficulty, on some moonlight night, jump this ranch, so to speak, and carry off the Emperor a hostage to St. Petersburg, without any more difficulty than cutting the telegraph wires leading from Rominten to the main line, some twenty or thirty miles away.

The old forester took us to points where we had glimpses of little lakes and streams and patches of meadow, surrounded by wilderness as perfect as anything in Colorado, and amused us until it was time to think of our noonday dinner, with a running commentary upon his life at Rominten.

His greatest hardship used to be protecting the forest from poachers. He told us that the last head game-keeper here had been shot by a poacher, but remarked, by way of a consoling foot-note, that his successor managed to kill two poachers at one shot. It would seem as though next to impossible to prevent poaching in such a vast forest as this, yet he assured me that with proper organization they had succeeded in almost suppressing this nuisance. The staff of foresters numbers from forty to fifty men, whose principal occupation is the patrolling of the woods, according to preconcerted arrangement, studying trees and plants, and noting everything that affects the welfare of the beasts who provide sport for the Emperor and his guests.

It is only since 1890 that the Emperor has taken a fancy to this hunting-ground, and until he built the hunting-lodge for whose inspection we had sought permission, he lived at the little inn where we had ordered dinner, and slept in the very room from the window of which Remington made a sketch of the building. The place appeals strongly to the Emper-



THE EMPEROR'S HUNTING-LODGE.

or, because it is so thoroughly natural and wild, in refreshing contrast to many royal parks, where the grass appears to be trimmed by a lawn-mower, and every tree has, so to speak, its hair brushed every morning. William II., too, is the first monarch of Europe who has appreciated the value of American methods of travel, and has so organized his train of cars that he can move from one end of his empire to another not only without personal fatigue, but under conditions that enable him to transact state business as satisfactorily as if he were in his working-room at Potsdam or Berlin. The Chicago Vestibule Limited finds its counterpart in the German imperial train, which may be said to have doubled the capacity for work of a monarch mainly criticised because of his superabundant energy. People who find fault with the Emperor because, as they say, he is perpetually rushing from one corner of Europe to the

other, forget that it is not he who does the rushing, but the train of cars under him. His life, meanwhile, is as placid and methodical as one could wish, but where his grandfather was satisfied to know a man through a written report, William II. prefers to see that man face to face.

But this is digression. The old forester illustrated the formerly neglected condition of this forest by telling us that thirty years ago there were not more than fifteen head of deer in the whole chase, thanks to neglect and poaching; to-day it is estimated that there are at least one thousand, thanks for which are mainly due to the excellent administration of the late forester who was shot by the poacher. Two months before we visited the place wild-boar had been introduced, and already four young ones had been born on the estate. This will prove an additional attraction for the future, as the wild-boar is notoriously one of the gami-



Some notes from Rife.  
*Johnnie Pennington.*

mate art to simulate the Adirondacks.

Wolves, according to our worthy forester, are a great nuisance, and do a vast amount of mischief. Last year the keepers shot a most savage beast, who did an extraordinary amount of injury to the other animals. It seemed impossible to find him until the following plan was adopted: A wide circle was made about the spot in which they knew he must have his hiding-place; this line was marked off by twigs planted in the ground at short intervals. Packthread was then drawn from twig to twig, connecting the whole circle excepting at one point, where an opening was left, near which the hunters stationed themselves. At intervals of ten feet red and yellow bits of rag were hung upon this line, for it was discovered that a wolf will not cross an impediment of this nature, which reminds one of the super-

stitious feeling the chicken is said to have in regard to crossing a chalk-line. The wolf made his appearance in due course of time, and went from rag to rag in the hope of finding a way out. When he did so, however, it was to fall into the hands of his avengers, who shot him on the 15th day of November, 1891. He was stuffed, and is now scowling through glass eyes only, in one of the corners of the hunting-lodge—a fine-looking beast, whose acquaintance, however, I should not like to have made under any other circumstances.

est of animals. There are some moose here as well, differing scarcely at all from those of New Brunswick and Maine, but it is doubtful whether this animal will survive. The sport most relished here is the chase after the big red deer, of which about one hundred and fifty head are shot annually. At different points in the forest we came upon racks at which the deer fed during severe winters when food had to be provided for them, but they offered nothing in their structure to call for particular comment. Here, as in our first approach to the house, we were struck by the diversity and fine growth of the oak, beech, ash, elm, chestnut, linden, and evergreen trees about us. Also by the great diversity in the surface of the ground, in marked contrast to the rest of the great Prussian plain. There were steep little hills, beautiful gorges, and travelling as we did, it appeared as though we were in a hilly country, with streams in every valley, the slopes of which had been laid out with consum-

Our dinner was quite a festive affair, for in the midst of this wilderness had congregated at one and the same time not only the forester and the major-domo of the palace, but a high economic functionary from Berlin, who was here to make an inspection of the Emperor's property. All three received us in the spirit of fellowship, caused perhaps by the fact that on returning to the inn we found a dispatch from the Lord Chamber-

lain at Potsdam, informing us that the Emperor had given us the permission we desired. It was a permission which we had had little reason to anticipate, be-

and an American log house; there is a striking amount of quaint Norwegian carving about it, and the rafters of the roof come to a point in the shape of grin-



A FORESTER.

cause an inventory of the place was being made, the furniture was in a somewhat confused state, and clerks were at work on the premises.

This hunting-lodge of the Emperor's is a cross between the typical Swiss chalet

and dragons' heads—a feature of Scandinavian architecture I had noticed at many points in Norway. The Emperor took a great fancy to the simplicity and strength characterizing Norwegian buildings on his many journeys along that coast, and had

a dozen Norwegian builders come down on purpose from Christiania in order to erect this house for him. It is, of course, unpainted, and finished in the most severe style, as befits the purpose for which it was originally designed. Inside, the walls and ceilings are all of the natural logs, finished off roughly and stained. The ceilings are low, the rooms small, but every corner is pervaded with coziness. The large assembly or living room looks down a series of rustic terraces to the little valley, where the trout stream runs from the Russian frontier to the Baltic. At one end of this large room is a great double fireplace, about which a large family can gather in the evening for the purpose of spinning hunting-yarns or telling ghost-stories. It is an exact counterpart of the fireplace in many a Norwegian house I have seen, reproduced here with minute fidelity. From the ceiling hangs an elaborate chandelier consisting entirely of antlers, so arranged as to form innumerable holders for candles.

The Emperor strongly dislikes anything in the nature of guards when he is on his hunting expeditions, although half a dozen country policemen do duty here when the Emperor is present. On his first arrival they were drawn up in line to salute him, but he ordered that it should not happen again, and now they are carefully kept out of sight. He is a man so indifferent to danger or personal safety that the mere idea of having officials watching on his account is in the highest degree distasteful. The furniture of the rooms at Rominten was in harmony with the simplicity of the walls—hard-wood, strongly made, and merely stained, so as to disclose the natural grain, which is, after all, the greatest charm about any furniture. On the walls hung many pictures of hunting scenes, notably the magnificent studies of Landseer. Amongst the pictures our guides pointed out two which they said had been done by the Emperor himself. I suspected the authorship at the time, because they were colored copies of notable paintings, and I knew that the Emperor preferred to do something more original than merely copy the work of another. Of course I did not mention my doubts to these officials, but on complimenting the Emperor in regard to them shortly afterwards, he emphatically disclaimed their authorship, and gave me the name of the friend who had copied them.

However, it is now a tradition in the palace of Rominten that these two pictures were done by the Emperor, and there is little doubt that successive generations of care-takers will receive this tradition, and spread the error amongst all those who visit that interesting house. We may expect before long to see these works reproduced in some magazine as evidence of the Emperor's taste as an artist. He is, it is true, clever with his pencil, but in a different and more important way than is suggested by his alleged works at his hunting-box.

His study is a room of equal simplicity with the others, so arranged that should he arrive at an hour's notice he would find it ready for work. On the table in front of him stands a little framed photograph of his wife. There is scarcely more than room enough in the apartment for the large table which he always requires for the purpose of spreading out maps and plans. The room is a literary workshop, and no more. Amongst the ornaments, however, I noticed an excellent photograph of the Prince of Wales, his uncle, looking very slim and graceful in the uniform of a Prussian hussar.

Naturally, the most interesting points about the place were the many antlers fastened to the wall as trophies of the chase. The forester told us that hunting here was not such an easy matter as one might suppose; that they often went six days without finding any game, although on the very next day they might kill two. He thought a fair average would be to bag one deer in every four days. The antlers which appeared to be the most numerous belonged to the Damhirsch or Damwildpret; they resemble the big red deer of Europe, but have at the same time a suggestion of the moose in the shovel character of part of their horns. We were shown the hoof of one of these animals, which I measured and found to be thirteen centimetres in breadth, or about four and a half inches. As I said before, the moose is dying out, but an effort is being made to cross it with Norwegian in the hope of reviving the breed.

The Emperor, as is well known, is a capital shot in spite of the fact that he has little more than one arm to do his work with. His rifle is notable in an exceeding length of stock, by which he is able to shoot with his right hand alone. By long practice and natural aptitude he has



succeeded in making one almost forget that his left arm is very weak. As a matter of detail, the sportsman may care to know that the favorite rifle for deer in this place is thirteen millimetres calibre, with which eight grammes of powder are used. The trophies that here adorn the walls have a value far above those which decorate the hunting lodges of most princes, who, when they go out shooting, stand in a favored spot and allow the game to be driven by them, much as one would a drove of sheep or cows. The game here has to be legitimately hunted, and it is this very difficulty in securing a shot that makes Rominten, in the eyes of the Emperor, a favorite shooting-ground.

The characteristic Norwegian decoration of the hunting-lodge is carried out at other points of the forest, notably a bridge which we crossed on our forenoon's jour-

ney with the venerable postmaster-forester and his two shaggy Polish ponies. The bridge was of roughhewn logs resting upon two series of piles, protected upstream against descending masses of ice, exactly as in the rapid torrents of Norway. Over the bridge is an arch, made by two beams crossing, at each end of which is carved the same draconical design characterizing the gables of the hunting-lodge. This bridge is interesting from the fact that it was built in four days by eighty-five men of the pioneer corps, who marched to this point for this purpose, did their work, and returned.

We parted from Rominten with many regrets, particularly from the rheumatic old forester who had done so much to make our day brimful of pleasant memories of a glorious forest and a unique race of woodcraftsmen.



*Frederic Remington*  
Trakelton



## THEIR STORY.

BY GEORGE A. HIBBARD.

THEY sat before the fire, the darkness of the big room behind them, the blaze in their faces. The rest of the house party had not returned, and there was no use in going to dress for dinner before the others appeared. Therefore they sat motionless in the clear autumn twilight, and gazed at the freshly kindled and brightly crackling logs. Both felt that this was a time unlike any ever before known, and such as never could be again, and each, knowing the feeling of the other, was content silently to experience these moments of particularly vivid consciousness.

At luncheon, when there had been talk of the plans for the afternoon, they had decided to stay at home, announcing boldly that they wished to go for a walk, and as by this time they had managed to attain a position of particular exemption—had reached a point when if they were alone in a room no one dreamed of entering it; had advanced so far that if there was any question of how the party was to be seated on the coach no one thought of separating them—they had been allowed to depart unquestioned. They had wandered forth, rather aimlessly, an hour or two earlier, into the golden country. It was just before they had left the woods to strike across the open fields that something had been said and something had been answered. Now it was all settled, and they had paused, a little frightened and awed at a veritable slack tide of sentiment, when the flood that had carried them so far from all consciousness of reality had nearly spent its force, and the ebb had hardly yet begun that was to bear them back to the world and its ways.

The fire no longer blazed fiercely as it had when freshly lit, but now burned steadily and with a gentle murmuring noise. The house was quite still, and as it was yet fairly light, there was little danger that they would be disturbed by the servants with the lamps.

He reached out and took her hand as it lay on the arm of the chair, and as if aroused by the sudden touch, she looked quickly up.

"It doesn't seem possible, does it?" she said.

"What?" he asked.

"That—that we understand one another

at last. Only a few days ago I didn't know myself, and then when I did know finally—why—then with every impulse forcing me to try and keep you from knowing, it didn't seem that you would ever find out. I thought that I'd die rather than let you know, and yet"—and she stopped with a little excited laugh—"I haven't a doubt but that you knew all the time, perhaps even before I knew it myself."

"No," he said, seriously enough. "I don't think that I suspected anything. I just hoped. I am sure that I was nervous and doubtful and afraid all the time."

"I'm glad," she said. "But you know now—a little."

It was not a question, and she spoke as if half talking to herself.

"I know I am very happy."

"Yes," she said, softly.

"And are you—a little bit?" he asked.

"Happier," she replied, "than I ever thought anybody could be, with a kind of happiness that I didn't know there was—a kind of complete, *conclusive* happiness, as if it were something I had been waiting for always, and found at last, and yet it is impossible that I should always have been waiting for just *this*, for I have known you only one—two weeks."

"I have been waiting all my life for you," he asserted, stoutly.

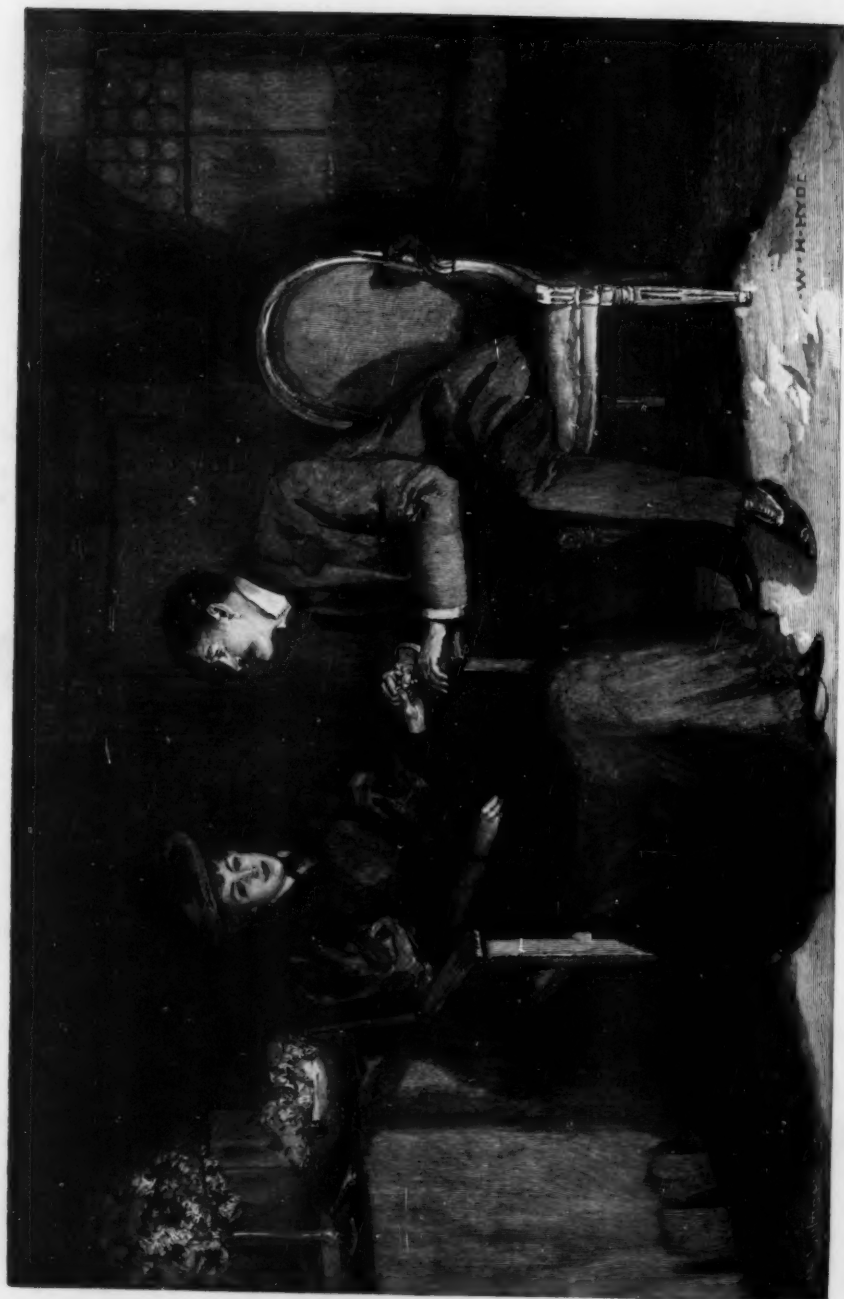
"It is very strange," she said, "that I should feel as I do, when really I know nothing about you."

"You know my sister, and staid with her, you say, once when I was away. You know all about my people and my belongings—"

"I don't mean in that way," she interrupted. "And I wish there wasn't so much of that. I wish that you weren't at all such a prosperous person. It seems as if my loving you wasn't so much. No, I don't mean that. I mean that I don't know anything about you—yourself." She looked at him to show him that she was wholly in fun. "Are you—good?"

"Very," he answered, laughing. "I am a perfect model of all that is correct, being frequently pointed out as an example to the very young."

"I am serious," she said, although



" 'HAPPIER,' SHE REPLIED, 'THAN I EVER THOUGHT ANYBODY COULD BE.' "

[See page 137.]







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smiling, so that he might know that she was not.

"So am I," he answered. "But no, I'm not either." Then he went on in a graver tone: "I really don't imagine that I am any better than any of the rest, but then, again, I don't suppose that I'm any worse. I'm not kept awake every night by an evil conscience, and all my days are not made exactly bitter by remorse. Of course there are times when one has an occasional twinge of regret and shame; and if one—by which I mean modestly to indicate myself—should regularly sit down and think about it, there are undoubtedly things that—one would rather have done differently, or not done at all."

"I understand," she said. "I'm not really exactly anxious, but—I was thinking. You see that we are taking each other's pasts as well as each other's futures, and that means a very great deal."

"It means a lot to me," he said, "that you are willing to let me have your future, and if I am getting your past too, why, how very much I am getting! But," he added, laughing, "does it really amount to such a very great deal? As it's going to be mine, I should like to know."

"It has not been very thrilling or eventful," she said. "Very much the past of all the girls I know; but I have lived in the world and met people, and I suppose that they have influenced me, and that I may have influenced some of them. That is always something. It is terrible how little we can know of one another. There must be very much in your life of which I know nothing, and of which I never can know anything, and I am just a little worried."

And she sighed as she looked up at him lovingly.

"I don't think that there is very much to know," he answered, deliberately. "Certainly very little that I wouldn't be willing that you should know."

"That is it," she said; "very little—but in this case a very little is a very great deal. I want you all—the whole of you."

"Of course there are things when a man is younger, and inexperienced, and eager in his first liberty—"

"That isn't it either," she interrupted. "Of course I know and don't know what you mean. But that is common to all men. I am jealous—yes, jealous—of those

particular experiences in which I have had no part, but which have nevertheless done so much to make you what you are."

"Since you are satisfied with the result," he said—"and I am going to be vain enough to think that you are"—he paused as she pressed his hand, and looked up at him adoringly—"why do you bother about the causes?"

"Because it is so—so humiliating to think that I am taking what some other woman has made for me. Don't you understand? Wouldn't you hate to think that I had passed through anything with other people that had left an impression on my character?"

"Yes," he answered, readily. "But then a woman is different."

"That's what is always said," she exclaimed. "A woman is different. Why should a woman have to be different? A man demands that a girl's heart should be a blank page, while his own is all scribbled over like a blotting-pad—covered with more names than a hotel register, or a bench where the 'travelling public' sits down to see a 'view.'"

"It doesn't seem fair," he admitted.

"But it is so; you know it is," she insisted. "You can do everything, and see everything, and be everything; and we can only be ourselves and wait. They call us 'buds' when we first come out—well, in time I suppose we get to be full-blown flowers; but we must always wait, hanging on the branch, or dangling on the stalk, hoping for you to come and gather us. If any one else touches us first you don't care at all about us, or not nearly as much. No, you must be the one to pluck us from the bough yourself, or you are not fully satisfied."

"Oh, come," he said, "you know that you've had no end of—flirtations."

"Yes; mere touch-and-go things, as meaningless as a child's game of tag; but you know that it has been different with you. Come, confess."

"I don't think even I, with all a man's prerogatives, as you describe them, have wandered very far; and if I have, it has always been with some woman or girl—"

"Don't say the thing you were going to say," she commanded, holding up her hand. "Can't you see that while it didn't do you any harm, it did harm to them? Oh, I am not complaining; but we ask so little, and you ask so much. It is as I

heard the prettiest and brightest girl I know say the other day—I won't tell you her name, for she mightn't like it—but she said, 'A woman always wants to be the last, and a man the first.' I really don't care to know for how many you have sighed out your soul, because, in a way, it is an indirect compliment to me that you seek me at last; but men don't look at it in that way, and it isn't fair—it isn't fair."

"But, really, I've never done any harm," he continued, reflectively. "I might have been very near it once—"

"Yes?" she said, with an interrogative inflection.

"But even that wasn't anything at all."

"What was it?" she asked.

"Why," he said, reddening a little, "it isn't the kind of a thing a man can tell."

"But to me," she begged, "it's different. I should never know who it was. Besides, I want you all, and everything that you tell out of that past gives me so much more of you. Tell me this instant. What did you do—break some poor creature's heart?"

"Not quite so bad as that—indeed, nothing at all like so bad as that."

"I must know," she urged. "We ought to know everything about each other, and we must never have any secrets."

"All right," he said. "I'll begin my confession if you'll promise to give me absolute. And, after all, it wasn't so very much—only something that has happened to every man. Still, I didn't forget it, and, as you say, I suppose it did have some influence on me, and make me more careful afterwards, and—and I think I'd rather tell you, on the whole."

She nodded her head, and gazing in the fire, prepared to listen.

"It isn't very much, and it isn't so very long," he continued. "You see, a man doesn't know always that the woman isn't going to be the real one, because, you see, the real one hasn't come along, and he doesn't understand what a regular, quick, knock-down business it is when she does come, and how unmistakable the real feeling is when it once hits him. Therefore, when you don't know any better, you think it may be all right. Then, too, there are times when sentiment is clearly expected of mankind, and you'd be a prig if you didn't live up to the requirements of the situation. You can't

assume that a woman's going to think anything of you." He paused a moment. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I won't tell you what happened to me, because, if I did, you might perhaps know who it was; but I'll tell you what happened to another man, and then you can judge. The situation is perfectly conventional and typical, and the stories are practically interchangeable. Besides, it's easier to talk about this kind of thing impersonally."

"Then," she said, "am I to understand that what you are telling me has something of the character of a general truth, and that your confession has a wide significance—being what all men who were in your position would have to tell to a girl who was in mine?"

"In a way, yes; every fellow, I suppose, has had something of the sort in his life, although this happens to be of such little consequence that you rather overweight it with such very impressive words."

"I am very glad to know," she said. "Perhaps I may tell you afterwards what all girls who are placed as I am would have to tell the man who is placed as you are."

"But—" he began.

"Go on with what you were going to tell me," she ordered.

"Very well," he said, glancing at her; but finding that her eyes did not meet his gaze, in a moment he continued: "It all happened a couple of years ago, in August, at a pretty little place in the middle of the State, on a small lake that, I think, was called Masaqua, or some Indian name or other. There were five or six country houses scattered along the shore, and he was staying at one and the girl at another. There was the usual cast-away-on-a-desert-island sort of cohesion to society, and every one thought that it was his or her duty to keep up the spirits of the rest. In short, it was one of those places where you are thrown back upon nature with a violence that hurts, and where the twenty-four hours are twenty-four stumbling-blocks that you have to get over as best you can. She was a very pretty girl, and he was a rather well-known man. They played with the same lot in the winter, and when they came across each other at the first dinner in the country they found that they talked the same language. It doesn't take long when you have had any experience to get from talk-

ing about the kind of people that others are to talking about the kind of people you are yourselves, to get away from persons and things to personalities, and to drop commonplaces and go in for confidences—in short, to strike away from the key in which conversation has been arranged for you by usage and quickly modulate into something more tender. Well, they both got to talking about themselves in a very short time; each fell back on the plain, straight I—that backbone of conversation—very quickly, and at once proceeded to disprove one of the very first propositions in geometry, namely, that two parallel lines continued to infinity will never meet. Not that it was necessary for them to elongate their I's to that extent; the fallacy of the statement was shown that very evening. On the steps of the boat-house after dinner they passed the second stage of what might be called sympathetic convergence. They had each of course begun with that necessary assumption that society imposes that the other was charming—the raw material of social intercourse out of which the finished product is worked up—but with the stars brokenly reflected in the rippling water they made distinct advance in intimacy, and soon reached that point where her eyes said as plainly as lips, 'I don't care if you know I like you'; and after that there was nothing but to arrive by more or less rapid stages at the next post-house on the road to full confession on her part, when her eyes would say, 'I don't care if you know that I know *you* like me.'

"Oh, stop!" said the girl.

"That's right," he continued; "for the dangerous time is not when a woman implies that she likes a man; the critical time is when she concedes that she knows that he likes her, and, in suffering him to continue, assures him in his position."

"Perhaps," she said. "But go on."

"Every one said that they were flirting desperately, and, the affair finally being very well recognized, they were let very much alone. It was a very pretty game, and they played it for all that it was worth, and perhaps with even a little more skill and art than is usual, only one of them didn't play fair."

"You mean that he really didn't care for her," said the girl, looking up.

"No," he answered. "I mean that she took it into her head to care for him."

"How dishonest!" murmured the girl.

"It was—in a way," he said. "She had led him on, and it was hardly fair to oblige him to take altogether on his shoulders what she herself had done so much to bring about. Of course, as a matter of higher ethics, I can't wholly defend him. I suppose he shouldn't have been led on. He might have gone away, or he might have made himself intensely disagreeable to her; but really that would be asking too much of human nature; for of course he never could have imagined that it would end by her losing her head."

"But how did he know?"

"He was first brought to a realization of the situation on the day he left. On the last night they wandered out into the conservatory of the house where she was staying. The moon was full, and outside it was nearly as bright as day, but where they were the light only fell dimly—he went into all the particulars when he was telling me—making, he said, a soft green sort of radiance, such as you see in an aquarium; and, indeed, he told me, laughing, that with the glass walls and the long waving plants he half felt as if he were in one, and that he would see the snout of some big fish come poking out from among the leaves of the palms. They could not stay long alone, for it was late, and his party was soon going to make a start. He said good-by, holding her hand in his. She did not draw it away, and he felt her fingers tighten a little. He had only kissed her once or twice since he had known her, and he kissed her now. Then she broke down completely, and clasping her hands together, with her arms upheld, she leaned against him, crying. There was no nonsense about it, for she didn't seem to mind whether any one heard her or not; and he said that some one certainly would have heard if the whole party had not just at that moment moved away from where they had been standing. He was awfully fond of her, and it was hard enough on him. He would have liked nothing better than to take her in his arms and tell her that it was all right. But it wouldn't have done. There were all sorts of reasons, and it would have been worse for her—a great deal worse in the end."

"And what happened next?" asked the girl.

"They were interrupted; his people



came for him; he was carried away, and there was an end of it. He was awfully cut up for a long time, and that was all."

"And that was all?" she repeated, after a little.

"Yes," he answered. "And little enough of it there was, as you must confess. I don't see now why I ever told you the story."

"And something like that happened to you?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, reluctantly. "Men and women are always playing with fire, and one or the other of them gets a burnt finger every now and then. I got mine a little scorched once, and in that kind of 'snapdragon.' But every one takes the chances, and it's a fair game all around."

"But is it fair?" she remonstrated. "That's what I asked you before, and that is just the point."

"Why isn't it?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you," she said. "But what became of the girl?"

"Which?" he inquired.

"The one," she said, "who made you burn your fingers?"

"Oh," he laughed, "she didn't break her heart. She was married a short time ago to a very good fellow, who is quite rich, and I have no doubt is busily engaged in living 'happily ever afterwards.' I saw her the other day, and she was looking positively insulting with happiness. It was nothing, you see, and I suppose it's only an accident that the other hasn't been married likewise."

"She is not married?" said the girl, glancing at him.

"She was not married when he told me, and that was only a month ago."

"And you don't know who she was?"

"Naturally not. Of course he didn't tell me."

"And you think it was all right, what he did?"

"No, I don't," he acknowledged.

"There was something wrong somewhere, although I can't tell exactly where it was. I suppose that the 'perfect king' would have acted differently, but then I know that Lancelot wouldn't, and I imagine that they were *both* gentlemen."

"I know, I know," she said; "but it isn't right, and I suppose that we women are to blame too, for we like the Lancelots—but it isn't right."

"What harm was done?"

"How can we tell what harm was done?" she said, rising and standing before him. "The girl probably got over it."

"Then certainly it was nothing," he urged.

"But was it?" she contended. "It isn't with us, as I told you before, as it is with you men; it doesn't make any difference, of course, how many *you* love, but we are supposed to love only once. You really expect it of us—you almost exact it of us. If you have cared for a woman who was only flirting with you and who cast you aside, it makes no difference to us who finally love you. But you—it would make a great difference with you if you supposed that the woman you loved had loved another, who had deserted her. Her value would be terribly diminished in your eyes. And we know it. Do you not suppose that this poor girl you knew did not feel the shame of what had happened? Do you not suppose that, hoping, as we all hope, to love and be loved some day, she did not feel that she had not quite the same right to demand for her love all that she would have had the right to demand before? There is no escaping it; you have established your laws, and, unfair as they are, we must conform to them. Do you not suppose that the poor thing understood very well that no man would care for her in quite the same way after he knew what had happened?"

"But why need he know?"

"Because," she answered—"because, if she were a *nice* girl, she would feel that she ought to tell him—knowing, as she would, that it would make a difference to him."

"You exaggerate," he said. "Such a little thing—a mere momentary nothing—a man would never think of it."

"Oh, he would!" she exclaimed. "To you yourself—to you who have been the cause of just such an injury—it would make a difference."

"Never!" he answered.

"Are you sure?" she asked, looking directly in his eyes.

"Yes," he answered.

"Suppose, then—" she began.

"What?" he asked, as she hesitated.

"I was at Lake Masaqua two years ago," she asserted, slowly, deliberately.

"You were there?" he said, looking at her quickly.

"Yes," she answered, firmly, "I was staying at a house there—in August."

"You—" he stammered.

"Suppose that I was that girl about whom your friend told you?" she continued, steadily.

"It is not possible," he exclaimed, rising, and now standing looking down on her. "I won't believe it."

"Why not?" she asked.

"You!" he said.

"Why not I?" she demanded.

"It could not be," he exclaimed, looking at her with searching directness.

"Why not?" she demanded, meeting his glance squarely, and speaking with a certain defiance.

"Tell me it is not so," he said, in a low tone.

"But it is 'nothing,'" she said. "Why do you wish to know?"

He had seized her wrists, and holding her hands together, was gazing into her eyes.

"Tell me," he said, and what had at first been a request was now almost a command.

"But you said," she urged, "that it made no 'difference.'"

"Tell me," he repeated. "You know how I love you, and I cannot bear to think—" He paused, and relaxing his hold, stepped back. "I will not believe it."

"Very well," she said. "But you see now that I was right when I told you that a girl would feel that she ought to tell, and you must now understand how hard it is for her when she really loves a man, and knows that her confession will lessen her worth in his eyes."

"I," he said, again stepping toward her—"I must know certainly. I cannot bear it."

"You cannot bear to think that some one else has held me in his arms—has kissed me—has seen the tears that fell for his sake."

"Do not torture me," he said. "Tell me the truth."

"And yet," she went on, relentlessly, "is not that exactly what, by your own confession, you thought '*nothing*' when it was all for you? Did you not thoughtlessly, selfishly, act in such a way that for that girl all was not quite what it was before? You say that she was a *nice* girl, and that she married. Do you suppose that if she told what had been to that

man she married, it did not make a 'difference' to him—as it is making a 'difference' to you now? Do you not suppose that if she kept silent, she has always with her the bitter thought that there is something she does not dare or does not care to tell the man she loves—perhaps very dearly—very likely much more than she ever loved you—and do you not see that it is a constant trial to her that there should be this 'little thing' between them? Do you not realize that every time he does or says something that shows his perfect confidence in her, she thinks of that, and feels like crying out, 'I am not exactly what you believe I am'? Do you not realize that, in a way, all her life is poisoned by this 'little thing' that made no 'difference'?"

"Tell me," he entreated, utterly disregarding what she had said, "were you that girl? You know that I love you—anyway."

"Yes," she said, slowly. "You would not leave me for it, but you would think of it, and perhaps speak of it, and ask questions. You are not the same now."

He stood staring at her in baffled silence.

"You see," she said. "No, do not ask me to tell you."

The sound of wheels harshly broke the silence.

"There they are," he exclaimed, hurriedly. "In a moment they will be here, and perhaps we may not have a chance to see each other alone all the evening. In mercy tell me the truth."

"Do you really care so much?" she asked, looking at him curiously, and with a slightly frightened glance.

"Yes," he said, with firm-set mouth and eager eyes.

But before she could reply the entire party was upon them, asking questions, for the answers to which no one seemed to care to wait, and giving answers, to which every one was too busy to listen.

He had not even started to dress, although it would soon be the hour for dinner, when there came a knock at the door. Turning away from the window, where he had stood ever since he had entered the room, looking out at the darkening country, he opened it, and taking the note which a servant handed to him, went quickly back to the window, where there

was still light enough to enable him to read.

There were only a few lines hurriedly scrawled on a single sheet of paper, and he gathered their meaning almost at a glance.

"Dearest, forgive me. I could not help it. I was so sorry for that poor creature, who must have suffered so if she cared for you one particle as much as I do, that I did not think it right that you should escape without a little suffering too. I took it upon myself to revenge her. I know that it was foolish, but I

could not help it. I suppose that I should be indignant because you doubted me, but I don't care—when one really loves, there isn't very much that matters. I did not mean to tell you so soon, but I cannot bear it to have you think wrongly of me, even for an hour. I was not the girl. I was there, and knew all about it—indeed, she herself told me some of it—but I was not the girl, and there never has been anything, and you are the only one I ever have loved, or ever shall love, and so, dear, forgive me, please."

## WITCH-HAZEL.

BY JAMES E. LEARNED.

O MAGIC tree, late-blooming, bright, and fair!  
 Among thy sisters thou in Autumn air  
 Alone art moved with inward thrill to throw  
 Thy slender blossoms forth in royal show,  
 When russet grow the fields and woods are cold.  
 Courageous then thy filaments of gold,  
 Unfearing onset of the Winter's rout,  
 In richness of a splendid grace break out,  
 Invest thy gray-brown stems with soft attire,  
 And in the forest spaces shine like fire.  
 Adventurous Heart! Through the long Summer days,  
 When lesser natures, following common ways,  
 Joined in array of undistinguished bloom,  
 How knewest thou that, standing by the tomb  
 Of meaner beauty, I should find more dear  
 Thy delicate presence, that throughout the year  
 Of blossom thou didst wrap thy leaves of use  
 About thee, and delay till they fell loose  
 The golden flower of a heart of gold?

Now gleaming bright athwart the darkling pine  
 Or ruddy cypress, sweet thy glories shine  
 On raptured sight, or, viewed against the blue  
 Of heaven, make that heavenly tint more true.  
 Yet—strange and mystic art of thy coy grace—  
 Flames thy full beauty only face to face;  
 The perfect gold that thy close Lover knows  
 All pale to them at farther distance shows.  
 Patient thy full fruit waits the Summer's prime  
 Of days to be, when chilly Winter's time  
 Of irremediable storms shall cease,  
 And all thy long enduring end in peace.

No marvel that magicians of thy wood  
 Contrive the rods that point to hidden good,  
 And deft mediciner with care distils  
 From thy full veins his remedy for ills!

## YALE UNIVERSITY.

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

IT is hard to give a systematic account of Yale University, past or present, because Yale itself is not systematically arranged, and never has been. At no time in its history have its methods and traditions borne the impress of a consistent plan. It is the result of a growth, often quite unforeseen by those in authority, through which the collegiate school of 1700 developed with slow steps into the college of 1800 and the university of 1900.

Yale College was founded, after a fashion, at the beginning of the last century, along the north shore of Long Island Sound. For many years it was difficult to say what it was or where it belonged. It was not called a college, but a collegiate school, because the General Assembly of Connecticut was afraid to attract the notice of England to any undertaking of this kind. Such notice would certainly have cost the college its charter, and might readily have produced the same result to the colony itself. Its teaching force did not at first receive the names of president and professors, but was obliged to content itself with the less-honorable titles of "rector" and "tutors." Even the location of the school was very uncertain, and it was oftentimes a house divided against itself. The poet's description of Harvard's earliest beginnings,

"Two nephews of the President  
And the Professor's son—  
Lord! how the Seniors ordered round  
That Freshman class of one!"

could not be applied to Yale; for if the rector lived at Milford and the tutors at Saybrook, the Senior class was located at the former place and the Freshman class at the latter. It was not until the removal of the school to New Haven in 1716, and the amendment of its charter in 1745, that it successively attained a local habitation and a name.

The teaching in those early days was meagre enough. Even after the institution had assumed the name of a college, the president was often the only man competent to give anything like professorial instruction. A professorship of divinity was founded in 1746, and one of mathematics and natural philosophy in 1770. But it was not until the administration of Timothy Dwight, the grandfather of the present incumbent, that a

group of professorships was established which gave a standard of scholarship to the institution, and an element of permanence to the academic body. With rare discernment, President Dwight secured the services of three young men of first-rate talent—Kingsley in the classics, Day in mathematics, and Silliman in natural science—who remained in the service of the college for nearly half a century, and who made it a college in fact as well as in name.

It was hardly a Congregational college to the extent which is often assumed. Undoubtedly its foundation was stimulated by the distrust which the more conservative element in Massachusetts and Connecticut felt toward the liberal tendencies of Harvard at the end of the seventeenth century. The hopes and interests of men like the Mathers were centred in Yale for this reason. But it is none the less true that Yale was a Connecticut college rather than a Congregational one, and was put in the hands of Congregational ministers as being the chief educational authorities of the colony. A large part of the money given to the college in its early days came from Episcopalians. Elihu Yale was as much an Episcopalian as he was anything; and Dean Berkeley was a prominent though somewhat erratic member of the English Establishment. The college itself was once, at least, near going over to Episcopacy—so near that poor old Increase Mather, in Boston, died of fright. In the middle of the last century we not infrequently find Episcopal ministers preaching in the college chapel as guests of the college authorities. The *odium theologicum* was not so constant a force in those days in Connecticut as it perhaps was in Massachusetts. Connecticut Congregationalism was often a political and social matter rather than a religious one; and in its capacity as an "established" Church it had enough affinity with Episcopalianism to cause the members of these two Churches to be banded together in the closing years of the last century in defence alike against the Quaker, the Methodist, the infidel, or the democrat, as necessity might demand.

The differences between the Congregationalism of Connecticut and of Massachusetts had much to do with the differ-

ent lines of development taken by Yale and Harvard respectively. The fierce schism between orthodox and Unitarian in Massachusetts found little response in Connecticut, where the lines of conflict were social and political rather than intellectual. There was in Connecticut almost none of the awakening and ferment which filled eastern Massachusetts for at least two generations. As we look back upon Yale life or Connecticut life in the early years of the nineteenth century, we may admit that it was less varied and less active than the life of Harvard or of Massachusetts. But this difference was not without its benefits to Yale. The very absence of intellectual controversy gave it broader political sympathies and affiliations. Those matters which formed the starting-point of much of the life of Boston and of Harvard tended to withdraw Boston and Harvard from contact with the nation as a whole. People who did not understand the Unitarian controversy were frightened and repelled by the name of Unitarianism. The fact that Massachusetts was always ready to take an advanced position carried her too far for the rest of the United States to follow. It was so in the Constitutional Convention of 1788; it was so in the antislavery movement; it was so in many essential matters which affected the development of Harvard College. By contrast with Harvard, Yale had a national character. It did not move too fast for the people of the United States as a whole. In 1800, as in 1894, it was a national college. It drew its students from all parts of the country, to a far greater degree than Harvard. It was then, as now, pre-eminent the mother of colleges. Columbia and Princeton, in the eighteenth century, like Johns Hopkins and Cornell and a hundred other colleges in the nineteenth, have had Yale graduates as their first presidents.

Another characteristic of Yale which has brought her closer to the national life than Harvard has been her relative poverty. Professors and students have both had to work for a living. There has been, unfortunately, no opportunity to cultivate, as Harvard has done, the literary tastes and graces. Yale has not been able to number among her professors names like those of Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes. The Yale professors have been men engaged in actual teaching-

work, and unfortunately too often overworked in their teaching. It would have been a great thing for Yale could she have strengthened the literary side of her life. Yet there were advantages in the universal necessity of hard work without the graces. It created an *esprit de corps* which would otherwise have been unattainable. It fostered a democratic spirit among the students. Poor and rich were associated together in their work and in their play. Men were judged by their strength and efficiency as men rather than by their social or pecuniary standing in the outside world. This democratic standard of judgment was an important element both in bringing Yale into closer contact and fuller sympathy with the nation as a whole, and in educating the students themselves in moral standards. At Yale, to a greater extent than at Harvard, the value of the education is due to the college life even more than the college instruction. In this respect, as in many others, the history of Yale has been like that of some of the English public schools. Even where the course and the methods of teaching have been most open to criticism, there has been an influence in college life that could not be weighed or measured, and that sometimes could hardly be understood by those who felt it, which made men of those who came under its influence, and which caused graduates to look back upon their years of Yale life with an almost unreasoning affection.

The comparative poverty, the strength of college feelings and traditions, and the absence of contact with a great intellectual centre like Boston, made the development of the university idea slower at Yale than at Harvard. As early as 1813 professional schools began to group themselves about Yale College, but they were loosely attached to it, and formed no organic part of the whole. They depended upon the eminence of individual instructors for their success, and with the death of those instructors they sank into comparative insignificance. The counter-attractions of similar schools in large cities, with their superior facilities for attending courts or hospitals, put Yale at a disadvantage in these matters, as compared with Harvard, Columbia, or the University of Pennsylvania—a disadvantage which, in many of the more practical lines of study, is still felt to-day. Nevertheless, the medical school attained great



eminence under the leadership of Nathan Smith, the law school had the benefit of an instructor of extraordinary ability in Samuel J. Hitchcock, while the early history of the divinity school is associated with the still more celebrated name of Nathaniel W. Taylor. But the connection of these schools with Yale College scarcely consisted in anything more than the fact that the names of their professors and students appeared in the same catalogue. It was not until 1843, nearly twenty years after its first foundation, that the law school was authorized to give degrees, nor were such degrees given by the theological school until 1867.

A most important forward step was taken in 1846 by the establishment of courses of graduate instruction. Little was expected from this project at the time. It received but scant support from the college authorities. Had it not been for the disinterestedness of its leaders, it would have been in constant danger of abandonment. But it met a real need in giving advanced instruction to those who were pursuing science for its own sake, independent of the promise of diplomas on the one hand, or the restrictions of college life on the other. The first courses were in chemistry. Instruction in engineering was soon added. The school received the warm support of a group of men engaged in the publication of the *American Journal of Science*, with James D. Dana at their head. The scope of instruction was gradually widened until its courses included not merely physical science, but philology and politics. Degrees were first given in 1852. It was not until nearly ten years later that the liberal gifts of Mr. Sheffield gave the means of establishing systematic courses of undergraduate instruction in the school, which from that time forth bore his name.

Both in its origin and in its subsequent development the Sheffield Scientific School has been what its name implies—a *scientific* school as distinct from a technical one. It has attempted to teach principles rather than details. It has not attempted, as so many other schools have done, to teach a man things he would otherwise learn in the shop or the mine, but to teach him what he would *not* learn in the shop or the mine. Its leaders have had no sympathy with the idea that college instruction could take the place of practical experience. They have tried so

to shape their instruction as to enable the Sheffield graduate to get the fullest benefit from practical experience. They do not try to teach mechanical details, which change from year to year or from shop to shop, but scientific principles which shall enable a man to turn all details to the best advantage. They use a great deal of laboratory work, but the laboratory work is treated as a means of study rather than as an end of study. It is one of the advantages of the Yale man in starting life that he knows how much he has to learn. He does not conceive himself equal to the master-mechanic on his own ground. He readily concedes to the master-mechanic the superiority in some points of professional skill; and the mechanic is, for that very reason, all the more ready to recognize the college man's superiority in others.

It has cost Professor Brush and his associates some hard battles to enforce this view of the matter. At this very day the Sheffield School is in danger of losing grants from the national government amounting to \$25,000 a year because of its attitude on these points. The school has for more than thirty years enjoyed the appropriations made to the State of Connecticut for the endowment of colleges in agriculture and the mechanic arts. Before the acceptance of the grant the college stated exactly what it proposed to do. It furnished instruction in theoretical principles underlying mechanics and agriculture, and gave free tuition to a large number of Connecticut students. The scientific study of agriculture in America may almost be said to have arisen from the work of Professor Johnson and his co-laborers at Yale. It was here that the impulse started which led to the founding of agricultural experiment stations all over the country. But the agricultural interests are dissatisfied because instruction is not given in the practical operations of farming. With some honorable exceptions, the farmers do not appreciate scientific work as the mechanics appreciate it. They want a college to teach the things which farmers know, rather than those which farmers do not know. The mechanical interests, on the other hand, are eager for new knowledge, and have given the warmest recognition to the college for its services in developing it.

In its present condition the Sheffield Scientific School offers the student a

choice of some seven courses, according to the line of work for which the student would prepare himself—one for the chemist, one for the biologist, one for the civil engineer, one for the mechanical engineer, one for the mining engineer, one for the agriculturist, one for the general business man. But each of these is a college course rather than a purely professional one. The Sheffield students have had in times past and present the benefit of instruction from men whose eminence was far removed from the ordinary courses of applied science—men like William D. Whitney or Thomas R. Lounsbury, Daniel C. Gilman or Francis A. Walker. The scientific course has led men to their professions by a shorter road than the academic, and without the study of Greek, but it has been, in its underlying principles, a collegiate course rather than a technical one.

The separate existence of two collegiate departments side by side has constituted a distinguishing feature of Yale development. The Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard has never been of anything like co-ordinate importance with the college proper. The schools of mines at Columbia and of science at Cornell have made the element of technical training more prominent than it has been at Yale. Not a few of Yale's friends have looked at this double collegiate development with regret, and have believed that each department suffered from the lack of those elements for which the other was distinguished. The Sheffield Scientific School, with its independent character and freer methods, attracted the progressive elements, and left the academic department in constant danger of over-conservatism; the monopoly by the academic department of traditions, of religious influences, and of many of the things that did so much to characterize college life, made the course in the scientific school seem somewhat imperfect by contrast; while Harvard, with its fuller elective course and more progressive, not to say destructive, spirit, was combining the freedom of a scientific school with the traditions of a college. The two things at Yale seemed to be drifting farther and farther apart. But within the last twenty years a great change has taken place for the better. It began in 1872, when six representatives of the alumni were admitted to a place in the corporation of the college. In itself

this change amounted to little, for the clerical element in the corporation was left in a majority, and could do anything it chose without let or hindrance; but it was significant and fruitful in giving a degree of publicity to the management of the college which it had never before possessed, and in bringing the alumni into fuller co-operation and sympathy with the college government.

Meantime a change was going on in the faculty as well as in the corporation. The administration of President Woolsey, which terminated in 1871, had borne the impress of his personality in every detail. A man of tremendous force, first-class scholarship, and high ideals, he had secured fellow-workers of the same sort, and had infused the whole college with a spirit of thorough work and lofty aims which has been worth more to it than anything else in its whole history. But President Woolsey was born before the days of modern science; and though he acquainted himself with its results, he scarcely sympathized with its fundamental spirit. His attitude toward science was not unlike that of Sir George Cornewall Lewis or Professor Jowett; and his force of character and purpose was so great as to hold the whole college to his own lines of thought. His successor was a man of less intensity of purpose, and though conservative himself, did not keep the work of the college from broadening.

In 1876 the progressive element in the academic faculty became strong enough to begin the introduction of the elective system in Junior and Senior years. In 1884 it was carried still further—not to the extent which prevailed at Harvard, but sufficiently far to stimulate the intellectual life of the college and increase the opportunity for active work in new lines. In 1886, with the accession of President Dwight, the scientific school obtained its due recognition as a co-ordinate department of the university, and the way was paved for greater co-operation between the different parts than had previously been possible. Meantime the life of the students in the two schools had become assimilated much more rapidly than the courses of study. This was chiefly due to the increasing development of athletics as a factor in Yale life. When the students of the two departments worked side by side in the boat, on the diamond, and in the still fiercer character school of

the football field, no narrow traditions of college life or college association could prevent the recognition of prowess, the formation of friendships, and the mutual influence on character of the men in the two departments.

Thus a separation, which seemed at one time to involve some danger to the intellectual and social development of Yale, and to force the students to a choice between science without tradition on the one hand, or tradition without science on the other, has proved in the end a benefit. It has enabled the university to meet at once the needs of those who must shorten their period of professional study and those who must lengthen it. To the former, the Sheffield School offers a combination of college life and professional study in a three years' course. To the latter, the college offers a full four years' course, which is but a preparation for subsequent professional training. The separation further allows a freedom in the choice of courses of study, without that danger of random election of easy optionals against which the Harvard authorities have so constantly been compelled to fight. It enables the system of prescribed courses of study and examination to be carried out to a very considerable degree without involving the attempt to force all types of intellect into one mould.

There is reason to hope that the closer co-operation between the college and the scientific school is but the beginning of a similar tendency with respect to other departments. In his championship of the university idea, President Dwight has done away with much of the spirit of isolation which once prevailed. He has a number of difficulties to overcome, but the spirit of the age is on his side. We know more about the connection between different branches of knowledge than we did thirty years ago. The process of specialization has been accomplished by an increase of mutual dependence, and the different departments of the university have come to recognize this. The scientific school has long had the co-operation of the art school in parts of its instruction. The academic department has now begun to seek the same co-operation. In the courses of graduate instruction, students of every department, undergraduate and professional alike, meet side by side with mutual advantage. In all the special schools there have been men—like

Baldwin in Law, Fisher in Church History, or Weir in Art—whose work is as indispensable to the non-professional student as to the professional. The various collections, chiefly in the Peabody Museum, have a usefulness not bounded by the lines of any department. The work of a paleontologist like Marsh, or of geologists and mineralogists like the Danas, is not for any one class alone, but for the whole scientific world. The increase of laboratory work, whether in chemistry, or physics, or mineralogy, or biology, or psychology, has tended to bring students of different departments more and more together; and a similar result is accomplished by gatherings like the mathematical club, the classical club, the modern-language club, the philosophical club, or the political science club, where undergraduates, graduates, professional students, and instructors meet on an equal footing to read and discuss papers on subjects of common interest.

With university extension—that is, with the effort to lecture to classes outside of the membership of the university itself—Yale has had little to do. This is not so much from lack of sympathy with the movement as from lack of time on the part of the instructors. Their strength is so fully occupied with the regular students that they have little left to devote to extra ones. For the same reason Yale has discouraged the attendance of "special" students who are not graduates of any college nor pursuing any of the recognized courses for a degree. It may be occasionally a hardship to exclude a zealous man from special privileges, but in the majority of cases it is a worse hardship to allow a man who has more zeal than training to take the time of an already overworked instructor from the teaching of his regular students. If a man (or woman) is a college graduate, Yale will offer him whatever facilities she has available. If a man is not a college graduate, the rule is that he must study in one of the regular courses provided for the attainment of a degree.

To the graduate of any college Yale offers the choice of more than two hundred courses of instruction. Twenty-four of these are in psychology, ethics, and pedagogics; twenty-nine in political science and history; twenty-six in Oriental languages and biblical literature; thirty-two in classical philology; thirty-three in

modern languages and literature; forty in natural and physical science; twenty-five in mathematics, pure and applied. Besides these, there are courses in drawing, painting, and art history, in music, and in physical culture. It is a question whether the philosophical department of any university in Germany offers as wide a range of teaching. Among all these courses the graduate has absolute freedom of choice. It is assumed he knows what he wants, and is able with the advice of his instructors to select that which best fits his individual case. He can study for a degree or not, exactly as he pleases. The Yale degree of Ph.D. is not given for any defined course or specified amount of work, but for high scientific attainment, of which evidence is given by theses embodying original research.

Side by side with the courses of graduate instruction, and partly coincident with them, we have the work of the professional schools—in theology, law, medicine, and art. In each of these there is a prescribed course of instruction, usually occupying three years, and leading to a degree or diploma at the end. In the law school, however, the degree of LL.B. is given at the end of two years; and for those who are able to study longer, courses are offered leading to the degrees of M.L. and D.C.L. In the theological school nearly all the students are college graduates; in the other professional schools the non-graduates are in the majority. In this last respect Yale is at a disadvantage as compared with Harvard or Columbia. The effort, which the Columbia authorities have so successfully carried out, of making the fourth year of the college course serve at the same time for the first year of professional study, has not found its counterpart in Yale. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the professional schools have grown up on an independent basis, and are reluctant to sacrifice any part of the separate jurisdiction which they have acquired. In the second place, the university has no large disposable endowments whose income can be used in smoothing the way for a combination. Every part has to work for a living, and therefore has to be left free to get it in the best way it can. Finally, in spite of all that has been done to broaden the courses of instruction, the undergraduate departments have a sep-

arate life of their own, and an *esprit de corps* of their own, which make the problem of fusion at Yale much harder than at Columbia, or even at Harvard. For though the instruction of undergraduate, graduate, and professional students is losing its separate character, though they meet in the same laboratories and the same lecture-rooms, nevertheless there remains much in the social and intellectual life of the several parts which continues absolutely separate. The college remains a college, even though it has become part of a university. A striking instance of this separateness of undergraduate life is seen in the very slight effect produced by the admission of women as graduate students in 1892. It scarcely affected the college life in any definable way. For years past, indeed, women had been attending some of the graduate classes by individual arrangement with the instructor, and no one had even been troubled by it. It was thought better to recognize the position and work of such students, and give them the degree of Ph.D. if they deserved it. Since this recognition there are naturally a good many more women in the graduate classes than there were before; and where graduate and undergraduate instruction are coincident it has resulted in their admission to undergraduate class-rooms. But it has not in any sense encroached upon the privacy of college life, or affected the traditions connected with it. To a man who knows what college life really means, the recent action in the graduate department at Yale does not involve the admission of women to Yale College any more than it involves the admission of men to Vassar College. It rather involves an emphasis on the essential distinction between the college life which has been developed by men and women separately and the university work of training specialists, where there need be no distinction of sex.

The two undergraduate departments at Yale have certain obvious points of difference from one another; they have certain less obvious but more fundamental points of similarity which distinguish them from the professional schools, and even from the undergraduate department of a university like Harvard. They differ from one another in that the required studies of the "academic" department are largely classical, while those of the



Sheffield School are predominantly scientific; in the fact that one gives the degree of B.A. after four years' study, while the other gives the degree of B.S. after three years; and in the fact that one has two years of prescribed work and afterwards a direct choice of electives, while the other has one year of prescribed work and afterwards a choice of courses or groups of study, instead of individual studies. They also differ in the fact that the academic department has the dormitory system developed in a high degree, while the scientific school does not; so that the faculty of the former is obliged to take greater oversight over the conduct of its students than is the case with the latter. But both departments are alike in requiring from their students a high degree of regularity as to attendance and continuous study. The constant pressure to work is not only much stricter than in the graduate or professional schools, but stricter than in the undergraduate department of Harvard or Princeton or almost any American college. Harvard is strict about her degrees and lax about the previous course of her students. If a man has been idle for four years he will lose his degree. Yale, on the other hand, has no room for idlers in her elective halls. Her facilities are so far over-crowded that every bad man elbows a good man out of place. She has no room for the vast number of "special" students—a few of them deserving, the majority incompetent—who clamor for entrance at every large university. A man must pass certain examinations or he cannot enter Yale. He must be regular in his attendance or he will be sent home. He must maintain a certain standard of scholarship or he will be "dropped." This stringency of requirement is the heritage which Yale has received from President Woolsey and the group of men who worked under him. However much the undergraduate may chafe under it or rebel against it, it is this which makes college life and college reputation what it is. No body of young men, left to go their several ways, good or bad, will work out the mass of college traditions and college sentiments which help to mould and make a man in a way that mere book study can never do.

There is no room in an article like this to describe these college traditions and customs in detail; nor are the associations that gather round the Fence, or "Mory's,"

or the Old Brick Row, of a kind which can readily be reproduced in black and white. Every college graduate must fill the picture out for himself. It is enough to say that the special characteristic of Yale life which has distinguished it from other colleges has been a keener intensity of competition than exists almost anywhere else. It shows itself in every form of effort—literary and athletic, political and social. For a few coveted positions on the college journals there are dozens of men toiling months or years to offer the best essays or stories or reports of current events. For a few positions of honor on the athletic teams there are hundreds of men running their regular courses of exercise, and filling the sidewalks of New Haven with costumes calculated to strike the stranger aghast. And so in every department of college life. The contest takes its keenest and perhaps most questionable form in connection with the secret-society system. The societies of the academic department at Yale differ from those of most other colleges in not running through the course, but changing in successive years of study. No man who is ambitious for college success can afford to rest on his laurels in the earlier years of his course. An election to one of the societies of Sophomore or Junior year is chiefly thought of as a stepping-stone toward the higher honor of election into the narrower circle of "Skull and Bones," "Scroll and Key," or "Wolf's Head." As the time for Senior society elections draws nigh, the suspense on the part of the candidates becomes really terrible. When the afternoon of election finally arrives, the scene is perhaps the most dramatic in college life. There is a crowd gathered on the campus—all interested, and some fearfully so. One Senior after another appears from the different society halls, and silently seeks his man amid the throng. At last he finds him; a tap on the shoulder sends a Junior to his room on what is probably the happiest walk he has ever taken; there is a moment's burst of applause from the crowd, varying in intensity according to the popularity of the man chosen, but always given with good-will, and then every one relapses into anxious expectation, until the whole series of elections has been given out. On the whole, the Senior society choices are given with conscientious fairness. There are mistakes made, sometimes bad



ones, especially mistakes of omission; but they are as a rule *bona fide* mistakes of judgment, and not the results of personal unfriendliness or chicanery. There is a good deal of wire-pulling among those who hope to receive the honor, but surprisingly little among those who are to award it. Opinions differ as to the merits of the Yale society system; but there can be no question that it is a characteristic product of Yale life, with its intensity of effort, its high valuation of college judgments and college successes, and its constant tension, which will allow no one to rest within himself, but makes him a part of the community in which he dwells.

Can Yale keep these characteristics unimpaired amid increasing numbers of students and increasing complexity of outside demands? Can it preserve its distinctive features as a *college* in the midst of its widening work as a university? Can it meet the varying intellectual necessities of modern life without sacrificing the democratic traditions which have had so strong an influence upon character? Can it give the special education which the community asks without endangering the broader education which has produced generations of "all round" men, trained morally as well as intellectually? These are questions which every large college has to face. They are not peculiar to Yale. If Yale feels their difficulty most, it is because she is the largest representative of the traditional American college idea, which Harvard has, to all intents and purposes, abandoned.

The difficulty is enhanced by several factors outside of the educational sphere. In the first place, the demands of modern life make teaching more expensive. There are more things to teach, and therefore there is need of more men, while in each line there is more competition for the services of first-rate men, both inside and outside the teaching profession. The day has passed when college professors formed a class by themselves, who would not or could not engage in work elsewhere. With the increasing study of science in its various forms there has come increased contact between university life and business life. The scientific man can often, if not generally, make more money by expert work than by teaching; and under such circumstances it is not always easy for the university to retain his services. The social demands upon the professors

have taken a different shape from what they had forty years ago. Plain living and high thinking is no longer the ideal of professional success in any line. Under these circumstances a college with limited funds finds it hard to secure enough men of the right kind. The increase in the number of students enhances rather than lessens the difficulty. Additional students are often a source of expense rather than of profit. Teaching is not a work which can be performed by wholesale. No teacher, not even the most talented, can do for a class of one hundred what he would do for a class of ten. Each increase of numbers makes it all the more difficult to avoid the danger of having the class too large, or the instructor too small; nor is an increase of tuition fees to be thought of except as a last resort.

Side by side with this difficulty comes a still greater danger, in the effect of modern life on the students themselves. While the standard of life throughout the community was simple, there was every chance for the democratic spirit of equality to assert itself. The difference between what the rich student and the poor student could command was comparatively slight. It was at most a difference in rooms and in food, in dress and in comforts—differences which the healthy public sentiment of a college could afford to disregard. But to-day there are differences between rich and poor which no one can wholly despise, even though he may respect the poor man more than his rich companion. Each complication of social life inside and outside of the college creates a reason for legitimate expenditure of money, which prevents the poor man from feeling an absolute equality with the rich. The problem of lessening college expenses is one of vital importance for the future of American college life, and is perhaps the most serious difficulty with which the members of the Yale faculty have to contend.

But in meeting these difficulties Yale has certain marked and strong advantages. To begin with, all the traditions of Yale's social life work in the direction of valuing men for their character rather than their money or their antecedents. Though the college standard of character may be imperfect, and though college sentiment may tolerate wrong methods of study, and evasions in dealing with the authorities, the general fact remains that, such as the

standards are, they are applied vigorously and impartially; that there is a respect for work and a respect for unselfishness—a respect for all that constitutes a gentleman in the best sense—that renders futile any attempt to make money take the place of character, or social antecedents take the place of social qualities.

Those who thought that the democratic spirit of Yale was bound up with the Spartan simplicity of the Old Brick Row have been happily disappointed. The gifts of Farnam and Durfee, of Lawrence and White, of Welch and Vanderbilt, have provided the students with larger comforts without distorting their moral standards. There are parts of the secret society system which are in more or less constant danger of becoming rich men's cliques and undermining the democratic spirit; but there is every reason to hope that this danger will be successfully resisted in the future, as it has been in the past.

The development of college athletics has been of great service in counteracting some of the dangerous tendencies of the day. Open to criticism as athletics may be for their unnecessary expense, for the betting which goes on in connection with them, and for the distorted views which they encourage as to the relative importance of different things in life, they yet have a place in education which is of overwhelming importance. The physical training which they involve, good as it may be, is but a small part of the benefit achieved. The moral training is greater. Where scores of men are working hard for athletic honor, and hundreds more are infected by their spirit, the moral force of such an emulation is not to be despised. Critics may object, and do object, that athletic prowess is unduly exalted, and that it involves distortion of facts to rate the best football-player or best oarsman higher than the best scholar or best debater. But the critic is not wholly right in this. There is a disposition in the college world to recognize in the highest degree anything which redounds to the credit of the college. Let a student write something which brings honor to his college, whether in science or literature, and there is no limit to the recognition he receives from his fellows. Let a football-player strive to win glory for himself instead of for his college, and his fellows have no use for him. What the critic deems to be preference for the body over the mind

is in no small measure preference for collective aims over individual ones. It may be a short-sighted view of the matter to think of the high-stand man as working for himself, and the athlete as working for his college. Yet it is one which contains a large element of truth; and the honor paid to college athletes is based on a healthful recognition of this half-truth which the critic so often overlooks.

Athletics, if properly managed, have still another moral advantage in training the students to honor a non-commercial standard of success. In these days, when the almighty dollar counts for so much, this training is of first-rate importance. Of course athletics may be so managed as to be worse than useless in this respect. The least taint of professionalism, however slight, destroys the whole good; the growth of betting endangers it. Yale has by constant effort kept clear of professionalism, and much of her success in athletics has been due to this fact. Betting is harder to deal with, and constitutes a real evil, but not one for which athletics is so directly responsible as many people assume. On the whole, as athletics have been managed at Yale under the constant advice of the alumni, and without either fear or favor from the faculty, they have done great good and little harm, both physically and morally.

If there is danger of distorted sense of proportion among the students, it is to be remedied not by less encouragement to athletics, but by more encouragement to study. Yale emphatically needs more money for teaching purposes. Gifts of dormitories have done good; gifts like those for the Peabody Museum, for the Kent and Sloane laboratories, for lecture-halls like Osborn and Winchester, have done still more good; but they are wholly inadequate to meet the public demands. So fast have the numbers grown that there is to-day not a lecture-hall in Yale College which will accommodate all the students who want to take a single course of instruction, much less a laboratory which will give the room needed for the study of chemistry to all who ask it. Whatever can be done in the way of educational development without money or with limited money, Yale is trying to do. Her success is attested by her growth in numbers and public recognition, and yet more by the unswerving loyalty of her members in every capacity.

## THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IMMEN Pasha's dinner was given to Miss Page, although it was ostensibly in honor of the British Minister, whose wife sat on Immen's right, and tested that Oriental's composed politeness greatly. But at times he would turn to Miss Page, and she would murmur with him in French, and he would have his reward. The condition upon which Miss Page had come to the dinner was that it should be an Oriental one throughout, and so the table was accordingly of silver, and each strange sticky course was served in a golden bowl, and each fork and spoon bore a ruby and a diamond in its handle.

"Diamonds and rubies are my jewels," Immen explained simply, as one would say, "Blue and yellow are my racing colors," or that such a sentence was the motto of his family.

A native orchestra played from a balcony of heavily carved wood that stretched across one end of the room, and behind a lattice beneath it shone the bright eyes of Immen's wife, who was politely supposed to have already departed for Alexandria, but who in reality was looking with wonder and misgivings upon the bold women, with naked faces and shoulders, who sat at her husband's side, and talked to him without waiting for him to give them leave.

Miss Page and her family had been spending the winter in Cairo, and were to leave in the week. The hot weather, or what passes for hot weather in Cairo, had arrived, and the last of Cook's dahabeahs was hurrying back down the Nile, and a few of the court had already gone to Alexandria, and in two weeks the Khedive would follow. It had been a delightful winter, and Helen Page had enjoyed it in what was to her a new way. She had reached that stage when everything in life has found its true value. There was for her no more marking up or marking down. If it would not sell for that, it should not leave her; or if it cost so much, it was not worth seeking after, and she let it go. She still enjoyed dances and functions; but the dances had to be very well done, and the functions had to come in the natural order of things. She knew what bored her and what amused her, and she knew the worth of a cabinet minister's conversation and the value of a few words

from royalty, and of a day with her brother hunting for bargains in the bazars. She had arrived.

She left the officers of the Army of Occupation to her sister, who was just out, and of that age when the man who leads the cotillon was of much more immediate importance than the gentleman with the star on his coat who could tell her sister when the Italians would move over the Alps, or the tall senators in Washington who related such amusing stories, and who told things to Helen of such importance that she would sit with her eyes cast down so that people might not see how interested she was. That might be worth while to Helen, but to her sister the young English officers on polo ponies, and the rides to the ostrich farm, and golf at the base of the pyramids, were much more entertaining. So it happened occasionally when Helen and her good-looking brother were treasure-hunting on the Mouski that they would have to jump out of the way of a yelling outrunner in black and gold, and see their sister roll by seated high in a cart, with an Arabian pony in the shafts and an English subaltern at her side.

Once when this happened her brother looked after the cart with a smile, and said, indulgently, and with that tolerance for youth which only a Harvard Junior can feel,

"Wouldn't you like to be as young as that, Helen?"

His sister exclaimed, indignantly: "Well, upon my word. And how old do you suppose I am?"

"I don't know," the brother answered, unabashed. "The last time I asked you, you were nineteen. That was years ago."

"Only four years. Does that make me so very old?"

"But you've seen such a lot, and you've been around so much, and all that," he argued. "That's what makes people old. Helen, don't you ever intend to get married?"

"Never," said the sister. "I am going to live with you, and keep you from falling in love with a nicer girl than myself, and we will promise each other never to marry, but just to go about like this always, and explore places and have adventures."

Young Page laughed indulgently. "Very well," he said. He had had hopes at one time that his sister would take a fancy to his roommate, who played next to him on the football eleven; but that gentleman had never really appreciated her, although he had once said that her photograph was the finest thing he had ever seen. He used to stand in front of it when he was filling his pipe and survey it critically, with his head on one side, and Page had considered this a very good sign. It was after this that the announcement in the papers of his sister's engagement to a young English duke had made her brother wonder if that perhaps would not be even a better thing for him, as it would give him such grand opportunities for shooting over his brother-in-law's preserves. And from that time on he rather discouraged his roommate in cherishing secret hopes.

He had not heard of the young Englishman lately, so he inquired jocosely, and with what he considered rare discretion and subtlety, "If you were to marry a duke, Helen, would I still call you just plain Helen, or would you make me say 'Your Grace,' as the servants do?"

Helen stopped, ankle-deep in the mud of the bazars, and surveyed him with such evident amusement that he laughed in some embarrassment. "You could never truthfully call me 'plain Helen,' Ted," she said, "and you will never have the chance to call me the other thing."

"Oh!" said her brother, meekly, "that's how it is, is it?"

"Yes, that's how it is," his sister echoed.

The man who sat on Miss Page's left at Immen Pasha's dinner was Prince Panine, the Russian First Secretary. He had known Miss Page in Washington when he was an attaché of the Russian legation there, and had been bold enough to ask her to marry him. When she declined to do so he took it hardly, and said unpleasant things about her, which, in time, came back to her. She bore him no ill will for this; but he did not appeal to her as a delightful dinner companion. It was different with the Russian, for it was his pride that had been hurt by her refusal rather than his heart, and he thought this the sweet moment of his revenge. He now could show the woman who had refused him when he was an insignificant attaché that it was the prospective head of a powerful and

noble Russian family and a possible ambassador that she had overlooked.

He felt the value of the situation keenly. It inspired him as a good part inspires the actor, and he smiled at his own thoughts, and twisted his pointed beard, and bridled and bowed his head like a pretty woman. Miss Page at first did not notice him at all. She was intent on what Immen was telling her of some extravagance of Ismail Pasha's, in whose cabinet he had served; but when he had ceased, and turned with a sigh to the English matron, Miss Page moved in her chair, and surveyed Panine with smiling good-nature.

"It is very nice to see you again," she said, comfortably; "but they tell me, Prince, that you are such a dangerous personage now. I am really rather afraid of you."

The Russian bowed his head, and smiled grimly. "You did not find me dangerous once," he said.

But she looked past him, and continued as though he had not spoken. "I never thought you would take the service so seriously," she went on. "Why, you will be a minister very soon now, will you not?"

Panine looked at her sternly, as though he was in doubt as to her being serious. "Some one has told you?" he asked, frowning.

"No," she said, lightly. "But it is about time, is it not? What were you in Washington? Second Secretary, I think?"

"It is not a matter of years," the Russian answered, stiffly; "at least it is not so with some men. It is true I am still a secretary, but our chief has been away, and—what is it that you have for a proverb—'when the cat's away the mice'—eh?" He lifted his eyebrows, and then glanced quickly up and down the length of the table, as though to give her the impression that he was fearful of having been overheard. Miss Page did not apparently notice this by-play. She laughed, and then interrupted herself to listen to something that was being said across the table before she answered him.

"So," she said, "you have been plotting and conspiring again, have you, and we are to have a crisis? You are all just alike." She laughed indulgently. "It is so absurd," she said.

Panine's frown was quite genuine now. "Ah, so," he said, with mocking

politeness, "you think it absurd? Yes," he added; "you are quite right. It is nothing, just a game, and, as you say, quite absurd—quite absurd. You relieve me," he added. "I had feared perhaps you had learned something. Even the most experienced in our service is sometimes indiscreet, when it is a beautiful woman to whom he talks."

Her eyes closed for an instant, which was a trick they had when she was annoyed or bored, and she turned to Immen with a smile. The Russian sipped deeply from his glass and scowled. He felt that he was not making that sort of an impression which the situation should have called forth. The girl did not yet seem to appreciate what she had given up.

Miss Page turned to him again. "We are to have a most amusing evening," she said; "did you know? Immen is going to have Bannerman in to do his tricks for us."

"The mind-reader?"

"Yes. Have you ever seen him?"

Panine answered, in the tone of one who is tolerant of the amusements of others, that he had seen the fellow once when he had performed before the King of Greece. "He made us all look rather ridiculous and undignified," he said. "I do not think that I like the court jester of modern times."

"You must be very careful," Miss Page laughed, "or he will read all of your secrets, and then we will know what mischief you have been—"

"I beg your pardon!" interrupted the Russian, quickly. He gave her a warning glance. "They will hear you," he explained.

The girl tossed her head with a shrug of impatience. "Quelle pose!" she said. "Why are you not amusing, as you used to be? Are you always mysterious now? And when are you Russians going to embrace France; and how soon will your fleet be in the Bosphorus; and do you still draw little maps of Constantinople on the backs of your visiting-cards? Oh, it is such an old, old story!"

"Just as you say," replied Panine, without showing any sense of injury. "It is an old story; it is like the shepherd-boy who kept calling that the wolf was coming—is it not?"

"Exactly," consented the girl, "except that the Russian specimen of wolf never comes."

Panine smiled and nodded his head. "Do you know something, Miss Page?" he said. "You should have been in a secret service. You should have been a diplomat."

"I don't think I like that," said the girl, slowly, "though you probably meant that I should. Why?"

"Because the methods you adopt in finding out what you wish to know are the ones which will make you sure to learn. Make little of another's secret, Miss Page, or of another's knowledge, and he is sure to tell you what he knows, because he is piqued, and wishes to show you how important it is or how important he is."

"My dear Prince," said the girl, patiently, "I have not the *least* desire to know your secrets. I have no 'methods.' I am quite innocent of trying to find out anything. You do yourself entirely too much honor. Even if you had a secret, it would make me most uncomfortable if I thought you had it about you, and especially if I imagined you intended to let it escape."

"You treat me this way," said the Russian, quickly, and lowering his voice, "because you still, even now look at me as a boy. You think in the last five years that I am doing nothing; that I am still copying despatches and translating reports. But that is past. I send despatches myself now, and in a short time my government and every government will know that I have not been idle. What I am doing now will be the talk of the whole diplomatic world."

The man leaned forward and poured out his words in a low and intense whisper. He was mortified and his pride cut to the heart at the coldness of the woman beside him. Had she begged for his confidence he could have withheld it easily, as his caution would have taken alarm at her entreaties; but her silent indifference to him and to what he knew was of momentous importance piqued and unnerved him. He was sure she was discreet; it was the one quality that every man and woman unhesitatingly allowed to her; and more than that, she was very beautiful. A man will tell a discreet woman a great deal, and when she has added to this virtue great beauty, he is liable to tell her everything, unless she stops him.

"There are those here at this table," continued Panine, with his eyes bent



on his plate, "who are in danger. In a week, in a day, the crisis at which you laugh will come, and some of those who are here to-night will not dine with us again."

Miss Page considered that it was now quite time for him to stop. "I had no idea you were serious," she said, haughtily. "Who gave you the right to confide in me?" She turned for relief to Immen, but he was deep in conversation with his neighbor, so she became silent, and interested herself in the dish before her. "Do you know what this is?" she asked Panine, in a lighter tone. "I have been studying very hard since I have been here, but I never seem to learn the names of anything useful."

Panine was biting at his finger-nail. He had worked himself up into a fever of excitement. For months his thoughts had been on one theme, and in working out what was to be for him a great *coup*, which was to place him at the head of a legation and cover his coat with French and Russian orders. He could think of nothing else, and he could not now contain himself.

"You know the situation here," he went on, anxiously, as though she had not previously checked him. "It is three to one, if you went less with your English friends, and saw more of us, you would feel less confident, you would have less of their arrogance and intolerance of the enemy. It is not wise to despise the enemy. What would you think if the Dual Control, which is not a Dual Control, should be revived, but with this important difference, that it should be France and Russia, and not France and England, who are to guide the future of these Egyptians?"

Miss Page glanced with a smile down the table to where the English Consul-General sat, large, broad-shouldered, and aggressive-looking even over his sweetmeats. He caught her eye, and smiled pleasantly.

"That is not a very thrilling idea," she said. "It seems to me it has been in the air for some time. Not that I follow politics at all," she added, quickly, "but every one knows that; it is certainly not new."

"The idea, no; but the carrying out of it, yes," said the Russian. He leaned forward and towards her quickly, and before she could draw her head away had

whispered to her a few words in English, which was the safest tongue he could have used in that company. Then he drew back, his eyes brilliant with triumph and excitement, and noted the effect of his words.

The girl's face had paled, and her eyes were wide open, as though she had seen something that shocked her, and she even made a movement as though she would push back her chair and leave the table. But as the color came to her cheeks her self-possession returned to her, and she bent her body forward and said across the table to one of the English women opposite: "I hear you are going to sail with us next week. That will be very nice. I hope it will be smooth between here and Brindisi."

Panine exclaimed under his breath, and whispered something between his fingers as he twisted them in his pointed beard.

There were many people at the reception which followed the dinner; wise-looking judges of the Mixed Courts and their wives and native princes, secretaries of the many diplomatic agencies, and an abundance of scarlet mess-jackets on officers of the Army of Occupation. They outshone even the women in the brilliancy of their apparel, with their broad bands of gold braid and rows of tiny brass buttons. They outshone the men, too, in the ruddy tan of their faces, burned by the sun of the Soudan and roughened by the fine sand of the desert. They were a handsome, arrogant-looking group; some with the fez, which seemed strangely out of place on their yellow hair, and which showed that they served the Khedive, and others with strips of tiny ribbons across their breasts, to show that they had served the Queen, and each of these Englishmen moved about with the uneasy, self-assertive air of one who knows that he is welcomed through necessity, and only because he holds his place in the society about him by force of arms.

Bannerman, the English mind-reader, busied himself in selecting a committee, and the others seated themselves on the divans around the room, and discussed the self-possessed young woman with the yellow-dyed hair who served as the mind-reader's assistant, and to whom he referred as "my ward." They all agreed that he was certainly very clever, and as an en-

tertainers a decided relief after the amateur musicians of doubtful talent who had been forced upon them at other houses.

Bannerman showed how some one else had stabbed the Austrian Minister in the back with a paper-knife, after first having discovered it hidden in a pot of palms in the garden. And his assistant, at his command, described rings and coins and pocket-pieces held up before her blindfolded eyes. Then Bannerman read the numbers on an English bank-note, chalking them out on a blackboard, and rearranged groups and tableaux which had been previously stage-managed and separated during his absence from the room. He was extremely easy and clever, and smiled an offensively humble smile as each exhibition was rewarded by enthusiastic approbation. Nothing quite so out of the common had been given them during the season. Magicians they had in plenty; they could be found on the terrace of Shepherd's any afternoon, but there was something almost uncanny in the successes of this English adventurer, which was slightly spoiled by his self-assurance, by the rows of medals on his coat, and the barbarous jewels on his short fat fingers.

Hoffmeyer Bey, a German in the Egyptian service, took it very seriously.

"I should like to ask you, sir," he demanded, as though the mind-reader were on trial, and gazing at him grimly through round spectacles, "whether you claim to *will* the young lady to say what these articles are which you hold up, or whether you claim to communicate with her by thought-transference."

Some of the subalterns nudged each other and grinned at this. They did not know how the trick was done, but they did know that it was a trick. You could not impose on them.

"I should answer that, sir, in this way," said the showman, glibly. "I should say that it is an exhibition of *both* will-power and of thought-transference. You observe, ladies and gentlemen, that I do not even approach my assistant, so that it is not muscle-reading I depend upon, which is a very different thing from mind-reading, and which necessitates actual contact. I see whatever it is that you wish described. My mind is working in sympathy with my ward's, and I will her to tell of what I am thinking. If I did not keep my mind on the object, she could give no description of it whatsoever."

Colonel Royce raised his finger. "Eh—could she give a description of it if you merely thought of it, but didn't say anything?" he demanded.

Miss Page, who was sitting at Immen's side in a far corner, smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Why don't they let the poor man alone?" she said. "It is a very good trick, and is all the more amusing because we think it is not a trick. Why insist on seeing the wheels go round?"

"Oh, he will explain," said the old Pasha, smiling. "C'est son métier. He has been asked these same questions before. He is quite prepared for them, and in a contest of argument I imagine the fakir would be more than a match for our military friend. The Colonel, they tell me, is more at home in a saddle than in a salon."

"The best test I could possibly submit to you," said Bannerman, "and one which would show you that there is no collusion between myself and my assistant, is one that I call 'The writing on the wall.' I will take any one you please to select as my subject, and make him or her write a sentence on this blackboard in a language which he or she does not understand. I will not dictate what the subject writes. I simply claim to be able to make him write it in a language which he does not know. If I can do this, you must admit that I have the power to will another to read what is in my mind, just as I am able to read what is in his mind. I think that is the just conclusion. I act in the test simply as a translator. The subject thinks of a sentence or phrase, and I translate it in my own mind, and force him by will-power alone to write it in a language with which he is absolutely unfamiliar. All I ask is that I may be allowed to blindfold whoever assists me in this, in order that he may not have his attention distracted, and to be allowed to hold his hand."

"Will you please say that all over again?" commanded Colonel Royce.

Bannerman explained his test once more, and there was a general murmur of incredulity and of whispered persiflage on the part of the subalterns.

"If he can make you write three words in correct French, Ted," said his younger sister, "I'll believe he's a spook."

The English Minister turned to his American confrère with a smile. "That sounds rather interesting," he said. "How will he do it?"

The American was sitting with his lips puckered and with his eyes half closed. "I was just trying to think," he said, doubtfully. "Of course it is a trick. I don't believe in thought-transference myself. He either moves his assistant's hand, and makes him think that he is doing it himself when he is not, or the assistant does what the little boy did. There is no other way."

"What did the little boy do? Is that an American story?" said the Englishman, smiling.

"Oh, the little boy lied," explained the Consul-General.

Bannerman stood in the centre of the room weighing a broad silk scarf in his hands. "There is too much light for my purpose," he said; "it prevents my concentrating my thoughts. Would you mind having two or three of those lamps placed outside, if you please? Thank you."

The lamps were carried out, and the room was now left in an appropriate half-light, which came mysteriously from under red globes. There was an interested silence. Bannerman stood weighing the handkerchief in the palms of his hands and glancing slowly around the surrounding rows of faces. His eyes rested finally on the further corner where Helen Page sat in an alcove, with the English woman who was to sail with her the week following. They were whispering together busily, and Immen Pasha had turned his shoulder to them so that they might speak the more freely. Bannerman walked directly towards them without speaking or making any sound, but as he came forward, Miss Page turned her head sharply, and looked at him inquiringly as though he had already addressed her. He stood immediately before her and bowed.

"Will you be so good as to assist me in this?" he asked. He bowed again, smiling as he did so, with so assured an air that Immen rose and placed himself between them.

"No," he answered for her. "You must ask some one else."

"I should be very much gratified if this young lady would assist me," said the adventurer, earnestly, but in so low a tone that those at the other end of the room could hear nothing. "I am quite confident I could succeed with her. It is a most difficult experiment."

Miss Page shook her head slightly. "Thank you, no," she said.

She turned to her friend and began speaking with her again as though nothing had interrupted them. The mind-reader made no second effort to address her, neither did he move away, but stood perfectly still, looking at her curiously and fixedly. The girl stopped as though some one had touched her to attract her attention, and, looking up, met the eyes of the mind-reader fixed upon hers. The man took courage from the silence in the room, which showed him that his choice had been a popular one, and that the girl whose money and beauty and brains had in their different fashion interested different people was a personage of whom they wished to see more in a new part. Even Immen himself stood aside now; he, too, was curious to see how she would acquit herself.

"Come," said the man in a low tone. The girl stared at him in surprise and drew back.

She turned to Immen. "What does he want with me?" she said.

"It is nothing, madam," answered Bannerman, quickly, before the older man could speak to her; "merely to write a sentence on the blackboard. Anything that comes into your head, and I shall will you to write it in any language I please."

The girl's face wore a troubled, puzzled look, and instead of turning her eyes away, she continued staring at the man as though she were trying to recollect whether she had ever seen him before.

He drew away from her slowly, and with his eyes still fixed on hers. "You will assist me," he said. And this time it was not in a tone of inquiry that he spoke, but of command.

The girl rose suddenly, and stood uncertainly, looking around the room as though to test its feeling toward her. She saw the English Minister (as that Consul-General was called by courtesy) smiling at her encouragingly, she saw Panine in a doorway, posed against the red curtains, scowling to himself, and she saw her brother and sister, surrounded by a full staff of scarlet jackets, enjoying her discomfort. She took a step back as though to resume her place in the alcove, but the mind-reader put out his hand, and she, to the surprise of all, took it, staring at him as she did so, as though to read in his face how he had been able to make her give it him.

"You understand French, of course," the man said, in a low tone, but the room was so still now that every one could hear. The girl nodded, without taking her eyes from his. "And Italian—yes; and German—yes; and a little Spanish—perhaps—yes—no? Is that all?" The girl nodded again. "Very good. You shall write in Arabic."

The Egyptians and the English looked at each other and smiled, but the tone of the man was so full of confidence that their faces filled again with intent interest. Carefully and deftly Bannerman drew the silk scarf across the girl's forehead, but she raised her hands and unwound it and dropped it on the floor.

"I will not be blindfolded," she said. "I can keep my eyes closed without it."

"Humph!" commented a subaltern. He made a grimace as though he had tasted something unpleasant.

"What is it?" asked the next man. "Did you see a ghost?"

"Yes; an enlisted man we shot in Burma. He did that same thing. It reminded me of it."

"She *does* take it rather seriously," whispered the other.

The blackboard hung like a curtain at one end of the room. There was no light near it, and it formed a black background against which Helen Page's figure and head stood out distinctly. She was a very beautiful woman, with great masses of black hair, which she wore back from her forehead. Her face was lovely rather than classic, and typically American in its frank confidence of her own innocence and of others towards her, and in its cleverness. She wore a gown of black satin covered with tiny glittering spangles, that fitted her figure closely, leaving her arms and shoulders bare. It was a most unusual gown, and strongly suggestive of things theatrical, like a Columbine in mourning, or the wicked fairy who rises through a trap in the pantomime. On another woman it would have been bold, but on her it only made the face above it appear more lovely and innocent by contrast. It was as incongruous as a girl's face in a suit of armor.

But the costume fitted the moment with peculiar appropriateness, and as the girl raised her bare arm to write, she looked like a blind prophetess, or a beautiful witch who might transform them all into four-footed animals. She appeared so

well standing in outline against the background, with the lights playing over the spangles, that both the men and the women present were more intent upon her than upon what she was about to do. Bannerman congratulated himself on his good fortune. He was enough of a showman to feel the effect she had produced, and, like a clever stage-manager, left to her the centre of the stage, while he kept his own person in the background of the picture. "Are you ready?" he asked.

The girl's left arm hung straight at her side, with the palm turned out, so that the tips of her fingers touched those of the mind-reader as he stood with bowed head behind her. Miss Page moved her right hand slightly in assent.

And then, as though some subtle contact had been established between them by which the two individual minds moved in common, her right arm raised itself, and she began to grope across the board with a piece of chalk as though to find the starting-point. Her hand stopped high above her head, and the chalk scratched on the board and left behind it a queer jumble of Arabic figures. The arm rested in mid-air, and the girl's face, with the eyes still closed, bowed itself, as though she were listening and waiting for further instruction.

Bannerman glanced past her to the writing on the board. He turned his face to the audience, without losing his hold on the girl's finger-tips, and translated aloud, "His Excellency—" There were many present entitled to that prefix, and several who had already recognized it as it was written out before them. There was no question but that the sentence, so far, was in the most correct Arabic.

"He has established what he claims to do already," whispered Hoffmeyer Bey to Bannerman's ward. The girl nodded her head. Her lips were parted, and she was breathing quickly.

The chalk moved again, hesitated, and stopped. The mind-reader read over to himself what was written. There was a strange look on his face which told nothing, but there was something deprecatory in his tone as he said aloud, "His Excellency the British Minister—"

There was a movement in the surrounding circle as though they had each felt that the affair had taken on a more intimate and personal complexion. And though each assured himself that what

was to follow was but a compliment from the English showman to the English lord, there was something so uneasy in the manner of the mind-reader that the fancy of each took alarm, and the interest of all became deeply engaged.

The girl still stood trancelike and with bowed head, while her arm moved across the black surface of the board, but in the bearing of the mind-reader there was the dismay of one who finds the matter in hand growing beyond his control, and with this there was the touch of fear. It was in a tone so low that it barely penetrated the length of the room that he read the broken phrase which followed—"visits the opera to-morrow night—" he said.

As he pronounced these words there was a sudden movement in the circle about him, coming from no one person, and yet so apparent in its significance that each looked furtively at his neighbor, and then dropped his eyes, or turned them anxiously towards the blackboard. Bannerman raised his body, and straightened himself as though he was about to speak further, but the scratching and tapping of the chalk upon the board interrupted him, and he dropped his head. It was as though he did not wish to see the completion of his work.

The voice of the young American Minister from the back of the room broke the tense stillness of the moment. He gave a long indrawn sigh of appreciation. "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," he quoted, mockingly.

"Silence!" Hoffmeyer Bey commanded, half rising from the divan. And the silence he commanded answered him. The air of the room seemed charged with electricity. It was as though every one present were part of a huge battery; but no one moved. The scratching on the board ceased. The girl's arm dropped to her side, and the chalk fell and broke upon the floor. Bannerman raised his eyes and read the completed phrase in a voice in which fear and a certain exultation were strangely blended.

"His Excellency the British Minister," he translated, "visits the opera to-morrow night at the risk of his life." His voice died away as though afraid of its own daring, and there was complete stillness.

Then Immen Pasha stepped quickly into the centre of the room. "Bring back those lights," he commanded. He strode hastily to where the mind-reader

stood, picking up the scarf Miss Page had dropped upon the floor as he did so, and drawing it across the surface of the board.

Miss Page opened her eyes, and closed them again as though they were heavy with sleep. She shivered slightly like one awakening, and ran her left hand up and down her other arm. Immen Pasha's movements as he swept the board caused her to raise her head, and her interest seemed to awaken. "Oh, how curious!" she said. "Did I write that?"

The sound of her voice seemed to set free a spell that had been put upon the room, and there was a sudden chorus of nervous laughter and of general exclamation, above which could be heard the voice of the British Minister, saying: "No; he was before my time; but I remember Maskelyne and Cook at their place in Piccadilly, and they were most amusing. They used to—"

The boyish faces of the English subalterns had grown masklike and expressionless. They unconsciously drew together in little groups of red, and discovering this, instantly parted again. The diplomats were smiling and chattering volubly; the native Egyptians alone maintained their placidity of manner. Immen Pasha pushed his way hurriedly to the side of the English Minister's wife.

"There is a supper," he said, bowing gravely. "It has been awaiting us some time. Will you allow me?"

The English woman smiled distantly, and fluttered her fan. "It is so late," she said, "I am afraid we shall have to ask you to let us go."

Through the open windows of the street below could be heard the voices of the servants calling for the British Minister's carriage, and it seemed to be for all an alarming signal of departure. So hastily did they make their adieux that it seemed as though each one feared to be left among the last.

Young Page overtook Prince Panine as the latter was hurrying on towards the Khedival Club. "Going my way, Panine?" he asked. "I say," he went on, "what a shame it broke up so soon! Immen had a fine supper for us, and I *am* hungry. Helen and that mind-reading chap spoiled the whole evening between them."

Panine turned his head and surveyed his young companion in the darkness. "Yes," he said, "between them they spoiled several things."









## THE PROMISED LAND.

BY OWEN WISTER.

PERHAPS there were ten of them—these galloping dots were hard to count—down in the distant bottom across the river. Their swiftly moving dust hung with them close, thinning to a yellow veil when they halted short. They clustered a moment, then parted like beads, and went wide asunder on the plain. They veered singly over the level, merged in twos and threes, apparently racing, shrank together like elastic, and broke ranks again to swerve over the stretching waste. From this visioned pantomime presently came a sound, a tiny shot. The figures were too far for discerning which fired it. It evidently did no harm, and was repeated at once. A babel of diminutive explosions followed, while the horsemen galloped on in unexpected circles. Soon, for no visible reason, the dots ran together, bunching compactly. The shooting stopped, the dust rose thick again from the crowded hoofs, cloaking the group, and so passed back and was lost among the silent barren hills.

Four emigrants had watched this from the high bleak rim of the Big Bend. They stood where the flat of the desert broke and tilted down in grooves and bulges deep to the lurking Columbia. Empty levels lay opposite, narrowing up into the high country.

"That's the Colville Reservation across the river from us," said the man.

"Another!" sighed his wife.

"The last Indians we'll strike. Our trail to the Okanagon goes over a corner of it."

"We're going to those hills?" The mother looked at her little girl and back where the cloud had gone.

"Only a corner, Liza. The ferry puts us over on it, and we've got to go by the ferry or stay this side of the Columbia. You wouldn't want to start a home here?"

They had driven twenty-one hundred miles at a walk. Standing by them were the six horses with the wagon, and its tunnelled roof of canvas shone duskily on the empty verge of the wilderness. A dry windless air hung over the table-land of the Big Bend, but a sound rose from somewhere, floating voluminous upon the silence, and sank again.

"Rapids!" The man pointed far up the giant rut of the stream to where a streak of white water twinkled at the foot of the hills. "We've struck the river too high," he added.

"Then we don't cross here?" said the woman, quickly.

"No. By what they told me the cabin and the ferry ought to be five miles down."

Her face fell. "Only five miles! I was wondering, John— Wouldn't there be a way round for the children to—"

"Now, mother," interrupted the husband, "that ain't like you. We've crossed plenty Indian reservations this trip a'ready."

"I don't want to go round," the little girl said. "Father, don't make me go round."

Mart, the boy, with a loose hook of hair

hanging down to his eyes from his hat, did not trouble to speak. He had been disappointed in the westward journey to find all the Indians peaceful. He knew which way he should go now, and he went to the wagon to look once again down the clean barrel of his rifle.

"Why, Nancy, you don't like Indians?" said her mother.

"Yes, I do. I like chiefs."

Mrs. Clallam looked across the river. "It was so strange, John, the way they acted. It seems to get stranger, thinking about it."

"They didn't see us. They didn't have a notion—"

"But if we're going right over?"

"We're not going over there, Liza. That quick water's the Mahkin Rapids, and our ferry's clear down below from this place."

"What could they have been after, do you think?"

"Those chaps? Oh, nothing, I guess. They weren't killing anybody."

"Playing cross-tag," said Mart.

"I'd like to know, John, how you know they weren't killing anybody. They might have been trying to."

"Then we're perfectly safe, Liza. We can set and let 'em kill us all day."

"Well, I don't think it's any kind of way to behave, running around shooting right off your horse."

"And Fourth of July over too," said Mart from the wagon. He was putting cartridges into the magazine of his Winchester. His common-sense told him that those horsemen would not cross the river, but the notion of a night attack pleased the imagination of sixteen.

"It was the children," said Mrs. Clallam. "And nobody's getting me any wood. How am I going to cook supper? Stir yourselves!"

They had carried water in the wagon, and father and son went for wood. Some way down the hill they came upon a gully with some dead brush, and climbed back with this. Supper was eaten on the ground, the horses were watered, given grain, and turned loose to find what pickings they might in the lean growth, and dusk had not turned to dark when the emigrants were in their beds on the soft dust. The noise of the rapids dominated the air with distant sonority, and the children slept at once, the boy with his rifle along his blanket's edge. John

Clallam lay till the moon rose hard and brilliant, and then quietly, lest his wife should hear from her bed by the wagon, went to look across the river. Where the downward slope began he came upon her. She had been watching for some time. They were the only objects in that bald moonlight. No shrub grew anywhere that reached to the waist, and the two figures drew together on the lonely hill. They stood hand in hand and motionless, except that the man bent over the woman and kissed her. When she spoke of Iowa they had left, he talked of the new region of their hopes, the country that lay behind the void hills opposite, where it would not be a struggle to live. He dwelt on the home they would make, and her mood followed his at last, till husband and wife were building distant plans together. The Dipper had swung low when he remarked that they were a couple of fools, and they went back to their beds. Cold came over the ground, and their musings turned to dreams. Next morning both were ashamed of their fears.

By four the wagon was on the move. Inside, Nancy's voice was heard discussing with her mother whether the school-teacher where they were going to live now would have a black dog with a white tail, that could swim with a basket in his mouth. They crawled along the edge of the vast descent, making slow progress, for at times the valley widened and they receded far from the river, and then circuitously drew close again where the slant sank abruptly. When the ferryman's cabin came in sight, the canvas interior of the wagon was hot in the long-risen sun. The lay of the land had brought them close above the stream, but no one seemed to be at the cabin on the other side, nor was there any sign of a ferry. Groves of trees lay in the narrow folds of the valley, and the water swept black between untenanted shores. Nothing living could be seen along the scant levels of the bottom-land. Yet there stood the cabin as they had been told, the only one between the rapids and the Okanagon; and bright in the sun the Colville Reservation confronted them. They came upon tracks going down over the hill, marks of wagons and horses, plain in the soil, and charred sticks, with empty cans, lying where camps had been. Heartened by this proof that they were on

the right road, John Clallam turned his horses over the brink. The slant steepened suddenly in a hundred yards, tilting the wagon so no brake or shoe would hold it if it moved further.

"All out!" said Clallam. "Either folks travel light in this country or they unpack." He went down a little way. "That's the trail too," he said. "Wheel marks down there and the little bushes snapped off."

Nancy slipped out. "I'm unpacked," said she. "Oh, what a splendid hill to go down! We'll go like anything."

"Yes, that surely is the trail," Clallam pursued. "I can see away down where somebody's left a wheel among them big stones. But where does he keep his ferry-boat? And where does he keep himself?"

"Now, John, if it's here we're to go down, don't you get to studying over something else. It'll be time enough after we're at the bottom. Nancy, here's your chair." Mrs. Clallam began lifting the lighter things from the wagon.

"Mart," said her husband, "we'll have to chain-lock the wheels after we're empty. I guess we'll start with the worst. You and me'll take the stove apart and get her down somehow. We're in luck to have open country and no timber to work through. Drop that bedding, mother! Yourself is all you're going to carry. We'll pack that truck on the horses."

"Then pack it now and let me start first. I'll make two trips while you're at the stove."

"There's the man!" said Nancy.

A man—a white man—was riding up the other side of the river. Near the cabin he leaned to see something on the ground. Ten yards more and he was off the horse and picked up something and threw it away. He loitered along, picking up and throwing till he was at the door. He pushed it open and took a survey of the interior. Then he went to his horse, and when they saw him going away on the road he had come, they set up a shouting, and Mart fired a signal. The rider dived from his saddle and made headlong into the cabin, where the door clapped to like a trap. Nothing happened further, and the horse stood on the bank.

"That's the funniest man I ever saw," said Nancy.

"They're all funny over there," said Mart. "I'll signal him again." But the cabin remained shut, and the deserted horse turned, took a few first steps of freedom, then trotted briskly down the river.

"Why, then, he don't belong there at all," said Nancy.

"Wait, child, till we know something about it."

"She's liable to be right, Liza. The horse, anyway, don't belong, or he'd not run off. That's good judgment, Nancy. Right good for a little girl."

"I am six years old," said Nancy, "and I know lots more than that."

"Well, let's get mother and the bedding started down. It'll be noon before we know it."

There were two pack-saddles in the wagon, ready against such straits as this. The rolls were made, balanced as side packs, and circled with the swing-ropes, loose cloths, clothes, frying-pans, the lantern, and the axe tossed in to fill the gap in the middle, canvas flung over the whole, and the diamond-hitch hauled taut on the first pack, when a second rider appeared across the river. He came out of a space between the opposite hills, into which the trail seemed to turn, and he was leading the first man's horse. The heavy work before them was forgotten, and the Clallams sat down in a row to watch.

"He's stealing it," said Mrs. Clallam.

"Then the other man will come out and catch him," said Nancy.

Mart corrected them. "A man never steals horses that way. He drives them up in the mountains, where the owner don't travel much."

The new rider had arrived at the bank and came steadily along till opposite the door, where he paused and looked up and down the river.

"See him stoop," said Clallam the father. "He's seen the tracks don't go further."

"I guess he's after the other one," added Clallam the son.

"Which of them is the ferry-man?" said Mrs. Clallam.

The man had got off and gone straight inside the cabin. In the black of the doorway appeared immediately the first man, dangling in the grip of the other, who kicked him along to the horse. There the victim mounted his own ani-



mal and rode back down the river. The chastiser was returning to the cabin, when Mart fired his rifle. The man stopped short, saw the emigrants, and waved his hand. He dismounted and came to the edge of the water. They could hear he was shouting to them, but it was too far for the words to carry. From a certain reiterated cadence, he seemed to be saying one thing. John and Mart tried to show they did not understand, and indicated their wagon, walking to it and getting aboard. On that the stranger redoubled his signs and shoutings, ran to the cabin, where he opened and shut the door several times, came back, and pointed to the hills.

"He's going away, and can't ferry us over," said Mrs. Clallam.

"And the other man thought he'd gone," said Nancy, "and he came and caught him in his house."

"This don't suit me," Clallam remarked. "Mart, we'll go to the shore and talk to him."

When the man saw them descending the hill, he got on his horse and swam the stream. It carried him below, but he was waiting for them when they reached the level. He was tall, shambling, and bony, and roved over them a pleasant, restless eye.

"Good-morning," said he. "Fine weather. I was baptized Edward Wilson, but you inquire for Wild-Goose Jake. Them other names are retired and pensioned. I expect you seen me kick him?"

"Couldn't help seeing."

"Oh, I ain't blamin' you, son, not a bit, I ain't. He can't bile water without burnin' it, and his toes turns in, and he's blurry round the finger-nails. He's jest kultus, he is. Hev some?" With a furtive smile that often ran across his lips, he pulled out a flat bottle, and all took an acquaintanceship swallow, while the Clallams explained their journey. "How many air there of yu' slidin' down the hill?" he inquired, shifting his eye to the wagon.

"I've got my wife and little girl up there. That's all of us."

"Ladies along! Then I'll step behind this bush." He was dragging his feet from his waterlogged boots. "Hear them suck, now?" he commented. "Didn't hev to think about a wetting onced. There, I guess I ain't caught a chill." He had

whipped his breeches off and spread them on the sand. "Now you arrive down this here hill from Ioway, and says you: 'Where's that ferry? 'Ain't we hit the right spot?' Well, that's what you hev hit. You're all right, and the spot is hunky-dory, and it's the durned old boat hez made the mistake, begosh! A cloud busted in this country, and she tore out fer the coast, and the joke's on her! You'd ought to hev heerd her cable snap! Whoosh, if that wire didn't screech! Jest last week it was, and the river come round the corner on us in a wave four feet high, same as a wall. I was up here on business, and seen the whole thing. So the ferry she up and bid us good-by, and lit out for Astoria with her cargo. Beggin' pardon, hev you tobacco, for mine's in my wet pants? Twenty-four hogs and the driver, and two Sheeny drummers bound to the mines with brass jew'lry, all gone to hell, for they didn't near git to Astoria. They sank in the sight of all, as we run along the bank. I seen their arms wave, and them hogs rolling over like 'taters bilin' round in the kettle." Wild-Goose Jake's words came slow and went more slowly as he looked at the river and spoke, but rather to himself. "It warn't long, though. I expect it warn't three minutes till the water was all there was left there. My stars, what a lot of it! And I might hev been part of that cargo, easy as not. Freight behind time was all that come between me and them that went. So, we'd hev gone bobbins' down that flood, me and my piah-chuck."

"Your piah-chuck?" Mart inquired.

The man faced the boy like a rat, but the alertness faded instantly from his eye, and his lip slacked into a slipshod smile. "Why yes, sonny, me and my grub-stake. You've been to school, I'll bet, but they didn't learn yu' Chinook, now, did they? Chinook's the lingo us white folks trade in with the Siwashes, and we kinder falls into it, talking along. I was thinkin' how but for delay me and my grub-stake—provisions, ye know—that was consigned to me clear away at Spokane, might hev been drowned along with them hogs and Hebrews. That's what the good folks calls a dispensation of the Sauklee Tyee! 'One shall be taken and the other left.' And that's what beats me—they got left; and I'm a bigger sinner than them drummers, for I'm ten



*Frederic Remond*

WILD-GOOSE JAKE.

years older than they was. And the poor hogs was better than any of us. That can't be gainsaid. Oh no! oh no!"

Mart laughed.

"I mean it, son. Some day such thoughts will come to you." He stared at the river unsteadily with his light gray eyes.

"Well, if the ferry's gone," said John Clallam, getting on his legs, "we'll go on down to the next one."

"Hold on! hold on! Did you never hear tell of a raft? I'll put you folks over this river. Wait till I git my pants on," said he, stalking nimbly to where they lay.

"It's just this way," Clallam continued; "we're bound for the upper Okanagon country, and we must get in there to build our cabin before cold weather."

"Don't you worry about that. It'll take you three days to the next ferry, while you and me and the boy kin build a raft right here by to-morrow noon. You hev an axe, I expect? Well, here is timber close, and your trail takes over to my place on the Okanagon, where

you've got another crossin' to make. And all this time we're keeping the ladies waitin' up the hill! We'll talk business as we go along; and, see here, if I don't suit yu', or fail in my bargain, you needn't to pay me a cent."

He began climbing, and on the way they came to an agreement. Wild-Goose Jake bowed low to Mrs. Clallam, and as low to Nancy, who held her mother's dress and said nothing, keeping one finger in her mouth. All began emptying the wagon quickly, and tins of baking-powder, with rocking-chairs and flowered quilts, lay on the hill. Wild-Goose Jake worked hard, and sustained a pleasant talk by himself. His fluency was of an eagerness that parried interruption or inquiry.

"So you've come acrosst the Big Bend! Ain't it a cozy place? Reminds me of them medicine pictures, 'Before and After Using.' The Big Bend's the way this world looked before. Ever seen specimens of Big Bend produce, ma'am? They send 'em East. Grain and plums and such. The feller that gathered them cu-

riosities hed to hunt forty square miles apiece for 'em. But it's good-payin' policy, and it fetches lots of settlers to the Territory. They come here hummin' and walks around the wilderness, and 'Where's the plums?' says they. 'Can't you see I'm busy?' says the land agent; and out they goes. But you needn' to worry, ma'am. The country where you're goin' ain't like that. There's water and timber and rich soil and mines. Billy Moon has gone there—he's the man run the ferry. When she wrecked, he pulled his freight for the new mines at Loop Loop."

"Did the man live in the little house?" said Nancy.

"Right there, miss. And nobody lives there any more, so you take it if you're wantin' a place of your own."

"What made you kick the other man if it wasn't your house?"

"Well, now, if it ain't a good one on him to hev you see that! I'll tell him a little girl seen that, and maybe he'll feel the disgrace. Only he's no account, and don't take any experience the reg'lar way. He's nigh onto thirty, and you'll not believe me, I know, but he 'ain't never learned to spit right."

"Is he yours?" inquired Nancy.

"Gosh! no, miss—beggin' pardon. He's jest workin' for me."

"Did he know you were coming to kick him when he hid?"

"Hid? What's that?" The man's eyes narrowed again into points. "You folks seen him hide?" he said to Clallam.

"Why, of course; didn't he say anything?"

"He didn't get much chance," muttered Jake. "What did he hide at?"

"Us."

"You, begosh!"

"I guess so," said Mart. "We took him for the ferry-man, and when he couldn't hear us—"

"What was he doin'?"

"Just riding along. And so I fired to signal him, and he flew into the door."

"So you fired, and he flew into the door. Oh, h'm." Jake continued to pack the second horse, attending carefully to the ropes. "I never knowed he was that weak in the upper story," he said, in about five minutes. "Knew his brains was tenas, but didn't suspect he were that weak in the upper story. You're sure he didn't go in till he heerd your gun?"

"He'd taken a look and was going away," said Mart.

"Now ain't some people jest odd! Now you follow me, and I'll tell you folks what I figured he'd been at. Billy Moon he lived in that cabin, yu' see. And he had his stuff there, yu' see, and run the ferry, and a kind of a store. He kept coffee and canned goods and star-plug and this and that to supply the prospect-in' outfits that come acrosst on his ferry on the trail to the mines. Then a cloud-bust hits his boat and his job's spiled on the river, and he quits for the mines, takin' his stuff along—do you follow me? But he hed to leave some, and he give me the key, and I was to send the balance after him next freight team that come along my way. Leander—that's him I was kickin'—he knowed about it, and he'll steal a hot stove he's that dumb. He knowed there was stuff here of Billy Moon's. Well, last night we hed some horses stray, and I says to him, 'Andy, you git up by daylight and find them.' And he gits. But by seven the horses come in all right of theirselves, and Mr. Leander he was missin'; and says I to myself, 'I'll ketch you, yu' blamed hobo.' And I thought I had ketched him, yu' see. Weren't that reasonable of me? Wouldn't any of you folks hev drawed that conclusion?" The man had fallen into a wheedling tone as he studied their faces. "Jest put yourselves in my place," he said.

"Then what was he after?" said Mart.

"Stealin'. But he figured he'd come again."

"He didn't like my gun much."

"They always skeers him when he don't know the parties shootin'. That's his dumbness. Maybe he thought I was after him; he's jest that distrustful. Begosh! we'll hev the laugh on him when he finds he run from a little girl."

"He didn't wait to see who he was running from," said Mart.

"Of course he didn't. Andy hears your gun and he don't inquire further, but hits the first hole he kin crawl into. That's Andy! That's the kind of boy I hev to work for me. All the good ones goes where you're goin', where the grain grows without irrigation and the black-tail deer comes out on the hill and asks yu' to shoot 'em for dinner. Who's ready for the bottom? If I stay talkin' the sun 'll go down on us. Don't yu' let me get



LEANDER.

started agin. Jest you shet me off twiced anyway each twenty-four hours."

He began to descend with his pack-horse and the first load. All afternoon they went up and down over the hot bare face of the hill, until the baggage, heavy and light, was transported and dropped piecemeal on the shore. The torn-out insides of their home littered the stones with familiar shapes and colors, and Nancy played among them, visiting each parcel and folded thing.

"There's the red table cover!" she exclaimed, "and the big coffee-grinder. And there's our table, and the hole Mart burned in it." She took a long look at this. "Oh, how I wish I could see our pump!" she said, and began to cry.

"You talk to her, mother," said Clallam. "She's tuckered out."

The men returned to bring the wagon.

With chain-locked wheels, and tilted half over by the cross slant of the mountain, it came heavily down, reeling and sliding on the slippery yellow weeds, and grinding deep ruts across the faces of the shelving beds of gravel. Jake guided it as he could, straining back on the bits of the two hunched horses when their hoofs glanced from the stones that rolled to the bottom; and the others leaned their weight on a pole lodged between the spokes, making a balance to the wagon, for it leaned the other way so far that at any jolt the two wheels left the ground. When it was safe on the level of the stream, dusk had come and a white flat of mist lay along the river, striping its course among the gaunt hills. They slept without moving, and rose early to cut logs, which the horses dragged to the shore. The outside trunks were nailed and lashed with ropes, and sank almost below the surface with the weight of the wood fastened crosswise on top. But the whole floated dry with its cargo, and crossed clumsily on the quick wrinkled current. Then it brought the wagon; and the six horses swam. The force of the river had landed them below the cabin, and when they had repacked there was too little left of day to go on. Clallam suggested it was a good time to take Moon's leavings over to the Okanagon, but Wild-Goose Jake said at once that their load was heavy enough; and about this they could not change his mind. He made a journey to the cabin by himself, and returned saying that he had managed to lock the door.

"Father," said Mart, as they were harnessing next day, "I've been up there. I went awful early. There's no lock to the door, and the cabin's empty."

"I guessed that might be."

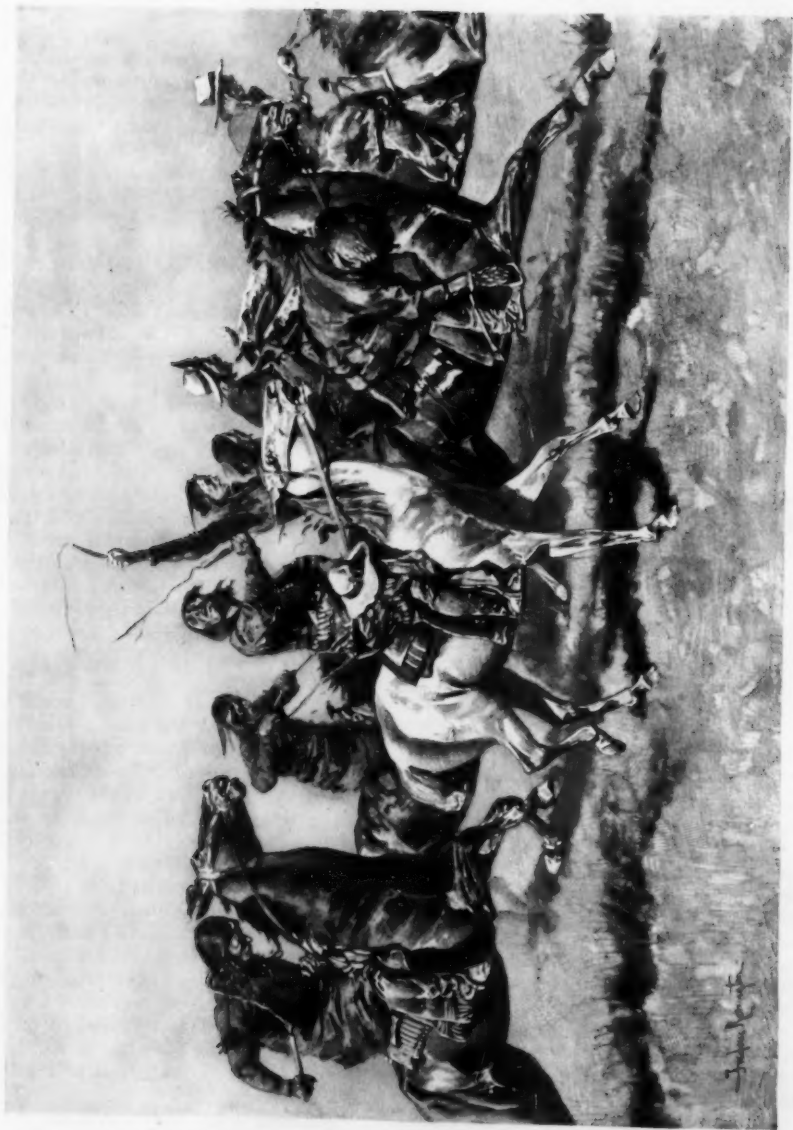
"There has been a lock pried off pretty lately. There was a lot of broken bottles around everywhere, inside and out."

"Part of what he says is all right," said Clallam. "You can see where the ferry's cable used to be fastened on this side. And yonder goes the trail."

"What do you make out of it?" said Mart.

"Nothing yet. He wants to get us away, and I'm with him there. I want to get up the Okanagon as soon as we can."

"Well, I'm takin' yu' the soonest way," said Wild-Goose Jake, behind them. From his casual smile there was no telling



"SET UP A WAILING LIKE VULTURES."



what he had heard. "I'll put your stuff across the Okanagon to-morrow mornin'. But to-night yourselves 'll all be over, and the ladies kin sleep in my room."

The wagon made good time. The trail crossed easy valleys and over the yellow grass of the hills, while now and then their guide took a short-cut. He wished to get home, he said, since there could be no estimating what Leander might be doing. While the sun was still well up in the sky they came over a round knob and saw the Okanagon, blue in the bright afternoon, and the cabin on its further bank. This was a roomier building to see than common, and a hay-field was by it, and a bit of green pasture, fenced in. Saddle-horses were tied in front, heads hanging and feet knuckled askew with long waiting, and from inside an uneven, riotous din whiffled lightly across the river and intervening meadow to the hill.

"If you'll excuse me," said Jake, "I'll jest git along ahead, and see what game them folks is puttin' up on Andy. Likely as not he's weighin' 'em out flour at two cents, with it costin' me two and a half on freightin' alone. I'll hev supper ready time you ketch up."

He was gone at once, getting away at a sharp pace, till presently they could see him swimming the stream. When he was in the cabin the sounds changed, dropping off to one at a time, and expired. But when the riders came out into the air, they leaned and collided at random, whirled their arms, and screaming till they gathered heart, charged with wavering menace at the door. The foremost was flung from the sill, and he shot along toppling and scraped his length in the dust, while the owner of the cabin stood in the entrance. The Indian picked himself up, and at some word of Jake's which the emigrants could half follow by the fierce lift of his arm, all got on their horses and set up a wailing, like vultures driven off. They went up the river a little and crossed, and Mrs. Clallam was thankful when their evil noise had died away up the valley. They had seen the wagon coming, but gave it no attention. A man soon came over the river from the cabin, and was lounging against a tree when the emigrants drew up at the margin.

"I don't know what you know," he whined defiantly from the tree, "but I'm goin' to Cornwall, Connecticut, and

I don't care who knows it." He sent a cowed look across the river.

"Get out of the wagon, Nancy," said Clallam. "Mart, help her down."

"I'm going back," said the man, blinking like a scolded dog. "I ain't stayin' here for nobody. You can tell him I said so, too." Again his eye slunk sideways toward the cabin, and instantly back.

"While you're staying," said Mart, "you might as well give a hand here."

He came with alacrity, and made a shift of unhitching the horses. "I was better off coupling freight cars on the Housatonic," he soon remarked. His voice came shallow, from no deeper than his throat, and a peevish apprehension rattled through it. "That was a good job. And I've had better, too; forty, fifty, sixty dollars better."

"Shall we unpack the wagon?" Clallam inquired.

"I don't know. You ever been to New Milford? I sold shoes there. Thirty-five dollars and board."

The emigrants attended to their affairs, watering the horses and driving picket stakes. Leander uselessly followed behind them with conversation, blinking and with lower lip sagged, showing a couple of teeth. "My brother's in business in Pittsfield, Massachusetts," said he, "and I can get a salary in Bridgeport any day I say so. That a Marlin?"

"No," said Mart. "It's a Winchester."

"I had a Marlin. He's took it from me. I'll bet you never got shot at."

"Anybody want to shoot you?" Mart inquired.

"Well and I guess you'll believe they did day before yesterday."

"If you're talking about up at that cabin, it was me."

Leander gave Mart a leer. "That won't do," said he. "He's put you up to telling me that, and I'm going to Cornwall, Connecticut. I know what's good for me, I guess."

"I tell you we were looking for the ferry, and I signalled you across the river."

"No, no," said Leander. "I never seen you in my life. Don't you be like him and take me for a fool."

"All right. Why did they want to murder you?"

"Why?" said the man, shrilly. "Why? Hadn't they broke in and filled themselves up on his piah-chuck till they were crazy-

drunk? And when I came along didn't they—"

"When you came along they were nowhere near there," said Mart.

"Now you're going to claim it was me drunk it and scattered all them bottles of his," screamed Leander, backing away. "I tell you I didn't. I told him I didn't, and he knowed it well, too. But he's just that mean when he's mad he likes to put a thing on me whether or no, when he never seen me touch a drop of whiskey, nor any one else, neither. They were riding and shooting loose over the country like they always do on a drunk. And I'm glad they stole his stuff. What business had he to keep it at Billy Moon's old cabin and send me away up there to see it was all right? Let him do his own dirty work. I ain't going to break the laws on the salary he pays me."

The Clallam family had gathered round Leander, who was stricken with volubility. "It ain't once in a while, but it's every day and every week," he went on, always in a woolly scream. "And the longer he ain't caught the bolder he gets, and puts everything that goes wrong on to me. Was it me traded them for that liquor this afternoon? It was his squaw, Big Tracks, and he knowed it well. He lets that mud-faced baboon run the house when he's off, and I don't have the keys nor nothing, and never did have. But of course he had to come in and say it was me just because he was mad about having you see them Siwashes hollering around. And he come and shook me where I was sittin', and oh, my, he knowed well the lie he was acting. I bet I've got the marks on my neck now. See any red marks?" Leander exhibited the back of his head, but the violence done him had evidently been fleeting. "He'll be awful good to you, for he's that scared—"

Leander stood tremulously straight in silence, his lip sagging, as Wild-Goose Jake called pleasantly from the other bank. "Come to supper, you folks," said he. "Why, Andy, I told you to bring them across, and you've let them picket their horses. Was you expectin' Mrs. Clallam to take your arm and ford six feet of water?" For some reason his voice sounded kind as he spoke to his assistant.

"Well, mother?" said Clallam.

"If it was not for Nancy, John—"

"I know, I know. Out on the shore here would be a pleasanter bedroom for

you, but" (he looked up the valley) "I guess our friend's plan is more sensible to-night."

The horses put them with not much wetting to the other bank, where Jake, most eager and friendly, hovered to meet his party, and when they were safe ashore pervaded his premises in their behalf.

"Turn them horses into the pasture, Andy," said he, "and first feed 'em a couple of quarts." It may have been hearing himself say this, but tone and voice dropped to the confidential and his sentences came with a chuckle. "Quarts to the horses and quarts to the Siwashes and a skookum peck of trouble all round, Mrs. Clallam! If I hedn't a-came to stop it a while ago, why about all the spirits that's in stock jest now was bein' traded off for some blamed ponies the bears hev let hobble on the range unswallered ever since I settled here. A store on a trail like this here, ye see, it hez to keep spirits, of course; and—well, well! here's my room; you ladies 'll excuse, and make yourselves at home as well as you can."

It was of a surprising neatness, due all to him, they presently saw; the log walls covered with a sort of bunting that was also stretched across to make a ceiling below the shingles of the roof; fresh soap and towels, china service, a clean floor and bed, on the wall a print of some white and red village among elms, with a covered bridge and the water running over an apron-dam just above; and a rich smell of whiskey everywhere. "Fix up as comfortable as yu' can," the host repeated, "and I'll see how Mrs. Jake's tossin' the flapjacks. She's Injun, yu' know, and five years of married life hain't learned her to toss flapjacks. Now if I was you" (he was lingering in the doorway) "I wouldn't shet that winder so quick. It don't smell nice yet for ladies in here, and I'd hev like to git the time to do better for ye; but them Siwashes—well, of course, you folks see how it is. Maybe it ain't always and only white men that patronizes our goods. Uncle Sam is a long way off, and I don't say we'd ought to; but when the cat's away, why the mice *will*, ye know—they most always *will*."

There was a rattle of boards outside, at which he shut the door quickly, and they heard him run. A light muttering came in at the window, and the mother, peeping out, saw Andy fallen among a rub-

bish of crates and empty cans, where he lay staring, and his two fists beat up and down like a disordered toy. Wild-Goose Jake came, and having lifted him with great tenderness, was laying him flat as Elizabeth Clallam hurried to his help.

"No, ma'am," he sighed, "you can't do nothing, I guess."

"Just let me go over and get our medicines."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Jake, and the pain on his face was miserable to see; "there ain't no medicine. We're kind o' used to this, Andy and me. Maybe, if you wouldn't mind stayin' till he comes to— Why, a sick man takes comfort at the sight of a lady."

When the fit had passed they helped him to his feet, and Jake led him away.

Mrs. Jake made her first appearance upon the guests sitting down to their meal, when she waited on table, passing forth and back from the kitchen with her dishes. She had but three or four English words, and her best years were plainly behind her; but her cooking was good, fried and boiled with sticks of her own chopping, and she served with industry. Indeed, a squaw is one of the few species of the domestic wife that survive to-day upon our continent. Andy seemed now to keep all his dislike for her, and followed her with a scowling eye, while he frequented Jake, drawing a chair to sit next him when he smoked by the wall after supper, and sometimes watching him with a sort of clouded affection upon his face. He did not talk, and the seizure had evidently jarred his mind as well as his frame. When the squaw was about lighting a lamp he brushed her arm in a childish way so the match went out, and set him laughing. She poured out a harangue in Chinook, showing the dead match to Jake, who rose and gravely lighted the lamp himself, Andy laughing more than ever. When Mrs. Clallam had taken Nancy with her to bed, Jake walked John Clallam to the river-bank, and looking up and down, spoke a little of his real mind.

"I guess you see how it is with me. Anyway, I don't commonly hev use for stranger-folks in this house. But that little girl of yourn started cryin' about not havin' the pump along that she'd been used to seein' in the yard at home. And I says to myself, 'Look a-here, Jake, I don't care if they do ketch on to you

and yer blamed whiskey business. They're not the sort to tell on you.' Gee! but that about the pump got me! And I says, 'Jake, you're goin' to give them the best you hev got.' Why, that Big Bend desert and lonesome valley of the Columbia hez chilled my heart in the days that are gone when I weren't used to things; and the little girl hed came so fur! And I knowed how she was a-feelin'."

He stopped, and seemed to be turning matters over.

"I'm much obliged to you," said Clallam.

"And your wife was jest beautiful about Andy. You've saw me wicked to Andy. I am, and often, for I rile turruble quick, and God forgive me! But when that boy gits at his meanness—yu've seen jest a touch of it—there's scarcely livin' with him. It seems like he got reg'lar inspired. Some days he'll lie—make up big lies to the fust man comes in at the door. They ain't harmless, his lies ain't. Then he'll trick my woman, that's real good to him; and I believe he'd lick whiskey up off the dirt. And every drop is poison for him with his complaint. But I'd ought to remember. You'd surely think I could remember, and forbear. Most likely he made a big talk to you about that cabin."

John Clallam told him.

"Well, that's all true, for onced. I did think he'd been up to stealin' that whiskey gradual, 'stead of fishin', the times he was out all day. And the salary I give him"—Jake laughed a little—"ain't enough to justify a man's breaking the law. I did take his rifle away when he tried to shoot my woman. I guess it was Siwashes bruck into that cabin."

"I'm pretty certain of it," said Clallam.

"You? What makes yu'?"

John began the tale of the galloping dots, and Jake stopped walking to listen the harder. "Yes," he said; "that's bad. That's jest bad. They hev carried a lot off to drink. That's the worst."

He had little to say after this, but talked under his tongue as they went to the house, where he offered a bed to Clallam and Mart. They would not turn him out, so he showed them over to a haystack, where they crawled in and went to sleep.

Most white men know when they have had enough whiskey. Most Indians do

not. This is a difference between the races of which government has taken notice. Government says that "no ardent spirits shall be introduced under any pretence into the Indian country." It also says that the white man who attempts to break this law "shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than two years and by a fine of not more than three hundred dollars." It further says that if any superintendent of Indian affairs has reason to suspect a man, he may cause the "boats, stores, packages, wagons, sleds, and places of deposit" of such person to be searched, and if ardent spirits be found it shall be forfeit, together with the boats and all other substances with it connected, one half to the informer and the other half to the use of the United States. The courts and all legal machines necessary for trial and punishment of offenders are oiled and ready; two years is a long while in jail; three hundred dollars and confiscation sounds heavy; altogether the penalty looks severe on the printed page—and all the while there's no brisker success in our far West than selling whiskey to Indians. Very few people know what the whiskey is made of, and the Indian does not care. He drinks till he drops senseless. If he has killed nobody and nobody him during the process, it is a good thing, for then the matter ends with his getting sober and going home to his tent till such happy time when he can put his hand on some further possession to trade away. The white offender is caught now and then; but Okanagon County lies pretty snug from the arm of the law. It's against Canada to the north, and the empty county of Stevens to the east; south of it rushes the Columbia, with the naked horrible Big Bend beyond, and to its west rises a domain of unfooted mountains. There is law up in the top of it at Conconully sometimes, but not much even to-day, for that is still a new country, where flow the Methow, the Ashinola, and the Similkameen.

Consequently a cabin like Wild-Goose Jake's was a holiday place. The blanket-ed denizens of the reservation crossed to it, and the citizens who had neighboring cabins along the trail repaired here to spend what money they had. As Mrs. Clallam lay in her bed she heard customers arrive. Two or three loud voices spoke in English, and several Indians and

squaws seemed to be with the party, bantering in Chinook. The visitors were in too strong force for Jake's word about coming some other night to be of any avail.

"Open your cellar and quit your talk," Elizabeth heard, and next she heard some door that stuck pulled open with a shriek of the warped timber. Next they were gambling, and made not much noise over it at first; but the Indians in due time began to lose to the soberer whites, becoming quarrelsome, and raising a clumsy disturbance, though it was plain the whites had their own way and were feared. The voices rose, and soon there was no moment that several were not shouting curses at once, till Mrs. Clallam stopped her ears. She was still for a time, hearing only in a muffled way, when all at once the smell of drink and tobacco, that had sifted only a little through the cracks, grew heavy in the room, and she felt Nancy shrink close to her side.

"Mother, mother," the child whispered, "what's that?"

It had gone beyond card-playing with the company in the saloon; they seemed now to be having a savage horse-play, those on their feet tramping in their scuffles upon others on the floor, who belowered incoherently. Elizabeth Clallam took Nancy in her arms and told her that nobody would come where they were.

But the child was shaking. "Yes they will," she whispered, in terror. "They are!" And she began a tearless sobbing, holding her mother with her whole strength.

A little sound came close by the bed, and Elizabeth's senses stopped so that for half a minute she could not stir. She staid rigid beneath the quilt, and Nancy clung to her. Something was moving over the floor. It came quite near, but turned, and its slight rustle crawled away towards the window.

"Who is that?" demanded Mrs. Clallam, sitting up.

There was no answer, but the slow creeping continued, always close along the floor, like the folds of stuff rubbing, and hands feeling their way in short slides against the boards. She had no way to find where her husband was sleeping, and while she thought of this and whether or not to rush out at the door, the table was gently shaken, there was a drawer opened, and some object fell.

"Only a thief," she said to herself, and in a sort of sharp joy cried out her question again.

The singular broken voice of a woman answered, seemingly in fear. "Match-es," it said; and "Match-es" said a second voice, pronouncing with difficulty like the first. She knew it was some of the squaws, and sprang from the bed, asking what they were doing there. "Match-es," they murmured; and when she had struck a light she saw how the two were cringing, their blankets huddled round them. Their motionless black eyes looked up at her from the floor where they lay sprawled, making no offer to get up. It was clear to her from the pleading fear in the one word they answered to whatever she said that they had come here to hide from the fury of the next room; and as she stood listening to that she would have let them remain, but their escape had been noticed. A man burst into the room, and at sight of her and Nancy stopped, and was blundering excuses, when Jake caught his arm and had dragged him almost out, but he saw the two on the floor; at this, getting himself free, he half swept the crouching figures with his boot as they fled out of the room, and the door was swung shut. Mrs. Clallam heard his violent words to the squaws for daring to disturb the strangers, and there followed the heavy lashing of a quirt, with screams and lamenting. No trouble came from the Indian husbands, for they were stupefied on the ground, and when their intelligences quickened enough for them to move, the punishment was long over and no one in the house awake but Elizabeth and Nancy, seated together in their bed, watching for the day. Mother and daughter heard them rise and go out one by one, and the horses grew distant up and down the river. As the rustling trees lighted and turned transparent in the rising sun, Jake roused those that remained and got them away. Later he knocked at the door.

"I hev a little raft fixed this morning," said he, "and I guess we can swim the wagon."

"Whatever's quickest to take us from this place," Elizabeth answered.

"Breakfast 'll be ready, ma'am, whenever you say."

"I am ready now. I shall want to start ferrying our things— Where's Mr. Clallam? Tell him to come here."

"I will, ma'am. I'm sorry—"

"Tell Mr. Clallam to come here, please."

John had slept sound in his haystack, and heard nothing. "Well," he said, after comforting his wife and Nancy, "you were better off in the room, anyway. I'd not blame him so, Liza. How was he going to help it?"

But Elizabeth was a woman, and just now saw one thing alone: if selling whiskey led to such things in this country, the man who sold it was much worse than any mere law-breaker. John Clallam, being now a long time married, made no argument. He was looking absently at the open drawer of a table. "That's queer," he said, and picked up a tintype.

She had no curiosity for anything in that room, and he laid it in the drawer again, his thoughts being taken up with the next step of their journey, and what might be coming to them all.

During breakfast Jake was humble about the fright the ladies had received in his house, explaining how he thought he had acted for the best; at which Clallam and Mart said that in a rough country folks must look for rough doings, and get along as well as they can; but Elizabeth said nothing. The little raft took all but Nancy over the river to the wagon, where they set about dividing their belongings in loads that could be floated over, one at a time, and Jake returned to repair some of the disorder that remained from the night at the cabin. John and Mart poled the first cargo across, and while they were on the other side, Elizabeth looked out of the wagon, where she was working alone, and saw five Indian riders coming down the valley. The dust hung in the air they had rushed through, and they swung apart and closed again as she had seen before; so she looked for a rifle; but the fire-arms had gone over the Okanagon with the first load. She got down and stood at the front wheel of the wagon, confronting the riders when they pulled up their horses. One climbed unsteadily from his saddle and swayed towards her.

"Drink!" said he, half friendly, and held out a bottle.

Elizabeth shook her head.

"Drink," he grunted again, pushing the bottle at her. "Pi-ah-chuck! Skookum!" He had a sluggish animal grin, and when she drew back, tipped the bottle into his mouth, and directly choked, so that his friends on their horses laughed loud as he stood coughing. "Heap good," he re-



marked, looking at Elizabeth, who watched his eyesswim with the glut of the drink. "Where you come back?" he inquired, touching the wagon. "You cross Okanagan? Me cross you; cross horses; cross all. Heap cheap. What yes?"

The others nodded. "Heap cheap," they said.

"We don't want you," said Elizabeth.

"No cross? Maybe he going cross you? What yes?"

Again Elizabeth nodded.

"Maybe he Jake?" pursued the Indian.

"Yes, he is. We don't want you."

"We cross you all same. He not."

The Indian spoke loud and thick, and Elizabeth looked over the river where her husband was running with a rifle, and Jake behind him, holding a warning hand on his arm. Jake spoke to the Indians, who listened sullenly, but got on their horses and went up the river.

"Now," said Jake to Clallam, "they ain't gone. Get your wife over so she kin set in my room till I see what kin be done."

She was stepping on the raft that John had taken over at once, when the noise and flight of riders descended along the other bank. They went in a circle, with hoarse shouts, round the cabin as Mart with Nancy came from the pasture. The boy no sooner saw them than he caught his sister up and carried her quickly away among the corrals and sheds, where the two went out of sight.

"You stay here, Liza," her husband said. "I'll go back over."

But Mrs. Clallam laughed.

"Get ashore," he cried to her. "Quick!"

"Where you go, I go, John."

"What good, what good, in the name—"

"Then I'll get myself over," said she.

And he seized her as she would have jumped into the stream.

While they crossed, the Indians had tied their horses and rambled into the cabin. Jake came from it to stop the Clallams.

"They're after your contract," said he, quietly. "They say they're going to have the job of takin' your stuff across the Okanagan."

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Clallam.

"I set 'em up drinks to gain time."

"Do you want me there?" said Clallam.

"Begosh, no! That would mix things worse."

"Can't you make them go away?" Elizabeth inquired.

"Me and them, ye see, ma'am, we hev a sort of bargain they're to git certain ferryin'. I can't make 'em savvy how I took charge of you. If you want them—" He paused.

"We want them!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "If you're joking, it's a poor joke."

"It ain't no joke at all, ma'am." Jake's face grew brooding. "Of course folks kin say who they'll be ferried by. And you may believe I'd rather do it. I didn't look for jest this complication; but maybe I kin steer through; and it's myself I've got to thank. Of course, if them Siwash did git your job, they'd sober up gittin' ready. And—"

The emigrants waited, but he did not go on with what was in his mind. "It's all right," said he, in a brisk tone. "Whatever's a-comin's a-comin'." He turned abruptly towards the door. "Keep yer-selves away jest now," he added, and went inside.

The parents sought their children, finding Mart had concealed Nancy in the haystack. They put Mrs. Clallam also in a protected place, as a loud altercation seemed to be rising at the cabin; this grew as they listened, and Jake's squaw came running to hide herself. She could tell them nothing, nor make them understand more than they knew; but she touched John's rifle, signing to know if it were loaded, and was greatly relieved when he showed her the magazine full of cartridges. The quarrelling had fallen silent, but rose in a new gust of fierceness, sounding as if in the open air and coming their way. No Indian appeared, however, and the noise passed to the river, where the emigrants soon could hear wood being split in pieces.

John risked a survey. "It's the raft," he said. "They're smashing it. Now they're going back. Stay with the children, Liza."

"You're never going to that cabin?" she said.

"He's in a scrape, mother."

John started away, heedless of his wife's despair. At his coming the Indians shouted and surrounded him, while he heard Jake say, "Drop your gun and drink with them."

"Drink!" said Andy, laughing with the screech he had made at the match go-

ing out. "We're all going to Canaan, Connecticut."

Each Indian held a tin cup, and at the instant these were emptied they were thrust towards Jake, who filled them again, going and coming through a door that led a step or two down into a dark place which was half underground. Once he was not quick, or was imagined to be refusing, for an Indian raised his cup and drunkenly dashed it on Jake's head. Jake laughed good-humoredly, and filled the cup.

"It's our one chance," said he to John as the Indian, propping himself by a hand on the wall, offered the whiskey to Clallam.

"We cross you Okanagon," he said. "What yes?"

"Maybe you say no?" said another, pressing the emigrant to the wall.

A third interfered, saying something in their language, at which the other two disagreed. They talked a moment with threatening rage till suddenly all drew pistols. At this the two remaining stumbled among the group, and a shot went into the roof. Jake was there in one step with a keg, that they no sooner saw than they fell upon it, and the liquor jetted out as they clinched, wrestling over the room till one lay on his back with his mouth at the open bung. It was wrenched from him, and directly there was not a drop more in it. They tilted it, and when none ran out, flung the keg out of doors and crowded to the door of the dark place, where Jake barred the way. "Don't take to that yet!" he said to Clallam, for John was lifting his rifle.

"Piah-chuck!" yelled the Indians, scarcely able to stand. All other thought had left them, and a new thought came to Jake. He reached for a fresh keg, while they held their tin cups in the left hand and pistols in the right, pushing so it was a slow matter to get the keg opened. They were fast nearing the sodden stage, and one sank on the floor. Jake glanced in at the door behind him, and filled the cups once again. While all were drinking he went in the store-room and set more liquor open, beckoning them to come as they looked up from the rims where their lips had been glued. They moved round behind the table, grasping it to keep on their feet, with the one on the floor crawling among the legs

of the rest. When they were all inside, Jake leaped out and locked the door.

"They kin sleep now," said he. "Gunpowder won't be needed. Keep wide away from in front."

There was a minute of stillness within, and then a grovelling noise and struggle. A couple of bullets came harmless through the door. Those inside fought together as well as they could, while those outside listened as it grew less, the bodies falling stupefied without further sound of rising. One or two, still active, began striking at the boards with what heavy thing they could find, until suddenly the blade of an axe crashed through.

"Keep away!" cried Jake. But Andy had leaped insanely in front of the door, and fell dead with a bullet through him. With a terrible scream, Jake flung himself at the place, and poured six shots through the panel; then, as Clallam caught him, wrenched at the lock, and they saw inside. Whiskey and blood dripped together, and no one was moving there. It was liquor with some, and death with others, and all of it lay upon the guilty soul of Jake.

"You deserve killing yourself," said Clallam.

"That's been attended to," replied Jake, and he reeled, for during his fire the Indian shot once more.

Clallam supported him to the room where his wife and Nancy had passed the night, and laid him on the bed. "I'll get Mrs. Clallam," said he.

"If she'll be willin' to see me," said the wounded man, humbly.

She came, dazed beyond feeling any horror, or even any joy, and she did what she could.

"It was seein' 'em hit Andy," said Jake. "Is Andy gone? Yes, I kin tell he's gone from your face." He shut his eyes, and lay still so long a time that they thought he might be dying now; but he moved at length, and looked slowly round the wall till he saw the print of the village among the elms and the covered bridge. His hand lifted to show them this. "That's the road," said he. "Andy and me used to go fishin' acrosst that bridge. Did you ever see the Housatonic River? I've fished a lot there. Cornwall, Connecticut. The hills are pretty there. Then Andy got worse. You look in that drawer." John remembered, and when he got out

the tintype, Jake stretched for it eagerly. "His mother and him, age ten," he explained to Elizabeth, and held it for her to see, then studied the faces in silence. "You kin tell it's Andy, can't yu'?" She told him yes. "That was before we knowed he weren't—weren't goin' to grow up like the other boys he played with. So after a while, when she was gone, I got ashamed seein' Andy's friends makin' their way when he couldn't seem to, and so I took him away where nobody hed ever been acquainted with us. I was layin' money by to git him the best doctor in Europe. I ain't been a good man."

A faintness mastered him, and Elizabeth would have put the picture on the table, but his hand closed round it. They let him lie so, and Elizabeth sat there, while John, with Mart, kept Nancy away till the horror in the outer room was made invisible. They came and went quietly, and Jake seemed in a deepening torpor, once only rousing suddenly to call his son's name, and then, upon looking from one to the other, he recollected, and his eyes closed again. His mind wandered, but very little, for torpor seemed to be

overcoming him. The squaw had stolen in, and sat cowering and useless. Towards sundown John's heart sickened at the sound of more horsemen; but it was only two white men, a sheriff and his deputy.

"Go easy," said John. "He's not going to resist."

"What's up here, anyway? Who are you?"

Clallam explained, and was evidently not so much as half believed.

"If there are Indians killed," said the sheriff, "there's still another matter for the law to settle with him. We're sent to search for whiskey. The county's about tired of him."

"You'll find him pretty sick," said John.

"People I find always are pretty sick," said the sheriff, and pushed his way in, stopping at sight of Mrs. Clallam and the figure on the bed. "I'm arresting that man, madam," he said, with a shade of apology. "The county court wants him."

Jake sat up and knew the sheriff. "You're a little late, Proctor," said he. "The Supreme Court's a-goin' to call my case." Then he fell back, for his case had been called.

## AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

BY GRACE KING.

**L**IFE is like a sugar-plantation: it is never without something to worry about. An old sugar-planter must be excused for using such a homely, near-to-hand metaphor. The time was when he could have compared life to the great and mysterious and unknown with the best of them, in literature and out of it. But, what with the river, and fertilizers, and triple effects, and stubble, and seed-cane, and droughts, and rains, and duty, and bounty, and commission merchants, and trusts, and Chinese, Italians, and negroes, and boiler-makers, and sugar-makers, and railroads, and steamboats, and mules, and cultivators, and road-machines, and always some old debt to pay off and a new one to contract, not only his figures of speech, but his thoughts, had become so involved in his life that even his imagination had given up soaring, to plod along in the daily routine with common-sense.

Indeed, on a plantation there is no time to think or feel about anything but the plantation. And yet life has some

claims, which, be the crops what they may, must be presented some time. There is birth, there is death; and between these extremes, these termini, there is—nay, there must be—love or loves. Love! of all things for a harassed planter, in the midst of preparations for rolling, to have to think about!

He shaded his eyes from the lamp with one hand, and pretended to be smoking, but he was covertly looking at his daughter.

Of what use is it to describe a person? What difference does it make to the outside world, the color of the eyes, the hair—the qualities of the nose, the mouth? At any rate, all that is of so little importance to a man looking at his only daughter! One would hesitate to write, even if one knew it to a certainty, how an only daughter appears in the eyes of a father; what he felt when he was looking so at her. For, to tell the truth, the situation was a little intense between them.

Not that she seemed to feel it. Oh no! Not the least in the world. She sat close

to the lamp, doing her embroidery—red cross-stitch initials on towels, like the good little housewife she was. The light of the lamp played over her hair, and the sun itself could hardly have shone more tenderly upon it—at least so it seemed to the father, looking covertly at her. When she raised her eyes to thread her needle, always casting a glance at her father, he could detect in them not an expression of anything but cross-stitch and affection for him.

She was talking to him, fast and excitedly, for she was always so interested in interesting him that she could not help getting excited over it.

"—And then, after all those preliminaries, the great news came out; she told me of her engagement—an engagement only since last week. I could not help a scream. 'What! Him!' And although she is my best friend, papa, I could not help just a little movement of the heart against her. Fortunately I could conceal it under my surprise; . . . but fancy, papa, to marry him!"

It would seem that no surprise could have concealed the contempt of her tone and air.

"But . . ."

"Oh, papa! As usual, you are going to defend her choice. You always defend the choice of young girls."

"But . . ."

"But ask yourself what there is in him! Of an insignificance—an insignificance that would appall an ant! And his age! Young to disgust!"

"But . . ."

"Oh, I do not say she is old. She is a year younger than I; and he, twenty-one; but to marry a man—a baby, I call it—of twenty-one—"

"But . . ."

"Ah, but, papa! Let me finish before you begin to annihilate me with your arguments! And then, what does he do? A—a—a" (oh, the depreciation of her tone!) "lawyer!"

"But . . ."

"Oh, he has prospects; I grant you that; his father is justice of the Supreme Court. But, papa, to marry a lawyer, you must confess—"

"But . . ."

"Oh, I do not say that I did not find the same objections last year when Theresa married her little doctor. Marry a doctor! Good heavens!"

"But . . ."

"He was older—yes—than this specimen of Marie's; but so commonplace! As commonplace as bread! And do you remember how tightly he held your hand when he shook it? It was an experience! I have never liked Theresa since."

"But . . ."

"Now, papa, do not play the innocent, and ask for reasons! When a thing happens, it happens, and I cannot see that reasons make it any better. Reasons are only excuses, that is all. As if I should ask myself for reasons why I should dislike Theresa! I do not believe now that I ever liked her seriously."

"But . . ."

"How could I tell whom she was going to marry when at school? We agreed so well about everything else that I thought we agreed about that too. Like Josephine. At school there was no one I took more pleasure in talking with than Josephine. Like me, always her first choice for a man was Richard Cœur de Lion, then Godefroi de Bouillon, then all the rest—Philippe Auguste, Francis I., Bayard, Du Guesclin, Saladin, and all like them. And we agreed perfectly well about those we disliked, as men—Cincinnatus, Brutus, Alfred the Great, George Washington."

"But . . ."

"Oh, papa! You do not suppose, oh, really, that any girl could love George Washington? That is, after he became George Washington. No! After every lesson in American history Josephine and I used to lie awake in our beds at night, and run the risk of punishment, just to talk about how much we hated him, and how glad we were that we had not to be Mrs. Washington. Just think, papa, how he looked? And he must have been of a stiffness! I should have felt like running and hiding behind a door whenever I heard him coming if I had been the deceased Mrs. Washington. Oh! I would just as soon have married the Professor of Mathematics. . . as Josephine wanted to do. Yes, that was the reason they took her away from school before her graduation. After having loved Richard Cœur de Lion, to want to marry the Professor of Mathematics!"

"But . . ."

"Oh, he was married when she first went to school, but he lost his wife, and of course they could not send him away

immediately. He did not look like George Washington, though; he looked like St. François Xavier, only he had six children. Ah me!"

"But..."

"It has always seemed to me very curious that a young girl should be born with all of her ideas. Oh, they must be born with them! Where could they get them otherwise?—we are brought up with such particularity; never a forbidden book; never a suspected companion; never a pleasure, even, that had not received a prize of innocence. And what becomes of these ideas? All of a sudden they leave, they go somewhere;... and we marry, no matter whom!... Not I, though, I promise you! My ideas, I have them there," tapping her heart. "No; bravery, heroism, gallantry, a temper that stands nothing! fortitude, chivalry—they still exist for me! And your doctors, your lawyers, your professors, your clerks, your—"

"But..."

"But, papa, I say they do! What do you know? You are not a woman, you! It is not a question with you of— Oh no! You do not understand the question at all."

"But..."

"The only one outside of a woman who understands that is God. That is why women, even the worst, do not deny God. They know in their hearts that since they exist, He must exist."

"But..."

"Oh, you know, I only count upon what women know by the heart; what they know by the head does not amount to much. What they know by the heart is the juice as it exists in the cane, the living, growing juice; what they know by the head is that cane juice squeezed out, and steam-trained, and clarified, and triple-effect, and—what?—made into sugar, to be adulterated, and given into the hands of those highwaymen of the Trust."

"But..."

"Oh yes. They are highwaymen. Men are what their principles are, and the principles of the Trust!... When I think of it!... And it will be this year like last;... and the next year like this;... and—"

"But..."

"No! I have no hope, papa! No hope! Oh, if thinking could destroy the enemies of sugar they would have been

destroyed long ago, I promise you!... What do you suppose I am thinking of all day long, and all night? Oh yes! all night, when I hear you sleeping, and snoring too, though you deny it... Sometimes, at night that way, I feel, yes, I feel like Charlotte Corday."

"But..."

"No! She is not one of my heroines; but I understand her so well! When it gets to the last point, and a woman does not know what to do, then she feels she must do something."

"But..."

"I don't know, papa, what you call the last point... In fact, I do not know what it is myself. Every year there seems to be a new last point, worse than the last one."

"But..."

"Last year it was putting everything in machinery, and this year, the bounty being taken off—"

"But..."

"Oh, they will take it off, be sure of that! They hate us so in Washington! Legislation! Ah, bah! They help those they like in Washington well enough!"

"But..."

"Don't tell me I do not read the papers. I read them every day... I read them too much... It is enough only to read the newspapers to make one revolutionary, when it should be all the other way."

"But..."

"Oh, papa, you are not a judge! You go only by your own experience. You have a good crop this year. You can grind. You are on this side the river, in fact... As for me, I must judge by the experience of others. My own experience, what is it?—serving, servants."

"But..."

"If you say one should stay inside his own experience, oh, papa, how egoistic that would be! Then everybody would be like you, would have good crops, would be able to grind this year—would be on this side the river, in fact... Instead of which— As for me... I can live only with the unlucky, only on the other side the river. I see nothing but what is over there: those broken levees; those destroyed fields; those ruined roads; the fallen cabins; the tottering sugar-house; the beautiful garden planted by one's great-great-grandmother, desolate; the fine old house, with wave-marks on it... And then... the mort-



gage, the big debt; . . . and all the work, the work, the work—"

"But . . ."

"Oh, papa, you have said yourself that working that plantation had been a labor such as—such as— Oh, I can never get over that night! The levee must break, the levee must break, every one said. This side of the river or that, the levee must break! And the patrol riding up and down, . . . the torches flying along between the bonfires, . . . and every planter with his gang! . . . Ah! we worked that night as if the opposite side of the river held our worst enemies . . . Every shovelful of earth to strengthen us hurt them! And I, I prayed, and made vows for our

side, this side, as I sent out the hot coffee to you all in front, . . . and I watched the lights and bonfires on the other side the river . . . Suddenly the lights all came together, . . . then they ran far, far apart, . . . a roar—a great bonfire went out! Oh, my heavens! It had broken on the other side . . . right opposite . . . on the place of— Oh God! If it had only been ours! . . . Oh, papa! let me alone! What have I said? I have said nothing. . . Papa, let me alone! Go away! I have not said anything! I have not said anything! Only let me cry, papa! Crying signifies nothing! Oh, papa! papa!"

At last throwing her arms around him, and hiding her face close under his.

## EDITOR'S STUDY.

### I.

IT seems necessary to say, in view of recent occurrences, that prison reform—that is, the intelligent treatment of criminals—is hindered by two causes. These are political influence and sentimentality. Of these interferences, one arises from greed for place, and for power with voters, and the other from good impulses, but it is difficult to say which is the more demoralizing, or more likely to defeat the objects of the reform movement. These objects are the safety of society, reduction of the taxation made necessary by crime, and the reformation of the criminal. If the objects of incarceration were simply social isolation and punishment, political interference in this matter would not be of much consequence, except in its corrupting influence upon politics; and if the object were simply to make comfortable and agreeable the lot of the criminal, and not to discipline him into a better moral state, the efforts of the sentimentalists would call for less condemnation. But under the modern idea of the value of a man to the state, that his treatment as an offender should be, first, for the protection of society, and second, for the discipline of the man with a view to his reformation—his reconstruction mentally, morally, and physically—it becomes evident at once that this idea cannot be carried out if the

prisons and reformatories are part of the political party machine, or if they are administered in a spirit of misplaced sentiment. Economy and reformatory discipline are the key-notes of the modern treatment of criminals.

If the leading object of incarceration were punishment—that is, injury to the individual—most of our prisons are admirably adapted to their end. For the worst punishment that can be inflicted upon a person is to confirm him in evil ways, and to make him worse than he is. In doing this society takes the place of the ingenious Satan. Our machinery which catches hold of an offender and draws him into the circuit of its education is calculated to confirm him in his tendencies, and make him a professional criminal. It is rare that the jail and penitentiary influences are such as to improve him in any way, except occasionally in his physical condition. The advantage to a criminal of confinement is that abstinence and a regular life may improve his health; but better moral habits will not be formed in him unless the authority to which he is subjected is concerned in the effort to educate him into a better life. It does not need any argument to show that if the men put in charge of him are selected not for their fitness for their difficult duties, but are chosen by the political machine on ac-

count of their service to the machine, the prisons will be run without intelligent reference to the reformation of the criminals. Sometimes our prisons are honestly managed and sometimes they are corruptly managed by the politicians, but never when politics interferes are they conducted either with regard to economy for the tax-payers or in the moral interests of the condemned. So that there has never been the least hope for prison reform, nor will there ever be until the prisons are "taken out of politics." Public opinion has compelled the State to build better jails, to pay more attention to sanitary measures, and to conduct them more humanely, but the manufacture of confirmed criminals goes on in the old way, and only here and there is any effort made for the permanent change of their habits. That change will not come so long as the prisons are merely places of confinement, and for giving situations to political workers.

But when we come to methods of reform, they are hindered as much by a misconception of the work to be done and by sentimentality as by political interference. The problem that presents itself in its simplest form is to reduce the number of professional criminals who live lawlessly upon the community. This can only be done by confining them, taking them away from the field of their activity, and bringing to bear upon them influences that will change their habits if not their characters. These influences must be educational and disciplinary in a high degree, as well as humane. There can be no reform of degraded natures without discipline, and there can be no discipline without force behind it. There is no sort of government—of a state or an institution—worth a rush that is not founded on adequate force. This is fundamental, and it is as true of the state as it is of the family. Parental authority implies the right to use force, and power of punishment of the refractory child lies back of the disregarded rules. In no case must the punishment be vindictive or cruel, or for the sake of punishment, but always educational, disciplinary, for the sake of reform. If it does not have this effect in a family, in an institution, there is generally something the matter with the authority, though there are no doubt some incorrigible cases which no discipline can better. With every manager of

a prison or a reformatory (and all prisons should be reformatories) must reside physical power to enforce his rules; and this is still more necessary where there is an intention of benefiting the man than where there is only the idea of carrying out, without escape, a sentence of confinement by way of punishment for a crime. Let any one consider for a moment the material of which our great prisons are made up. In one aspect they are dens of insubordination, of brutality, of all evil tendencies. In another aspect their inmates are human beings, separated from the mass of mankind often by narrow lines, and capable of being trained into orderly and decent ways of living. But they are generally so degraded, or so crooked and distorted, that they can only be raised and straightened by severe and persistent discipline. There must be applied to them the rules that make the athlete, that make the soldier, that make the trained scholar. And this will not come about with perverted beings who have little power of will by voluntary effort. The discipline that normal people apply to themselves they will not apply. They must be compelled into new habits, and this compulsion implies the authority to use physical force at times. In such an extensive compilation as the unique *Police and Prison Cyclopædia*, edited by Mr. George W. Hale, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, which embraces foreign as well as domestic statistics, it is seen that physical punishment is commonly in reserve, but it is used for the purpose of order, not of reform. The sentimentalists fail to make this distinction, and cannot conceive of any reform based upon the physical power to enforce discipline—that is, the discipline that shall change habits and character. For most criminals indefinite confinement where they are subject to disciplinary good influences is the greatest mercy; definite sentences for punishment and the petting of the sentimentalists are the worst curse.

## II.

It is often said that education is more generally diffused in the United States than in any other country, except perhaps Germany, and of course except Iceland. By this it is meant that more people proportionally enjoy the advantages of a common-school education, that more are in the habit of reading, especially of read-

ing the newspapers, that periodicals of a semi-literary character have a very large circulation, and that, in short, the average of intelligence and appreciation is higher, except in knowledge and correct taste in the fine arts. In the fine arts it is acknowledged that the taste is unimproved and crude. There has been some improvement recently in this respect. New England is an illustration of this, and the New England of twenty or thirty years ago is also an illustration of the fact that high literary appreciation may exist without art appreciation or cultivation. If this claim for the United States is well founded, then it should follow that the number of persons exceptionally gifted for writing should be exceptionally large also. For it is an acknowledged law that where the mass of the population is on a high intellectual plane there is the greater probability of the production of exceptional geniuses of a high order. Logically this should be so. It should follow also, if this claim is well founded, that we have an exceptionally discriminating public in regard to the intellectual product called literature, or at least in regard to books, periodicals, and newspapers. The average popular judgment should show ability to sift out the good writing from the false and tawdry and inartistic writing. Have we this ability in as high degree as our universal system of education should give? Is it shown in the quality and character of the books that have the largest sale, in those that are most popular, judged either by the sale or by the call for them at the free libraries? Is this discrimination, or critical faculty, shown in the ordinary conversation one hears about books? For what are books commonly praised or condemned? How often is the book judged by its literary quality, or by the soundness of its relation to life?

Let there be no misconception as to this term "literary quality." It is not something superfluous, but necessarily inherent in all good work, as necessary as correct drawing is to a picture. A work may be "literary"—that is, work of the closet, well enough in form, self-conscious, affected, got out of books and not out of life—that does not have the literary quality here meant, for it has not reality. To illustrate: The Greek poetry, epic, lyric, dramatic, was written to be recited. It was recited to audiences who probably could

not read or write, and to please them it must first of all have reality, and be in harmony with human life and experience, and with the religious or patriotic sentiments of the people. It must not be obscure, however profound, and it must make its appeal with tolerable directness. But it was recited to audiences trained to be more critical than any other audiences to whom a literary product has ever been submitted. They demanded artistic perfection in technique. They demanded form in this art, the constant application of fundamental laws, as they did in the work of the sculptors. They permitted no more violations of art in literature than in the proportions and construction of the human figure. The reason in both cases was the same—the feeling for reality. And this is the everlasting lesson of Greek poetry and Greek sculpture. It is the expression of nature in perfect art.

The Greek poet and the Greek sculptor were not sure they had hit the mark until they had obtained the popular verdict. Then they were sure. A great deal has been said recently upon the desirability of criticism, of the knowledge and application, in all literary judgment, of certain eternal and cosmopolitan standards. In view of the Greek example it is asked whether this will ever be effective until we have an educated, discriminating, if not a highly critical public. Whatever may be true as to exceptional products of occasional genius, it seems clear that the mass of our literature can never be of a high order unless we have a discriminating public. Bakers, to use a familiar illustration, will continue to make poor bread until the public knows what good bread is, and demands it. The responsibility, therefore, for wholesome and helpful criticism rests more with the general public than with the professional critic, who can do little more than point the way, and be content to be considered a fault-finder, and also conceited, until the public is itself educated in the exercise of discrimination. How is this power of discrimination to be acquired? We boast of our public schools and our colleges. What proportion of students in any of them come out with any training in this discrimination? The test of this is open to common observation. See what sort of books the pupils of these schools read, and listen to their comments on them. Nay, read daily the judgment passed by

these scholars, in the press, upon the books of new writers, upon those which have not been fixed in their place by the verdict of time. And then inquire what place in any curriculum, or plan for developing the mind, this education of the critical faculty holds, what place this power of discrimination in one of the most important matters that concern our daily life and enjoyment occupies in the minds of educators.

### III.

The extension of the function of the modern newspaper reporter into the field of the detection of crime has been a good deal commented on. This has gone so far that the chief ambition of many reporters is to shine as detectives, and their belief is that their reputation in this work will increase their value to the newspapers they serve. This ambition is natural under the recent notion of the newspaper that it is in charge of the affairs of the universe in general; that it must instruct the statesman how to govern, the general how to fight, the minister how to preach, the courts how to try cases, the schools how to educate pupils, the scientist how to investigate, the player how to act. If it is the business of the newspaper to detect the criminal, collect evidence against him, and try him, and judge him before the courts get a chance at him, then naturally the reporter becomes a detective, a sifter of evidence, and a jury. The editor is just simply an ordinary Rhadamanthus. One theory in this matter is that it is the business of the newspaper to print the news, to report whatever actually occurs as faithfully as possible, to give all the facts ascertainable, but not to assume that these facts are final, and to pass judgment upon them before the evidence is in. Another theory is that a newspaper must have news, that the public demands it every day, and if it cannot be found it must be invented or guessed at, or some rumor must be so dressed up as to have the appearance of verity. This means, as an illustration, that if a man has nothing to say for himself, the reporter is to report what in his judgment the man might have said or ought to have said. Also, in case of the commission of a crime, the detection of which is baffled, it is the duty of the newspaper to come forward with so-called facts or suspicions or theories that shall entertain the waiting public mind. So

it happens that the reporter comes forward as an amateur detective, and with his "nose for news" he sometimes achieves a brilliant success. It is possible, therefore, that the criminal stands more in awe of the newspaper than he does of the officers of the law. We may even go so far as to say that the reporter as detective, if he does not also usurp the character of judge, is a useful person. And in this character he is playing a rôle not exactly new. The first historical mention of the reporter we have discovered is in a vision of Ezekiel, though commentators differ as to the English translation, and many will consider the inference drawn from it a forced one. But if we have here a reporter, he did mingle detective functions with his occupation. We read, "And behold, the man clothed with linen, which had the inkhorn by his side, reported the matter, saying, I have done as thou hast commanded me." It will be noticed that in this case he did not hand in a written report, as we should expect a man with the inkhorn to do. The context shows that this man was one of six with slaughter weapons in their hands, and that he "was clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side." From this description to that of a newspaper man clothed in a linen duster, with a fountain-pen in his vest pocket, it does not require a lively imagination to go. In this case the duty of the man with the inkhorn was specifically detective; he was sent into the city to pick out and mark all the righteous persons, and the five other men went in and slew all those who were not marked. Of course this is a vision, and it may be said that it does not apply to anything modern. But is there nothing visionary in our reportorial work? And does not the vision teach the reporter that in looking for news it is as important to look for the good as for the bad? If the man clothed in linen with the inkhorn at his side would go about spotting the good deeds and the agreeable people, our newspapers would have a more cheerful appearance.

### IV.

We used to hear a great deal about a national literature, a national school of painting, and a national school of music. Probably it is as true of these things as it is said to be of the kingdom of heaven, that they do not come by observation. And also that they come, if they do come,



from sources least suspected. During the past winter there were performed from unpublished manuscripts a symphony in New York and Boston, and a quartet and a quintet in these cities and in Hartford, composed by Antonin Dvorák, the Bohemian genius who has been sojourning in the United States, which compositions for the first time made use of a distinctively American material for the highest purposes of art. Fortunately for his experiment, he found here the Kneisel Club to interpret the quartet and the quintet in the most sympathetic and artistic manner. In one sense the material was not new. What was new was Dvorák's use of it, his recognition of its adaptability to the highest musical purpose. What was called negro music, the music of the slaves on the Southern plantations, especially of the "spirituals," which were least tinged by white association, has always been a favorite with the American public. Immensely popular were the "negro melodies" composed by Foster and others. Gottschalk entered somewhat the same field in his piano transcriptions of creole melodies and his frank imitations of the banjo. These were, however, imitations, or in the main sentimental departures from the *sui generis* African folk-songs. In Dvorák's attempts he has not in any way departed from the highest musical traditions. He has not attempted to idealize the negro melodies. He has used the American folk-songs in the scientific and we may say aristocratic (as distinguished from vulgar) manner in which the somewhat similar folk-songs appear in Hungarian and Polish compositions. As Mr. H. E. Krehbiel says, "he has shown that there are the same latent possibilities in the folk-songs which have grown up in America as in the folk-songs of other peoples." This notable achievement was reserved for a foreigner, who was quick to perceive these possibilities—the existence of which has long been vaguely recognized—and turn them to the enrichment of the highest art. The African seems to be naturally musical. The quality which we sometimes call Oriental and sometimes tropical he may have brought with him to this country and developed in his pathetic life as a slave. However it arose, the negro folk-song is as distinctly marked in character as any other folk-songs. It has long been believed that the negro had something to contribute to the artistic

side of our life. Those who heard and saw the cantata of *Esther* given by the Hampton students in Daly's Theatre in New York a winter ago, in the naiveté of the performance recognized a decided capacity for dramatic representation that did not seem imitation, but had a primeval quality. Whether the negro himself will ever use this capacity in the higher realm of art remains to be seen. But Dvorák has shown that his peculiarities of rhythm and melody can be used as vehicles of the most exquisite musical expression. He has not attempted to popularize negro melodies, nor to tickle the ear with imitations of them, but, as Mr. Krehbiel says, he is simply cultivating a folk-song field which is rich and American.

## V.

Spring has come! For a considerable part of the human race this is the most beautiful sentence in language. It announces the arrival of a new life, a renewal of hope, an end of various suffering, conflict, discouragement. Spring, or at least some show of change and renewal, is always coming somewhere, but nowhere does it mean so much as in these Northern latitudes, for the farmer, the poet, the young maiden, and the boy. There is not a human being in these latitudes who does not know when the sap begins to run up the tree trunks. It is then, if ever, that the poet taps the boles, and gathers the sweet fluid into a bucket, and boils it down into a poem. Or it is then, if he prefers another figure, that he begins to sing like the early birds, who are stimulated by the tint of green and the flush of blossoms to thoughts of domestic life. Why is it that spring poetry is considered "fresh," and is quoted low in the market? There is a notion that it is immature. People say that they do not care to drink so much sap; they want art applied to the natural product; they want it boiled down till it will crystallize. They say that much of the spring poetry is sticky, by which they mean sentimental. There is some injustice in this. The poet is really moved by the universal sentiment, and it seems hard that his product should be classed as raw material. There is no sound sweeter to country ears than the cackle of the spring hen some morning when the south wind blows, and the snow-banks are shrinking away, when the barn door is open, and



the eaves are dripping, and the fleecy clouds promise transition, both showers and fine weather. The hen is not making music, but she announces that she has begun the production of a somewhat indefinite series of new lives. To us who know life there is a note of sadness in the cackle, for it is probable that the maternal instinct of the hen is to be disappointed by the nest-hunting boy and the greed of the family, and all her exuberant joy of life turned into a commercial operation. But no objection is made against the eggs because they are too fresh. Nor is any question raised by the statesmen in Washington whether they are raw material or finished product. To the hen they are both. The hen is no tariff-reformer. She is just solicitous for the prosperity of her race. The poet is sometimes more culpable than the hen. He has no ambitious patience to sit upon his eggs long enough to determine whether they have or have not life in them, but he sells them to the magazines and newspapers, and the public is so often deceived that it raises a cry that raw material should not come in free.

But this line of remark belittles the glorious conception of the resurrection-time of the year. It is a sort of Miriam song of triumph that the Red Sea is passed, and that the horrid forces of the en-

emy are drowned in the spring freshet. There is also in it the feeling of security and confidence that whatever Frost and Thaw may do hereafter, things are going in the right direction, and the sun is every morning rising further north. In this exultant spirit it is easy to forgive enemies and creditors. There are so many signs of coming abundance and gracious ease in living. Spring has come! But let there be no grain of deception in these papers. It has come to the reader, but not to the writer. There can be no confidence in the Study if its integrity is doubted. Its reasoning may not commend itself to the reader, but it is necessary that there should be belief in its honesty. While this Song of the Vernal Equinox is being penned, the ground is white with snow, the bare branches of the trees are thrashing about in a cruel northwest gale, there is a sort of lurid light along the western sky, which if seen by a sailor at sea would make him reef his sails and send the passengers below, and the telegraph announces that a Rocky Mountain cyclone is travelling hither, waltzing along in the arms of a Texan hurricane. These are the facts. All the rest is the work of the imagination. And it is justified. For the New England man, most part of the year, lives by his imagination. Without it he would perish.

## MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

### POLITICAL.

**O**UR Record is closed on the 10th of February.—On January 17th Secretary Carlisle issued a circular offering \$50,000,000 ten-year five-per-cent. bonds for public subscription. The entire amount was subscribed by February 3d, about \$43,000,000 being taken in New York.

The Midwinter Fair was formally opened in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, on January 27th.

Unknown persons broke into the American Legation at Rome on January 29th and set fire to all the papers in the offices.

The House of Representatives, on February 1st, passed the Wilson tariff bill with the income-tax clause by a vote of 204 to 140.

Prince Bismarck visited Berlin on January 26th as the guest of the German Emperor.

French troops captured and occupied Timbuctoo early in January.

American merchant vessels in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro were fired upon by Brazilian insurgents while attempting to pass the blockade January 30th.

Admiral Benham, commanding the United States cruiser *Detroit*, returned the fire, and compelled Admiral da Gama to ask for quarter.

### DISASTERS.

*January 15th.*—Eleven persons were killed and forty-four injured by a collision on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railway near New York.

*February 2d.*—The United States corvette *Kearsarge* was wrecked on Roncador Reef in the Caribbean Sea. The officers and crew were saved.

### OBITUARY.

*January 11th.*—At Leigh, England, Isabella Shawe Thackeray, widow of William Makepeace Thackeray.

*January 13th.*—In Paris, William Henry Waddington, formerly French Ambassador to England.

*January 24th.*—At Venice, Italy, Constance Fenimore Woolson, aged forty-six years.

*January 27th.*—In London, Rosina Vokes, the actress, aged forty years.

*February 3d.*—At Philadelphia, George William Childs, aged sixty-five years.

## EDITOR'S DRAWER

### "TINCTER OV IRON."

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

IT was in an old town in Connecticut. Marbles kept the shop. "Joseph Marbles, Shipwright and Blacksmith," the sign read.

I knew Joe. He had repaired one of the lighters used in carrying materials for the foundation of the light-house I was building. The town lay in the barren end of the State, where they raised rocks enough to make four stone fences to the acre. Joe always looked to me as if he had lived off the crop. The diet never affected his temper nor hardened his heart, as far as I could see. It was his body, his long, lean, lank body, that suggested the stone diet, and convinced you on closer acquaintance that even that slight nourishment had dropped through in a hurry.

In his early days Joe had married a helpmate. She had lasted until the beginning of the third year, and then she had been carried to the cemetery on the hill, and another stone, and a new one, added to the general assortment.

This wife was a constant topic with Marbles. It was his way of showing his affection.

He never seemed to speak of her, though, as a part of his life, one who had shared his bed and board, and therefore entitled to his love and reverent remembrance. It was rather as an appendage to his household, a curiosity, a natural freak, as one would discuss the habits of a chimpanzee, and with a certain pity, too, for the poor creature who had been housed, fed, poked at, humored, and then buried.

And yet with it all I could always see that nothing else in his life had made so profound an impression upon him as the companionship of this "poor creeter"—he had never married again—and that underneath his sparsely covered ribs there still glowed a spot for the woman who had given him her youth.

He would say, "It wuz one ov them days when she wouldn't eat, or it was kind o' cur'us to watch her go on when she had one ov them tantrums." Sometimes he would rub his ribs in glee—holding his sides would have been superfluous—when he would recount some joke he had played upon her.



"TASTE IT," I SEZ."

"That wuz when she fust come, yer know," he said to me one day, leaning against an old boat, his adze in his hand. "Her folks belonged over to Westerly. I never had seen much ov wimmen, and didn't know their ways. But I tell yer she wuz a queer'un, al-lers imaginin' she wuz ailin', er had heart-disease when she got out er breath runnin' up stairs, er as'mer, er lumbago, er somethin' else dreadful. She wuz the cur'usest critter too to take medicin' ye ever see. She never ailed none really 'cept when she broke her collar-bone a-fallin' down stairs, and the last sickness, the one that killed her, but she believed all the time she wuz, which was wuss. Every time the druggist would git out a new red card and stick it in his winder, with a cure fer cold, or chilblains, er croup, er e'sipelas, she'd go and buy it, an' out'd cum ther corks, and she a-tastin' ov it 'fore she got hum. She used ter rub herself with St. Jiminy's intment, and soak her feet in sea-salt, and cover herself with plasters till yer couldn't rest. Why, ther cum a feller once who painted a yaller sign on ther whole side ov Buckley's barn—cure fer spiral meningetius—and she wuz nigh crazy till she had found out where ther pain ought ter be, and had clapped er plaster on her back and front, persuadin' herself she had it. That's how she bruk her collar-bone, a-runnin' fer hot water to soak 'em off, they burnt so, and stumblin' over a kit ov tools I had brung hum to do a job around the house. After this she begun ter run down so, and git so thin and peaked, I begun to think she really wuz goin' ter be sick, after all, jest fer a change.

"When ther doctor come he sed it warn't nothin' but druggist's truck that ailed her, and he throwed what there wuz out er ther winder, and give her a tonic—Tincter ov Iron he called it. Well, yer never see a woman hug a thing as she did that bottle. It was a spoonful three times a day, and then she'd reach out fer it in ther night, vowin' it was doin' her a heap er good, and I a-gettin' ther bottle filled at Sarcy's ther druggist's, and payin' fifty cents every time he put er new cork in it. I tried ter reason with her, but it warn't no use; she would have it, and if she could have got out er bed and looked round at the spring crop of advertizements on ther fences, she would hev struck somethin' worse. So I let her run on until she tuk about seven dollars' wuth of Tincter, and then I dropped in ter Sarcy's. 'Sarcy,' sez I, 'can't ye wholesale this, er sell it by the quart? If the ole woman's collar-bone don't get ter runnin' easy purty soon, I'll be broke.'

"Well," he said, 'if I bought a dozen it

might come cheaper, but it wuz a mighty pertic'ler medicine, and had ter be fixed jest so.'

"'Tain't pizen, is it,' I sez, 'thet's got ter be fixed so all-fired kerful?' He 'lowed it warn't, and thet ye might take er barrel of it and it wouldn't kill yer, but all ther same it has ter be made mighty pertic'ler.

"Well, iron's cheap enough," I sez, 'and strengthenin' too. If it's ther Tincter thet costs so, don't put so much in.' Well, he laffed, and said ther warn't no real iron in it, only Tincter, kinder iron soakage like, same es er drawin' ov tea.

"Goin' home thet night I got ter thinkin'. I'd been round iron all my life and knowed its ways, but I hadn't struck no Tincter as I knowed ov. When she fell asleep I poured out a leetle in another bottle and slid it in my trousers pocket, an' next day, down ter ther shop, I tasted ov it and held it up ter ther light. It was kind er persimmony and dark-lookin', ez if it had rusty nails in it, and so thet night when I goes hum I sez ter her, 'Down ter ther other druggist's I kin git twice as much Tincter for fifty cents as I kin at Sarcy's, and if yer don't mind I'll git it filled there.' Well, she never kicked a stroke, 'cept to say I'd better hurry, fer she hadn't had a spoonful sence daylight, and she wuz beginnin' ter feel faint. When the whistle blew I cum hum ter dinner, and sot the new bottle, about twice as big as the other one, beside her bed.

"How's that?' I sez. 'It's a leetle grain darker and more muddy like, but the new druggist sez thet's the Tincter, and thet's what's doin' ov yer good.' Well, she never suspicioned; jest kept on, night and day, wrappin' herself round it every two er three hours, I gettin' it filled reglar and she a-empt'in' ov it.

"Bout four weeks arter that she begun to git around, and then she'd walk out ez fur ez ther ship-yard fence, and then, begosh, she begun to flesh up so as you wouldn't know her. Now an' then she'd meet the doctor, and say's how she'd never a-lived but fer ther Tincter, and he'd laff and drive on. When she got real peart I brought her down to the shop one day, and I shows her an old paint-keg thet I kep' rusty bolts in, and half full ov water.

"Smell that," I sez, and she smells it and cocks her eye.

"Taste it," I sez, and she give me a look. Then I dips a spoonful out in a glass, and I sez: 'It's most time to take yer medicine. I kin beat Gus Sarcy all holler makin' Tincter; every drop yer drunk fer a month come out er thet keg.'

#### A CLEVER PLAN.

My rhymes at last have got in print, but bring to me no fame,  
For I have signed each one of them with my small sonny's name.  
As mine they would not sell at all; as his they go with vim.  
They're pretty poor for one like me, but rather bright for him.

## THE INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

"BUR-RDS is intelligent," Mrs. Brannigan observed as she encountered her friend Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Ye can tache 'em annyting. Me sister has wan as lives in a clock, an' phin it's toime to tell th' toime it comes out an' says cuckoo as manny toimes as th' toime is."

"Dthot's wondherful!" said Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"It is indade," said Mrs. Brannigan. "An' th' wondherful par-rt ov it all is, it's only a wooden bur-rd at dthot!"

## A SAD TIME FOR ACTORS.

THE critic met the old-school actor on the highway, and observing a pale melancholy in the face of the Thespian, he said: "What's the matter, Hamleigh? You look blue."

"I am blue," returned Hamleigh. "These new-school actors are knocking us old fellows completely out."

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the critic.

"I'm not educated up to the standard," said Hamleigh. "A man to be a good actor nowadays has got to swim in real water, or ride a race, or manage a buzz-saw, or be an expert farm hand. I can't swim, ride, or milk cows, and I am as afraid as of death of a buzz-saw. Result, ruin!"

## A REVISED VERSION.

IT happened in Sunday-school. The subject under discussion was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who disputed the possession of a child. She timidly rose up and answered: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarrelling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, this is my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make *twins* of him, so each of you can have one!'"



## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER SITTINGS.

"Jack has finished my portrait."  
 "At last! I didn't think he ever would."  
 "Oh yes! He's been at work on it only a year."  
 "Dear me! Isn't that a long time?"  
 "We didn't think so. We're engaged now."

## MR. PETERS OF SCHOHARIE MORALIZES.

Ye'd like to be a boy again? I wouldn't, ye can bet.

I'm satisfied jest as I am; age brings me no regret.

I'm havin' finer times these days than when I was a lad,

An' wishin' I was back again's a wish I never had.

I wouldn't have to go to school for all the cash there be,

A-learnin' how to read and write and studyin' g'ography

With that red-headed teacher, with his frownin', lammin' way,

To spank me 'cause I'd mix Maine up with Pennsylvania.

An' drivin' cows to pasture every day at 6 A.M.,

An' gittin' thrashed for fishin' 'stead o' keepin' track o' them,

'Ain't got no sentiment for me. I never did enjoy

The trials that I allers got for bein' jest a boy.

An' furthermore, I'd ruther have the misery of life I went through when it came to choosin' Marthy for my wife

To look back on an' shiver 'bout, jest as I now kin do,

Than havin' it a thing to come to be looked forward to.

An' as for chums, I wouldn't swap them little sons o' mine

For twenty thousand of the chums I had when I was nine;

An' when it comes to eatin', why, it sort o' suits my eye

To know that if I want it I kin eat a whole mince pie.

You fellers kin be boys again if so it pleases ye, But where I stand jest now's the age of ages all for me.

I'm satisfied with what I am, old, gray, and bent withal;

It's sort o' pleasant to be old and know ye know it all.

## ANACHRONISTIC.

THEY were men of about the same age, and took seats side by side in a car before they recognized each other. The surprise was mutual, and they both shook hands.

"Didn't see you at all when you came in," remarked one, who wore glasses and a rather faded suit. "I was back in Chaldea and Babylonia. Wonderful times!"

"Yes," assented the other, who was better dressed and more brisk in his speech. "I didn't notice you, either. Fact is the stock-market went down several points to-day, and—"

"I've been up at the museum studying the older monarchies of history," interrupted the first speaker, who was plainly a scholar, "and my brain is all awlirl. I feel as though I was living back in those days under Nabonassar in the city of Ur. I hope to get even back

to Semiramis of Assyria—the Lady Semiramis.' Do you ever think—?"

"Yes," retorted the other, who plainly chafed under such conversation, "I do think once in a while, but I've my doubts about you. Do you ever remember that you owe me ten dollars, borrowed in 1892?"

The scholar turned his spectacled blue eyes, and gazed astonishedly at his practical companion. "Why," was the answer, "didn't I just say that I felt that I was living back in those old Chaldean days—seven hundred years B.C.? Didn't I just tell you this?" There was a touch of pathos in his tone. "And yet, by Bel, you ask me if I remember an event which is twenty-five hundred years later! Why can't you have patience and wait just a little while?"

## OTHELLO REVISED.

"DURING my Senior year at Brown," writes a Drawer reader, "Booth and Barrett played a week's engagement in Providence, and secured among our students such amateur aid as they needed. Among these amateur supernumeraries was one Attleboro, who was given the part of Othello's lieutenant, Cassio. He practised constantly the scene where he was to interpose between Brabantio and the Moor. He had but three words to say, but it was astonishing what varieties of inflections, gestures, and expressions so short a speech admitted. Our hall constantly resounded as he heavily paced his room, and frowning angrily at a lamp or picture, swept his arm toward these unoffending objects, shouting, 'Hold your hands!'

"On the evening of the performance the military strides with which he entered the scene and the haughty and martial air with which he grasped the hilt of his sword did honor to his interpretation of the part. We noticed, however, as the noise of the approach of the irate father and his followers was heard, our college Cassio became nervous, and when the two parties of angry men met he was completely held by that form of temporary aberration of the intellect known as stage-fright.

"The momentous instant arrived when blood would be shed unless he intervened. Booth glanced at him impatiently. He stepped forward, waved his arm, and attempted to utter the words of mediation so necessary to preserve the public peace, but to the now quiet house no sound was audible. Othello glared at him; Iago scowled. Again he waved his arm, again moved his lips, but no words came. This pantomime was repeated several times, and the painful silence had become almost unendurable, when, with a supreme effort, Cassio found his tongue. Again stepping forward, and looking desperately at Booth, he shouted, 'Cheese it!'

"At this unexpected and far from classic sally Booth and the other actors lost their self-control, and the remainder of the scene lacked much of its accustomed dignity."



## A PARABLE.

SOME years ago a number of gentlemen visited the mountains of Colorado for the purpose of fishing. Among the party was a bishop of an Eastern diocese of the Episcopal Church. Fishing was the sole occupation and amusement of the visitors; so when Sunday came, as there was nothing else to do, the laymen of the party got out their rods, preparatory to casting a line. But they were in a quandary as to the bishop. They did not want to hurt his feelings by leaving him behind, nor did they want to offend his religious principles by inviting him to go fishing on Sunday. Finally one of them plucked up courage and told him of their dilemma, whereupon the good man said that he would tell them of a happening in his earlier life which he thought rather apropos.

"Some years ago," he said, "when I had charge of the affairs of a parish, I was awakened about two o'clock one morning, and upon inquiring who was there, heard a man's voice reply that he was there with Miss Blauk, and that they wanted to get married. I reasoned with him about the untimely hour, but to no avail; he meant to get married right then and there. So I put on my clothes and gown, and went down stairs and began the marriage service. Everything went along as dictated in the service till I asked the man, 'Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?' to which he replied, 'What 'm I here fur?'"

They waited for the bishop.

## THE PRINCE'S REWARD.

As he entered the car there was no mistaking his occupation. He was a New York ward politician, and he spoke as one in authority. His conversation with the man who accompanied him was not carried on in any low tone; every one in the car overheard what he was saying, and that was exactly what he wanted.

"Oi give ther young fellar a good job," he said. "He worked harrud for the ticket and helped us to win. He's doin' night-watchman juty down in one of the city buildin's, an' mebbe he'll git on de foorce some day."

"That's not much of a reward," said the other. "I should think that the work of a night-watchman would be very monotonous."

"Mo-not-onous, is it?" repeated the city prince, with a sly wink. "Not a bit of it. Oi looked out for that. Shure, he gets a day off three nights in the week."

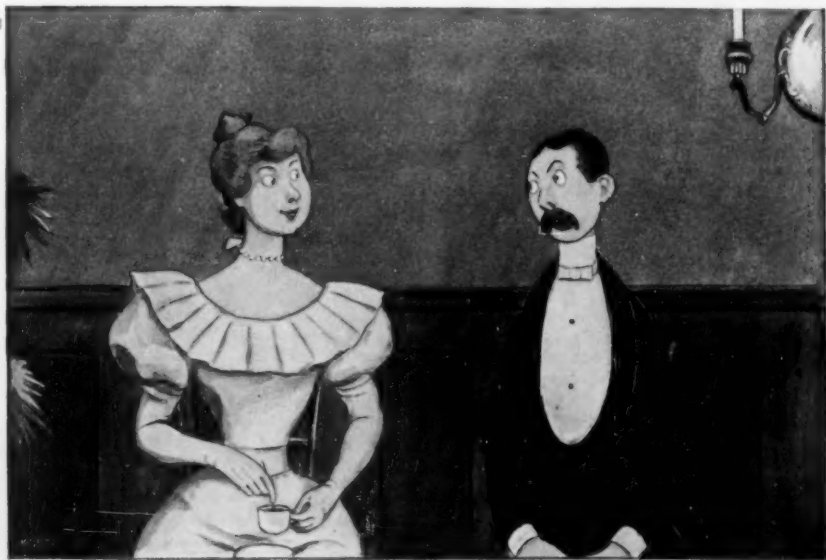
F. S. M.

## A LIVE LANDLORD.

ACCORDING to a voracious young man known to the Drawer, the scarcity of young men at summer resorts, and the remedy therefore, is coming to be recognized as a great problem among hotel-keepers. Contemplating a visit to a certain caravansary last summer, he wrote for terms for single gentlemen.

The return mail brought this answer:

"DEAR SIR,—We'll take you in for nothing, and be glad of the chance. If you'll say you'll come positively, I'll advertise you."



## CAME EARLY.

"Your eyes are gray, aren't they, Mr. Wally?"

"Er-r, yes; prematurely so."

## HEN AN' 'MANTHY.

AN EXERCISE IN DIALECT.

THE red cow which Snack Treat bought from Dink Cathwhack bellowed dismally. She was not a good cow, and seemed, as Snack said, "ter beller-bawl an' beller-bawl an' keep er-beller-bawlin'."

Samantha Hawkins sat on a stump near the leach. She had been boiling soap, but she had not used it on her hands, which were grimy with the hard labor. The twilight brought out all of her plainness of face and angularity of form. Snack had said to her one day, "Durn me ef I doan' b'lieve ther consained keow-critter beller-bawls 'kais et hearts 'er ter look et yer humbly face!"

As Samantha sat on the stump she saw Henry Lease coming up the lane. She did not move, nor did she care much if he came or not. He walked, as usual, with a shambling gait. His hands, like the girl's, were dirty. Indeed, it is doubtful if the kettle of soap would have washed his hands. His father's hands before him had been dirty, and his grandfather's. Henry's face was dirty too, and had that drawn, worn-out, repulsive look which tells of plodding toil.

"Ev'nin', 'Manthy," said Henry.

"Ev'nin', Hen," answered the girl, without moving.

"'Ow's yer mommer?"

"Mawr's all stove up wid der rheumertiz, 'n' pawr's liver's eout o' whack. Seems 'sif thet air las' whiskey he biled eout en ther soap-kittle guv 'im ther dispepsler enside uv hisself."

There was a pause, then the man said:

"I 'lowed ter kem yover thish 'erewerds ter see yer, 'Manthy."

"Year ther blame' keow-critter beller-bawl, Hen," answered the girl, evasively.

"She do holler right smeart, fer er fac', 'Manthy. But do she kem deown wid ther bucket-melk?"

"Nary drap, Hen. She jais' doan' do nothin' but ter beller-bawl 'n' yank en 'er breath 'n' beller-bawl et eout ergin."

The man sat down on another stump. He pushed back his torn hat, and his coarse brindled hair was revealed. The girl did not notice the burdock burs in it, because there were burdock burs in her own. His hair was jagged around the edges, as if perhaps he had had it trimmed by allowing the lightning to strike it. He wore a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, and the boot had a patch made from sheepskin with the wool on it over the toe. Suddenly he spoke, looking at her sideways and twirling his thumbs:

"'Manthy, doan' yer know thet er love yer like all git eout?"

"I year yer er-sayin' nv et, Hen. An' I year thet air keow-critter er-bellerin' like ter split."

"'Manthy, yer oughtn' ter steek er stab-knife enter er son ov er gun's 'art that a-way." Tears rose to his eyes, and made little cañons

as they ran down his face. "I've got love fer yer en my 'art bigger 'n er woodchuck."

"I 'ear yer say so, Hen. But yer cain't put no dependance on wot yer 'ear. Ther keow-critter beller-bawls like er man with 'is foot caught en er b'ar-trap, but ef yer go ter melk 'er yer doan' git enough bucket-melk ter feed ther houn'-purp."

"I wisht yer could peek enter my 'art, 'Manthy. Love ez er-slamboozlin' round en et like er wild-cat en er tin oven."

"You-uns ez es onsartain es Injuns, 'n' es weak as hen-grass."

"But w'en we-uns love er 'oman we'll jaist nacherly wo'k fer 'er like er nigger. I'm er-dyin' fer my love fer yer, 'Manthy. I'm run deown en flaish tell I'm most us pore 's er w'ip-er-well. I 'ate ter cry, 'Manthy, but w'en I sees yer my 'art gits meller es er boxin'-glove."

"You-uns er deceiv'rs 'n' p'var'cators 'n' per-jers."

"Nut w'en 'ur 'arts ez er-bustin' op'n like er melkweed pod, 'Manthy. I fit fer yer ter-day et Bull-Wagon Cort House. Sez Buck McHauser, sez he, 'Manthly Hawkins cain't mek soft-soap ser good es B'lindy Dole.' He wuz er-drinkin' whiskey ser noo thet er co'n meal wuz er-swimmin' erbout on et, but I sez ter hem, sez I, plain an' solemn like, 'sif I wuz er-preachin' er 'vival sermant, sez I ter Buck, sez I, 'Yer lie!' Then sez he, 'I cain prove thet her soap 'as got free alk'li en et.' Then I cracks my heels tergether, an' I hollers: 'Look eout! I'm frum w're Bitter Creek kems out er ther groun'!' Then I jumps fer 'im like butter goin' through er tin horn, an' larrups 'im tell they-uns pulls me off. 'Manthy, et tuk four men ter hol' me, an' then I jumped ter ther ceilin' at ev'ry jump, an' 'oops tell ther groun' jais' nacherly shaken like 'sif er yearth-quake wuz er-bumpin' up ets baick. His fren's ez er-nuzzin' 'im, an' er-tyin' 'im tergether wid strings."

"Well yer do some'in' ter show thes year all-fired love, Hen?"

"That's wot, 'Manthy."

"Well yer melk ther beller-bawlin' keow-critter?"

"I'll melk 'er tell she turns enter walkin' dried beef."

He seized a gourd from the ground and started for the barn-yard.

The girl chuckled. "Thet air keow-critter 'll h'ist ther heaid offen him," she said. Suddenly she became more thoughtful. Then she grew deathly pale, and leaped up with a wild cry of pain. Her elbow struck the leach and knocked it into the soap-kettle.

"Hen! Hen! Hen!" she screamed, rushing after him fiercely. "Hen! Hen! Kem back! —ther durn' keow-critter 'll kil yer!"

The man got down and crawled under the fence into the enclosure.

"Hen! Hen!" cried the frantic girl, as she followed him under the fence. "Kem back, Hen—I love yer—sure pop!"

She threw her arms around his neck imploringly.

"Lemmy go!" said the man, struggling to free himself. "Gosh-all-hemlock, lemmy go! I'll be tetoteterly chawed up ef I doan' gourd-melk ther an'mule ef et takes er laig!"

"Don't, Hen, don't! She'll keck ther daylight's outen yer. Don't, fer my sake."

He looked down into her eyes. "I'll stop fer yer sake, 'Mauthy, but I 'u'dn't fer nothin' else."

They turned and crawled under the fence hands in hand. The cow bellowed and kicked a clapboard off the side of the barn. H. C.

#### A FIRST IMPRESSION.

Mrs. S—— had never been to the theatre, and when she visited her daughter, who had married and settled down in New York, as a special treat they took the old lady to see *Hamlet*.

On her return to her daughter's house after

the performance she was asked what she thought of it.

"I'd have liked it if I hadn't been so fidgety all the time," she replied. "I was scared to death all the way through for fear that Hamlet man mightn't live to finish the performance."

#### AN OBSERVANT YOUTH.

JOHNNY has just reached the age at which the small boy becomes a devourer of newspapers. He has even cultivated early rising so that he may get downstairs before his father and obtain possession, undisputed for a time, of the *Daily* —. The effect of his reading was shown at school the other day.

"Johnny, where is Ireland?" asked the teacher.

"In the British Isles."

"By whom is it governed?"

"The English."

"And what is raised there chiefly?"

"The deuce!"



#### SIMPLE ENOUGH.

SHE. "What can I do to make this room attractive?"  
HE (earnestly). "Stay in it."



HAZARDOUS EITHER WAY.

HE. "You can't very well have a headache five days ahead, so just say we have an engagement."

SHE. "But that will be plain fibbing."

HE. "It's no more fibbing than to say that we accept with pleasure, and no more likely to be found out, for I should hate awfully to go, as I am sure that I couldn't conceal my feelings."

# LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

NO man in America is more thoroughly familiar with the history and the literature of the drama than is Mr. Brander Matthews. He has written of, and for, the stage for years; he has studied carefully the methods and the manners of more than one generation of players, not only in the United States, but in England and in France; and he has been equally diligent as a student of the works of the playwrights in both languages from the date of the very beginning of the writing of plays. He knows his subject from the inside as well as from the outside, as a producer as well as a spectator; he knows how the machine ought to be made, and how to make it; how the machine ought to be run, and how to run it. His *Studies of the Stage*,<sup>1</sup> a series of essays lately collected in one volume, are, therefore, a peculiarly valuable contribution to theatrical knowledge. In his brief prefatory remarks Mr. Matthews says, and truly, that these papers of his differ from other papers upon the same subject because of their writer's different point of view. While the theatrical critics in general look at the drama from their seats in the orchestra stalls, Mr. Matthews's stand-point has always been the stage itself. Being for his own part a maker of plays, he has considered the art of the dramatist with a fuller understanding of its technic, and with a more intimate sympathy than can be possessed by those who know the stage only from the auditorium side of the foot-lights. And he closes by confessing his willingness to have his present work considered as an argument in favor of the contention that dramatic literature must approve itself as drama first, and before it need be discussed as literature.

In his various chapters Mr. Matthews treats of "The Dramatization of Novels"; of "The Dramatic Outlook in America"; of "Charles Lamb and the Theatre"; of "The Players"—the club founded in New York by Mr. Booth for the members of his profession, and for those in sympathy with them; of "M. Francisque Sarcey" and of "M. Jules Lemaitre," two French theatrical critics; of "Shakspeare, Molière, and Modern English Comedy"; of "The Old Comedies"; and he closes with "A Plea for Farce." Of these, the first and the last are, perhaps, the most characteristic, the most suggestive, and the most comprehensive; and they show, even better than do the other studies perhaps, the author's full understanding of the technic of the art of the dramatist and the merit of the application of his

peculiar point of view. There is no space here to repeat any of Mr. Matthews's arguments in defence of such farces as "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Les Précieuses Ridicules," or to quote his lucid explanations why popular novels cannot be, and never have been, adapted to stage purposes with anything like success; but the closing paragraph of his opening chapter must be quoted in full, as showing the results of the research of Mr. Matthews in his subject, and the expression of his deliberate opinion of the value of the work of the writers of plays. How far he is correct in his conclusions the reader must judge for himself. On pages 37 and 38 he says: "Indeed the drama is really the noblest form of literature, because it is the most direct. It calls forth the highest of literary faculties in the highest degree—the creation of character, standing firm on its own feet, and speaking for itself. The person in a play must be and do, and the spectator must see what he is and what he does, and why. There is no narrator standing by to act as chorus, and there needs none. If the dramatist knows his trade, if he have the gift of the born playwright, if his play is well made, then there is no call for explanation or analysis, no necessity of dissecting and refining, no demand for comment or sermon, no desire that any one palliate or denounce what all have seen. Actions speak louder than words."

There is one curious and significant fact which is not noticed by Mr. Matthews, and which is difficult to be explained when looked at from his point of view; and that is the fact that the dramatizations of certain of the novels of Dickens, made when the novels first appeared, almost half a century ago, and of no value whatever as plays, have outlived the standard dramas of undoubted merit which were their contemporaries. If the novel can not be adapted to the purposes of the stage, why is it that Mr. Irving still plays Jingle in "Pickwick," and is never seen as Jacques Stropp in "Robert Macaire"? Captain Cuttle and Wilkins Micawber first appeared in literature in the Forties, and yet they did not die upon the stage until William Florence and George Fawcett Rowe passed away, only a year or two ago; while Sir Charles Coldstream and Abel Murcott, born upon the stage, and created for the stage, were dead and buried and quite forgotten years before. To go back to earlier times, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" itself was based upon "The Tale of Two Lovers of Pisa," upon "The Fish-wife's Tale of Brainford," and upon sundry other novels and novellas then in existence; and a glance at the "Biographia Dramatica" will show

<sup>1</sup> *Studies of the Stage*. By BRANDER MATTHEWS, Author of "Americanisms and Briticisms," etc. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 00. (In *Harper's American Essayists*.) New York: Harper and Brothers.



## LITERARY NOTES.

that nearly every one of the then famous plays of men like Ben Jonson, Nat Lee, and Kit Marlowe are founded upon the literature, serious or frivolous, of some worthy who had preceded them. Is this a proof that Mr. Matthews's theories are wrong, or is it merely the exception which proves his rule?

A LITTLE story by Mr. Matthews entitled "In the Vestibule Limited" appeared in New York in the spring of 1891. It bears a certain vague resemblance to a short tale by M. Ludovic Halévy called "Par le Rapide," which was printed in Paris some eighteen months later; and, while neither of these was written for the stage, each of them—Mr. Matthews to the contrary notwithstanding—would bear the test of dramatic adaptation. M. Halévy is the nephew of a musical composer and the son of a playwright; he grew up in the theatre, and he is himself the half-author of "Frou-Frou," as well as of the librettos of "Carmen" and "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein." Like Mr. Matthews, therefore, he has had the playwright's training, and it is interesting to read, in an Introduction to a collection of Halévy's tales, what Mr. Matthews has to say concerning the methods of the French author. This Introduction shows how fond is M. Halévy of the actors and actresses among whom he spent the early years of his manhood, and how they appear again and again in his *contes*; and it seems to prove that if M. Halévy had not written dramas which were rejected, he could hardly have become the author of novels and novelettes which were accepted, and have become popular not only in France but in England and in America. How far this particular group of successful stories is based upon the unsuccessful plays does not appear, but they were, at all events, written by a French gentleman for the perusal of young ladies of all nationalities, and they have, as well, the dramatic quality in an eminent degree.

Mr. Matthews quotes Cardinal Newman as having said once that while Livy and Tacitus and Terence and Seneca wrote Latin, Cicero wrote Roman; and he adds that while M. Zola on the one hand and M. Ohnet on the other write French, M. Halévy writes Parisian. To this it may be added that Mr. Matthews himself writes American, and that *Parisian Points of View*,<sup>2</sup> the name happily given to the present volume of Halévy's stories, is done into pure, undefiled, excellent American by Miss Edith V. B. Matthews, who inherits, in no small degree, the felicity of expression and command of proper words for which her father is distinguished. The tales are well selected, and, as has been said, they are admirably translated. The readers and friends of "The Abbé Constantin" will be glad to meet "The Insurgent" who was

born on the wrong side of the barricades, and to ride "In the Express" to that most unfrequented of all stations in French fiction, an honest love-match. And even those who never heard of the Abbé Constantin will be pleased to discover that there are in print Parisian Points of View which a young girl can exhibit to young girls.

WHEN the dramatists turn their attention to *The Mystery of Abel Forefinger*<sup>3</sup> they will advertise it as a magnificent spectacular production in five acts and ever so many tableaux. The bills will tell how hundreds of persons are crowded upon the stage at one time, and the brilliantly colored posters will show to the gaping world how gorgeous are the ballets and the processions. There will be presented real sharks in real oceans, a runaway car on a Mexican mountain, and the lair of a gang of Cuban bandits; dazzling lime-lights will be cast upon a tissue-paper water-spout; the young heroes will be brought safely home in the end to slow sweet music; and the story itself will be entirely lost in the scenery. All this is not a very elevating stage study, nor is it very encouraging to the students and to the lovers of the dramatic literature upon which Mr. Matthews treats; but it will prove a very popular theatrical entertainment nevertheless, and it will pay far better than the most scholarly and the most intellectual performances of "Hamlet" or "Ghosts."

It is not intended, by any means, to insinuate here that "The Mystery of Abel Forefinger," as it now appears in book form, is sensational or unhealthy. Mr. Drysdale has written a clean and entertaining tale of adventure for young people, with the half-concealed moral that nothing succeeds like self-control. He takes two boys of fifteen or sixteen on a delightful voyage to Bermuda, to Nassau, to Havana, to Vera Cruz and Mexico, to Jamaica, to Porto Rico, to St. Kitt's, to St. Lucia, to Martinique, to Dominica, and so across to Trinidad; he gives them plenty to do, plenty to see, and plenty to think about, and he will make them the envy of every boy who reads of their experiences. In literature Ferdinand and Lawrence are natural, actual, and possible; in the drama they would be nothing more than lay figures upon which to hang a series of artificial pictures which appeal to the eye and leave the senses blank; and they are another strong proof of Mr. Matthews's theory that popular novels are, as a rule, not fitted for the purposes of the stage.

It is interesting to contrast Mr. Drysdale's self-controlled scenery with the views of the same tropical islands painted by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in his "Two Years in the French West Indies," reviewed in these columns some time

<sup>2</sup> *Parisian Points of View*. By LUDOVIC HALÉVY. The Translation by EDITH V. B. MATTHEWS. An Introduction by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Portrait. 16mo. Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 00. (In *The Odd Number Series*.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

<sup>3</sup> *The Mystery of Abel Forefinger*. By WILLIAM DRYSDALE. Illustrated. Post 8vo. Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25. (In *Harper's Young People Series*.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

## LITERARY NOTES.

ago. Speaking of the sea-gardens Mr. Drysdale says that "it would take many picturesque words to do one justice. In some places the water was ten feet deep, in others fifty, but everywhere the bottom was in plain sight. And such a bottom! A miniature forest of coral stems, with goldfish and angel-fish dodging among them. In other places jungles of sea-fans, sea-rods, rocky beds of brain-stones, sea-urchins, and sea eggs." Now listen to Mr. Hearn, quoted at random: "The sunset comes with a great yellow burning glow, fading up through faint greens to lose itself in violet light." "The sea is impossibly blue, yet it is transparent; the foam clouds as they sink down turn sky blue—a sky blue which now looks white by contrast with the strange and violet splendor of the sea color. It seems as if one were looking into an immeasurable dyeing-vat, or as though the whole ocean had been thickened with indigo. To say that this is a mere reflection of the sky is nonsense—the sky is too pale by an hundred shades for that. This must be the natural color of the water—a blazing azure, magnificent, impossible to describe"! The most daring, the most accomplished, the most enthusiastic scenic artist in the world to-day would fail most disastrously if he should attempt "to stage" the words of Mr. Hearn, and even the superb spectacle of the "Mystery of Abel Forefinger" would seem commonplace and shabby by its side.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has written many tales, and he has adapted at least two of them for the stage; but he is to be considered here as an observer and as a traveller, rather than as a novelist or a dramatist. In any literary capacity in which he appears, however, Mr. Davis possesses, in a remarkable degree, the delightful gift of seeing things and of saying things. This is exhibited not only in his short stories, but in his descriptions of what he saw of our own great West from a car-window, and of the great East of Europe, Asia, and Africa from the deck of a mail packet; and more particularly in what he saw the other day of *Our English Cousins*\* in their Northern little island of Britain. His pen-pictures of English horse-races, of English University boat-races, and of the race for Parliamentary honors in an English rural borough must interest as well as instruct those who are unfamiliar with these peculiar English institutions; while to those of us who have been to Ascot and to the Derby, who have spent the "Eights Week" in Oxford, or who have witnessed the incidents so common at the meetings in Yorkshire or Worcestershire, they are a delightful reminder of things seen and heard, and not likely to be forgotten. Mr. Davis begins at the beginning, and he tells it all. Nothing escapes his eye

or his pencil. It is, fortunately for his readers, an absolutely fresh impression to him, and as such he sets it all down in his own fresh and entertaining way. He seems to be writing for the edification of those to whom it is equally new, but he appeals as well to that smaller class of readers who have been there themselves; and both classes will take up his book with pleasure and lay it down with regret.

There is one item in Mr. Davis's chapter upon "Three English Race Meetings" to which the present reviewer must object: to wit, the buttons on the bottoms of the legs of the trousers of the costermongers. These buttons exist in song and in fiction, and they are always obtrusively conspicuous upon the stage, particularly upon the variety stage, for which Mr. Davis is not here writing; but in the real life which Mr. Davis portrays they have never been seen by the present reviewer, who has known his London costermongers for many years, and they have never been seen, off the stage, by any close student of London with whom the present reviewer is acquainted.

There are many things in this volume, however, which one would like to quote, while Mr. Davis's epitome of "that class feeling which is in the atmosphere in England, and which does not exist with us," is too good to be lost. In his "Undergraduate Life in Oxford" he says: "The Harvard student may think he is of finer clay than the towns-people and the tradesman and the policeman, as he generally is; but he cannot bring them to think so too—that is where his English contemporary has the advantage of him. The Oxford townsman feels an inborn and traditional respect for the gentleman; he bows meekly to his eccentricities; he takes his chaff with smiles, and regards the undergraduate's impertinence as one of the privileges of the upper classes." This, in a nutshell, is the gist of the whole matter. We can never have an upper class in America until "Society" here can instil an inborn and traditional respect for itself, until "Society" can induce the rest of mankind, in America, to accept "Society" at its own valuation. When the inhabitants of the South End of Boston, of Philadelphia, North of Market Street, and of New York, West of Seventh Avenue, are willing to acknowledge that they are of poorer clay than their neighbors who figure in the *Elite Directory*, then will the millennium come; and then will men in the United States be born fettered and unequal and without self-respect, ready to accept impertinence from their upper circles.

WE are told in the *Biographia Dramatica* that George Colman's comedy of "The Spanish Barber" was taken from "The Barber of Seville" by Beaumarchais; that Beaumont and Fletcher's "Spanish Curate" was borrowed from Gerardo's "History of Don John"; that Dryden's "Spanish Fryar" was founded

\* *Our English Cousins*. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "The Rulers of the Mediterranean," "Van Bibber and Others," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

## LITERARY NOTES.

on a novel called "The Pilgrim," written by M. St. Bremond; and that the plot of "The Spanish Gypsy" by Middleton and Rowley had at least a very near resemblance to a novel of Cervantes called "The Force of Blood." Spain and its people are still favorite subjects with the writers for the histrionic and the lyric stage. "Carmen" still is, and still does; during the pauses of conversation she is still heard at the Metropolitan Opera-house; and sometimes at matinee performances, between the high hats in front, she is even still to be seen; while Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes" is just beginning to stand firm on her own feet, and to speak for herself in the noblest and most direct form of literature, in the leading theatres throughout the country.

How much there is that is dramatic and romantic in the story of the Spaniards from the time of the Roman Conquest down to a period within the memory of men still living, all children of all ages will learn from *A Child's History of Spain*,<sup>5</sup> which Mr. John Bonner has just added to his Historical Series for Young Persons. We first hear of Spain 400 or 500 years before Christ, when the Phœnicians of Tyre planted a colony near the present seaport of Cadiz. We last hear of Spain as ruled by a baby king, and threatened, like the rest of the world, by dynamite bombs; whatever we hear of Spain during that long interval is entertaining and exciting, and we cannot help a feeling of affection and gratitude for Spain when we reflect that it was through Spain that the world first heard of us. Among the many interesting chapters in Mr. Bonner's work, none will be read at the present day with more attention on the part of the children for whom they are written than those relating to the history of Columbus, and to the account of his famous voyages of discovery. They may not be so amusing as is John Brougham's dramatized version of the events they chronicle, in which Columbus is made to land at Castle Garden in a tug-boat, but they are certainly more reliable and more instructive; they are condensed but clear; they are written in simple English which youthful minds can comprehend; and they make Columbus and his crews, and the Sovereigns of Spain and their Courts, real persons, actuated by natural aspirations and by human motives.

Upon the inhumanity of the early Spaniards, the cruelties of the Inquisition, the persecutions of the Moors and the Jews, Mr. Bonner touches lightly but firmly; but he neglects to record the fact that Lope de Vega, the leading Spanish dramatist of the sixteenth century, the author of over 800 plays, was also a Familiar of the Inquisition, who thus in his own person made Spanish history, as well as Spanish romance.

In his chapter upon "The Social Position of the Jews in the Middle Ages and in Modern Times" the author of *The Jewish Question*<sup>6</sup> points out that the Jews were among the earliest settlers in Spain, that their immigration—at least for some districts—goes back to the nebulous period of prehistoric ages, and that they were certainly in Spain, as freemen, during the Roman Republic. The canons of the Synods of Elvira and Toledo show that the Jews went to Spain before the Christians did, and that they possessed greater wealth and more power than the Christians could boast; and in the pages of "The Jewish Question" we are shown that their social culture and intellectual standing in Spain were of the highest, until their expulsion in the fifteenth century, and, notwithstanding the fact that they suffered the most cruel persecution under the Goths, and later through the Inquisition. Lowell has said that a large proportion of the leading families among the aristocracy in England has some admixture of Jewish blood, while several of the greatest of English names can be traced back, in a direct line, to Jewish ancestors; and he noticed, among others, the families of Cecil and Russell. That the same conditions exist in other countries the present author affirms, and he quotes a celebrated Russian scholar, not himself a Jew, as saying that most of the great men of science and letters now living in Germany are not only Jews, but that a large proportion of the German Christian dignitaries are of Jewish descent.

The Jews differ essentially among each other, the author says, according to the nations among which they live and have lived for ages, according to the different classes among them in these various communities, and according to the several occupations they follow and the tastes they possess. And he shows very conclusively how ridiculously unimportant are the so-called Anti-Semitic movements when viewed in the light of the serious questions which move the main current of modern history, and may stir humanity to the depths of its existence.

Unfortunately it is not possible, in the limited space at command here, to treat this book as fully as it deserves. The writer of it, who prefers to remain anonymous, is presumably himself a Jew, and he is writing not for the Jews alone, but for the great mass of the intellectual readers of two continents who have, without realizing it, Jewish blood in their own veins. He treats his subject liberally, honestly, justly, intelligently, and in a dramatic manner. He has studied carefully the Question he discusses, and he answers the Question in a way which will satisfy the Jews, while it will, at the same time, give the descendants of the Jews something to swallow and digest.

<sup>5</sup> *A Child's History of Spain*. By JOHN BONNER. Author of "A Child's History of France," "A Child's History of Greece," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$3.00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

<sup>6</sup> *The Jewish Question and the Mission of the Jews*. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1.75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

