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TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Second.

NOBODY knew exactly how Svengali lived, and very few knew where (or why). He occupied a roomy dilapidated garret, au sixième, in the Rue Tire-Liard; with a truckle-bed and a piano-forte for furniture, and very little else.

He was poor; for in spite of his talent he had not yet made his mark in Paris. His manners may have been accountable for this. He would either fawn or bully, and could be grossly impertinent. He had a kind of cynical humor, which was more offensive than amusing, and always laughed at the wrong thing, at the wrong time, in the wrong place. And his laughter was always derisive and full of malice. And his egotism and conceit were not to be borne; and then, he was both tawdry and dirty in his person; more greasily, mattedly unkempt than a really successful pianist has any right to be, even in the best society.

He was not a nice man, and there was no pathos in his poverty—a poverty that was not honorable, and need not have existed at all; for he was constantly receiving supplies from his own people in Austria—his old father and mother, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, hard-working, frugal folk of whom he was the pride and the darling.

He had but one virtue—his love of his art; or, rather, his love of himself as a master of his art—the master; for he despised, or affected to despise, all other musicians, living or dead—even those whose work he interpreted so divinely, and pitied them for not hearing Svengali give utterance to their music, which of course they could not utter themselves.

“Ils safont tous un peu toucher du biâno, mais pas grand'chose!”

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He had been the best pianist of his time at the Conservatory in Leipsic; and, indeed, there was perhaps some excuse for this overweening conceit, since he was able to lend a quite peculiar individual charm of his own to any music he played, except the highest and best of all, in which he conspicuously failed.

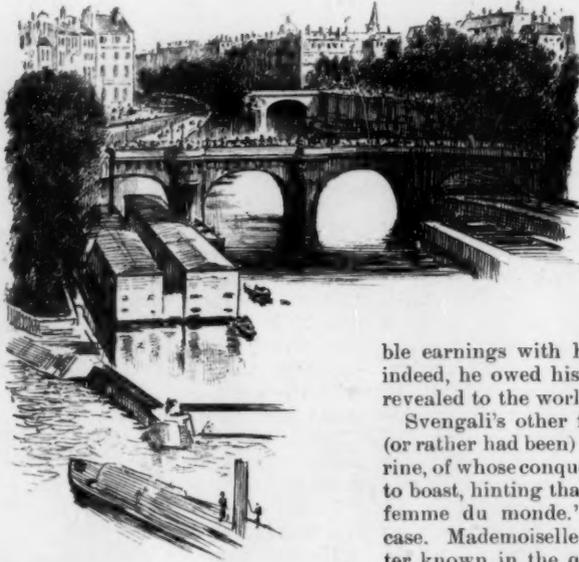
He had to draw the line just above Chopin, where he reached the highest level. It will not do to lend your own quite peculiar individual charm to Handel and Bach and Beethoven; and Chopin is not bad as a *pis-aller*.

He had ardently wished to sing, and had studied hard to that end in Germany, in Italy, in France, with the forlorn hope of evolving from some inner recess a voice to sing with. But nature had been singularly harsh to him in this one respect—inexorable. He was absolutely without voice, beyond the harsh, hoarse, weak raven's croak he used to speak with, and no method availed to make one for him. But he grew to understand the human voice as perhaps no one has understood it before or since.

So in his head he went forever singing, singing, singing, as probably no human nightingale has ever yet been able to sing out loud, for the glory and delight of his fellow-mortals, making unheard heavenly melody of the cheapest, triviallest tunes—tunes of the café concert, tunes of the nursery, the shop-parlor, the guard-room, the school-room, the pot-house, the slum. There was nothing so humble, so base even, but what his magic could transform it into the rarest beauty without altering a note. This seems impossible, I know. But if it didn't, where would the magic come in?

Whatever of heart or conscience—pity,

love, tenderness, manliness, courage, reverence, charity—endowed him at his birth had been swallowed up by this one faculty, and nothing of them was left for the



THE LATIN QUARTER.

common uses of life. He poured them a'l into his little flexible flageolet.

Svengali playing Chopin on the piano-forte, even (or especially) Svengali playing "Ben Bolt" on that penny whistle of his, was as one of the heavenly host.

Svengali walking up and down the earth seeking whom he might cheat, betray, exploit, borrow money from, make brutal fun of, bully if he dared, cringe to if he must—man, woman, child, or dog—was about as bad as they make 'em.

To earn a few pence when he couldn't borrow them he played accompaniments at café concerts, and even then he gave offence; for in his contempt for the singer he would play too loud, and embroider his accompaniments with brilliant improvisations of his own, and lift his hands on high and bring them down with a bang in the sentimental parts, and shake his dirty mane and shrug his shoulders, and smile and leer at the audience, and do all he could to attract their attention to himself. He also gave a few music lessons (not

at ladies' schools, let us hope), for which he was not well paid, presumably, since he was always without the sou, always borrowing money, that he never paid back, and exhausting the pockets and the patience of one acquaintance after another.

He had but two friends. There was Gecko, who lived in a little garret close by, in the Impasse des Ramoneurs, and who was second violin in the orchestra of the Gymnase, and shared his humble

earnings with his master, to whom, indeed, he owed his great talent, not yet revealed to the world.

Svengali's other friend and pupil was (or rather had been) the mysterious Honorine, of whose conquest he was much given to boast, hinting that she was "une jeune femme du monde." This was not the case. Mademoiselle Honorine Cahen (better known in the quartier latin as Mimi la Salope) was a dirty, drabby little dollymop of a Jewess, a model for the figure—a very humble person indeed, socially.

She was, however, of a very lively disposition, and had a charming voice, and a natural gift of singing so sweetly that you forgot her accent, which was that of the "tout ce qu'il y a de plus canaille."



"AS BAD AS THEY MAKE 'EM."

She used to sit at Carrel's, and during the pose she would sing. When Little Billee first heard her he was so fascinated that "it made him sick to think she sat for

the figure"—an effect, by-the-way, that was always produced upon him by all specially attractive figure models of the gentler sex, for he had a reverence for woman. And before everything else, he had for the singing woman an absolute worship. He was especially thrall to the contralto—the deep low voice that breaks and changes in the middle and soars all at once into a magnified angelic boy treble. It pierced through his ears to his heart and stirred his very vitals.

He had once heard Madame Alboni, and it had been an epoch in his life; he would have been an easy prey to the sirens! Even beauty paled before the lovely female voice singing in the middle of the note—the nightingale killed the bird-of-paradise.

I need hardly say that poor Mimi la Salope had not the voice of Madame Alboni, nor the art; but it was a beautiful voice of its little kind, always in the very middle of the note, and her artless art had its quick seduction.

She sang little songs of Béranger's—"Grand'mère, parlez-nous de lui!" or "T'en souviens-tu? disait un capitaine—" or "Enfants, c'est moi qui suis Lisette!" and such like pretty things, that almost brought the tears to Little Billee's easily moistened eyes.

But soon she would sing little songs that were not by Béranger—little songs with slang words Little Billee hadn't French enough to understand; but from the kind of laughter with which the points were received by the "rapins" in Carrel's studio he guessed these little songs were vile, though the touching little voice was as that of the seraphim still, and he knew the pang of disenchantment and vicarious shame.

Svengali had heard her sing at the Brasserie des Porcherons in the Rue du



"A VOICE HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND."

Crapaud-volant, and had volunteered to teach her; and she went to see him in his garret, and he played to her, and leered and ogled, and flashed his bold black beady eyes into hers, and she straightway mentally prostrated herself in reverence and adoration before this dazzling specimen of her race.

So that her sordid, mercenary little gutter-draggled soul was filled with the sight and the sound of him, as of a lordly, godlike, shawm-playing, cymbal-banging hero and prophet of the Lord God of Israel—David and Saul in one!

And then he set himself to teach her—kindly and patiently at first, calling her sweet little pet names—his "Rose of Sharon," his "pearl of Pabylon," his "cabelle-eyed liddle Cherusalem skylark"—and promised her that she should be the queen of the nightingales.

But before he could teach her anything



"AND SO, NO MORE."

he had to unteach her all she knew; her breathing, the production of her voice, its emission—everything was wrong. She worked indefatigably to please him, and soon succeeded in forgetting all the pretty little sympathetic tricks of voice and phrasing Mother Nature had taught her.

But though she had an exquisite ear, she had no real musical intelligence—no intelligence of any kind except about sous and centimes; she was as stupid as a little downy owl, and her voice was just a light native warble, a throistle's pipe, all in the head and nose and throat (a voice he *didn't* understand, for once), a thing of mere youth and health and bloom and high spirits—like her beauty, such as it was—*beauté du diable, beauté damnée*.

She did her very best, and practised all she could in this new way, and sang herself hoarse; she scarcely ate or slept for practising. He grew harsh and impatient and coldly severe, and of course she loved him all the more; and the more she loved him the more nervous she got and the worse she sang. Her voice cracked; her ear became demoralized; her attempts to vocalize grew almost as comical as Trilby's. So that he lost his temper completely, and called her terrible names, and pinched and punched her with his big bony hands till she wept worse than

Niobe, and borrowed money of her—five-franc pieces, even francs and demifrancs—which he never paid her back; and brow-beat and bullied and ballyragged her till she went quite mad for love of him, and would have jumped out of his sixth-floor window to give him a moment's pleasure!

He did not ask her to do this—it never occurred to him, and would have given him no pleasure to speak of. But one fine Sabbath morning (a Saturday, of course) he took her by the shoulders and chucked her, neck and crop, out of his garret, with the threat that if she ever dared to show her face there again he would denounce her to the police—an awful threat to the likes of poor Mimi la Salope!

"For where did all those five-franc pieces come from—*hein?*—with which she had tried to pay for all the singing lessons that had been thrown away upon her? Not from merely sitting to painters—*hein?*"

Thus the little gazelle-eyed Jerusalem skylark went back to her native streets again—a mere mud-lark of the Paris slums—her wings clipped, her spirit quenched and broken, and with no more singing left in her than a common or garden sparrow—not so much!

And so, no more of "la betite Honorine!"

The morning after this adventure Svengali woke up in his garret with a tremendous longing to spend a happy day; for it was a Sunday, and a very fine one.

He made a long arm and reached his waistcoat and trousers off the floor, and emptied the contents of their pockets on to his tattered blanket: no silver, no gold, only a few sous and two-sou pieces, just enough to pay for a meagre *premier déjeuner!*

He had cleared out Gecko the day before, and spent the proceeds (ten francs at least) in one night's riotous living—pleasures in which Gecko had had no share; and he could think of no one to borrow money from but Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird, whom he had neglected and left untapped for days.

So he slipped into his clothes, and looked at himself in what remained of a little zinc mirror, and found that his forehead left little to be desired, but that his eyes and temples were decidedly grimy.

Wherefore, he poured a little water out of a little jug into a little basin, and twisting the corner of his pocket-handkerchief round his dirty forefinger, he delicately dipped it, and removed the offending stains. His fingers, he thought, would do very well for another day or two as they were; he ran them through his matted black mane, pushed it behind his ears, and gave it the twist he liked (and that was so much disliked by his English friends). Then he put on his béret and his velveteen cloak, and went forth into the sunny streets, with a sense of the freedom and pleasantness of Sunday morning in Paris in the month of May.

He found Little Billee sitting in a zinc hip-bath, busy with soap and sponge; and was so tickled and interested by the sight that he quite forgot for the moment what he had come for.

"Himmel! Why the devil are you doing that?" he asked, in his German-Hebrew-French.

"Doing *what*?" asked Little Billee, in his French of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

"Sitting in water and playing with a cake of soap and a sponge!"

"Why, to try and get myself *clean*, I suppose!"

"Ach! And how the devil did you get yourself *dirty*, then?"

To this Little Billee found no immediate answer, and went on with his ablution after the hissing, splashing, energetic fashion of Englishmen; and Svengali laughed loud and long at the spectacle of a little Englishman trying to get himself clean—"tâchant de se nettoyer!"

When such clean-

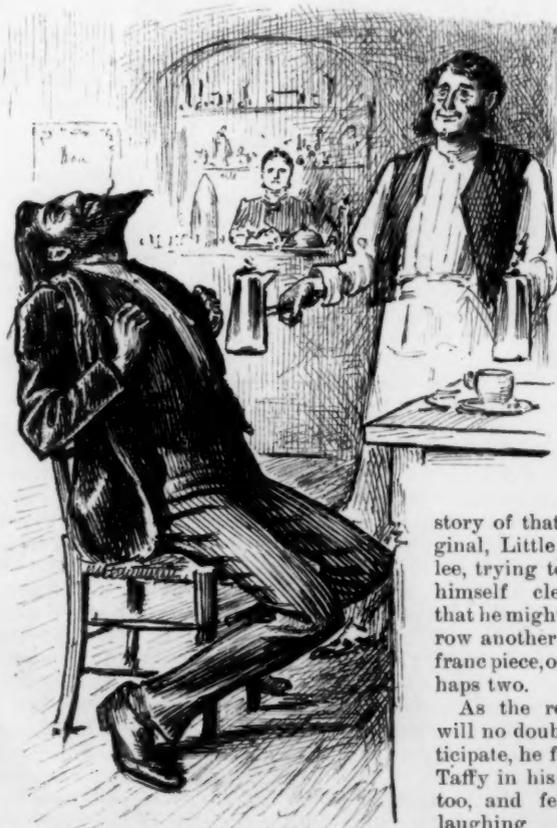
liness had been attained as was possible under the circumstances, Svengali begged for the loan of two hundred francs, and Little Billee gave him a five-franc piece.

Content with this, *faute de mieux*, the German asked him when he would be trying to get himself clean again, as he would much like to come and see him do it.

"Demang mattang, à votre sairveece!" said Little Billee, with a courteous bow.

"*What!! Monday too!!* Gott in Himmel! you try to get yourself clean *every day*?"

And he laughed himself out of the room, out of the house, out of the Place de l'Odéon—all the way to the Rue de Seine, where dwelt the "man of blood," whom he meant to propitiate with the



story of that original, Little Billee, trying to get himself clean—that he might borrow another five-franc piece, or perhaps two.

As the reader will no doubt anticipate, he found Taffy in his bath too, and fell to laughing with such convulsive laughter, such

twistings, screwings, and doublings of himself up, such pointings of his dirty forefinger at the huge naked Briton, that Taffy was offended, and all but lost his temper.

"What the devil are you cackling at, sacred head of pig that you are? Do you want to be pitched out of that window into the Rue de Seine? Just you wait a bit; *I'll* wash your head for you!"

And Taffy jumped out of his bath, such a towering figure of righteous Herculean wrath that Svengali was appalled, and fled.

"Donnerwetter!" he exclaimed as he tumbled down the narrow staircase of the Hôtel de Seine, "what for a thick head! what for a pigdog! what for a rotten, brutal, verfluchter kerl of an Englander!"

Then he paused for thought.

"Now will I go to that Scottish Englander, in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, for that other five-franc piece. But first will I wait a little while till he has perhaps finished trying to get himself clean."

So he breakfasted at the crèmerie Souchet, in the Rue Clopin-Clopant, and, feeling quite safe again, he laughed and laughed till his very sides were sore.

Two Englanders in one day, a big one and a little one, trying to get themselves clean!

He rather flattered himself he'd scored off those two Englanders.

After all, he was right perhaps, from his point of view; you can get as dirty in a week as in a lifetime, so what's the good of taking such a lot of trouble? Besides, so long as you are clean enough to suit your kind, to be any cleaner would be priggish and pedantic, and get you disliked.

Just as Svengali was about to knock at the Laird's door, Trilby came down stairs from Durien's, very unlike herself. Her eyes were red with weeping, and there were great black rings round them; she was pale under her freckles.

"Fous afez du chaecin, matemoiselle?" asked he.

She told him that she had neuralgia in her eyes, a thing she was subject to; that the pain was maddening, and generally lasted twenty-four hours.

"Perhaps I can cure you; come in here with me."

The Laird's ablutions (if he had indulged in any that morning) were evidently over for the day. He was breakfasting on a roll and butter, and coffee of his

own brewing. He was deeply distressed at the sight of poor Trilby's sufferings, and offered whiskey and coffee and ginger-nuts, which she would not touch.

Svengali told her to sit down on the divan, and sat opposite to her, and bade her look him well in the white of the eyes.

"Recartez-moi bien tans le blanc tes yeux."

Then he made little passes and counter-passes on her forehead and temples and down her cheek and neck. Soon her eyes closed and her face grew placid. After a while, a quarter of an hour perhaps, he asked her if she suffered still.

"Oh! presque plus du tout, monsieur—c'est le ciel."

In a few minutes more he asked the Laird if he knew German.

"Just enough to understand," said the Laird (who had spent a year in Düsseldorf), and Svengali said to him in German: "See, she sleeps not, but she shall not open her eyes. Ask her."

"Are you asleep, Miss Trilby?" asked the Laird.

"No."

"Then open your eyes and look at me."

She strained to open her eyes, but could not, and said so.

Then Svengali said, again in German, "She shall not open her mouth. Ask her."

"Why couldn't you open your eyes, Miss Trilby?"

She strained to open her mouth and speak, but in vain.

"She shall not rise from the divan. Ask her."

But Trilby was spellbound, and could not move.

"I will now set her free," said Svengali.

And, lo! she got up and waved her arms, and cried, "Vive la Prusse! me v'là guérie!" and in her gratitude she kissed Svengali's hand; and he leered, and showed his big brown teeth and the yellow whites at the top of his big black eyes, and drew his breath with a hiss.

"Now I'll go to Durien's and sit. How can I thank you, monsieur? You have taken all my pain away."

"Yes, matemoiselle. I have got it myself; it is in my elbows. But I love it, because it comes from you. Every time you have pain you shall come to me, 12 Rue Tire-Liard, au sixième au-dessus de l'entresol, and I will cure you and take your pain myself—"

"Oh, you are too good!" and in her high spirits she turned round on her heel and uttered her portentous war-cry, "Milk below!" The very rafters rang with it, and the piano gave out a solemn response.

"What is that you say, matemoiselle?"

"Oh! it's what the milkmen say in England."

"It is a wonderful cry, matemoiselle—wunderschön! It comes straight through the heart; it has its roots in the stomach, and blossoms into music on the lips like the voice of Madame Albani—voce sulle labbre! It is good production—c'est un cri du cœur!"

Trilby blushed with pride and pleasure.

"Yes, matemoiselle! I only know one person in the whole world who can produce the voice so well as you! I give you my word of honor."

"Who is it, monsieur—yourself?"

"Ach, no, matemoiselle; I have not that privilege. I have unfortunately no voice to produce. . . . It is a waiter at the Café de la Rotonde, in the Palais Royal; when you call for coffee, he says 'Boum!' in basso profundo. Tiefstimme—F. moll below the line—it is phenomenal! It is like a cannon—a cannon also has very good production, matemoiselle. They pay him for it a thousand francs a year, because he brings many customers to the Café de la Rotonde, where the coffee isn't very good. When he dies they will search all France for another, and then all Germany, where the good big waiters come from—and the cannons—but they will not find him, and the Café de la Rotonde will be bankrupt—unless you will consent to take his place. Will you permit that I shall look into your mouth, matemoiselle?"

She opened her mouth wide, and he looked into it.

"Himmel! the roof of your mouth is like the dome of the Panthéon; there is room in it for 'toutes les gloires de la France,' and a little to spare! The en-



"HIMMEL! THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH!"

trance to your throat is like the middle porch of St. Sulpice when the doors are open for the faithful on All-Saints day; and not one is missing—thirty-two British teeth as white as milk and as big as knuckle-bones! and your little tongue is scooped out like the leaf of a pink peony, and the bridge of your nose is like the belly of a Stradivarius—what a sounding-board! and inside your beautiful big chest the lungs are made of leather! and your breath, it embalms—like the breath of a beautiful white heifer fed on the buttercups and daisies of the father-land! and you have a quick, soft, susceptible heart, a heart of gold, matemoiselle—all that sees itself in your face!

'Votre cœur est un luth 'suspendu!
Aussitôt qu'on le touche, il résonne. . . .'

What a pity you have not also the musical organization!"

"Oh, but I *have*, monsieur; you heard



"ÇE FERA UNE FAMEUSE
CRAPULE DE MOINS!"

me sing 'Ben Bolt,' didn't you? What makes you say that?"

Svengali was confused for a moment. Then he said:

"When I play the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert, matemoiselle, you look another way and smoke a cigarette. . . . You look at the big Taffy, at the Little Billee, at the pictures on the walls, or out of window, at the sky, the chimney-pots of Notre Dame de Paris; you do not look at Svengali!—Svengali, who looks at you with all his eyes, and plays you the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert!"

"Oh, maïe, aïe!" exclaimed Trilby; "you *do* use lovely language!"

"But never mind, matemoiselle; when your pain arrives, then shall you come once more to Svengali, and he shall take it away from you, and keep it himself for a soufenir of you when you are gone. And when you have it no more, he shall play you the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert, all alone for you; and then, 'Messieurs les étutians, montez à la chaumière!' . . . because it is gayer! *And you shall see nothing, hear nothing, think of nothing but Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!*"

Here he felt his peroration to be so happy and effective that he thought it well to go at once and make a good exit. So he bent over Trilby's shapely freckled hand and kissed it, and bowed himself

out of the room, without even borrowing his five-franc piece.

"He's a rum 'un, ain't he?" said Trilby. "He reminds me of a big hungry spider, and makes me feel like a fly! But he's cured my pain! he's cured my pain! Ah! you don't know what my pain is when it comes!"

"I wouldn't have much to do with him, all the same!" said the Laird. "I'd sooner have any pain than have it cured in that unnatural way, and by such a man as that! He's a bad fellow, Svengali—I'm sure of it! He mesmerized you; that's what it is—mesmerism! I've often heard of it, but never seen it done before. They get you

into their power, and just make you do any blessed thing they please—lie, murder, steal—anything! and kill yourself into the bargain when they've done with you! It's just too terrible to think of!"

So spake the Laird, earnestly, solemnly, surprised out of his usual self, and most painfully impressed—and his own impressiveness grew upon him and impressed him still more. He loomed quite prophetic.

Cold shivers went down Trilby's back as she listened. She had a singularly impressionable nature, as was shown by her quick and ready susceptibility to Svengali's hypnotic influence. And all that day, as she posed for Durien (to whom she did not mention her adventure), she was haunted by the memory of Svengali's big eyes and the touch of his soft dirty finger-tips on her face; and her fear and her repulsion grew together.

And "Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!" went ringing in her head and ears till it became an obsession, a dirge, a knell, an unendurable burden, almost as hard to bear as the pain in her eyes.

"Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!"

At last she asked Durien if he knew him.

"Parbleu! Si je connais Svengali!"

"Quest-ce que t'en penses?"
 "Quand il sera mort, çe fera une fameuse crapule de moins!"

"CHEZ CARREL."

Carrel's atelier (or painting-school) was in the Rue Notre Dame des Potirons St.-Michael, at the end of a large court-yard, where there were many large dirty windows facing north, and each window let the light of heaven into a large dirty studio.

The largest of these studios, and the dirtiest, was Carrel's, where some thirty or forty art students drew and painted from the nude model every day but Sunday from eight till twelve, and for two hours in the afternoon, except on Saturdays, when the afternoon was devoted to much-needed Augean sweepings and cleanings.

The bare walls were adorned with endless caricatures—*des charges*—in charcoal and white chalk; and also the scrapings of many palettes—a polychromous decoration not unpleasing.

For the freedom of the studio and the use of the model each student paid ten francs a month to the *massier*, or senior student, the responsible bell-wether of the flock; besides this, it was expected of you, on your entrance or initiation, that you should pay for your footing—your *bienvenue*—some thirty, forty, or fifty francs, to be spent on cakes and rum punch all round.

Every Friday Monsieur Carrel, a great artist, and also a stately, well-dressed, and most courteous gentleman (duly decorated with the red rosette of the Legion of Honor), came for two or three hours and



"AV YOU SEEN MY FAHZERE'S OLE SHOES?"

One week the model was male, the next female, and so on, alternating throughout the year.

A stove, a model-throne, stools, boxes, some fifty strongly built low chairs with backs, a couple of score easels and many drawing-boards, completed the mobilier.

went the round, spending a few minutes at each drawing-board or easel—ten or twelve when the pupil was an industrious and promising one.

He did this for love, not money, and deserved all the reverence with which he inspired this somewhat irreverent and

most unruly company, which was made up of all sorts.

Graybeards who had been drawing and painting there for thirty years and more, and remembered other masters than Carrel, and who could draw and paint a torso almost as well as Titian or Velasquez—almost, but not quite—and who could never do anything else, and were fixtures at Carrel's for life.

Younger men who in a year or two, or three or five, or ten or twenty, were bound to make their mark, and perhaps follow in the footsteps of the master; others as conspicuously singled out for failure and future mischance—for the hospital, the garret, the river, the Morgue, or, worse, the traveller's bag, the road, or even the paternal counter.

Irresponsible boys, mere rapins, all laugh and chaff and mischief—"blague et bagout Parisien"; little lords of misrule—wits, butts, bullies; the idle and industrious apprentice, the good and the bad, the clean and the dirty (especially the latter)—all more or less animated by a certain *esprit de corps*, and working very happily and genially together, on the whole, and always willing to help each other with sincere artistic counsel if it was asked for seriously, though it was not always couched in terms very flattering to one's self-love.

Before Little Billee became one of this band of brothers he had been working for three or four years in a London art school, drawing and painting from the life; he had also worked from the antique in the British Museum—so that he was no novice.

As he made his *début* at Carrel's one Monday morning he felt somewhat shy and ill at ease. He had studied French most earnestly at home in England, and could read it pretty well, and even write it and speak it after a fashion; but he spoke it with much difficulty, and found studio French a different language altogether from the formal and polite language he had been at such pains to learn. Ollendorff does not cater for the quartier latin. Acting on Taffy's advice—for Taffy had worked under Carrel—Little Billee handed sixty francs to the massier for his *bienvenue*—a lordly sum—and this liberality made a most favorable impression, and went far to destroy any little prejudice that might have been caused by the daintiness of his dress, the cleanli-

ness of his person, and the politeness of his manners. A place was assigned to him, and an easel and a board; for he elected to stand at his work and begin with a chalk drawing. The model (a male) was posed, and work began in silence. Monday morning is always rather sulky everywhere (except perhaps in judée). During the ten minutes' rest three or four students came and looked at Little Billee's beginnings, and saw at a glance that he thoroughly well knew what he was about, and respected him for it.

Nature had given him a singularly light hand—or rather two, for he was ambidextrous, and could use both with equal skill; and a few months' practice at a London life school had quite cured him of that purposeless indecision of touch which often characterizes the prentice hand for years of apprenticeship, and remains with the amateur for life. The lightest and most careless of his pencil strokes had a precision that was inimitable, and a charm that specially belonged to him, and was easy to recognize at a glance. His touch on either canvas or paper was like Svengali's on the keyboard—unique.

As the morning ripened little attempts at conversation were made—little breakings of the ice of silence. It was Lambert, a youth with a singularly facetious face, who first woke the stillness with the following uncalled for remarks in English very badly pronounced:

"Av you seen my fahzere's ole shoes?"

"I av not seen my fahzere's ole shoes."

Then, after a pause:

"Av you seen my fahzere's ole 'at?"

"I av not seen my fahzere's ole 'at!"

Presently another said, "Je trouve qu'il a une jolie tête, l'Anglais."

But I will put it all into English:

"I find that he has a pretty head—the Englishman! What say *you*, Barizel?"

"Yes; but why has he got eyes like brandy-balls, two a penny?"

"Because he's an Englishman!"

"Yes; but why has he got a mouth like a guinea-pig, with two big teeth in front like the double blank at dominoes?"

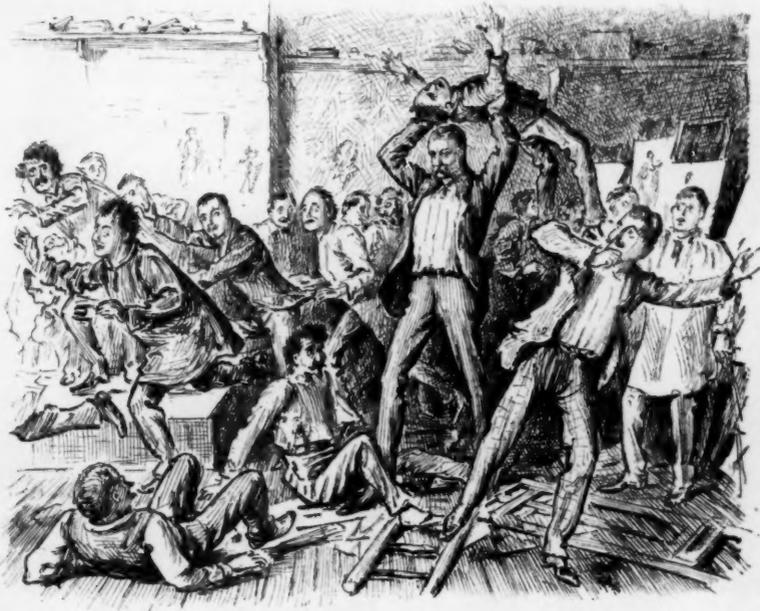
"Because he's an Englishman!"

"Yes; but why has he got a back without any bend in it, as if he'd swallowed the Colonne Vendôme as far up as the battle of Austerlitz?"

"Because he's an Englishman!"

And so on, till all the supposed characteristics of Little Billee's outer man were exhausted. Then:
"Papelard!"

"Avez-vous une sœur?"
"Wee."
"Est-ce qu'elle vous ressemble?"
"Nong."



TAPPY À L'ECHELLE!

"What?"

"I should like to know if the Englishman says his prayers before going to bed."

"Ask him."

"Ask him yourself!"

"I should like to know if the Englishman has sisters; and if so, how old and how many and what sex."

"Ask him."

"Ask him yourself!"

"I should like to know the detailed and circumstantial history of the Englishman's first love, and how he lost his innocence!"

"Ask him," etc., etc., etc.

Little Billee, conscious that he was the subject of conversation, grew somewhat nervous. Soon he was addressed directly.

"Dites donc, l'Anglais?"

"Kwaw?" said Little Billee.

"C'est bien dommage! Est-ce qu'elle dit ses prières, le soir, en se couchant?"

A fierce look came into Little Billee's eyes and a redness to his cheeks, and this particular form of overture to friendship was abandoned.

Presently Lambert said, "Si nous mettions l'Anglais à l'échelle?"

Little Billee, who had been warned, knew what this ordeal meant.

They tied you to a ladder, and carried you in procession up and down the court-yard, and if you were nasty about it they put you under the pump.

During the next rest it was explained to him that he must submit to this indignity, and the ladder (which was used for reaching the high shelves round the studio) was got ready.

Little Billee smiled a singularly winning smile, and suffered himself to be bound with such good-humor that they

voted it wasn't amusing, and unbound him, and he escaped the ordeal by ladder.

Taffy had also escaped, but in another way. When they tried to seize him he took up the first *rapin* that came to hand, and using him as a kind of club, he swung him about so freely and knocked down so many students and easels and drawing-boards with him, and made such a terrific rumpus, that the whole studio had to cry for "pax!" Then he performed feats of strength of such a surprising kind that the memory of him remained in Carrel's studio for years, and he became a legend, a tradition, a myth! It is now said (in what still remains of the *quartier latin*) that he was seven feet high, and used to juggle with the massier and model as with a pair of billiard balls, using only his left hand!

To return to Little Billee. When it struck twelve, the cakes and rum punch arrived—a very goodly sight that put every one in a good temper.

The cakes were of three kinds—Babas, Madeleines, and Savarins—three sous apiece, fourpence halfpenny the set of three. No nicer cakes are made in France, and they are as good in the *quartier latin* as anywhere else; no nicer cakes are made in the whole world that I know of. You must begin with the Madeleine, which is rich and rather heavy; then the Baba; and finish up with the Savarin, which is shaped like a ring, very light, and flavored with rum. And then you must really leave off.

The rum punch was tepid, very sweet, and not a bit too strong.

They dragged the model-throne into the middle, and a chair was put on for Little Billee, who dispensed his hospitality in a very polite and attractive manner, helping the massier first, and then the other graybeards in the order of their grayness, and so on down to the model.

Presently, just as he was about to help himself, he was asked to sing them an English song. After a little pressing he sang them a song about a gay cavalier who went to serenade his mistress, (and a ladder of ropes, and a pair of masculine gloves that didn't belong to the gay cavalier, but which he found in his lady's bower.)—a poor sort of song, but it was the nearest approach to a comic song he knew. There are four verses to it, and each verse is

rather long. It does not sound at all funny to a French audience, and even with an English one Little Billee was not good at comic songs.

He was, however, much applauded at the end of each verse. When he had finished, he was asked if he were *quite* sure there wasn't any more of it, and they expressed a deep regret; and then each student, straddling on his little thick-set chair as on a horse, and clasping the back of it in both hands, galloped round Little Billee's throne quite seriously—the strangest procession he had ever seen. It made him laugh till he cried, so that he couldn't eat or drink.

Then he served more punch and cake all round; and just as he was going to begin himself, Papelard said,

"Say, you others, I find that the Englishman has something of truly distinguished in the voice, something of sympathetic, of touching—something of *je ne sais quoi!*"

Bouchardy: "Yes, yes—something of *je ne sais quoi!* That's the very phrase—*n'est-ce pas, vous autres*, that is a good phrase that Papelard has just invented to describe the voice of the Englishman. He is very intelligent, Papelard."

Chorus: "Perfect, perfect; he has the genius of characterization, Papelard. Dites done, l'Anglais! once more that beautiful song—*hein? Nous vous en prions tous.*"

Little Billee willingly sang it again, with even greater applause, and again they galloped, but the other way round and faster, so that little Billee became quite hysterical, and laughed till his sides ached.

Then Dubosc: "I find there is something of very capitous and exciting in English music—of very stimulating. And you, Bouchardy?"

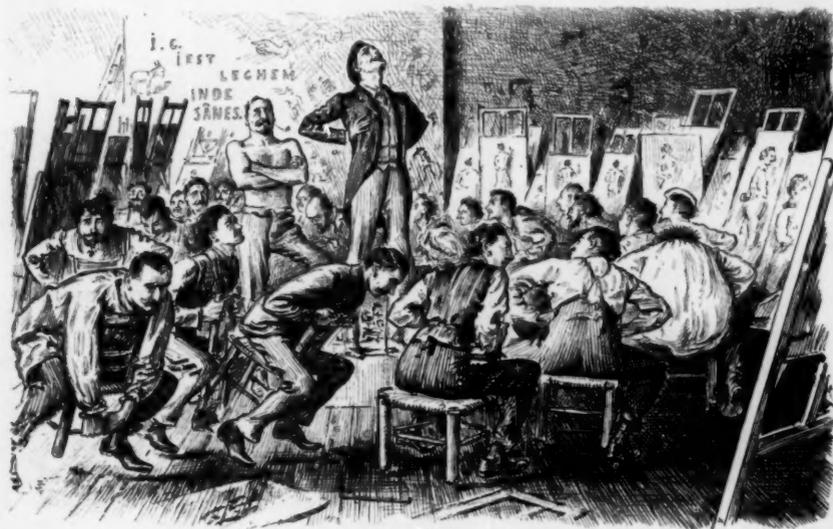
Bouchardy: "Oh, me! It is above all the *words* that I admire; they have something of passionate, of romantic—'*ze-ese glâ-âves, zese glâ-âves—zey do not belong to me.*' I don't know what that means, but I love that sort of—of—of—of—*je ne sais quoi*, in short! Just *once* more, l'Anglais; only *once*, the *four couplets.*"

So he sang it a third time, all four verses, while they leisurely ate and drank and smoked and looked at each other, nodding solemn commendation of certain phrases in the song: "Très bien!" "Très bien!" "Ah! voilà qui est bien réussi!"

"Épatant, ça!" "Très fin!" etc., etc. For, stimulated by success, and rising to the occasion, he did his very utmost to surpass himself in emphasis of gesture and accent and histrionic drollery—heedless of the fact that not one of his listeners had the slightest notion what his song was about.

more genial, more cheerful, self-respecting, considerate, and polite, and certainly none with greater gifts for art.

Carrel would devote at least fifteen minutes to him, and invited him often to his own private studio. And often, on the fourth or fifth day of the week, a group of admiring students would be



"THE FOX AND THE CROW."

It was a sorry performance.

And it was not till he had sung it four times that he discovered the whole thing was an elaborate impromptu farce, of which he was the butt, and that of all his royal spread not a crumb or a drop was left for himself.

It was the old fable of the fox and the crow! And to do him justice, he laughed as heartily as any one, as if he thoroughly enjoyed the joke—and when you take jokes in that way people soon leave off poking fun at you. It is almost as good as being very big, like Taffy, and having a choleric blue eye!

Such was Little Billee's first experience of Carrel's studio, where he spent many happy mornings and made many good friends.

No more popular student had ever worked there within the memory of the grayest graybeards; none more amiable,

gathered by his easel watching him as he worked.

"C'est un rude lapin, l'Anglais! au moins il sait son orthographe en peinture, ce coco-là!"

Such was the verdict on Little Billee at Carrel's studio; and I can conceive no loftier praise.

Young as she was (seventeen or eighteen, or thereabouts), and also tender (like Little Billee), Trilby had singularly clear and quick perceptions in all matters that concerned her tastes, fancies, or affections, and thoroughly knew her own mind, and never lost much time in making it up.

On the occasion of her first visit to the studio in the Place St-Anatole des Arts, it took her just five minutes to decide that

it was quite the nicest, homeliest, genial-est, jolliest studio in the whole quartier latin, or out of it, and that its three inhabitants, individually and collectively, were more to her taste than any one else she had ever met.

In the first place, they were English, and she loved to hear her mother-tongue and speak it. It awoke all manner of tender recollections, sweet reminiscences of her childhood, her parents, her old home—such a home as it was—or, rather, such homes; for there had been many flittings from one poor nest to another. The O'Ferralls had been as birds on the bough.

She had loved her parents very dearly; and, indeed, with all their faults, they had many endearing qualities—the qualities that so often go with those particular faults—charm, geniality, kindness, warmth of heart, the constant wish to please, the generosity that comes before justice, and lends its last sixpence and forgets to pay its debts!

She knew other English and American artists, and had sat to them frequently for the head and hands; but none of these, for general agreeableness of aspect or manner, could compare in her mind with the stalwart and magnificent Taffy, the jolly fat Laird of Cockpen, the refined, sympathetic, and elegant Little Billee; and she resolved that she would see as much of them as she could, that she would make herself at home in that particular studio, and necessary to its "locataires," and without being the least bit vain or self-conscious, she had no doubts whatever of her power to please—to make herself both useful and ornamental if it suited her purpose to do so.

Her first step in this direction was to borrow Père Martin's basket and lantern and pick (he had more than one set of these trade properties) for the use of Taffy, whom she feared she might have offended by the freedom of her comments on his picture.

Then, as often as she felt it to be discreet, she sounded her war-cry at the studio door and went in and made kind inquiries, and sitting cross-legged on the model-throne, ate her bread and cheese and smoked her cigarette and passed the time of day, as she chose to call it; telling them all such news of the quartier as had come within her own immediate ken. She was always full of little stories of other

studios, which, to do her justice, were always good-natured, and probably true—quite so as far as she was concerned; she was the most literal person alive; and she told all these "ragots, cancans, et potins d'atelier" in a quaint and amusing manner. The slightest look of gravity or boredom on one of those three faces, and she made herself scarce at once.

She soon found opportunities for usefulness also. If a costume were wanted, for instance, she knew where to borrow it, or hire it or buy it cheaper than any one anywhere else. She procured stuffs for them at cost price, as it seemed, and made them into draperies and female garments of any kind that was wanted, and sat in them for the toreador's sweetheart (she made the mantilla herself), for Taffy's starving dressmaker about to throw herself into the Seine, for Little Billee's studies of the beautiful French peasant girl in his picture, now so famous, called "The Pitcher goes to the Well."

Then she darned their socks and mended their clothes, and got all their washing done properly and cheaply at her friend Madame Boisse's, in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste. Pétronille.

And then again, when they were hard up and wanted a good round sum of money for some little pleasure excursion, such as a trip to Fontainebleau or Barbizon for two or three days, it was she who took their watches and scarf-pins and things to the Mount of Piety in the Street of the Well of Love (where dwelt "ma tante," which is French for "my uncle" in this connection), in order to raise the necessary funds.

She was, of course, most liberally paid for all these little services, rendered with such pleasure and good-will—far too liberally, she thought. She would have been really happier doing them for love.

Thus in a very short time she became a *persona gratissima*—a sunny and ever-welcome vision of health and grace and liveliness and unalterable good-humor, always ready to take any trouble to please her beloved "Angliches," as they were called by Madame Vinard, the handsome shrill-voiced *concierge*, who was almost jealous; for she was devoted to the Angliches too—and so was Monsieur Vinard—and so were the little Vinards.

She knew when to talk and when to laugh and when to hold her tongue; and



CUISINE BOURGEOISE EN BOHÈME.

the sight of her sitting cross-legged on the model-throne darning the Laird's socks or sewing buttons on his shirts or repairing the smoke-holes in his trousers was so pleasant that it was painted by all three. One of these sketches (in water-color, by Little Billee) sold the other day at Christie's for a sum so large that I hardly dare to mention it. It was done in an afternoon.

Sometimes on a rainy day, when it was decided they should dine at home, she would fetch the food and cook it, and lay the cloth, and even make the salad. She was a better saladist than Taffy, a better cook than the Laird, a better caterer than Little Billee. And she would be invited to take her share in the banquet. And on these occasions her tremulous happiness was so immense that it would be quite pathetic to see—almost painful; and their three British hearts were touched by thoughts of all the loneliness and homelessness, the expatriation, the half-conscious loss of caste, that all this eager childish clinging revealed.

And that is why (no doubt) that with all this familiar intimacy there was never any hint of gallantry or flirtation in any

shape or form whatever—bonne camaraderie, voilà tout. Had she been Little Billee's sister she could not have been treated with more real respect. And her deep gratitude for this unwonted compliment transcended any passion she had ever felt. As the good Lafontaine so prettily says,

"Ces animaux vivaient entre eux comme cousins;
Cette union si douce, et presque fraternelle,
Édifiait tous les voisins!"

And then their talk! It was to her as the talk of the gods in Olympus, save that it was easier to understand, and she could always understand it. For she was a very intelligent person, in spite of her wofully neglected education, and most ambitious to learn—a new ambition for her.

So they lent her books—English books; Dickens, Thackeray, Walter Scott—which she devoured in the silence of the night, the solitude of her little attic in the Rue des Pousse-Cailloux, and new worlds were revealed to her. She grew more English every day; and that was a good thing.

Trilby speaking English and Trilby speaking French were two different beings. Trilby's English was more or less

that of her father, a highly educated man; her mother, who was a Scotch woman, although an uneducated one, had none of the ungainliness that mars the speech of so many English women in that humble rank—no droppings of the h, no broadening of the o's and a's.

Tribly's French was that of the quartier latin—droll, slangy, piquant, quaint, picturesque—quite the reverse of ungainly, but in which there was scarcely a turn of phrase that would not stamp the speaker as being hopelessly, emphatically "no lady!" Though it was funny without being vulgar, it was perhaps a little *too* funny!

And she handled her knife and fork in the dainty English way, as no doubt her father had done—and his; and, indeed, generally when alone with them she was so absolutely "like a lady" that it seemed quite odd (though very seductive) to see her in a grisette's cap and dress and apron. So much for her English training.

It must be admitted that she had her faults—like Little Billee.

For instance, she would be miserably jealous of any other woman who came to the studio, to sit or scrub or sweep or do anything else, even of the dirty tipsy old hag who sat for Taffy's "found drowned"—"as if she couldn't have sat for it herself!"

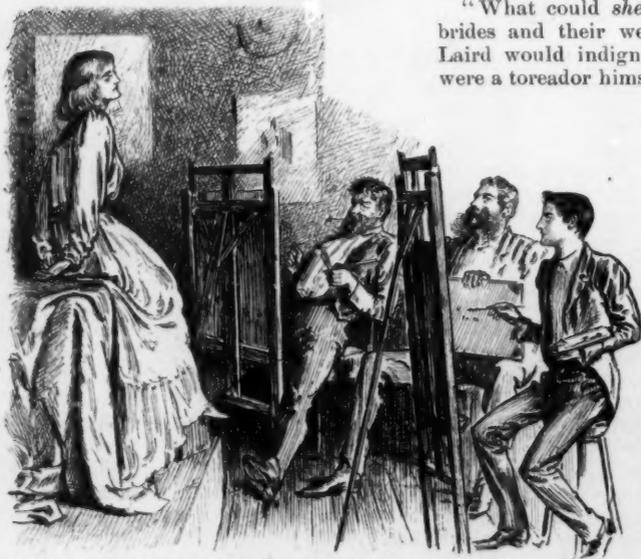
And then she would be cross and sulky, but not for long—an injured martyr, soon ready to forgive and be forgiven.

She would give up any sitting to come and sit to her three English friends. Even Durien had serious cause for complaint.

Then her affection was exacting; she always wanted to be told one was fond of her; and she dearly loved her own way, even in the sewing on of buttons and the darning of socks, which was innocent enough. But when it came to the cutting and fashioning of garments for a toreador's bride, it was a nuisance not to be borne!

"What could *she* know of toreadors' brides and their wedding dresses?" the Laird would indignantly ask—as if he were a toreador himself; and this was the aggravating side of her irrepressible Trilbyness.

In the caressing, demonstrative tenderness of her friendship she "made the soft eyes" at all three indiscriminately. But sometimes Little Billee would look up from his work as she was sitting to Taffy or the Laird, and find her gray eyes fixed on him with an all-enfolding gaze, so piercingly, penetratingly, unutterably sweet and



"THE SOFT EYES."

But enter a Frenchman or two, and a transformation effected itself immediately—a new incarnation of Trilbyness—so droll and amusing that it was difficult to decide which of her two incarnations was the most attractive.

kind and tender, such a brooding, dove-like look of soft and warm solicitude, that he would feel a flutter at his heart, and his hand would shake so that he could not paint; and in a waking dream he would remember that his mother had

often looked at him like that when he was a small boy, and she a beautiful young woman untouched by care or sorrow; and the tear that always lay in readiness so close to the corner of Little Billee's eye would find it very difficult to keep itself in its proper place—unshed.

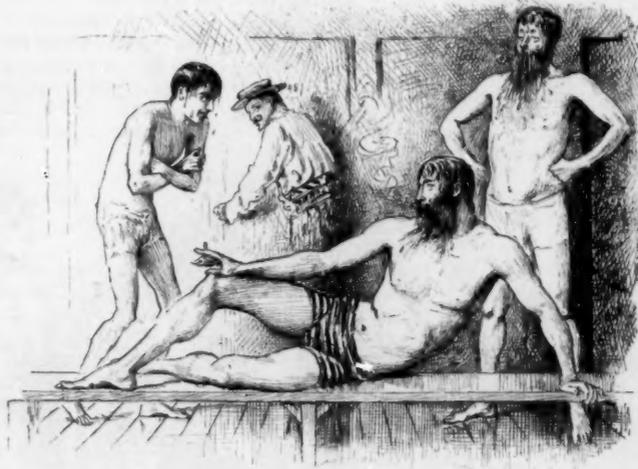
And at such moments the thought that Trilby sat for the figure would go through him like a knife.

She did not sit promiscuously to anybody who asked, it is true. But she still sat to Durien; to the great Gérôme; to M. Carrel, who scarcely used any other model.

G—, to whom she sat for his Phryne, once told me that the sight of her thus was a thing to melt Sir Galahad, and sober Silenus, and chasten Jove himself—a thing to Quixotize a modern French masher. I can well believe him. For myself, I only speak of Trilby as I have seen her—clothed and in her right mind. She never sat to me for any Phryne, nor did I ever ask her. But I have worked from many female models in many countries, some of them the best of their kind. I have also, like Svengali, seen Taffy "trying to get himself clean," either at home, or in the swimming-baths of the Seine; and never a sitting woman among them all who could match for grace or finish or splendor of outward form that mighty Yorkshireman sitting in his tub, or sunning himself, like Ilyssus, at the Bains Henri Quatre, or taking his running header, *à la hussarde*, off the spring-board at the Bains Deligny, with a group of wondering Frenchmen gathered round.

Sometimes Trilby would bring her little brother to the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, in his "beaux habits de Pâques," his hair well curled and pomatumed, his hands and face well washed.

He was a very engaging little mortal. The Laird would fill his pockets full of Scotch goodies, and paint him as a little Spaniard in "Le Fils du Toreador," a sweet little Spaniard with blue eyes, and curly locks as light as tow, and a complexion of milk and roses, in singular and



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piquant contrast to his swarthy progenitor.

Taffy would use him as an Indian club or a dumbbell, to the child's infinite delight, and swing him on the trapeze, and teach him "la boxe."

And the sweetness and fun of his shrill, happy, infantile laughter (which was like an echo of Trilby's, only an octave higher) so moved and touched and tickled one that Taffy had to look quite fierce, so he might hide the strange delight of tenderness that somehow filled his manly bosom at the mere sound of it (lest Little Billee and the Laird should think him goody-goody); and the fiercer Taffy looked, the less this small mite was afraid of him.

Little Billee made a beautiful water-color sketch of him, just as he was, and gave it to Trilby, who gave it to le père Martin, who gave it to his wife with strict injunctions not to sell it as an old master. Alas! it is an old master now, and Heaven only knows who has got it!

Those were happy days for Trilby's lit-

the brother, happy days for Trilby, who was immensely fond of him, and very proud. And the happiest day of all was when the Trois Angliches took Trilby and Jeannot (for so the mite was called) to spend the Sunday in the woods at Meudon, and breakfast and dine at the garde champêtre's. Swings, peep-shows, donkey-rides; shooting at a mark with crossbows and little pellets of clay, and smashing little plaster figures and winning macaroons; losing one's self in the beautiful forest; catching newts and tadpoles and young frogs; making music on mirlitons. Trilby singing "Ben Bolt" into a mirliton was

the son of a worthy, God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping Scotch writer to the signet.

This was after dinner, in the garden, at "la loge du garde champêtre." Taffy and Jeannot and Little Billee made the necessary music on their mirlitons, and the dancing soon became general, with plenty also to look on, for the garde had many customers who dined there on summer Sundays.

It is no exaggeration to say that Trilby was far and away the belle of that particular ball, and there have been worse balls in much finer company, and far plainer women!



"VOILÀ L'ESPATCE DE HOM KER JER SWEE!"

a thing to be remembered, whether one would or no!

Trilby on this occasion came out in a new character, *en demoiselle*, with a little black bonnet, and a gray jacket of her own making.

To look at (but for her loose square-toed heelless silk boots laced up the inner side), she might have been the daughter of an English dean—until she undertook to teach the Laird some favorite cancan steps. And then the Laird himself, it must be admitted, no longer looked like

Trilby lightly dancing the cancan (there are cancans and cancans) was a singularly gainly and seductive person—*et vera incessu patuit dea!* Here, again, she was funny without being vulgar. And for mere grace (even in the cancan), she was the forerunner of Miss Kate Vaughan; and for sheer fun, the precursor of Miss Nelly Farren!

And the Laird, trying to dance after her, was too funny for words; and if genuine popular success is a true test of humor, no greater humorist ever danced a *pas seul*.

What Englishmen could do in France during the fifties, and yet manage to preserve their self-respect, and even the respect of their respectable French friends!

"Voilà l'espayce de hom ker jer swee!" said the Laird, every time he bowed in acknowledgment of the applause that greeted his performance of various solo steps of his own—Scotch reels and sword-dances that came in admirably. . . .

Then, one fine day, the Laird fell ill, and the doctor had to be sent for, and he ordered a nurse. But Trilby would hear of no nurses, not even a Sister of Charity! She did all the nursing herself, and never slept a wink for three successive days and nights.

On the third day the Laird was out of all danger, the delirium was past, and the doctor found poor Trilby fast asleep by the bedside.

Madame Vinard, at the bedroom door, put her finger to her lips, and whispered: "Quel bonheur! il est sauvé, M. le Docteur; écoutez! il dit ses prières en Anglais, ce brave garçon!"

The good old doctor, who didn't understand a word of English, listened, and heard the Laird's voice, weak and low, but quite clear, and full of heart-felt fervor, intoning, solemnly:

"Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace—
All these you eat at Terré's Tavern
In that one dish of bouillabaisse!"

"Ah! mais c'est très bien de sa part, ce brave jeune homme! rendre grâces au ciel comme cela, quand le danger est passé! très bien, très bien!"

Septic and Voltairian as he was, and not the friend of prayer, the good doctor was touched, for he was old, and therefore kind and tolerant, and made allowances.

And afterwards he said such sweet things to Trilby about it all, and about her admirable care of his patient, that she positively wept with delight—like sweet Alice with hair so brown, whenever Ben Bolt gave her a smile.

All this sounds very goody-goody, but it's true.

So it will be easily understood how the trois Angliches came in time to feel for Trilby quite a peculiar regard, and looked forward with sorrowful forebodings to the day when this singular and pleasant little quartet would have to be broken up, each of them to spread his wings and fly away on his own account, and poor Trilby

to be left behind all by herself. They would even frame little plans whereby she might better herself in life, and avoid the many snares and pitfalls that would beset her lonely path in the quartier latin when they were gone.

Trilby never thought of such things as these; she took short views of life, and troubled herself about no morrows.

There was, however, one jarring figure in her little fool's paradise, a baleful and most ominous figure that constantly crossed her path, and came between her and the sun, and threw its shadow over her, and that was Svengali.

He also was a frequent visitor at the studio in the Place St.-Anatole, where much was forgiven him for the sake of his music, especially when he came with Gecko and they made music together. But it soon became apparent that they did not come there to play to the three Angliches; it was to see Trilby, whom they both had taken it into their heads to adore, each in a different fashion:

Gecko, with a humble doglike worship that expressed itself in mute pathetic deference and looks of lowly self-depreciation, of apology for his own unworthy existence, as though the only requital he would ever dare to dream of were a word of decent politeness, a glance of tolerance or good-will—a mere bone to a dog.

Svengali was a bolder wooer. When he cringed, it was with a mock humility full of sardonic threats; when he was playful, it was with a terrible playfulness, like that of a cat with a mouse—a weird ungainly cat, and most unclean; a sticky, haunting, long, lean, uncanny, black spider-cat, if there is such an animal outside a bad dream.

It was a great grievance to him that she had suffered from no more pains in her eyes. She had; but preferred to endure them rather than seek relief from him.

So he would playfully try to mesmerize her with his glance, and sidle up nearer and nearer to her, making passes and counter-passes, with stern command in his eyes, till she would shake and shiver and almost sicken with fear, and all but feel the spell come over her, as in a nightmare, and rouse herself with a great effort and escape.

If Taffy were there he would interfere with a friendly "Now then, old fellow, none of that!" and a jolly slap on the



TIT, FOR TAT.

back, which would make Svengali cough for an hour, and paralyze his mesmeric powers for a week.

Svengali had a stroke of good fortune. He played at three grand concerts with Gecko, and had a well-deserved success. He even gave a concert of his own, which made a furor, and blossomed out into beautiful and costly clothes of quite original color and shape and pattern, so that people would turn round and stare at him in the street—a thing he loved. He felt his fortune was secure, and ran into debt with tailors, hatters, shoemakers, jewellers, but paid none of his old debts to his friends. His pockets were always full of printed slips—things that had been written about him in the papers—and he would read them aloud to everybody he knew, especially to Trilby, as she sat darning socks on the model-throne while the fencing and boxing were in train. And

he would lay his fame and his fortune at her feet, on condition that she should share her life with him.

"Ach, himmel, Drilpy!" he would say, "you don't know what it is to be a great pianist like me, hein! What is your Little Billee, with his stinking oil-bladders, sitting mum in his corner, his mahlstick and his palette in one hand, and his twiddling little foodle pig's-hair brush in the other! What noise does *he* make? When his little fool of a picture is finished he will send it to London, and they will hang it on a wall with a lot of others, all in a line, like recruits called out for inspection, and the yawning public will walk by in procession and inspect, and say 'd—!' Svengali will go to London *himself*. Ha! ha! He will be all alone on a platform, and play as nobody else can play;

and hundreds of beautiful Engländerinnen will see and hear and go mad with love for him—Prinzessinen, Comtessinen, Serene English Altessinen. They will soon lose their Serenity and their Highness when they hear Svengali! They will invite him to their palaces, and pay him a thousand francs to play for them; and after, he will loll in the best arm-chair, and they will sit all round him on foot-stools, and bring him tea and giu and kuchen and marrons glacés, and lean over him and fan him—for he is tired after playing them for a thousand francs of Chopin! Ha, ha! I know all about it—hein?

"And he will not look at them, even! He will look inwards, at his own dream—and his dream will be about Drilpy—to lay his talent, his glory, his thousand francs, at her beautiful white feet!

"Their stupid big fat tow-headed putty-

nosed husbands will be mad with jealousy, and long to box him, but they will be afraid. Ach! those beautiful Anglaises! they will think it an honor to mend his shirts, to sew buttons on his pantaloons; to darn his socks, as you are doing now for that sacred imbecile of a Scotchman who is always trying to paint toreadors, or that sweating pig-headed bullock of an Engländer who is always trying to get himself dirty and then to get himself clean again!—*e da capo!*

"Himmel! what big socks are those! what potato-sacks!

"Look at your Taffy! what is he good for but to bang great musicians on the back with his big bear's paw! He finds that droll, the bullock! . . .

"Look at your Frenchmen there—your conceited verfluchte pig-dogs of Frenchmen—Durien, Barizel, Bouchardy! What can a Frenchman talk of, hein? Only himself, and run down everybody else! His vanity makes me sick! He always thinks the world is talking about *him*, the fool! He forgets that there's a fellow called *Svengali* for the world to talk about! I tell you, Drilpy, it is about *me* the world is talking—me and nobody else—me, me, me!

"Listen what they say in the *Figaro*" (reads it).

"What do you think of that, hein? What would your Durien say if people wrote of *him* like that?

"But you are not listening, sapperment! great big she-fool that you are—sheepshead! Dummkopf! Donnerwetter! you are looking at the chimney-pots when Svengali is talking! Look a little lower down between the houses, on the other side of the river! There is a little ugly gray building there, and inside are eight slanting slabs of brass, all of a row, like beds in a school dormitory, and one fine day you shall lie asleep on one of those slabs—you, Drilpy, who would not listen to Svengali, and therefore lost him! . . . And over the middle of you will be a little leather apron, and over your head a little brass tap, and all day long and all night the cold water shall trickle, trickle, trickle all the way down your beautiful white body to your beautiful white feet till they turn green, and your poor damp dragged muddy rags will hang above you from the ceiling for your friends to know you by; drip, drip, drip! But you will have no friends. . . .

"And people of all sorts, strangers, will stare at you through the big plate-glass window—Engländer, chiffoniers, painters and sculptors, workmen, piou-pious, old hags of washer-women—and say, 'Ah! what a beautiful woman was that! Look at her! She ought to be rolling in her carriage and pair!' And just then, who should come by, rolling in his carriage and pair, smothered in furs, and smoking a big cigar of the Havana, but Svengali, who will jump out, and push the canaille aside, and say, 'Ha! ha! that is la grande Drilpy, who would not listen to Svengali, but looked at the chimney-pots when he told her of his manly love, and—'

"Hi! d— it, Svengali, what the devil are you talking to Trilby about? You're making her sick; can't you see? Leave off, and go to the piano, man, or I'll come and slap you on the back again!"

Thus would that sweating pig-headed bullock of an Engländer stop Svengali's love-making and release Trilby from bad quarters of an hour.

Then Svengali, who had a wholesome dread of the pig-headed bullock, would go to the piano and make impossible discords, and say: "Dear Drilpy, come and sing 'Pen Polt'! I am thirsting for those so beautiful chest notes! Come!"

Poor Trilby needed little pressing when she was asked to sing, and would go through her lamentable performance, to the great discomfort of Little Billee. It lost nothing of its grotesqueness from Svengali's accompaniment, which was a triumph of cacophony, and he would encourage her "Très bien, très bien, çà y est!"

When it was over, Svengali would test her ear, as he called it, and strike the C in the middle and then the F just above, and ask which was the highest; and she would declare they were both exactly the same. It was only when he struck a note in the bass and another in the treble that she could perceive any difference, and said that the first sounded like Père Martin blowing up his wife, and the second like her little godson trying to make the peace between them.

She was quite tone-deaf, and didn't know it; and he would pay her extravagant compliments on her musical talent, till Taffy would say,

"Look here, Svengali, let's hear *you* sing a song!"

And he would tickle him so masterfully under the ribs that the creature howled and became quite hysterical.

Then Svengali would vent his love of teasing on Little Billee, and pin his arms behind his back and swing him round, saying:

"Himmel! what's this for an arm? It's like a girl's!"

"It's strong enough to paint!" said Little Billee.

"And what's this for a leg? It's like a mahlstick!"

"It's strong enough to kick, if you don't leave off!"

And Little Billee, the young and tender, would let out his little heel and kick the German's shins; and just as the German was going to retaliate, big Taffy would pin *his* arms and make him sing another song, more discordant than Trilby's—for he didn't dream of kicking Taffy; of that you may be sure!

Such was Svengali—only to be endured for the sake of his music—always ready to vex, frighten, bully, or torment anybody or anything smaller and weaker than himself—from a woman or a child to a mouse or a fly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IN THE SIERRA MADRE WITH THE PUNCHERS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

ON a chill black morning the cabins of Los Ojos gave up their inmates at an early hour. The ponies, mules, and burros were herded up, and stood shivering in an angle, while about them walked the men, carefully coiling their hair lariats, and watching for an opportunity to jerk them over the heads of the selected ones. The *patron's* black pet walked up to him, but the mounts of my companion and self sneaked about with an evident desire not to participate in the present service. Old *Cokomorachie* and Jim were finally led forth, protesting after the manner of their kind. I carefully adjusted my Whitman's officer-tree over a wealth of saddle blanketing, and slung my Winchester 45-70 and my field-glasses to it. The "punchers," both white and brown,

and two or three women, regarded my new-fangled saddle with amused glances; indeed, Mr. Bell's Mexican wife laughed at it outright, and Tom Bailey called it "a d— rim-fire." Another humorist thought that "it would give the chickens the pip if they got onto it"; all of which I took good-humoredly, since this was not the first time "your Uncle Samuel" had been away from home; and after some days, when a lot of men were carefully leading sore-backed horses over the mountains, I had cause to remark further on the subject. A Mexican cow-saddle is a double-barrelled affair; it will eat a hole into a horse's spine and a pair of leather breeches at the same time. If one could ask "Old Jim" about that saddle of mine, I think he would give it an autograph

recommend, for he finished the trip with the hide of his back all there.

Leaving the "burro men" to haul and pull at their patient beasts as they bound on their loads, our outfit "pulled out" on what promised to be plenty of travelling. We were to do the rounds of the ranch, explore the mountains, penetrate to the old Apache strongholds, shoot game, find cliff-dwellers' villages, and I expect the dark minds of the punchers hoped for a sight at the ever-burning fire which should discover the lost mine of Tiopa. We were also promised a fight with the "Kid" if we "cut his trail"; and if he "cuts ours," we may never live to regret it. Some tame Indians, just in from a hunt in the Rio Chico, had seen three fires, but they had "rolled their tails"* for Bavicora so promptly that they had not ascertained whether they were Apache or not. The same men we were in the company of had run the "Kid's" band in to the States only two months before, but on our trip that very elusive and very "bad Injun" was not encountered. Much as I should like to see him, I have no regrets, since it is extremely likely that he would have seen me first.

Our little band was composed of the patron, Don Gilberto; my travelling companion from New York city, who had never before been west of the Elysian Fields of New Jersey; Bailey and Bell, ranch foremen, and as dauntless spirits as ever the Texas border nurtured; the ranch bookkeeper, a young man "short" on experiences and "long" on hope; Epitacio, an Indian hunter, since outlawed; William, the colored cook; four buckskin Mexican "punchers"; an old man who was useless for practical purposes, but who was said to be "funny" in Spanish; and two "burro men." We were that day to go to the farthest outlying ranch, called the Casa Camadra, and then to stop for a short hunt and to give the punchers time to "gentle" some steers for work-cattle. The puncher method of doing this is beautifully simple, for any animal undergoing this is gentle or dead after it. After scouring the plain for antelope until late, we followed up a creek toward the cabin where we expected to find the punchers and the burro men with their loads of creature comforts, and as we rode in, it was raining a cold sleet. The little log cabin was low,

* Cowboy for travelling rapidly.



MY COMRADE.

small, and wonderfully picturesque. It was a typical "shack," such as one used to see in the Northwest when the hunters were there. Out in the rain sat two punchers, enveloped in their serapes, engaged in watching a half-dozen big steers eat grass. Inside of the cabin was William by a good fire in a most original fireplace, glowing with heat and pride over his corn cakes and "marrow-gut." Between various cigarettes, the last drink of *tequila*, and the drying of our clothes,



PORPHYRY ROCK.

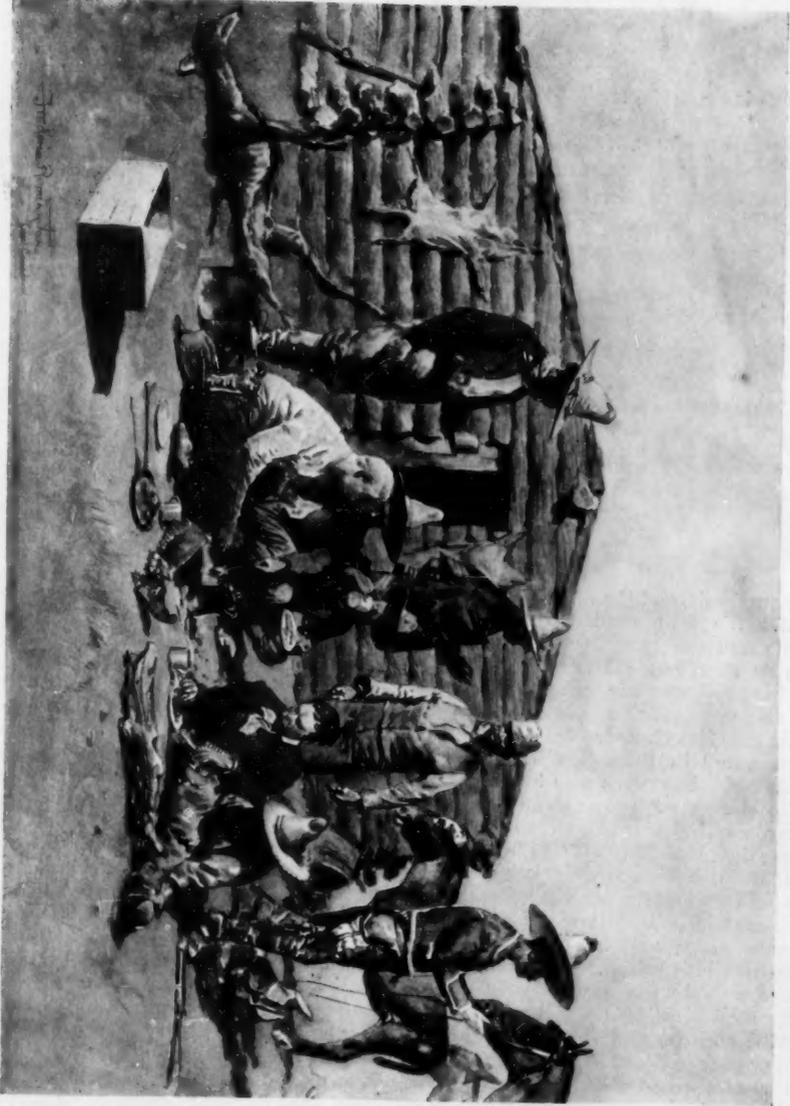
we passed the time until William had put the "grub" on a pack-saddle blanket and said, "Now, gemmen, fly in."

"Fly in" is vulgar, but it is also literal, for we did that: we did not dine—we

flew in. The expression and the food were both good. Outside, the cold rain had turned into a wet snow, and we all crowded into the little place and squatted or lay about on the floor. With fingers and hunting-knives we carved and tore at the mountain of beef. The punchers consume enormous quantities of meat, and when satiated they bring forth their cornhusks and tobacco-pouches and roll their long thin cigarettes, which burn until they draw their serapes about their heads and sink back in dreamless sleep. It is all beautifully primitive, and as I rise on my elbow to look across the blanketed forms packed like mackerel in a cask, to hear their heavy breathing, and see the fire glow, and hear the wind howl outside, I think how little it takes to make men happy. Tom Bailey and Johnnie Bell, the ranch foremen, had faces which would have been in character under a steel head-piece at Cressy, while the wildest blood of Spain, Morocco, and the American Indian ran in the veins of the punchers; and all these men were untainted by the enfeebling influences of luxury and modern life. A chunk of beef, a cigarette, an enveloping serape, with the Sierras for a bedroom, were the utmost of their needs.

The sunlight streamed down the big chimney, and William's "Good-mo'nin', sah," brought back my senses. Beyond his silhouette, as he crouched before the fireplace, I could hear the sputtering of the broiling steak. I repaired to the brook and smashed the ice for a rub-down. It was still drizzling, and the landscape lay under a heavy fog. Outside the cabin lay the dead body of a skinned wolf, and about a small fire crouched the punchers.

Breakfast over, the men rode off by twos into the fog, and as Tom Bailey and I jogged along together we reasoned that if we were to strike the point of the mountains and then keep well in the timber we might catch a bunch of antelope which we had "jumped" the day before on the plain below. So all day long we rode over the wet rocks, under the drip and drizzle of the mountain pines, up hill and down dale, and never "cut a sign." It was our luck; for on riding up to the "shack" we saw the bodies of deer, antelope, a



THE CASA CAMADIRA.



SHOOTING IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

big gray wolf, and the skin of a mountain-lion. We were requested to view the game, and encouraged to comment on it; but Tom and I sought a dark corner of the cabin to consume our coffee and cigarettes in silence.

At the Casa Camadra are two other log houses, and in them live some squalid, yellow-hided humans who are to farm a little stretch of bottom-land this year. They require work-steers to do their ploughing, and Mr. Bell has brought up half a dozen vicious old "stags," which are both truculent and swift of foot. The Mexicans insist that they are not able to handle them; and Mr. Bell orders his punchers into action. I strolled out to the corrals to see the bulls "gentled." After a lot of riding and yelling they were herded and dragged into the enclosure, where they huddled while seven punchers sat on their ponies at the gate. I was standing at one corner of the corral, near the men, when out from the midst of the steers walked a big black bull, which raised its head and gazed directly at me. The bull had never before in his stupid life observed a man on foot, and I comprehended immediately what he would

do next, so I "led out" for the casa at a rate of speed which the boys afterwards never grew weary of commending. No spangled *torero* of the bull-ring ever put more heart and soul into his running than did I in my great-coat and long hunting-spurs. The bull made a "fo'lorn hope" for the gate, and the gallant punchers melted away before the charge.

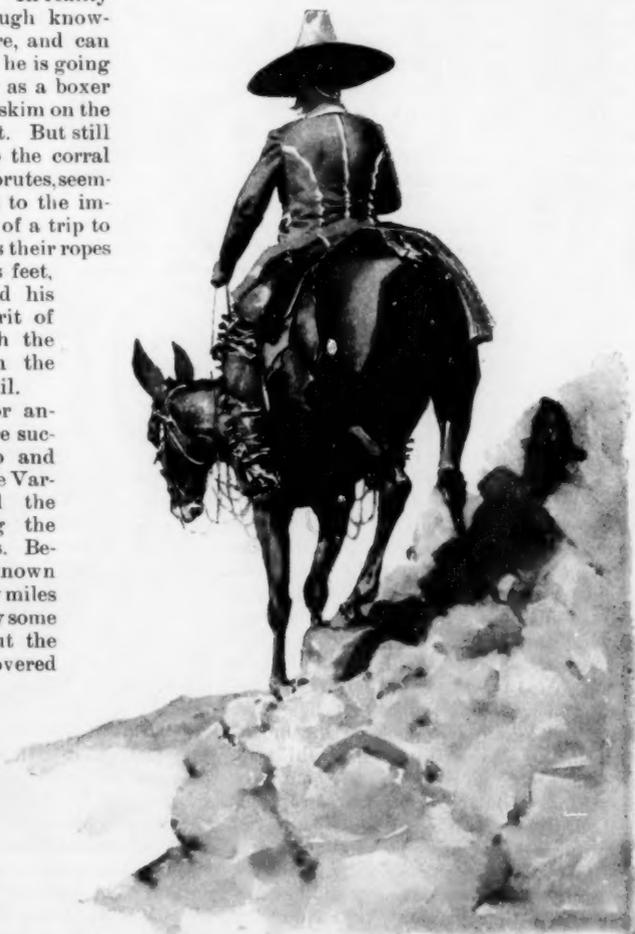
The diversion of the punchers made the retreat of the infantry possible, and from an intrenched position I saw the bulls tear over the hill, with the punchers "rolling their tails" behind. After an hour of swearing and hauling and bellowing, the six cattle were lugged back to the pen, and the bars put up. The punchers came around to congratulate me on my rapid recovery from a sprained ankle, when they happened to observe the cattle again scouring off for the open country. Then there was a grunting of ponies as the spurs went in, some hoarse oaths, and for a third time they tore away after the "gentle work-oxen." The steers had taken the bars in their stride. Another hour's chase, and this time the animals were thrown down, trussed up like turkeys for the baking, and tied to posts, where they

lay to kick and bellow the night through in impotent rage. The punchers coiled their ropes, lit their cigarettes, and rode off in the gathering gloom. The morning following the steers were let up, and though wet and chilled, they still roared defiance. For agricultural purposes a Mexican "stag" would be as valuable as a rhinoceros or a Bengal tiger, and I await with interest the report of the death rate at the Casa Camadra during spring ploughing.

In the handling of these savage animals the punchers are brave to recklessness, but this is partly because it seems so. In reality they have a thorough knowledge of bull nature, and can tell when and where he is going to strike as quickly as a boxer who knows by the "skim on the eye" of his opponent. But still they go boldly into the corral with the maddened brutes, seeming to pay no heed to the imminent possibilities of a trip to the moon. They toss their ropes and catch the bull's feet, they skilfully avoid his rush, and in a spirit of bravado they touch the horns, pat him on the back, or twist his tail.

After hunting for another day, with more success, we packed up and "pulled out" up the Varas Creek toward the mountains, leaving the last house behind us. Beyond was the unknown country. For many miles it had been ridden by some of the punchers, but the country is large, covered with vast mountain ranges, with wastes of stony foot-hills at the bases, while *barancas* yawn at your feet, and for a great many years the policy of the Apaches has been not to encourage immigration. In 1860 a heavy band of

Mexican prospectors undertook to penetrate this part in the quest of Tiopa, but they were driven out. It is now possible for strong outfits to travel its wilds with only a small chance of encountering Apache renegades, but very few have attempted it as yet. It is so remote that prospectors for silver or gold could hardly work a mine if they found one, and for other purposes it has little value. The most magnificent pine timber covers its slopes, but it would take a syndicate to deliver one log at the railroad. As we wound



ON THE MOUNTAINS.

our way up the Varras Creek we passed beetling crags and huge pillars of porphyry rock cut into fantastic shapes by water and frost, resplendent in color, and admirably adapted for the pot-hunting of humans as affected by gentry temporarily stopping at San Carlos.

In a dell in the forest we espied some "mavericks," or unbranded stock. The punchers are ever alert for a beef without half its ears gone and a big HF burned in its flank, and immediately they perceive one they tighten their *cincha*, slip the rope from the pommel, put their hats on the back of their heads, and "light out." A cow was soon caught, after desperate riding over rocks and fallen timber, thrown down, and "hog-tied," which means all four feet together. A little fire is built, and one side of a *cincha* ring is heated red-hot, with which a rawhide artist paints HF in the sizzling flesh, while the cow kicks and bawls. She is then unbound, and when she gets back on her feet the vaqueros stand about, serape in hand, after the bull-fighter method, and provoke her to charge. She charges, while they avoid her by agile springs and a flaunting of their rags. They laugh, and cry "Bravo toro!" until she, having overcome her indignation at their rudeness, sets off down the cañon with her tail in the air.

Thus we journeyed day by day over the hills and up the cañons, camping by night under the pines in mountain glades or deep ravines, where the sun sets at four o'clock, while it is light above. The moon was in the full and the nights were frosty, and many times we awoke to think it morning when only our heads had become uncovered by the blankets and the big white moon shone fair upon us. Getting up in the night to poke the fire and thaw the stiffening out of one's legs is called by the boys "playing freeze-out," and we all participate in the game. A cigarette at two o'clock in the morning, with one's back to the fire, while the moon looks down on you, your comrades breathing about you, a wolf howling mournfully from a neighboring hill, the mountains towering on every side, and the tall pines painting inky shadows across the ghostly grass, is a mild sensation and rather pleasant. Some of the men are on foot, from soiling their horses' backs, and their buckskin boots are wearing out, so they sit about the

fire and stitch. We are all very dirty, and I no longer take comfort in watching the cook who makes the bread, for fear I may be tempted to ask him if he will not wash his hands, whereat the boys may indicate that I am a "dude," and will look down on me. The flour is nearly gone, and shortly it will not matter whether the cook's hands are rusty or not. The coffee and sugar promise to hold out. When William can no longer serve "bull gravy" with his fried meat I shall have many regrets, but they are swamped by the probabilities of a tobacco famine, which is imminent. We get deer every day, but to one not used to a strictly meat diet it begins to pall. The Indian hunter takes the stomach of a deer, fills it with meat, and deposits it under the coals. We roast it in slices and chunks, but I like it better when "jerked" brown, as it then affords somewhat more mystery to a taste already jaded with venison. In travelling with pack animals it is the custom to make a day's march before halting, and a day's march ends about four o'clock, or when water is found. Ten hours' march will loosen one's cartridge-belt five or six holes, for venison and coffee is not a strong food. By 12 M. we acquire a wolfish yearning for the "flesh-pots," but that shortly is relieved by the contraction of the stomach, or three or four quarts of mountain water will afford some relief. By nightfall one can "fly into" a venison steak, while cigarettes, coffee, and a desire to lie down restore one's equanimity.

We have passed some small ranges and worm our way down bottomless pits, but at last there rises ahead the main range of the Sierra Madre. From the depths of a great *barranca* we begin the climb. Never have I seen hills as sideling as these. It is terrible work for one not used to mountain-climbing and the short allowance of air one finds to subsist on. The feeling of exhaustion is almost impossible to overcome. The horses are thin, and Old Jim is developing more ribs than good condition calls for, so I walk to ease the old fellow. There are snow fields to cross, which intensifies the action. The journey is enlivened at times by shots at deer, and the rifles echo around the mountains, but being long shots they are misses. We passed the *cordon* of the mountains, and stopped

THE INDIAN'S STORY.





THE CLIFF-DWELLINGS.

on a knifelike ridge where the melting snows under one's foot ran east and west to the two great oceans. The climb from here over the main range was a bellows-bursting affair, but as we pulled on to the high *mesa* our drooping nerves were stiffened by shots, and presently deer came

bounding down the ravine to our left. Jack made a bully flying shot, and the stricken deer rolled many yards, until caught by a fallen log. My companion, who was in advance, had fired into some deer, and had shot a buck which was lying down, and he was much puffed

up with pride over this achievement in still-hunting. From there on we passed through the most wonderful natural deer park. The animals did not fear man, and stood to be fired at, though the open timber and absence of underbrush made the shots long-range ones. After killing all we could carry, we sat down to wait for the burro train.

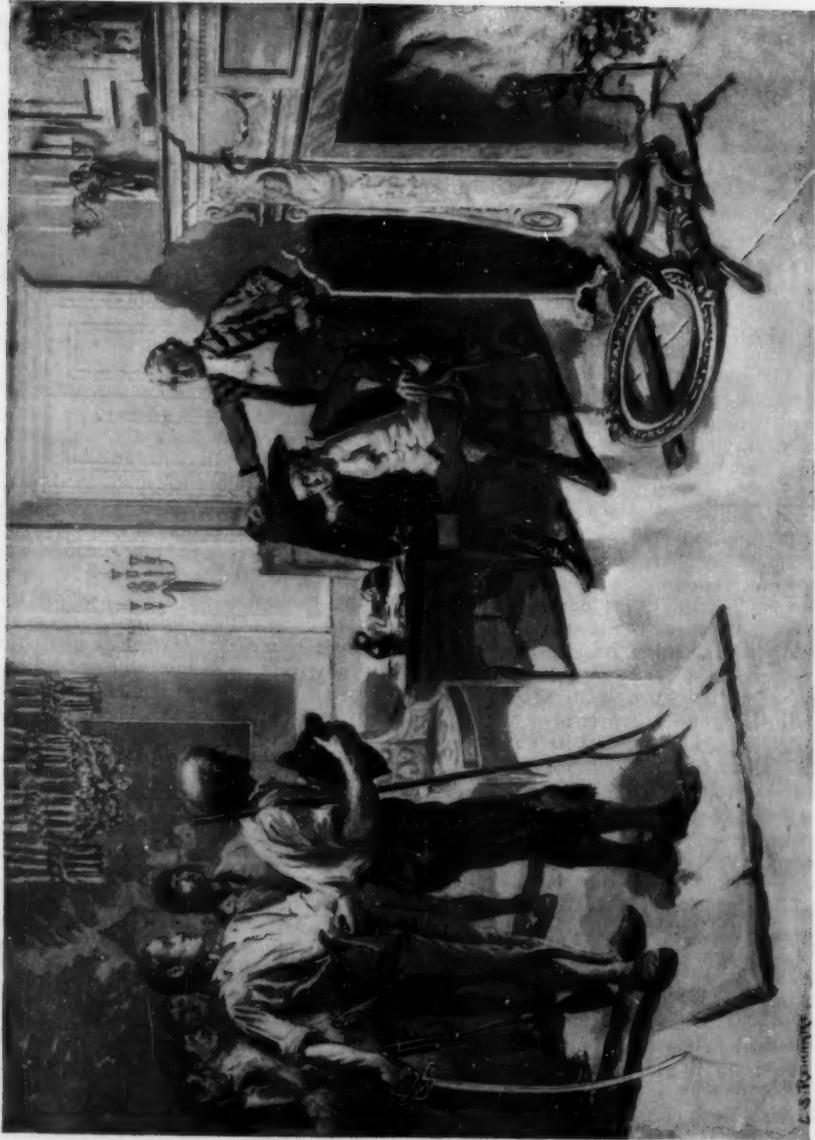
That night we camped on a jutting crag, with the water running in the *barranca* 200 feet below us. For a hundred miles the mountain and plain lay at our feet—a place more for an eagle's eyry than a camp for a caravan. The night set very cold, and from out in space the moon threw its mellow light down upon us. Before the camp-fire our Indian hunter told the story of the killing of Victoria's band, where he had been among the victors, and as he threw his scrape down, and standing forth with the firelight playing on his harsh features, he swayed his body and waved his hands, while with hoarse voice and in a strange language he gave the movement of the fight. The legend of the lost mine of Tiopa was narrated by a vaquero in the quiet manner of one whose memory goes far back, and to whom it is all real—about the Jesuits, the iron door over the mouth of the mine, its richness, the secrecy enjoined by the fathers on the people when they fled before the Apache devils, and how there is always a light to be kept burning at its entrance to guide them back. It was a grand theatre and an eerie scene.

On the other side of the mountain we found the trail most difficult. I would never have believed that a horse could traverse it. To say that it was steep is commonplace, and yet I cannot be believed if I say that it was perpendicular; but a man could toss his hat a mile at any moment if he pleased. Then, underfoot, it was all loose lava rock, and the little ponies had to jump and dance over the bowlders. When we had finally arrived on a grassy *mesa* I concluded that if ever again I did the like of that, it would most certainly be the result of a tremendous error in my calculations. The pack-train was here detached and sent to water, but we followed Jack to see his "discovery." After miles of travel through the dry yellow grass we came out on a high bluff, with a *barranca* at its foot the bottom of which we could

not see. On the overhanging wall opposite were Jack's cliff-dwellings, perched like dove-cots against the precipice. It was only a quarter of a mile to them, but it took two days to get there, so we did not go. There are also holes in the cliffs, and underground passages. The paths up to them are washed away, but Jack and some of his men have invaded the silent village. They climbed up with lariats, and he was let down over the cliff, but they found nothing left but dust and cobwebs.

We could not get down to water, and as our horses were thirsty and foot-sore, we "mogged along." On our ride we "cut the trail" of a big band of mustangs, or wild horses, but did not see them, and by late afternoon we found the camp, and William busy above his fire. After hunting down the valley for a few days for "burro deer" and wild turkey, we found that the tobacco was promptly giving out, according to calculations, and being all inveterate smokers, we "made trail fast" for the Neuearachie ranch. Our ponies were jaded and sore; but having "roped" a stray pony two days before, which was now fresh, the lightest vaquero was put on his back, and sent hot-foot in the night to the ranch for tobacco. He made the long ride and returned at noon the next day on a fresh mount, having been thirty-six hours in the saddle. This fellow was a rather remarkable man, as it was he who, on the beginning of the trip, had brought some important mail to us one hundred and seventy miles, and after riding down two ponies he followed our trail on foot through the mountains, and overtook us as we sat resting on a log in the woods.

How we at last pulled into the ranch at Neuearachie, with its log buildings and irrigated fields, and how we "swooped down" on Mr. John Bailey, and ate up all his eggs and bread and butter at the first onset, I will not weary you with, but I believe that a man should for one month of the year live on the roots of the grass, in order to understand for the eleven following that so-called necessities are luxuries in reality. Not that I would indiscriminately recommend such a dietary abasement as ours, yet will I insist that it has killed less men than gluttony, and should you ever make the Sierra trails with the punchers, you will get rather less than more.



[See page 282.]

"BUT HE LISTENED WITHOUT INTERRUPTION."

L. S. P. 1890

AS TOLD TO HIS GRACE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

III.—AN ADJUSTMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

M^{TRE}. D'ARDE'S STORY.

M. LOUIS ARMAND REGNAULT DE QUATRE-VENTS, Captain of the Royal Guard and Seigneur of Quatre-Vents, in Haute-Lorraine, had for many a day rigorously exacted from his *censitaires* every *liard* the law allowed or tolerated.

Personally, he was brave and possessed the virtues inherent in his class and calling; but personally his *censitaires* knew nothing of him, as for the last twenty years he had lived exclusively at Versailles, and, like men of his position, being constantly in need of money, demanded the last *sou* from his agent, who, assuming new authority with each new demand, worried and harried the people in every conceivable manner, legitimate or otherwise. Lawsuits, fines, and confiscations were the order of the day, and so long as the money was forth-coming, M. de Quatre-Vents troubled himself but little as to the means employed.

As for the people, they were stolid and uncomplaining enough; long-ingrained habit had to a certain extent reconciled them to oppression; a natural hereditary loyalty had thrown about their *seigneur* and his family a tradition of attachment, and the grinding and yielding process went on until the wave of Change, Awakening, and finally Revolution, swept over the land.

There was desperately high water in Paris before the storm broke in Lorraine. M. de Quatre-Vents would gladly have remained with the wreck of the Court, but after the disbanding of the Body Guard, in the beginning of October, 1789, he felt free to devote his services to his family. He succeeded in escorting them in safety across the frontier, and then returned, accompanied only by Mathurin, his life-long servant, to Quatre-Vents, where he arrived at midnight, and reached the manor without being discovered.

No attack had as yet been made on the house.

Zélie, the solitary servant, was awakened, and came hesitatingly to the door of the *basse-cour*, where her alarm was changed

to tearful joy at the sight of her "young master," as she still called him, standing, way-worn but smiling, in the light of the candle shaded by her trembling hand.

In the empty stables some scant provision was found for the jaded horses, and the travelling-carriage was rolled safely out of sight.

Then, after a hasty meal, eaten by the light of a single candle, M. de Quatre-Vents wrapped himself up in his cloak on a sofa which Zélie and Mathurin had carried into the warmth of the kitchen. Mathurin made himself comfortable on a wooden settle, while old Zélie sat and watched through the long hours which precede the day.

It was not her affair to speculate on this sudden appearance. She accepted it as she accepted everything else which came from the hand of the master she had seen grow from birth to boyhood, now the careworn man sleeping uneasily under her faithful eye.

The morning was well advanced before the wearied travellers sat up, and stared for a moment at their surroundings and at each other, until they realized their position, when M. de Quatre-Vents laughed lightly at his valet, half servant half confidant: "Well, Mathurin, we are nowhere greater strangers than at home. Let us see what Zélie has been about."

Zélie had been about many things since she had stolen away from her long silent watch. Under her care the horses had been fed and watered, and a breakfast secured from the scanty supplies now awaited "Monsieur" in a room duly set in order, where, in snowy apron, she stood to see that he wanted nothing. Through the scarcely opened window the fresh clear air of the early autumn found an entrance, inviting the fugitive to throw wide the shutters, and let in the day with its living light to wander through the old house, as it had done for over a hundred years past.

Finally, M. de Quatre-Vents turned from the table and said, "Zélie, *ma vieille*, I leave on a long journey to-night, and, in case of anything happening, there are some things I cannot bear to leave behind. Bring a light now, and let us see what is left in the vault below."

Then began a long and wearisome day's work. Rooms were opened which had only been used for an occasional hunting party since he had left the house after his early marriage. Boxes and bureaux were ransacked. A fire was kindled on the empty hearth, which had known no family life since his own boyhood, fed with papers and mementos of an almost forgotten past.

When all was finished, it hardly seemed worth while risking liberty and possibly life for these few family relics. Some family plate, a few miniatures, three or four portraits cut from their frames, bundles of letters, and a few dingy tin cases containing parchments, made a pitifully small treasure lying on an outspread curtain in the middle of the empty dining-room. But their very lack of appreciable value evidenced a side to the nature of Monsieur Louis Armand Regnault de Quatre-Vents for which but few of his acquaintance would have given him credit.

By eight o'clock everything was safely packed and strapped in place on the travelling-carriage, the horses were in good order, and the night promised well.

M. de Quatre-Vents was again in the little room, at supper, chatting with Zélie, and forming plans for her future. Mathurin sat in the kitchen, dividing his attention between a pair of pistols and his huge travelling-boots, absorbing the largest possible quantity of grease before a hot fire.

Suddenly their quiet was broken by a discharge of guns under the windows and a wild yell from a dozen throats, answered by a low cry from Zélie, "*Ah! les brigands!*"

She fell on her knees, crying: "Come, Monsieur—Monsieur Louis, come! The old hiding-place. No one knows of it!" and in her misery and terror the poor creature held and kissed his hand as she tried to drag him towards the door.

With a sweep of his napkin M. de Quatre-Vents extinguished the candles, and said, quietly: "*Non, non, ma bonne vieille!* No need of that yet. All will come out well. He then passed quickly into the adjoining room, and peering through the shutters, saw the house surrounded by armed men, their faces fully lighted up by flaring torches.

A low whisper told him that Mathurin was close behind, and a moment later

they were both well armed for what might follow.

"Mathurin, there is no use hiding. ^{The} horses would betray us in any case. We are fairly caught; no doubt through some fault of our own." Then, after a short pause, he went on, rapidly: "Here! let Zélie get all the candles she can find. Put all you can in the great lustre in the drawing-room. Break and tear up anything that will burn quickly; pile it in readiness on the hearth, with some oil and a trifle of powder to start it. Get some wine and a glass, and we'll receive the brutes as if they were our masters—which they are," he added, bitterly, as Mathurin felt his way out of the room. And thereupon M. de Quatre-Vents permitted himself to taste the sweetness of a string of imprecations bestowed upon all classes, high and low, with generous impartiality.

Mathurin's order was absolutely bewildering to the old woman, but he said, severely: "Never mind why! Show me where the things are, and I'll get all ready. You talk to the *canaille*, and keep them quiet. We've forgotten how!" he added, including his master in his sweeping truth and insolence.

When the crowd would no longer listen to the old woman's protestations and prayers they entered the kitchen, filling its generous proportions to the utmost, whilst she, unharmed, beat a masterly retreat into the hall of the main building, securing the door with its heavy bar.

By the time it was beaten down and the crowd surged through they were astonished to find the hall in a glare of light issuing from the open drawing-room. Their first thought was that their prey had escaped, leaving only his blazing nest behind. When they reached the entrance to the room there was a gasp of surprise from the foremost, and as they crowded in, a strange silence fell on all.

There was the great lustre blazing with lights as for some fête of the old days, which they dreamed were gone forever. Before a fire that was beginning to leap up the long-unused chimney was M. de Quatre-Vents, seated behind a small writing-table, with his cloak, hat, and sword thrown across a tall chair beside him, giving orders to Mathurin, who built up the fire under his direction as methodically

and unconcernedly as if no one had disturbed their privacy. On the table were wine, some coarse bread, and the ordinary cheese of the country. Before M. de Quatre-Vents were papers and letters, and in the open drawer next his hand were two pistols fully cocked, while two others lay beneath the outspread cloak on the chair beside him.

Many of the intruders had never seen their *seigneur* before, and they stared open-mouthed at this brown-haired, hard-featured soldier, who seemed utterly indifferent to their presence; older men were silently recalling older days and older faces of the same family, and the silence was unbroken save by the low voice of the master and the movements of the man.

Here some fellow, with a sense of the ridiculous, laughed aloud, at which M. Quatre-Vents, clapping his hat on his head, sprang to his feet, while Mathurin moved quickly past him, and stood bolt-upright behind the tall chair.

The laugh ceased abruptly. Every man instinctively drew himself together, and tightened his hold on his weapon, when, without a word, M. de Quatre-Vents bowed low with a mocking sweep of his hat, replaced it and sat down, with his right hand just touching the edge of the drawer with the pistols.

The rush did not come. Then, before the tension relaxed, M. de Quatre-Vents broke the silence, "Well, my friends, to what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

There was not a tremor nor an intonation of sarcasm in his voice, and except for the *fanfaronnade* of the bow, all was as natural as if greeting them on some fête-day.

With the softening influence of the memories which had swept over their hearts a moment before, the older men felt but the kindly if masterful manner of older days, and the younger did not know enough to catch the import of his gesture.

"M'sieu'," spoke out old Colas, "it is a long day since you have sat here in your father's house; since we have been able to speak with you face to face. Since that day many things have changed, but the change has never brought good to us. No matter what came, we still sweated in summer and froze in winter to meet the demands, always growing larger, which

M. Michel made upon us. He swore that your only answer to our prayers was that you needed the money and must have it. Not a good answer to make to hungry men! We stand before you in arms to-night, which I, for one, never thought to do; but, M'sieu', before we speak further, let us all know from your own mouth if you ever heard of this—and this—"

Thereupon the old man told story after story of oppression and injustice, until M. de Quatre-Vents' face grew dark with indignation; but he listened without interruption until the tale of patient endurance and suffering was ended.

When the old man had finished, M. de Quatre-Vents turned, and whispered some orders to Mathurin, who, without a moment's hesitation, made his way through the crowd, which divided right and left at his advance without a word.

The men all stood motionless, eyeing M. de Quatre-Vents, who sat immovable, with his chin on his hand, staring moodily at the table before him. In a few moments Mathurin reappeared, carrying a small case, which he placed in front of his master and unlocked.

Then M. de Quatre-Vents removed his hat, closed the little drawer on his right, and said: "My friends, greater wrongs have been done you than I knew of—greater wrongs unfortunately than I can right. I am a much poorer man than any of you to-day, for I am leaving my country and my home without any knowledge—with hardly a hope—of the day when I may return. When you entered here I never thought to pass through that door alive; but now I know my life would be a sorry repayment for the wrongs you have sustained. Colas, I appoint you to distribute the gold in this case among my people as far as it will go, and what good my fathers before me have done towards yours must suffice to make up the balance. I am persuaded that I leave Zélie safe in your hands, and perhaps, for the sake of a woman's faithfulness, you will spare this old house while she lives."

There was a hurried consultation among the leaders as M. de Quatre-Vents arose, and Mathurin handed him his hat, fastened on his sword, and arranged his cloak over his shoulders.

Then old Colas again spoke up: "Non, non, M'sieu', we will not do this! The things which touch you most cannot be

paid off by money; but they are gone now, wiped away by the words you have spoken. As for the rest, each one can tell just how much he has been forced to pay unjustly. We have not talked these matters over on winter nights to have any need now for a notary to draw up our accounts. Pay each as he can show cause!"

M. de Quatre-Vents, with somewhat of his old manner, laughed as one laughs at a child; but throwing back his cloak and drinking off his glass, he said, "Come, then, begin!"

The task seemed unending. Most of the demands were trifling, but each claimant insisted on going into every detail, no matter how distant, and on showing the justness of his claim down to the last *livre*, until M. de Quatre-Vents began to yawn with very weariness, and regret that the piquancy had died out of the adventure. Hour after hour dragged away, M. de Quatre-Vents bravely trying to keep up some appearance of interest, when his attention was aroused by a hot dispute between Colas and two claimants.

"No, no! I tell you I will not allow it! The business was settled in open court, and you have no right to rob M'sieu!"

The others as hotly insisted. But M. de Quatre-Vents cut the argument short with, "What's the amount?" and, in spite of the protestations of Colas, paid over the money, to the evident satisfaction of the majority—and at last the claimants were exhausted.

Thereupon Mathurin set forth in search of Zélie, and a dozen bottles of wine were brought up and distributed among the leaders.

As they hesitated a moment and then slowly withdrew, old Colas turned, and said, in a low voice, trembling with emotion: "Adieu, M'sieu! We will ever carry in our hearts what you have done to-night. It will never be forgotten by us or by our children. May the blessing of God be with you wherever you may go! He alone can hold you safe in these evil days, which are only beginning."

Tired and overtaxed with the long strain, M. de Quatre-Vents, as he laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, said,

with a weary and hopeless laugh:—"Evil days indeed, Colas; but I will trust more to my Fate than to your God! Adieu, adieu!" and he raised his glass to his lips, and then shattered it in pieces on the hearth-stone at his feet.

Colas started with a thrill of dread at the ominous sound, and hastened after the others, who trooped down the great avenue towards the village in silent, decorous order.

As soon as the house was cleared, M. de Quatre-Vents said, shortly: "Now, Mathurin, don't lose an instant! Our friends there may change their minds at any moment. We'll take the upper road, and don't spare the whip, once we are out of hearing."

Old Zélie followed her "young master" out into the court as the horses were put in, and her prayers followed him after he had drawn to the door of the carriage, which was soon lost in the shadows of the trees.

M. de Quatre-Vents sat in the darkness, wearied in body and sick at heart. He did not for a moment hide from himself that his late action was merely the result of an impulse which had died away as quickly as it had arisen. His patience and restraint were necessities to the rôle he had assumed, and he despised his acting, in comparison with the generous and manly acceptance of his sacrifice by his *censitaires*.

Mathurin was now moving at a good pace, when suddenly there was a hoarse shout in front, and the horses leaped forward under a fierce cut of the whip.

M. de Quatre-Vents sprang to his feet—saw a fire burning by the road, and some figures making for the horses' heads; he took in the situation at a glance, and shouted: "Stop, Mathurin! Stop! They have forgotten to send word to these fellows. I will explain!"

But the words had not passed his lips before there was a flash, a deafening report, and Mathurin, vainly trying to restrain the maddened horses, flew on wildly into the night, while in the bottom of the carriage lay all that was mortal of Monsieur Louis Armand Regnault, Seigneur de Quatre-Vents.

His Fate had betrayed him!

LORD BYRON AND THE GREEK PATRIOTS.

BY THE REV. HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.

THE portrait an engraving of which is presented on another page shows Lord Byron, the poet, in a costume which he could have adopted only in the last few months of his life, when preparing to exchange the laurels of poesy for those of war. The Byronic open neck, which to the crowd of impassioned imitators became a sort of stage property later on, mingles queerly with the full-gathered cloak and tall crested helmet of dragoon type, which latter betoken the "Archistrategos," or Commander-in-Chief. This title sounds as if complimentary only, when we remember that he who bore it had never seen a shot fired in warlike earnest. It, however, accords with a letter of Lord Byron's to Mr. Hancock, his banker at Zante, dated February 7, 1824, in which he says, "Well, it seems I am to be Commander-in-Chief, and the post is by no means a sinecure"; and we learn from similar sources that besides all his advances of money to the general cause of Greece, he had taken specially into his own pay a force of three or four hundred Suliotes, with whom, as a sort of body-guard or *corps d'élite*, he was expecting at the above date to march upon Patras or Lepanto. But these visions of warlike adventure were destined never to be realized. It is the sincerity of the intention alone which the warlike garb illustrates. The Suliotes proved intolerably restive to the most elementary rules of order; and after being more than once on the verge of mutiny, at last broke out into open violence, in which a valuable life, that of a Swedish volunteer officer, was sacrificed, and their disbandment, with a month's pay in advance, besides their arrears from the Greek government (for both of which Byron furnished the coin), was adopted as "the best of a bad bargain."

Lord Byron and Prince Mavrocordato were at this time in daily conference. The former, in his last letter to Murray, speaks of the prince as an excellent person, and "one who does all in his power, but his situation is perplexing in the extreme." The two men shared and helped each other's counsels, and each trusted the other without reserve. Without either of them it looks as if in the

early months of 1824 the entire Greek cause would have gone to pieces. As Sheridan said, an "independent member" meant one who had nothing to depend upon, so Byron found a "provisional government" meant one which was destitute of all provisions. An empty treasury, a bankrupt commissariat, a fleet and army with practically no subordination or discipline, save with an enemy in front and an attack imminent, and now hungry, clamorous, and mutinous; a little town in a big swamp, eaten up by the voracity of both fleet and army; empty pockets and empty bellies everywhere; and the Turk, shut up at first in Lepanto, but now, the Greek fleet being in abeyance, because its pay was in abeyance, sweeping the sea and threatening a blockade—such was the state of things which confronted Byron, and amid which he as "Archistrategos," and Mavrocordato as "Lord High everything else" (to borrow a modern phrase from the *Mikado*), managed to keep from drifting into absolute chaos in those eventful months, the last of the great poet's life.

A Greek loan was, slowly at first, negotiating in London. The financial vacuum, which but for Byron and his dollars would have yawned into a sudden chasm in which infant Greece and her noisy patriots would have disappeared, was thus filled none too soon. Byron only lived to hear the first rumors of its success. While his cold remains were on their way to England, the loan was "floated," not only in the usual figurative but in a literal sense, and some thousands of pounds sterling were on their way to the Morea—an exchange certainly not in favor of Greece, for Byron's name, fame, and personal presence were at once a revenue and a host in themselves. And here I am able to give textually what seems to have been the last letter which Byron ever penned. Its chief interest lies in the illustration which it furnishes of the above crisis of expectation, of Byron's watchful eagerness to keep flowing meanwhile the current of "supply" from his own private resources, and of his diligent application to the details of finance, in order to brace with greater tension "the sinews of war." It is addressed to Mr. Barff, a partner in

the banking firm at Zante who formed during these anxious months Lord Byron's channel of transmission for the actual specie, the source of which was the sale of his Lancashire patrimony at Rochdale, of the manor of which he was the owner, until he sacrificed it in 1823, that he might turn "universal paymaster," as Moore says, to the Greek war of independence. Rochdale, now one of the most busy and populous towns of Lancashire, was then a village in a lovely and sequestered valley, rich in stream and woodland. It stands connected with two of the most distinguished of Englishmen, although differing from each other perhaps by the whole possible latitude of English character—Lord Byron, who, until his last few months, was the owner of its manor, and John Bright, who represented until death its borough (non-existent in Byron's day) in the British Parliament. Widely as they differed, they were alike in their love with liberty and their admiration for America. I should add, as I annex this letter, that I am indebted for it to Mr. E. D. Barff, of Liverpool, the son of the recipient, in whose possession also is the portfolio, probably unique in England and America, of Hellenic celebrities of 1823-4, from among which the annexed portraits are taken, which he has kindly furnished for photogravure at my request. The letter is not to be found in any of the published biographies. From its date—April 9, 1824—it can be shown by comparison of Moore's narrative of the close of Byron's life to have been written on the very day of that fatal ride from which the writer returned in an open boat wet through. He battled manfully and with apparent success for some few days against aguish shuddering and rheumatic pains, and even took one more ride. On the 15th Moore records his receiving letters, but not his writing any. On the 19th he lay dead. Here, then, is the letter:

"To Mr. Barff:

"DEAR SIR,—The above is a copy of a letter from Messrs. Ransom received this morning. I have also to acknowledge yours and one from Mr. Barry of Genoa (partner of Messrs. Webb and Co., of Genoa and Leghorn), who had forwarded the same to you for my address. I agree with you in opinion, and shall continue to draw directly on England as the safest (and perhaps least expensive method) instead of having dollars up from Genoa or Leghorn. This will be the preferable course so long as

the exchange is fair in the Islands. Will you instruct me how to regulate myself about the firsts and seconds, etc., of Exchange, as indicated in the second paragraph of the letter copied, as I am not very accurate or intelligent in technical matters of business of this sort, and wish to be quite correct? Have you any further news of the Greek Loan? Is it really settled, and how? For my advices are not recent enough to treat of this fully; some say one thing, and some another *here*. Bowring's letter to me is sanguine, but others are less decisive, though not discouraging to the Greeks. I hope that you have received various letters of mine; as you do not state having received any since the 30th, I mention this accordingly. Lega [his secretary] will state the various dates of the expedition of letters.

"The letter of credit [is] for £4 instead of £3000 sterling (as mentioned in your letter of this morning, perhaps by mistake); but the number is of no material difference (as you are sufficiently aware) when I draw direct on my London correspondents.

Ever and truly yours, N. B."

The instruction sought in regard to "the firsts, seconds, etc., of Exchange" was occasioned by a paragraph in the letter of Messrs. Ransom referring to those technicalities. In becoming, as Homer calls his chiefs, a "shepherd of the people" to Greek patriots, Byron found that financially his sheep were very wolves, and that the party most liable to be fleeced was the "shepherd" himself. But the elucidation of these technicalities, if it came at all in reply, must have reached him too late.

Referring to his arrival at Missolonghi, shortly after that of Prince Mavrocordato, a Greek narrator, M. Eugène Yemeniz, says: "He came to augment by all the prestige of his own celebrity the sympathy which the cause of Greek Independence roused in Europe. In Byron's eyes, as in those of all foreigners, Mavrocordato represented that element in the Greek nation which was the noblest, the wisest, and the most elevated. A strict union speedily established itself between the two men." He presently quotes from "le philhellène anglais, Blaquièrre," writing to the prince from Zante on the 24th of April, 1824: "Judge of my affliction in learning the death of Lord Byron. It is a thunderbolt for me." He proceeds to give a notice—which would have gladdened Byron's heart—of the assurances given by Mr. Canning (then foreign secretary) to the

* *Scènes et Récits des Guerres de l'Indépendance: Grèce Moderne.* Paris, 1869, pp. 156-7.

Mr. Bowring referred to in Lord Byron's letter, who was in London negotiating the Greek loan, and adds, "Public opinion rises from day to day; it has so grown in favor of our cause that we have really nothing to desire on that behalf."

Among other wild fictions set on foot by Mavrocordato's political opponents to discredit him, was one to the effect that the person in his company who passed for Lord Byron was not the distinguished English peer, but a Turk to whom Mavrocordato had sold himself, and with whom he was plotting the ruin of Greece! Such were the amenities of patriotic controversy.

To Mr. Barff junior, who communicated to me the above letter addressed to his father, undoubtedly the last extant, and probably the last which the poet wrote, I am further indebted for a characteristic anecdote of Lord Byron's constant and ready interposition to soften the asperities of war, especially as regards the treatment of prisoners. Byron himself mentions in an earlier letter to Mr. Barff the release he had obtained and the provision he had made for four Turks and twenty-four Turkish women and children detained as prisoners by the Greeks. In a subsequent (March) letter to Murray, and in another to Dr. Kennedy, he says that he has a little Turkish girl *protégée* on hand, aged nine years, named Hato or Hatagé, all of whose brothers had been killed by the Greeks, and whose mother seems to have been her only surviving parent, then in the service of Mr. Milingen, Lord Byron's medical attendant. But Mr. Barff junior states, on his father's authority, that another Turkish maiden, aged thirteen or thereabouts, similarly a prisoner captured by the Greeks, but the daughter of some Turk of high rank and court influence, was found in Byron's quarters at Missolonghi at the time of his death. Mr. Barff senior seems to have known of Byron's intention to send the child safely to his sister or some lady protector in England, with a care for her future welfare, and to have been intending to carry that wish into effect, when a Turkish frigate, under flag of truce, appeared off Missolonghi or Zante—I am not sure which—to request her friendly restoration to her father. Mr. Barff was sorely puzzled what to do under the circumstances, and at last left the decision to the girl herself. She had shown the

most lively distress at her benefactor's death; and even now, bursting into tears, professed her readiness to have gone anywhere with him had he been alive. "But," she added, "he is gone, and all his friends at home will be strangers to me. I shall be alone! I will go back home to my father," and home she therefore went. One can hardly have a more touching proof of the attractive and winning aspect of Byron's character at its best than that shown by the attachment of this young creature to him.

In his last few months he seemed ripening into something very different from the morbid affectation and mercurial selfishness of his earlier years. His self-devoted zeal kindled far and wide a sympathetic flame of volunteer effort for Hellas, which yet depended for its sustaining fuel upon the fascinating influence of his own personality. Trelawny records: "I think Byron's name was the great means of getting the Loan. A Mr. Marshall, with £8000 per annum, was as far as Corfu, and turned back on hearing of Lord Byron's death. Thousands of people were flocking here; some had arrived as far as Corfu, and hearing of his death, confessed they came out to devote their fortunes not to the Greeks, or from interest in the cause, but to the noble poet; and the 'Pilgrim of Eternity' having departed, they turned back." Parry, too, mentions an instance to the same effect: "While I was on the quarantine-house at Zante, a gentleman called on me and made numerous inquiries as to Lord Byron. He said he was only one of fourteen English gentlemen, then at Ancona, who had sent him on to obtain intelligence, and only waited his return to come and join Lord Byron. They were to form a mounted guard for him, and meant to devote their personal services and their incomes to the Greek cause. On hearing of Lord Byron's death, however, they turned back." The story of Waterloo was not yet ten years old, and the appetite for military adventure, stimulated by the long struggle which it closed, was no doubt ardent still among all the boys approaching manhood in 1815, and who had reached it and more by 1824. Such was the material which the impression made by Byron rallied round him, and drew them as the magnet draws needles of keen point and fine temper. They found in him a world-renowned chief, and in Greece a new field,

an unhackneyed cause, freshly outside the war-trampled arena of Napoleonic ambition, a renascent nation, on a soil glorious with the prestige of all the most brilliant centuries of ancient humanity. But it was not to be.

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow;"

and Hellas was left to work out her own regeneration.

Prince Alexander Mavrocordato may be termed the Cavour of modern Greece. Of a distinguished ancestry (sprung originally from Chios), the most remarkable of whose earlier members united the foremost medical science of the seventeenth century with the highest diplomatic capacity, he had himself received an education tinged with the sentiments of European progress, and a political training under that teaching of events which in 1814-15, after the downfall of Napoleon, converted Vienna into a school of diplomacy. He thus inherited the great germs of free thoughts fermented from the French Revolution, but tempered by the salutary reaction which later experience of their unchecked excesses imposed. Born in 1794, by the time he was thirty the independence of the Morea, although imperilled all round, needed but statesmanlike sagacity to pilot it to safety, and that sagacity he supplied. His first effort was to stem the morbid currents of tribal chieftaincy and orderless pugnacity into which the first successes of her efforts at independence were threatening to plunge Hellas. He procured, at first for a year only (thanks to the obstinate jealousies of rival chiefs, camps, and coteries), the acceptance of a roughly sketched constitution, which he lived to see completed and secured. He steered the young state through the broken waters of constitutionalism. In the crisis of the country's destiny, while the possibility of constructing a party of order to control tumultuous progress hung yet in the balance—a balance oscillating with every throb of party spirit and every convulsion of individual caprice—Lord Byron arrived at Missolonghi, which Mavrocordato, armed with full powers from the imperfectly recognized national assembly to govern and organize in western Greece, had reached a few weeks before. The latter was recognized in Europe as the

interpreter of Hellenic nationality, articulate as yet in its utterances through the spasms of a passionate patriotism, to the Western nations, while Byron became the inspired channel of Western sympathies to renascent Hellas. Byron's early death, with his foot on the stirrup of disinterested enterprise, shot through the gloom which fell upon the fortunes of his adopted country the radiance of those sympathies concentrated in the expiring flash of his own genius. He had learned to see in Mavrocordato the impersonation of order and policy, tempering the insurgent and semi-barbarous elements of the brigand warriors of Patras and Tripolitza, and found in him a fitting second to his own efforts to humanize a struggle which threatened to assume the features of exterminating savagery.

Ridiculed for his gold spectacles and Occidental costume by the wild mountaineers of Taygetus and Epidaurus, Mavrocordato yet held his own with cool head and firm hand, until he gradually educated turbulence into order. Although sageness in council and moderation in triumph were his more permanent characteristics, yet he could face the actual perils of combat with a personal intrepidity worthy of Thermopylæ and Marathon. This he showed conspicuously at Spakteria, a region classic in its fame from the immortal narrative of Thucydides, where in the crisis of a naval battle he—this small, fine-featured man in a frock-coat, and gold spectacles on a semi-Jewish nose—restored confidence to the Greeks, disheartened by the sudden fall of their commander, and with that confidence the fortunes of the day. Such flashes of heroic valor secured him in his moral and intellectual ascendancy over the untamed spirits of the crag fortress and the mountain ambuscade. Having thus rocked the stormy cradle of insurgent liberty, he lived to see his country take her place in the home circle of European nations—a man of priceless services in her crisis of gravest peril. He died at Ægina, that island of hero memories, in 1865.

Born in Ithaca, which gave occasion to his name, but bred at the fortress-court of the notorious Ali-Tébelen, Pasha of Janina, and imbibing too largely for a pure patriot its atmosphere of unscrupulous intrigue, selfish ambition, and barbarous despotism, "Odysseus, son of Androutzos," inherited a great name of

popular patriotism, an enormous and devoted array of followers, and an auspicious opportunity of justifying that celebrity and that influence by splendid services to his country. His countrymen have been generous to his memory, and he lives yet on the lips of the people as a hero, whose crooked courses and moments of lapse from duty they extenuate and forgive. Although the doer of great deeds, and capable of still greater, the spirit of self-sacrifice was wanting in him. His career is checkered by dark shadows, and closes with a tragic and deplorable end. To the momentary brilliance of their successful assertion of themselves as a nation, the Greeks soon superadded a period of intestine struggle, which at once jeopardized their newly won liberties and tarnished the glory of their indomitable patriotism. Only a few names, like those of Mavrocordato and the brothers Hypsilanti, shine out serene and unbesmirched by rivalries of selfish ambition.

The constant petty struggles which exhausted the strength of ancient Hellas, and the party strifes which tore her cities asunder, and paralyzed her combinations against external aggression, Macedonian or Roman, seemed to start from the soil and reassert their influence among these modern heritors of the Greek name almost before the blood of the Turkish enemy was dry upon their swords. Of these the most typical and the most tragical impersonation is the half hero, half traitor—only in the Greece of 1821-5 could such a halving be possible—whose portrait stands last in our collection. For the details of his versatile career we must refer the reader to the spirited biographical sketch of him given by M. Eugène



LORD BYRON, ARCHISTRATEGOS.

Yemeniz.* His portrait, eminently handsome, and bespeaking the lightning flash of ready daring which electrifies an onset, seems lacking in the moral elements of constancy, singleness of aim, and fidelity. It does not show a face which one would like to trust. In effect, his was almost throughout an alternate or a double game. Popular alike with the hated Turk and the patriotic Greek, he was at the core loyal to neither, but sought personal ends through his influence with both. He earned the name of "the modern Leonidas" by thrice repelling the Turks from the famous battle-*gorge of Thermopylæ*. He entered Athens as a liberator; and the bishops of the Greek Church, who had excommunicated him before for an act of treachery against

* *Scènes et Récits des Guerres de l'Indépendance: Grèce Moderne.* Paris, 1869.



PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO.

the patriotic government, revoked their anathema and blessed his banner. Distrusted then for a while by Greek and Turk alike, he made a hurried escape in a solitary shore-boat, and flung himself, disguised and anonymous, into a remote monastery, whence a yet more startling adventure of peril and prowess brought him once more to the surface of events, only to die a captive and a prisoner at the hands of a political rival, whose enmity was implacable, by private assassination in the prison of that Acropolis which had been the scene of his glory.

There is no evidence that Byron and Odysseus ever met, and the narrative of M. Yemeniz, although an outline only, seems rather to forbid our assuming it. But the latter was in command for the patriotic government at Athens when the news of Byron's death threw all Hellas into mourning; and Moore records that Odysseus "despatched an express to Missolonghi to enforce the wish" of that government, "that as a tribute to the land which Byron had celebrated and died for, his remains should be deposited at Athens, in the Temple of Theseus"—the "poets' corner," as it were, of the world. But this, again, was not to be. It is Odysseus who rests beneath the shadow of the Acropolis, while the remains of Byron

have redeemed a little Nottinghamshire church from village obscurity.

In all revolutions—political ones not excepted—two opposite forces are generated, the centripetal and the centrifugal; of these Prince Mavrocordato embodied the former, while Odysseus represented the latter. Like his heroic namesake, he was a man "of many wiles," and if he resembled the lightning flash in his brilliancy of onset, he may claim a yet closer parallel to it in the zigzag of his course.

His daughter is said to have become the wife of Trelawny, a comrade and follower of Lord Byron, but a man liable, like his noble friend, to fits of eccentric violence, although redeemed by some noble qualities. In one of these, owing to what feminine provocation is not known, he is said to have hung her by her hair one night out of a window. This "capillary suspension" may be a myth of exaggeration. Round such characters of violent impulsiveness, at convulsive epochs like that of Greece in 1821-5, such myths tend to cluster thickly. Of such a fact, if fact it were, there would almost necessarily be no witnesses, and therefore criticism is thrown away upon the statement, as non-



ODYSSEUS.

prehensible to its forceps. All one can say is, it was an *on-dit* current and believed at a time now long gone by, and with the by-gones let it rest.



A MASTERPIECE OF DIPLOMACY.

Farce.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

THE scene is in the summer cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Roberts, in a Boston suburb, and the space where they encounter from opposite doors at the moment the action opens is a square hallway, with the stairs climbing out of one corner of it, and a fireplace in the other, after a fashion no longer very novel in the architecture of summer cottages. It is rather a close morning in August, but all the windows are shut, and a fire is briskly burning on the hearth.

I.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERTS.

Roberts, at sight of his wife: "Well, Agnes?"

Mrs. Roberts, at sight of her husband: "Well, Edward?"

Roberts: "How is the child?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Where is the doctor?"

Roberts: "He wasn't at home."

Mrs. Roberts: "Not at home! Oh! then I'm sure you'll approve of what I've done. And I was so afraid I had made a mistake."

Roberts: "A mistake?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes. About the doctor. He was in such a violent perspiration that I couldn't help being alarmed about him, though of course I know that perspiration is generally a very good thing. But it simply rolls off him, and he keeps begging for something to eat."

Roberts: "The doctor?"

Mrs. Roberts: "The doctor! No!

Haven't you just told me he wasn't at home?"

Roberts: "Yes, but I left word for him to come as soon as he could, and I thought perhaps he had got my message and run. The perspiration, you know!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, poor little Rob, he's in a perfect drip, and he keeps wanting to have his clothes on. But you're perspiring yourself, Edward; and *you're* been running. I don't know what I shall do! I've made the fire, here, so as to keep Robby from taking cold; and I don't dare to put the window up, for fear of the draught, and you must be just simply expiring. Why *did* you run so, dear?"

Roberts: "I didn't run. But it's like an oven, out-of-doors. And I walked rather fast, for I wanted to get back and see how the child was, especially when I found the doctor wasn't at home."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, you did just as I should have done, and I'm so glad now that I telephoned for Dr. Lawton."

Roberts: "Dr. Lawton?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes; as soon as this terrible perspiration set in I felt that we oughtn't to wait another instant, for it might be a case of life and death, and I knew you wouldn't want to take any risks; and when I remembered that you mightn't find Dr. Williams at home, I was perfectly wild, and I telephoned at once for Dr. Lawton to come instantly; and it was very well I did so, for *he* wasn't at home, either. But Lou Bemis was there, and she told me to keep up courage, and



"YES, BUT I LEFT WORD FOR HIM."

as soon as her father came in she would send him flying. Did you leave word for Dr. Williams to hurry?"

Roberts: "Yes, I left a very urgent message on his slate. I—"

Mrs. Roberts: "I hope you underlined it, Edward! You never *will* underline things, even the most important!"

Roberts: "Well, I underlined this, my dear."

Mrs. Roberts: "How many times? Three times?"

Roberts: "I think it was three times—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Because if you don't do it three times, it isn't the least use in the world. Are you sure it was three times?"

Roberts: "Yes, I think so—"

Mrs. Roberts: "And did you put an exclamation after it? Three?"

Roberts: "I don't know—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, how could you be so careless, Edward? If you didn't put three exclamations, you might as well not have gone. He'll just take his time to it, and Robby may be in a collapse by the time he gets here. He's furious now. Listen!"

A wrathful Voice from above: "I want to get up! I want to have my clothes on! I want my breakfast!"

Mrs. Roberts: "There, that's the way he's been going on the whole time since you left! Dear, dear! I wish the doctor would come. I don't see what keeps them all! It's as much as Amy can do to hold him in bed. He's as strong as a lion, and I know it's just his delirium. They're always so when they're delirious."

The wrathful Voice again: "No, I don't love you a bit, and you're a hateful old thing! And I want my clothes. I won't have the doctor! I ain't sick, and I'm going to get up! I am, too! When Uncle Willis comes, I'll tell him how you've acted. I'm hungry, and I want my breakfast!"

Mrs. Roberts: "There!"

Roberts: "I'll go up to him—"

Mrs. Roberts: "No, no, Edward! You'll be sure to give way to him, and Amy can manage him nicely. And I want you to be here to receive the doctor. I'll run back and relieve Amy; she must be perfectly worn out, poor thing. He fights so."

Roberts: "But if he's in a perspiration, Agnes—"

Mrs. Roberts: "But it isn't a *common* perspiration, Edward! Of course if it were any other time, and they were not quarantining everybody everywhere, and almost firing on them in New York, I might think it was a very good thing; but as it *is*, I can't do anything till the doctor comes; and if he doesn't come pretty soon, I don't know what we shall do with the child. I wish you had put three exclamations after the hurry! I'm sure I've done my part. I've kindled the fire here, and shut every window in the house, so that the heat can all go up into his room, and I've got the flannels all ready heating in the oven, so that if the collapse does come, I can

swathe him in them from head to foot; and I don't see how you could be so heartless, Edward, as not to put three exclamations, when you were about it!"

Roberts: "Well, perhaps Dr. Lawton will get here at once—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, and it's fortunate I happened to think of him! I don't know what would happen, if I didn't keep my mind on everything and everywhere at once. I don't mean to reproach you, Edward; and I know that you're perfectly devoted to the children, but if you only could have had the forethought to put three excla—"

The furious Voice: "Ya-a-a-a! I will, I will, I will! You sha'n't keep me in bed! I want my clothes! I want my breakfast! I want my Poppa!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, dear—"

Roberts: "Yes, Bob—"

Mrs. Roberts, in an awful voice: "Edward, I'm astonished at you! Just when we had got him nicely quieted down, and he's in the wildest delirium!"

The furious Voice: "I want my Poppa!"

Roberts: "But the child is calling me! What shall I do, Agnes?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Do! Stay where you are, Edward, if you are *half* a father! You must be here, and receive the doctor. And be sure to keep him, so that I can come down and tell him the history of the case before he sees Robby, or he'll be all prejudiced, especially if it's Dr. Lawton; you know how headstrong he always is, and wants to see the patient before you can get in a word. Oh, dear! I almost wish I hadn't called him."

Roberts: "Perhaps Dr. Williams will get here first."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, how *good* you are, Edward, and how *thoughtful*! Of course he'll be here first, and I never thought of it."

The furious Voice: "Poppa! Poppa! Poppa! I want my Poppa!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, darling! in a moment! Papa's coming! Oh, Edward, how can you let me lie so to the poor darling, and perhaps he's in the last stages!"

Roberts, in a stifled voice: "But what shall I do, Agnes? You won't let me go to him, or answer him; and—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, yes, put it all on me, dear! And when I've been through so much already— There!" At the sound of a step on the veranda Mrs. Rob-

erts shrinks together for flight, and with one foot on the stair and her skirts gathered in her hand, she turns to her husband with a stage-whisper: "It's the doctor, and I don't care which doctor it is, you must keep him here till I can make Robby a little presentable and throw on something so that I sha'n't be such a *perfect* fright, and dash the comb through my hair. Don't let him come till I send Amy down to let you know when. I'm not going to have the doctor find her there, and pretending to care more for the child than his own mother; she'd like to, well enough. Don't wait for Bella to open the door. Open it yourself, and— U-u-u-gh!" This cry feebly represents the emotion of Mrs. Roberts as the steps on the veranda approach, and the door is flung open without any pull at the bell, revealing the face and figure of Mr. Willis Campbell. "Willis! How could you?"

II.

CAMPBELL AND THE ROBERTSES.

Campbell: "Could what?"

Mrs. Roberts: "I thought it was the doctor! I was *sure* it was!"

Campbell: "Well, perhaps it is. What do you want with the doctor? Who's sick?"

Mrs. Roberts: "'Sh! Robby—"

Campbell: "What's the matter with Bob, this time? Cholera?"

Mrs. Roberts, whimpering: "Oh, there you are! I don't see how you can say such a thing. He's been in the most frightful agony, and he's had a nap since, and now he's all in a cold perspiration, and he insists upon getting up and putting on his clothes and having his breakfast, and it's as much as Amy and I can do to manage him; he struggles like a maniac. She's almost exhausted, poor thing."

Campbell: "What's she doing?"

The wrathful Voice from above: "She's holding me in bed, Uncle Willis, and she's keeping me from having my clothes on, and getting any breakfast! Oh, uncle, uncle! Come up here and make her stop!"

Campbell: "I can't make her stop, Bob—"

Mrs. Roberts: "'Sh! for shame, Willis, spoiling everything! He mustn't know you're here, or we can't do a thing with him, and we *must* keep him in bed, now,

till the doctor comes, or it may be as much as his life is worth."

Campbell: "What doctor have you sent for?"

Roberts: "I've just been to get Dr. Williams, but he wasn't at home, and I left word—"

Mrs. Roberts: "And I got so anxious that I couldn't wait any longer, and I telephoned for Dr. Lawton, and Lou Bemis is going to send him the instant he comes in. They can consult together, if the case is very dangerous, and I'm sure I never saw anything like it: perfectly bathed in an ice-cold perspiration, rolling off him in great beads."

Campbell: "Who?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Robby!"

Campbell: "I thought you meant Roberts. He looks as if he was ready to float away. What have you got a fire for on a day like this?"

Mrs. Roberts: "It's to send the heat into Robby's room, and prevent his taking cold, in the perspiration."

Campbell: "Well, if you want to send the heat up into his room, why don't you open the doors and windows down here, and make a draught?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Do you think that would do it?"

Campbell: "Of course it would; and besides, it's a great deal hotter outside than it is here. What's the matter with Bob, anyway? Been eating something?"

Mrs. Roberts: "He's been eating everything!"

Mrs. Campbell, from above: "Agnes! Agnes! I can't manage this boy any longer!"

Mrs. Roberts, flying up the stairs: "I'm coming, Amy! I don't see how I could be so heartless as to leave you alone with him so long, anyway. But I had to stop and ask Edward about the doctor, and tell him about the case so that he could explain it; and then Willis came in, and I've been advising with him; but I know you must be dropping dead, and I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself, and I shall never be grateful enough to you for it, the longest day I—" Her voice gradually loses itself in the regions above, which she vanishes into before it becomes wholly inaudible.

III.

CAMPBELL AND ROBERTS.

Campbell, calling after her: "I'll stay here with Roberts and help him explain

when the doctors come. We'll have a doctor apiece to explain to, if they happen to come together."

Roberts: "Good heavens, Willis! You don't suppose they'll come together?"

Campbell: "Well, I don't know what's to prevent them."

Roberts: "But wouldn't it be rather awkward?"

Campbell: "It would be deucedly awkward, my dear fellow; but you ought to have thought of that before you called them both. If they happen here together, and the case turns out to be a rather simple one not calling for a consultation of physicians, the doctors may be a little bit put out about it. You know how peppery old Lawton is where professional etiquette is concerned."

Roberts: "Is he? I didn't know—"

Campbell: "And I suppose he'll wonder why you should have called in a stranger, when your old family physician was in the neighborhood. Lawton will be hurt. But you can easily make it right with him. You can tell him you prefer homœopathy for your children: some people do, you know; it's milder."

Roberts: "Do you think that would do, Willis?"

Campbell: "Yes; it's the only way; and I'll tackle Williams. I'll tell him it was such a trifling case, you thought you wouldn't call in a regular practitioner. That'll give him confidence in himself."

Roberts: "I don't think that would do, Willis—"

Campbell: "Well, perhaps it wouldn't. Perhaps we'd better trust to inspiration. But we've got to take one apiece, and see what Providence will do for us. What makes Agnes think Bob is so very bad?"

Roberts: "I don't know, I'm sure. He was in a good deal of pain, when I left, and now he's in a profuse perspiration."

Campbell: "Well, that sounds rather threatening, but I think when the doctor comes you'd better not give him the history of the case. I think you'd better devote yourself to explaining why you called another doctor. Now, if they both come together, which doctor do you think you had better take? Do you think you could manage best with that cranky old Lawton, with his punctilious medical etiquette, and his contempt of homœopathy, or little Williams, with his sensitiveness, and conceit, and quick temper, and his—"

Roberts: "I—I don't know which I had better take, Willis."

Campbell: "I'd willingly take old Lawton, but he never believes a word I say; and I'd take Williams, but he's got a notion that I'm always laughing at him. I'm afraid I can't be of much use to you, Roberts."

Roberts: "Oh, but surely, Willis, you're not going to back out altogether?"

Campbell: "No, not back out. I'll stay by, and throw in a word or two, when I see it's needed. You'll get on swimmingly." To Mrs. Campbell, who appears on the stairs somewhat disheveled and very heated-looking: "Hello, Amy!" Mrs. Campbell descends the stairs, and reaches the level of the hallway while she is speaking.

IV.

MRS. CAMPBELL AND THE TWO MEN.

Mrs. Campbell: "What is that you are trying to put Edward up to, Willis? I insist upon knowing."

Campbell: "What's the matter, Amy? You look as though you had been having a little flirtation with a cyclone."

Mrs. Campbell: "Never mind how I look, or what I've been flirting with. What have you been putting Edward up to?"

Campbell: "Oh, very well, if you don't want him to do what I say, you can take the case in hand yourself. The simple fact is that he's called in Williams, and Agnes has called in Lawton, and the two doctors are going to arrive here together as mad as hornets, and I was just telling Roberts how to manage them. But I don't want to force my advice on any one."

Mrs. Campbell: "How do you know they'll arrive together, and be as mad as hornets?"

Campbell: "Well, my dear, as soon as you see them arrive together, you watch out whether they're as mad as hornets or not. That's all! What do you want Roberts here to say to them when they both come in together?"

Mrs. Campbell: "They won't both come together." She goes to one of the windows and looks out. "There, I knew they wouldn't! There comes Dr. Williams, and he's quite alone. There's not another soul in sight, and he's hurrying like everything."

Campbell: "Well, then, you must smuggle him out of the way, as quick as

he gets into the house, and leave the coast clear for Dr. Lawton. Perhaps old Lawton hasn't started at all, yet, and you can stop him. Can't you call up Mrs. Bemis, and tell her that Rob is all right, and her father needn't come?"

Mrs. Campbell: "But what if he isn't all right?"

Campbell: "Why, then, here's Dr. Williams to make him so!"

Mrs. Campbell: "That is so—"

Roberts: "Yes, do speak to her, Amy, and Willis and I will meet Dr. Williams here—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, I will if you wish it, Edward, but I'm not sure." She goes to the telephone in another room and is heard ringing, and then conducting the one-sided dialogue of the telephone: "Is that you, Lou? Yes, well! It's Mrs. Bemis I want. Are you Mrs. Bemis? Yes, well! This is Mrs. Campbell—Mrs. Willis Campbell. Amy, you know. Well, I'm speaking for Mrs. Roberts. Robby is much better. He's quite well, and if your father hasn't started yet— What? Is that you, Mrs. Bemis! Hello! Who is that! Lou? Yes, well! If Dr. Lawton hasn't started yet, Mrs. Roberts thinks it isn't worth while for him to come, and— What? Oh, my goodness, Willis!"—she rushes into the hallway again as she pronounces the dreadful words—"he's started as fast as he can drive, and he'll be here before we can turn round. What shall we do?"

Campbell: "Well, then, I'll tell you what! Roberts, here, has got to use a little—finesse, a little diplomacy."

Mrs. Campbell: "You know he can't!"

Roberts: "You know I'm never up to that sort of thing, Willis. I really can't help thinking, although I value your kindness so much, Willis, and appreciate your wish to help me, that perhaps it would be best, after all, to treat the matter frankly."

Campbell: "How, frankly?"

Roberts: "Why, simply tell both of the doctors, when they come, that we called one because we didn't think the other would get here in time, and—and—throw ourselves on their mercy, don't you know."

Campbell: "Oh, a nice time you would have on old Lawton's mercy! It would never do in the world, Roberts. You would make the most fearful mess of it."

Roberts: "I'm afraid we should make a fearfulest mess of it the other way, I do

indeed. I'm not at all equal to it, Willis. You know how to carry these things off naturally, but I—"

Mrs. Campbell: "And I think you are quite right, Edward. It's much better to be honest about things."

Campbell: "You wouldn't know how to be honest about a thing if you tried, Amy. You leave Roberts to me."

Roberts: "No, Willis, I don't know how—I can't—"

Campbell: "Well, in this instance, you have simply got to; or you'll have the awfulest row— By George, Amy, why shouldn't you use the finesse, or the diplomacy? You'd be the very one for a thing of that kind. I don't say it to flatter you, but when it comes to a little fibbing—in a good cause, of course—"

Mrs. Campbell, after a moment of apparent fascination with the notion: "No, I shall have nothing to do with it. I shouldn't mind the fibbing—for the cause is good—but I should know that you had something underhanded in it, and were just trying to get me into a scrape. No, Willis, I can't trust you, even in a case of life and death."

Campbell: "Well, better put up your hair, anyway, Amy; and there's something stringing out of your neck— 'Sh! There's his step on the piazza!" Mrs. Campbell runs to the mirror in the corner of the hallway, and hastily reorders her dress and hair, and turns again to her husband.

Mrs. Campbell: "Will that do?"

Campbell, laughing: "Perfectly."

Mrs. Campbell: "I don't believe it; unless you're just laughing to tease me."

Campbell: "I'm not, Amy, indeed. And now as soon as he rings, Roberts and I will get out of this, and let you receive him, and then you'll know that I haven't put up any job on you. Now my plan is that Roberts shall stay in the library, on one side of the hall, here, and I'll stay in the dining-room on the other side. If old Lawton comes before you get Williams out of the house, I'll receive him in the dining-room, and prime him with a little sherry, and talk round him, and keep him amused till Williams is gone. And you must smuggle him down the back way, and Roberts will be there in the library, and shut the door, and then I'll steal out, and get up stairs with Lawton, and then Roberts can open the door, and hustle the other fellow out, and get

him into his buggy, and have him off, and old Lawton will never suspect anything." He glances out of the window. "By George, there comes Lawton down the road now, and there isn't an instant to lose! Poke Williams right into the library there with Roberts, the instant he appears, and shut the door on them, and— 'Sh! There's his step! He's crossing the veranda! He's ringing!" The bell is heard. "Come, Roberts!" Roberts starts to follow Campbell into the dining-room. "No, no! You're to be in the library, you know." He turns Roberts about in the right direction by main force. "And remember, you're to take him up out of the door at the other end of the library, and then get him out of the house by the back stairs." He closes the library door upon Roberts, and retreats to the dining-room. At the same moment Mrs. Campbell opens the hall door to Dr. Williams.

V.

DR. WILLIAMS AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Campbell: "We don't stand upon ceremony this morning, doctor; I don't know where the maids all are. We've been terribly frightened about poor little Robby, and I don't know what you'll think of him. But we've kept him in bed till you came, though he's been perfectly furious to get up and have his clothes on."

Dr. Williams, standing with his hat in one hand, and his case of medicines in the other: "Get up and have his clothes on?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes; his mother is afraid he may be a little delirious. But won't you just step in here, and speak with Mr. Roberts? He would like to see you first." She throws open the library door, and Dr. Williams disappears within, looking mystified. As she closes the door on him, and turns away, Campbell shows himself at the dining-room door, and addresses her in a stage-whisper.

VI.

MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Campbell: "Splendid, Amy! I couldn't have done it better myself. Now, if you'll only manage old Lawton half as well, our lives will be saved."

Mrs. Campbell, whispering: "Dr. Lawton will be more difficult. Willis, I believe I shall let you receive Dr. Lawton."

Campbell: "No, no! You mustn't think of it. You are doing magnificently, Amy! It will be such a joke on old Lawton when we're all safely out of it! Say the first thing that comes into your head, and it will be right." He runs to

me, and I'll keep him from going up stairs till Edward gets the other fellow out of the house, and the coast is clear."

Mrs. Campbell: "Willis, you mustn't go. Stay and receive him with me."

Campbell: "I tell you I can't. It will



John C. Jones

"WHAT HAVE YOU GOT A FIRE FOR THIS MORNING?"

the window, and peeps. "He's there! He's hitching his horse, and he'll be at the door in half a minute. Courage, Amy, and luck to you."

Mrs. Campbell: "No, Willis! Don't leave me! You know I shall be perfectly helpless in Dr. Lawton's hands. You know how merciless he is if he suspects anything."

Campbell: "Old Lawton? Well, Amy, if you couldn't manage old Lawton! All you have got to do is to send him in to

spoil everything. He'll be sure to smell a rat if I'm with you."

Mrs. Campbell, in a lamentable voice: "He always smells a rat!"

Campbell: "Well, he won't this time. There he is, coming up the veranda steps. Now, keep your wits about you, Amy, do! And send him right in here to me." He retreats toward the dining-room door.

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, how can you be so cruel, unkind, and inconsiderate! Well, now, I don't care how badly I man-

age, and I shall just be glad of it if I make a mess of the whole thing." The bell rings, and she pulls the door open, and admits Dr. Lawton. "Oh, how very kind of you, doctor! Agnes has been worried to death, asking you to come in your vacation. But poor little Rob has been acting so strangely that she couldn't help feeling alarmed, and she knew there was no one like you, and she telephoned you on the impulse of the moment; and it's so good of you to come." She glances round at the dining-room door, and catches a glimpse of Campbell making frantic gestures of approval and encouragement. "Won't you sit down a moment, and I'll go and tell—"

VII.

DR. LAWTON AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Dr. Lawton: "No. I'd better see the patient at once, if he's in an alarming condition."

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, he is! But hadn't I better get you a fan, or a lemonade, or something? It's so very warm this morning."

Dr. Lawton: "I should think it was—in here. What have you got a fire for this morning?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Why, Agnes kindled it. She thought that Rob might take cold, he's in such a drip of perspiration, and she didn't realize how hot it was outdoors. She wanted to send the heat up into his room."

Dr. Lawton, throwing open the windows: "Well, she hasn't succeeded, then. And it's a very good thing she hasn't. It's enough to kill the child, let alone the doctor. By-the-way, whose horse is that out there?"

Mrs. Campbell, with dismay, which she tries to make pass for astonishment: "Horse?"

Dr. Lawton: "Yes; I didn't say *cow*, Mrs. Campbell."

Mrs. Campbell, looking resolutely away from the window in the direction of the dining-room door, which Campbell closes: "Is there any horse besides yours, there, Dr. Lawton?"

Dr. Lawton: "Yes, there is another doctor's horse. The signs are unmistakable. Who's in the dining-room, there?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Dining-room? Why, I suppose the maids—"

Dr. Lawton, darting suddenly upon her: "Isn't Mr. Campbell in there?" As

she hesitates, he smiles, and continues in a rapid whisper: "I see. They called another doctor first, and when he didn't come at once, they telephoned to me. That is all perfectly natural, and all perfectly right. I suppose you're afraid I shall be vexed at finding another doctor here. I think it's the jolliest kind of fix for Roberts, but I haven't the heart to tease him about it. If it was your husband, Mrs. Campbell, I shouldn't mind doing it. He's always teasing somebody. Tell me, now, what's his little game at present? Concealment is impossible, you know, and you might as well be honest as not."

Mrs. Campbell, allured by the fact: "I suppose I really might." She whispers throughout, and so does Dr. Lawton.

Dr. Lawton: "Better. What is he up to, in there?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Will you ever tell him I told you?"

Dr. Lawton: "Never!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, it would really be such a good joke on Willis, and I should like to see him come up with, once."

Dr. Lawton: "Dear lady, if you will only tell me, he shall be come up with as he never was in his life before!"

Mrs. Lawton: "But wouldn't it be a little wrong, doctor? I shouldn't want you to tease him *very* much!"

Dr. Lawton: "Not so as to injure him, of course; but just to give him a little lesson. You can safely trust me. I am your family physician, you know, and I will be responsible for the result."

Mrs. Campbell, reflectively: "That is true. And it would be just serving him right, wouldn't it, for leaving me here to take the brunt of it with you, and to try to keep you in the dark."

Dr. Lawton: "It would be your duty, Mrs. Campbell, in an event of that kind."

Mrs. Campbell: "And perhaps it would cure him of his teasing, if he could feel how it was himself."

Dr. Lawton: "It would be the saving of him. It would bring out all his good and noble qualities. What is his game?"

Mrs. Campbell: "I have the greatest mind in the world to tell you, only I don't like to do anything that a man would think underhand."

Dr. Lawton: "A man would think it the frankest kind of a thing. A woman might think it underhand, but—"



“DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ROBERTS IS IN THERE WITH DR. WILLIAMS?”

Mrs. Campbell : “Oh, I don't care what a woman would think. And it would be such a good joke on Willis! Well, you see—you see—”

Dr. Lawton : “Yes, yes!”

Mrs. Campbell : “You see, Dr. Williams—”

Dr. Lawton : “Oh; little pills! Well, he isn't such a bad sort of fellow. Go on!”

Mrs. Campbell : “Agnes sent for him, and then, while Edward was gone, Robby broke into such a profuse perspiration that she got frightened, and telephoned for you. And when Willis found out what they had done, he began to tease, and to try to make them believe it was something awful, and that you would both be so angry that you would never forgive it—”

Dr. Lawton, rubbing his hands: “Capital! Just as I suspected. Oh, I'll fool him to the top of his bent! Go on!”

Mrs. Campbell : “And poor Edward wanted to tell the truth about it, as soon as you came, and Willis wouldn't let him. And he said Edward must go into the library, and receive Dr. Williams, and let him see the child, and then smuggle him

out the back-way, and he would be waiting in the dining-room, and I was to show you in there to him—”

Dr. Lawton : “Glorious! Oh, young man, how I will block your game!”

Mrs. Campbell : “And he would keep you amused there till Dr. Williams was safely out of the house, and then let you go up stairs, and you would never know anything about it.”

Dr. Lawton : “Oh, won't I? Well, Mrs. Campbell, now I'm going to begin. You say, *Just step into the dining-room, doctor, and I'll call Mr. Roberts.*”

Mrs. Campbell, aloud: “Yes, Mr. Roberts would like to see you first, and if you'll step into the dining-room a moment out of this terrible heat, and won't mind its being in a little disorder—”

Dr. Lawton, whispering: “Is any one in the library now?”

Mrs. Campbell, opening the door, to peep in: “No.”

Dr. Lawton : “All right.” Aloud: “Thank you, I'll wait in the library, if you please, and look at a word I want to see in Roberts's dictionary.” He goes into the library, and closes the door after

him, and at the same instant Campbell flings open the dining-room door, and flies out upon his wife.

VIII.

MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Campbell: "Great heavens, Amy, what in the world are you up to? Don't you know that Roberts is in there with Dr. Williams? You showed them in there yourself, half a minute ago." Campbell is obliged to speak in an impassioned whisper, so that he shall not be heard in the library.

Mrs. Campbell: "Why, so I did! What shall I do?"

Campbell: "Oh, do! You can't do anything now. The die is cast, the jig is up, the fat's in the fire, the milk's spilt."

Mrs. Campbell, mysteriously: "I don't believe it is."

Campbell: "Don't believe it is! What do you mean?"

Mrs. Campbell: "'Sh! Willis, I have a great mind to tell you something."

Campbell: "Tell me something?"

Mrs. Campbell: "'Sh! Yes, it would be such a joke on Dr. Lawton!"

Campbell: "On Lawton! Out with it, Amy! I'm round paying a heavy premium for jokes on Lawton."

Mrs. Campbell: "What will you give me if I tell you?"

Campbell: "Oh, anything! Everything! A kiss."

Mrs. Campbell: "Stuff! Will you ever let any human being know that I told you?"

Campbell: "Red-hot pincers couldn't get it out of me."

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, I peeped before I let him go in, and made sure Dr. Williams had gone up stairs. He wants to block your game, Willis. But I don't think it was very nice of him to try to get a wife to join against her husband; do you?"

Campbell: "Oh, that was very wrong indeed! I wonder at Lawton. What did he want you to do?"

Mrs. Campbell: "If it wasn't for that, I don't believe I should tell you."

Campbell: "I know you wouldn't, Amy. It's your sense of duty that obliges you to speak."

Mrs. Campbell: "If I were sure that it was my sense of duty—"

Campbell: "You may bet anything it is, Amy. I can tell when you're doing

a thing because you're mad, and when you're doing it from a sense of duty. You look altogether different."

Mrs. Campbell: "And it isn't at all for the joke—"

Campbell: "Joke, Amy? You joke! You would rather perish. You wouldn't know how, even if you wanted to. What is it?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, then you think women have no sense of humor?"

Campbell: "I? I think they are so truly humorous that they needn't joke to show it, and that if you saw anything funny in giving Dr. Lawton away, you wouldn't do it. What is the old reprobate up to, Amy?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, then, I'll tell you, if you won't give me away, as you call it."

Campbell: "Amy!"

Mrs. Campbell: "He made me confess—or the same as confess—that there was another doctor here, and you were going to keep it from him, till we could get Dr. Williams out of the house, and then let him go up and see Rob, and he would never know anything about it. And I know he's going to bounce out of the library in a minute, and pretend to be furious, and block your game, as he calls it."

Campbell: "Oh, is he! I guess two can play at blocking that game!"

Mrs. Campbell: "And I'm not going to stay, Willis, and you may get out of the boggle the best way you can."

Campbell: "You are an angel, Amy, and nothing proves it more than your wanting to sneak out of the difficulty that your perfidy has got two men into. Angels of your description always do that."

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, if that's the way you talk, Willis, I'll take back everything I've said. Dr. Lawton doesn't know anything about my telling you. Now, how do you feel?"

Campbell: "'Terribly. But I think I'll act just as if he did. Go, my love; leave me to my fate."

Mrs. Campbell: "I shall not do it, now, because I see that you really wish me to. I shall stay, and see what a miserable mess you will make of it. I shall stay, and triumph over both of you. And I shall laugh and laugh. Oh, how I shall la— Wo-o-o! Oh, my goodness, he's coming!" At the sound of the knob turning in the library door Mrs. Camp-

bell starts in fright, and with a backward glance at Dr. Lawton as he emerges, she flies from the scene.

IX.

DR. LAWTON AND CAMPBELL.

Campbell, gayly: "Ah, Dr. Lawton!"
Dr. Lawton, grimly: "Ah, Mr. Campbell!"

Campbell: "Awfully good of you to let them disturb you in your vacation, this way. Roberts will be down in a moment. He wants to see you before you go up to Rob. Agnes wants him to explain the case to you. It's rather a peculiar case—"

Dr. Lawton: "I don't think I'll wait to see Mr. Roberts, Mr. Campbell. I will ask you to say to Mrs. Roberts that I preferred not to wait—simply that."

Campbell, with affected consternation: "Why, Dr. Lawton, I hope you don't mind having had to wait a few moments for Roberts. I'll run right up stairs for him. I know he'll be extremely mortified and distressed."

Dr. Lawton, as before: "The waiting is nothing. I don't mind the waiting—"

Campbell, with affected humility: "Then may I ask—"

Dr. Lawton, as before: "Yes, sir, you may ask, and I have not the slightest objection to answering. Another physician has been called here, before me."

Campbell: "Oh, but, Dr. Lawton, I assure you—"

Dr. Lawton, always with the greatest sternness: "Don't attempt to trifle with me, sir. When I hitched my horse before the door, I found another doctor's horse hitched there: an unmistakable doctor's horse, chewing the top of the post, and drowsing as peacefully as the flies would let him." He turns aside to conceal a laugh.

Campbell: "Well, I recognize the type, doctor, but I think you must be mistaken—"

Dr. Lawton: "No, sir, I am not mistaken. How should I be mistaken?"

Campbell: "Well, the grocer's horse behaves that way, too, I believe."

Dr. Lawton: "But grocers don't drive round in top-buggies!"

Campbell: "That is true." He appears to fall into extreme dejection.

Dr. Lawton: "Besides, the motive for this delay that I have been subjected to

is not sufficiently accounted for on the ground that Mr. Roberts wishes to explain a case to me that I can judge of a great deal better than he can. No, sir! They have another doctor up there with the patient, and they are waiting to smuggle him out of the house before they let me go up. I suspect your hand in this, Mr. Campbell, and I will not suffer you to trifle with me. You are keeping me here until Dr. Williams can be got out of the house, and then you are to let me go through the farce of prescribing for the patient."

Campbell, with simulated deprecation: "Now, Dr. Lawton—"

Dr. Lawton, with every token of suppressed fury: "Well, sir?"

Campbell: "If I were to give you my honor that there was not another doctor in this house?"

Dr. Lawton: "I advise you not to do so." He seizes Campbell by the arm, and pulls him to the window. "Look there, sir! What do you say to that? Do you see my horse hitched at one end of that rail, out there, and do you see Dr. Williams's horse hitched at the other end of the rail? What do you say to that?"

Campbell: "Why, Dr. Lawton, if you force me to be frank, I say that I didn't suppose you began so early in the morning. I don't object to a modest eye-opener, but if a man takes so many as to make him see double—"

Dr. Lawton: "Don't prevaricate, Mr. Campbell! Do you see two doctors' horses there, or don't you?"

Campbell: "I see *one* doctor's horse, there."

Dr. Lawton, releasing him, and anxiously scanning his face: "Ah! my poor young friend! This is worse than the simple drunkenness you accuse me of. Are you aware that there is a very serious brain disorder which causes the victim to see but half of a given object, and of two objects to see but one?"

Campbell: "No; is there? Then we had better get another doctor to judge between us, or appeal from Philip after to Philip before his second eye-opener. Come, now, doctor, hadn't you better go home? I'll excuse you to the family, and account for you some way. I don't believe Amy noticed anything; and when you get back, you can sleep it off, and nobody will be the wiser. It isn't habit-

ual with you, and we can hush it up for this once if you'll only go—"

Dr. Lawton, with a fresh access of pretended rage: "No, sir, I will not go! I insist upon seeing Mr. Roberts, and upon verifying the presence of another doctor in this house."

Campbell, with a shrug: "Well, I suppose if you *see* double there's nothing to prevent you from *thinking* double. But if the solemn assurance of one of your oldest and truest friends—"

The Voice from overhead, making itself heard through the closed door: "I won't, I won't, I won't! I don't want any medicine! I know it's nasty. Go away, doctor! I ain't sick!" The voice dies away into the indistinct murmur of other persuasive and menacing voices, and the sound of a struggle, terminating in a wild yell.

Dr. Lawton: "There, sir, what do you say to that?"

Campbell: "Say to what?"

Dr. Lawton: "To that outcry, that uproar, that plain proclamation of Dr. Williams's presence!"

Campbell: "Why, did you hear anything, doctor?"

Dr. Lawton, with a compassionate shake of his head: "Hearing affected, too! This is very interesting. Will you let me examine your eye, Mr. Campbell?"

Campbell: "Oh, certainly." After the doctor has lifted the lid, and peered earnestly into his eye: "Anything green, there?"

Dr. Lawton: "What do you mean, sir?"

Campbell: "Oh, nothing, only I think you are doing it splendidly, and it's a pity you shouldn't know how fully I appreciate it. My game is completely blocked. Go on!"

Dr. Lawton, after a moment: "Who told you?"

Campbell: "Amy."

Dr. Lawton, with mock tragedy: "Then I have been betrayed."

Campbell: "I've been betrayed, too. She told you that I was going to put up a job on you."

Dr. Lawton: "She did. Mrs. Campbell is truth itself."

Campbell: "I should say deceit personified."

Dr. Lawton: "You are Mrs. Campbell's husband. What shall we do now?"

Campbell, offering his hand: "Shake."

Dr. Lawton, taking it: "And then?"

Campbell: "Keep the thing up with increased fervor. Bite the biter; deceive the deceiver; outshine the truth itself in candor."

Dr. Lawton: "Ah, that might be difficult—for some of us! But still I think we had better make the attempt. But first: there isn't anything serious the matter with Rob, is there?"

Campbell: "He's hungry, as I infer from a remark that I heard him make."

Dr. Lawton: "That's a trouble that can always be reached, happily, in our condition of life. Well, where did we leave off?"

Campbell: "Oh, I think at Rob's giving Dr. Williams's presence away."

Dr. Lawton: "I remember! Well, here goes, then!" He bursts out furiously: "No, sir, I will not be put off with any such excuse. It is a matter which touches my personal and professional dignity. Where is Mr. Roberts, I say?" In a natural tone: "How will that do?"

Campbell: "First rate! Perhaps it was a little too emphatic. I'm afraid Amy will begin to suspect something. Now I'll reply in persuasive accents: *My dear Dr. Lawton, you know that Roberts is incapable of offering you a personal or a professional affront. If you will give me a little time, I can explain—*"

Dr. Lawton: "Well, now, I'll retort in a tone of biting sarcasm: *I fancy you will not only want a little time; you will want a little eternity to explain a thing like this. But if Mr. Roberts will not come to me, I will go to Mr. Roberts!*"

Campbell, naturally: "Oh, that's capital! That will fetch them. 'Sh! They're opening the door a little. That's Agnes. I suppose Roberts must have got Williams down the back stairs. Now I'll throw myself in your way, here, and attempt to prevent your going up. That will simply madden you. I'll place myself at the foot of the stairs, with folded arms, and say, in a voice choked with a sense of duty, *Dr. Lawton, if you so far forget yourself as to attempt to mount a single step toward the room where my poor nephew lies in a drip of perspiration, I will—* Now, you go on, in a perfect frenzy."

Dr. Lawton: "You will what, sir? Do you mean to say that you will use

physical force to prevent me?"

Naturally: "How will that do?"

Campbell: "The very thing! Now I'll come in: *I don't know what you call it, but I shall keep you from going up stairs.*"

Dr. Lawton, dramatically: "Stand aside, sir!"

Campbell: "Not so loud, quite. They're listening. I'll give you the right pitch: *I will not stand aside. If you mount these stairs, it will be over my body, dead or alive.* About like that, you know. Now, we must both stamp our feet, and that will bring them."

They both stamp their feet, and a sound of swishing dresses and suppressed voices is heard on the little gallery that looks down into the hall way from above. The dresses and the voices are those of Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Campbell; Mrs. Campbell restrains Mrs. Roberts by main force from rushing down and interfering with the quarrel of the men.

X.

MRS. ROBERTS AND MRS. CAMPBELL ABOVE;
CAMPBELL AND DR. LAWTON BELOW.

Mrs. Campbell, in bated breath: "Now, do control yourself, Agnes! I tell you they're just trying to fool each other. Oh, dear! I wish I hadn't put them up to it! This comes from not sticking to the exact truth. Edward's way is the best; yes, it is, and I shall always stick to it after this, if it kills me."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, but are you sure they're trying to fool each other, Amy? Perhaps you're not telling the truth, now! If they should be in earnest, I should surely die!" The men continue to dramatize a struggle on the floor below. "Oh, look at them! I can't bear to look at them! Oh, are you sure you're not mistaken, Amy?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Don't I tell you I put them up to it myself?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, I wish Edward would come back, and separate them! I don't see what he's doing with Dr. Williams so long! Of course he had to make the excuse of the garden when he took him down the back way, but he could have shown him every leaf in it by this time, I should think. Amy, I can't think they're joking. They do struggle so fearfully. There! They've let each other



go, at last, but it's simply from exhaustion!"

Campbell, proudly placing himself at the foot of the stairs again, and addressing Dr. Lawton, with feigned hauteur: "*I think you are satisfied now, that you can't go up stairs, Dr. Lawton.*"

Dr. Lawton, dramatically: "*We will see, Mr. Campbell. I have kept one little argument in reserve.*" He advances upon Campbell with lifted hand, as if to strike.

Campbell, dramatically: "*What! A blow, Dr. Lawton?*"

Dr. Lawton, dramatically: "*Several, Mr. Campbell, if you insist upon it. Will you stand aside?*"

Campbell, dramatically putting himself into a posture of self-defence: "*Never! And beware, Dr. Lawton! You are an old man, but I will not be answerable for the consequences if you strike me. I will not take a blow from you, much as I respect you, and would like to gratify you. I allow no one to strike me but Mrs. Campbell.*"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, Amy! Is it true? Do you ever strike poor Willis?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Don't be a goose, Agnes! Doesn't that show you that he's just making fun?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, do you think he is? If I could only believe you, Amy, I should bless you, the longest day you lived. Is Dr. Lawton making fun, too?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, up to a certain

point. But he doesn't seem to be making as much fun as Willis is."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, I'm sure he's in the bitterest earnest. See, he's just struck at Willis!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, and Willis has warded off the blow nicely."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, don't look!" She hides her eyes in her hands. "What are they doing now?"

Mrs. Campbell: "He keeps striking at Willis, and Willis wards off his blows, without returning one of them. Oh, isn't he glorious! That's his fencing. He can outface anybody, Willis can. He mustn't strike *him*, but if he lets him strike *HIM*, I will never speak to him again!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, stop them, somebody, do! Oh, Willis—"

Dr. Lawton, advancing with lifted hand: "*I demand to see Mr. Roberts!*"

Mrs. Roberts, in wild appeal: "Oh, but he isn't here, Dr. Lawton! Indeed he isn't! He's out in the garden with Dr. Williams, and as soon as he can get rid of him he'll come right back and explain everything. It all happened through my being so anxious, and telephoning for you after he had gone for Dr. Williams, because we hated so to disturb you in your vaca— Oh, my goodness, he doesn't hear a word I say!" The men renew their struggle. "Oh, Amy, do you think they're still in fun?"

Mrs. Campbell, with misgiving: "I don't believe they're as much in fun as they were at first. I—"

Mrs. Roberts, wringing her hands: "Oh, well, then, speak to Willis, do, and see if you can make him hear you!"

Mrs. Campbell, with great but faltering sternness: "Willis! Willis! I want you to stop that absurd nonsense! You will give me a nervous headache if you keep on. You know that Dr. Lawton doesn't mean anything, and you're just trying to frighten us, and I think it's a shame. Stop, Willis! Oh, dear! he doesn't hear me, or he just pretends he doesn't. I don't know what I shall do."

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, then, we must both scream as loud as ever we can scream."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, that's the only thing we can do now." They both scream at the tops of their voices. Campbell and Dr. Lawton desist, and look smiling-

ly up at them, with an air of great apparent surprise and interest. At the same moment Roberts and Dr. Williams burst wildly in through the door from the veranda.

XI.

DR. WILLIAMS, ROBERTS, AND THE OTHERS.

Roberts, with shuddering dismay: "What's the matter? What are you screaming for? Is Robby in a relapse? Willis—Dr. Lawton—what is it?"

Campbell, with great calm: "What is what? Have you noticed anything, Dr. Lawton?"

Dr. Lawton, with kindly serenity: "I'm sure I couldn't say. Has there been anything unusual going on?"

Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Campbell: "They have been struggling violently together, and we screamed."

Mrs. Roberts: "Dr. Lawton was trying to come up stairs to speak with you, and Willis wouldn't let him."

Mrs. Campbell: "They were just fooling us, and I will settle with Willis when we get home."

Mrs. Roberts: "We were terribly frightened."

Mrs. Campbell: "I was not frightened, but I was never so indignant in my life."

Campbell: "Do you understand all this, Dr. Lawton?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Willis! I will *not* stand this any longer, and if you keep it up, I shall go into hysterics. Now you just tell Edward the truth!"

Campbell: "Well, Amy, I will. You see, Roberts, that as soon as Dr. Lawton got here he suspected another physician, and he taxed Amy with it when she let him in, and instead of confessing at once, as any one else would have done, that he had been called simply because Roberts hadn't found Dr. Williams at home—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh!"

Campbell: "—she invented a cock and bull story, and then, because it wouldn't work, she told him that I was trying to play it on him; and they arranged it between them that they would let me do it—"

Mrs. Campbell: "And I think I was perfectly justifiable. You're always doing such things to me."

Dr. Lawton: "You were simply acting for his best good, Mrs. Campbell."

Campbell: "Then she gave Lawton away to me, the first chance she had.

But as soon as Lawton and I got together we saw through each other in a minute, and we concluded to let her have as much of her game as she wanted. That's all. Sorry to disturb Agnes, but that couldn't be helped. Of course we had to make some noise in the course of our little drama—"

Roberts : "Fortunately, Dr. Williams hadn't driven away; and when I heard the alarming uproar here, I called him in again. I thought Robby might—"

Campbell : "Well, that's pretty rough on Dr. Lawton."

Dr. Lawton : "Yes, Roberts, you might have remembered I was here. Well, I forgive you! Dr. Williams, shall we go up together and see if our patient is in a relapse?" He offers Dr. Williams his hand.

Dr. Williams, taking it, and meaning to say something civil: "I think I can safely leave him to you, *now*, doctor. There's nothing really the matter—"

Dr. Lawton : "Oh, you're very good!"

Campbell : "You seem to be getting compliments on all hands, Lawton. What's the matter with a few words of modest praise for your fellow-conspirator?"

Mrs. Roberts, to the waitress, who looks out from the dining-room door: "What is it, Bella? Breakfast? Well, now, you must both stay to breakfast with us, and if you decide that Robby can have something, and will only consult together and say what he shall have—"

Dr. Lawton, looking up the stairs at a forlorn little figure, very much dishev-

elled and imperfectly attired, which appears on the landing: "Suppose we let Robby decide for himself! Would you like some watermelon, Bob?"

Dr. Williams : "Or ice-cream?"

Dr. Lawton : "Or August sweetings?"

Dr. Williams : "Or soda-water?"

Dr. Lawton : "Or candy?"

Dr. Williams : "Or peaches and cream?"

Campbell : "Or all together?"

Mrs. Campbell : "Ah, don't tease the child!"

Robby, looking wistfully from one to the other as he descends to the floor, and fixing his eyes on his mother at last: "If you'll let me come to the table, mamma—I couldn't find all my clothes—I'd like a little milk-toast and tea."

Mrs. Roberts, stooping and putting his arms round her neck: "Oh, you poor little dirty angel! You shall have anything you want on the table. You won't mind his coming just as he is?" She turns with Robby to her guests, who take him into their arms one after another.

Dr. Lawton : "If Rob had another rag on him, I shouldn't feel good enough for his company."

Dr. Williams : "I consider him perfect, just as he is."

Mrs. Campbell : "And I will never hold him in bed again!"

Robby, after a moment: "You couldn't."

Campbell, catching him up on his shoulder, and dancing into the dining-room with him: "I knew she was just shamming when she pretended to do it."

A SINGING-STUDENT IN LONDON.

BY JEAN FORSYTH.

OWASSO, Michigan.—April 18, 1892.
—After years of working away by myself, trying experiments with Madame Seiler's method, reading the best books on singing I could find, and practising according to all the hints given me, the desire of my heart seems at last within my reach. My dear old brother Reuben says I am to go to London for three months to take singing-lessons from the very best master there. When I look at his worn worried face, with the hair above it already turning gray, his rapidly rounding shoulders, and hands blackened with his hard work as foreman in a machine

shop, I feel unwilling to accept this great thing from him, but he says:

"It will please me more than anything has done for years to think of you being over there, and having a chance to develop yourself. I think your voice is worth it, sister."

"But what about Mary Holles?"

"Mary and I can wait," he replied. "We've waited for each other for nearly ten years now, and a year or so more or less will not make so much difference to us as it will to you. If you are ever going to sing well enough to earn your living by it, you must not be any longer

without good lessons, and I believe in going to the top of the tree at once."

"So do I, Rube; but, oh dear! I do wish I knew if it is really in me ever to sing well."

"The best master in London will tell you that right away, and if he says you cannot do it, why, then you can take a look round and see the town, and come home again—start to learn type-writing, or something of that sort."

He is right, for I never shall be satisfied till I find out what can be done with my voice. If I get on well this time, and come home to teach for a while, who knows but I may be able to return in a year or so for some more lessons? for of course I do not expect that these will "finish" me. I can work well if I am only sure that I am working on the right lines. So I am really going.

No. — Gower Street, London, N., May 1st.—Owasso never looked so attractive as on the day I left it. There was an English girl on the steamer crossing who raised her eyebrows when she heard I intended going for lessons to the famous Francis Bacon. She evidently wondered if I considered myself a prima donna in embryo.

Out of the number of addresses in this neighborhood given to me by friends, I fixed upon this place of abode because of the notice in the window, which said "Board and Residence," instead of simply "Apartments," the latter meaning that I should have been obliged to provide my own meals. Then the house looked to me a little cleaner than some of those I inspected, and there is a piano in the dining-room, which the landlady says I am at liberty to use as much as I like out of meal hours.

I started out on my enterprise very boldly this afternoon, got Mr. Bacon's address at a music store, but walked around the block, across the street and back again, before I could nerve myself to the point of ringing his door-bell. The house is in a fashionable part of London, not far from the Langham Hotel, and makes a white spot in a dingy street. I shall know it again by the boxes of marguerites on the window-sill. My ring was a very feeble one at the last, but it brought an impassive-looking manservant promptly to the door, and the next minute the great Francis Bacon himself came out of the back room, where he was giving a lesson, and spoke

to me himself. My inward relief when I saw him was so great that I nearly laughed in his face. He is not in the least the sort of a master to strike terror to the heart of any one—rather a jolly little fellow, I imagine. I think it must have been the greatness of the name, both past and present, that scared me. He agreed at once to take me as a pupil for the time I proposed to be in London, and I am to go tomorrow for my first lesson.

May 2d.—Had time to study the very good life-size oil-painting of himself in Mr. Bacon's dining-room, as well as to read some of the "notes" he sent out for my perusal before it was my turn to go into the study. It is a small room with a bracket running along one side, which, as well as the mantel-piece, is thickly adorned with photographs of former pupils and various musical celebrities. The piano is a small upright, and Mr. Bacon certainly handles it like a master. I have no doubt that he is a perfect accompanist, but I am not judging of that from my half-hour with him to-day. That is to be the length of my lesson always, and I am to pay my guinea each time as I leave.

I gained one idea in return for my guinea to-day, and a fine one it is, too, if I can only develop it properly. The inspiratory muscles must control the expiratory; that is, you must press out the sides to prevent the breath from escaping any faster than you wish.

Mr. Bacon demonstrated this by putting his hands on my shoulders and shoving me across the room, he thereby representing the one set of muscles and I the other. It seemed to me rather a stupid illustration, but I suppose the little man gets tired sitting at the piano stool all day, and is glad of an excuse to stretch his legs a bit. He also showed me how he could take a number of quick breaths, out and in, with no motion whatever in the upper part of the chest.

"I cannot do that, Mr. Bacon."

"If you could, you need not come to me," was his reply.

May 6th.—I find I shall have to economize in my omnibus fares and my lunches if I mean to stay here as long as I had planned. I take just breakfast and six-o'clock dinner in this house, and my lunch outside. This scheme would work well were my landlady more liberal in her table; but one cannot expect everything for twenty-five shillings a week.

My second lesson emphasized what I had been told in my first, and the idea becomes a little clearer. Mr. Bacon said he could not afford to indulge himself in the sort of "upper-chest" breaths that I take. His theory is similar to that propounded by Emil Behnke in his *Voice, Song, and Speech*; and yet it is not exactly the same either. Behnke insists on abdominal breathing, while Bacon's strong point is the "hold" of the breath at the waist after inspiration. I was wrestling hard with this idea, as he explained it to me this afternoon, when the still small voice of the manservant, who announces at the study door the name of each person who calls, called out one which was evidently new to Mr. Bacon, for he went out into the hall to interview the owner thereof, and so ended my lesson. But I should not grumble at that, for he did the same thing for me the day I first came to see him.

May 9th.—I asked Mr. Bacon to-day if he thought it was worth my while taking these lessons, for he had promised that he would not let me waste my money.

"Most decidedly I do think your voice is worth cultivating. It is not a great voice, but a very pretty one, and if you stay with me till the end of July and are not greatly improved, you are not the woman I take you for; and, moreover, I'll give you a little note from myself." He added that last remark, I fancy, because I told him I would rather teach than sing in public. He says he has so many Americans coming over to him that he thinks he will have to stop taking English pupils at this season. They can get their lessons in the winter. He appears to have a great many casual pupils. There has not yet been the same one ahead of me, and nearly every day I hear a penetrating voice in the hall with the familiar home twang.

My lesson to-day was the same thing over again, but I feel that I am getting a little nearer it all the time, though it is the most uninteresting thing I have ever yet tried to practise. There must be no strain at the throat; the muscles at the shoulders must be relaxed.

"Have your throat and jaws loose, so that the tone comes out naturally. Laugh it out," he said.

May 12th.—Yesterday I met a Chicago girl who has been studying singing and piano at the Royal Academy of Music for a couple of years. She patronized me, of

course, and therefore I did not lay much weight upon what she said of Mr. Bacon:

"He is greatly run after by Americans, but I don't think you'll find that he takes much interest in casual pupils."

"But I don't call three months' hard study with two lessons a week being exactly a casual pupil."

"True, but unless he thinks you are going to do him great credit professionally, or in London society as an amateur, he will not waste his best energies on you."

Well, I have more faith in Mr. Bacon than that, and when he told me to-day to get "*Pensées d'Automne*" by Massenet, which he declared was written for me, and that he would see that I sang it, I walked out of his house with my nose so high in the air that no number of girls from Chicago could lower it.

I am becoming very friendly with a certain Scotch spinster, Miss Guthrie by name, who boards in this house. She is taking painting-lessons from one of the best masters here; but years ago she studied singing, and is therefore much interested in my progress. She had always heard that Mr. Bacon could teach well if he chose to take the trouble. He certainly is not an inspiring mortal.

"How much should I practise, Mr. Bacon?" said I to-day.

"Just as much as you feel inclined."

"But I don't feel inclined at all."

"Then don't practise."

Mr. Bacon is not yet satisfied with my breathing. "Aren't you tired?" he asked me, with one of those upward looks from the piano stool which he seems to consider extremely fetching.

"No, I'm not."

"Then you can't be doing it right, or you would feel tired—very tired round the waist, but not at the throat. You are awfully proud of your strength, aren't you? You remind me of a tenor I had in here the other day, who said, like you: 'Oh no, I'm not tired. I never get tired.' But pretty soon I had him rolling on the floor."

He heard me sing half through the song of Massenet's, but did nothing but correct my French accent; and there is no English translation. What is the use of a French song in Owasso, Michigan?

Came away to-day thoroughly discouraged, and was not buoyed up by a letter from Reuben I found awaiting me.

"Stick to it, little sister," he writes. "I am working overtime just now, so that you may have something for extras. London is a big place and a dear place, and I have no doubt that it is costing you more to live than we calculated."

It is indeed. I have begun to go without lunch altogether, but am afraid I cannot keep that up, our breakfasts here are so very unsatisfactory. If the piano were only in tune, and I could use it comfortably, I should not grumble; but I am beginning to think it may be a good thing to fall in with Miss Guthrie's proposition. She is not satisfied here either, and proposes that we should look for furnished rooms elsewhere, and take all our meals out that we cannot cook ourselves by the aid of a spirit-lamp.

May 19th.—At last I have met Miss Burton, the New York elocutionist, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Her throat had begun to trouble her, and she is here taking a course of lessons from Emil Behnke. She asked me to go to one of them with her, and I did so. *That* was a lesson worth while. He gave her three solid quarters of an hour for her guinea, and spent every minute of it in teaching. Miss B. thinks I ought to change from Mr. Bacon to her master, but I hardly like to do so, not feeling yet that I have given my teacher a fair chance.

"Mr. Behnke is a tone specialist," said I, "and Mr. Bacon says my tone is good, and that only my breath is wrong."

"But don't you think he finds the same fault with everybody?" she replied. "He is a breath specialist, and, mark my words, he will teach you nothing else all the time you are here."

I am beginning to be afraid of that. What is the use of his having given me a beautiful song by Massenet, or anybody else, when he treats it merely as a breathing exercise, and shows me not at all how it ought to be sung? To-day I thought I should get the better of him, for I had written a translation in English verse above the French lines; but I repented having done so when I found that he took up at least five of my all too precious twenty minutes to criticise my translation. I never get more than twenty minutes' solid teaching, and generally not that much. Every singing student that I meet has a different master to propose, but one can use only one's own

judgment. I approve most thoroughly of everything that Mr. Bacon does tell me, and the only fault I have to find with him is that he does not tell me quite so much as I think he might.

May 23d.—More discouragement! Of course I know that the weather is very warm, and that when one is giving twenty lessons a day it is not easy to keep braced up to the teaching-point all the time, but I wish devoutly that Mr. Bacon would not so frequently relax in my lesson. He sits on that piano stool and yawns till I feel like suggesting the lounge and a pillow. Nothing revives him but a joke, and I try an American one on him occasionally, but find that my time is wasted all the more in consequence.

It is all very well for the "smart" young ladies who are driven to and from his door in the smartest of carriages, and who do not grudge a guinea for twenty minutes' amusement and the pleasure of calling themselves Bacon's pupils; but when I think of Reuben toiling away in the heat, and working overtime for the sake of putting a few more dollars into this man's pocket, my blood boils.

"It is the way of the world," says Miss Guthrie. She and I have rooms together now, further up Gower Street; and I have hired my own piano, and can practise comfortably at last.

May 30th.—It hardly seems worth while writing this diary, I am getting so few ideas to put into it. Every other lesson is generally a fairly good one; and sometimes Mr. Bacon tells me so much in five minutes that I gain an idea of what he might do if he chose. The other day I heard of a pupil for whom he had done a great deal, introducing her both as a singer and a teacher. Probably he thinks he can make nothing of me; but if so, why is he not honest about it? "You ought to be flattered that he takes you at all," says Miss Guthrie. "I've heard of girls that he sent away after a lesson or two."

June 2d.—Miss Guthrie went with me to my lesson to-day, and was agreeably surprised after the descriptions I had given her.

The great small man did not once give my hand the friendly squeeze that he seems to think makes up for any lack of attention to business, and he kept me at work for fully twenty minutes. Miss G. thinks I have been too hard on him, and maybe I have.

"I am sure he does take an interest in you, Jean," she said. "Why, the way he gazed up at you put me in mind of that speech in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, 'Oh, Jeanie, will ye no tak me?'"

"I never complained that he does not take an interest in me. He does personally, but not as a singer."

"Well, you may be thankful he doesn't try to make you fall in love with him, as a lot of them do. They seem to think it a fine way to improve their own emotional execution. That was what disgusted me with singing-masters long ago, and I have never been sorry that I gave up the study for painting. To get on at all, it struck me that you either had to be in love with your master or make him think that you were in order to get anything out of him."

"Perhaps I go to the other extreme, and am a little too brusque with Mr. Bacon."

"I should not wonder, Jean, if you were. Why not give him a little of what you Americans call 'taffy,' and see how it acts?"

"The other day he asked me if I did not think that my voice was improving, and I said that I could not see it. 'Why, don't you notice that it is becoming brighter and less "wooly"?' 'No, I don't,' said I; and then he told me I was a most unsatisfactory pupil, and gave a person no encouragement."

"You see, he's only human," laughed Miss Guthrie.

June 13th.—Met another singing-student to-day, who simply raved about her master, an Italian.

"He would put enthusiasm into any one. I feel that I can do wonders when he plays my accompaniments."

"But what are you like when you are away from him?" said I.

"You have me there!" she laughed. "I am afraid to try anything in public without a great amount of coaching from Signor D—, and I never can sing so well with another accompanist."

"What sort of songs does he give you?"

"Italian, of course. There is no other language for the voice."

"I don't know that they would believe that in Owasso, Michigan."

"Perhaps not; but give me a foreign master and a foreign language every time. An Englishman would be ashamed to gush over music the way my Italian does, and

when he is particularly pleased with me he gets so worked up that he actually embraces me."

"H. mph! I am glad I have an Englishman."

"My dear Miss Forsyth, the yarns I could tell you about the amount of humbug there is in the profession of teaching singing here in London—more, it seems to me, than in any other branch of industry! In piano-playing there are certain standards accepted by all, and the same is true of any other instrument; but when it comes to the voice, every man has his own method. He starts off on his hobby-horse, and drags after him as many poor pupils as will submit to be tied to his stirrups. We singers need to be fed on flattery, and if a man plays our accompaniments sympathetically, and, gazing up into our eyes, tells us we have voices like angels, we pay him our guinea without a groan. I think your Mr. Bacon is honest, as men go."

"He certainly doesn't flatter me."

"Stick to him, then, my dear, and see that he gives you the 'little note' he promised you when you go away. 'There's millions in it'—in America."

June 16th.—Miss Guthrie seems determined to stand up for Mr. Bacon, spite of all I can say, though she may do it just to keep me practising.

"Do you really think he is acting fairly by me?" I asked.

"So far as I could judge the other day, he is, but you tell me that was an exceptionally good lesson."

"Yes, it was. I could have cried this afternoon when for the third time he heard me sing half through that song of Massenet's and told me, 'We'll take the rest next time.' Don't you think he might give me a conception of the whole thing, how it ought to be sung?"

"I don't know much about singing, but the best master in painting is not the one who puts in your shading or your colors where you are weak."

"But, Miss Guthrie, if you only knew how hard I have worked at home for years, studying the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Franz, just to prepare myself for learning to sing them properly if ever I had the chance of good lessons!"

"Don't you see, Jean, my dear, that that is not what Mr. Bacon proposes to do for you at all? He only aims to teach you the use of your tools; you must do

the rest yourself. Your own interpretation of Schumann, or any of those other men, is the only one that is of any value to you.

"But I think it an utter waste of time to practise any of these silly modern English ballads."

"Well, use the better music for breathing exercises, just as Mr. Bacon does, and in time the meaning of the composition will become more clear to you, and you will also have gained the power to express it to others. What would you think of a public reader who learnt his pieces off like a parrot from some one else, rising inflection here, falling there, and so on? Would you not say that he was a fraud, that he ought to study his author thoroughly until he had caught his spirit, and was thereby enabled to convey to others the ideas that were meant to be expressed? If you must learn by imitation, why not go to all the good concerts?"

"I have been to several, as you know, but I hardly ever hear a song I could think of tackling myself. They are mostly Italian arias or English twaddle. Every letter I get from home has congratulations from some one or other on the great opportunity of a lifetime it is for me to be within reach of so famous a master. If they knew all about it, they would not envy me."

"And for goodness' sake never tell them—never let *anybody* know that you have been in the least disappointed in your lessons; for I have no doubt there will be plenty of jealous ones ready to say, 'Of course Mr. Bacon would not take any pains with *her*!' If you wish to teach when you go back, you should give yourself out to be his favorite pupil, and charge half a guinea a lesson."

"Oh, nonsense! I never could get that price in Owasso."

"Charge as high as you dare, then. You can teach pupils to breathe, if you can do nothing else."

June 20th.—Mr. Bacon told me to-day that of course I was a contralto, for I had no head tones.

"But, please, Mr. Bacon, I think I have."

"Indeed! Let me hear them."

I gave some samples, and he said:

"Oh yes, so you have; but of course you do not produce them properly;" and then he yawned and turned to something else.

Now, was it not his business to have shown me what was the matter with those tones? I shall be afraid to sing above E for the rest of my natural life. It is as good as a pantomime to watch the variety of gestures by which he tries to express his meaning, and does not always succeed very well.

"I have to save my voice," he says. He must do some good work. I heard a lovely voice in the study to-day, and when the owner of it came out, I saw a very plain, practical-looking person.

"What a grand voice, Mr. Bacon!" said I.

"Ah! very fair," replied the *blasé* little man. Some one told me afterwards that the same young lady was a singing-teacher in Edinburgh, who came up to London every year to get the very latest ideas from Mr. Bacon. There is no doubt that he is progressive. He is constantly learning at the expense of his pupils, and frequently writes down notes during his daily lessons, which he sends out to his waiting students to read as they sit in the dining-room. Here is what I had to digest to-day: "If one grips at medium register through having no right breath-control, it makes the upward transition to head voice almost impossible; thus comes a spurious head voice. If one sings the right head voice, one often loses the breath while finding it; and then if the note goes down into a mixed voice at the transition, the grip appears immediately. Often on discovering we have no hold of the breath the very note changes to spurious head."

I can understand this better: "How to get every note of the different registers to *sound* without losing control of the breath in the effort of starting them is the real difficulty of the singer—how to recognize breath-hold and not mistake throat-hold for it."

Perhaps Mr. Bacon thinks he gives me as much as I can take in, but I wish I had not constantly the feeling of holding a mental revolver at his head to make him teach my full time. I must not forget that I am but one of the shoal of Americans who cross on purpose to get lessons from him, and some of them may take home a very different tale; but I can only speak for myself. If I knew of any first-rate pupil of his who had not yet started to travel on his reputation, I think I should make a change, but I am

afraid to try any of the other men who are recommended to me. One needs to take half a dozen lessons at least before one can decide on the merits of a master, and I cannot afford to experiment.

June 27th.—When I was passing the Langham to-day on my way from my lesson, who should come out but Bessie Belknap, straight from Owasso! Her father is making money in lumber, and this is the second trip that she and her mother have had to Europe. Of course I was glad to see her, and she walked all the way here with me, telling me the news.

"And, oh, Jean," she said, "I am just dying to hear you sing! The girls are counting the weeks till you go back, they hope to have such a treat in hearing you and getting all the latest points. Will you sing for me now if I go into your rooms with you?"

"What shall I sing? Lamperti's 'Bravura Studies'?"

"Surely you have got something else."

"Yes—Schumann's 'Frauenlieder.'"

"Oh, dreadful! I think I'll wait till we are back in Owasso, and you will condescend to something less high-toned."

Thankful to have stood her off, I asked how Reuben was looking.

"Not well at all, I'm sorry to say. I saw him a few days before I left, and asked him if he were not going to take a holiday trip somewhere, for he looked as if he needed it. —He laughed, and said no, that he wanted you to do the holidaying for the family this year."

Poor Rube! I am the most selfish, heartless creature on the face of the earth to be staying over here wasting your substance for naught. I am going straight home by the very next steamer, and shall send him off to the sea-side, where Mary Holles has gone with her family.

"But what will you say to Mr. Bacon?" inquired Miss Guthrie, when I announced my decision to her.

"I shall not go near him again, for he would be sure to talk me into staying. I'll write and tell him I am going home sooner than I expected."

"Be sure to remind him of the 'little note' from himself that he promised you."

"Do you imagine for one minute that he'll give it to me?"

"Perhaps not; but you can at least ask him for the names of some songs to take home with you, and he will surely be

enough of a gentleman to do that much for you."

"I may ask what I choose, but you'll find that he will not answer my letter."

June 30th.—I have reasoned the matter out with myself, and to sail on Saturday seems the only honorable thing I can do. Mr. Bacon is not going to give me any more ideas in the next six or eight lessons. For the last ten he has just been enforcing those he gave me in the first two or three, and that I can do for myself. As I expected, Mr. Bacon has not seen fit to reply to my note of farewell.

Somehow it seems to me of infinitely less importance than it did whether I ever sing at all or not. Mr. Bacon's indifference may be the cause of that feeling, or it may be the result of hearing lovely singing over here at every turn. Many a time I have stopped my own practice to listen to a girl across the street with a superb voice going through her vocal gymnastics. I feel quite sure that I am "not in it," as they say at home, and never will be. But when I get back to Owasso, and hear the way they sing there, I'll want to show them how it ought to be done, and I'll mount a platform—to find out that I cannot do it myself.

Owasso, Michigan, July 20th.—When Reuben met me at the station here I could scarcely look at him for crying, he seemed so old and careworn. My conscience smote me terribly, and I would not let him say "singing" to me till his valise was packed for the sea-side. Then I said:

"I cannot tell yet whether I am improved or not, Reuben. It is not at the time that one gets the good of lessons, it is by working afterwards on the hints one has received. I am going to study hard the rest of the summer, and if there is anything in Mr. Bacon's ideas, I'll get it out."

September 23d.—All through the hot weather I fairly slaved at my singing, feeling that I owed it to myself and to Reuben not to be an utter failure after my "great advantages." I feel that I have gained more control over my voice, and I appreciated the magic of Mr. Bacon's name when Mrs. Morrow, the wife of the lumber king, called on me to-day and asked me as a great favor if I would give lessons to her two daughters. She never asked me to sing, or questioned me about my terms or my method. I was a pupil of Bacon's, and that was enough—with-out even the "little note" from himself.

IN TENEBRAS.

A PARABLE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

ONE morning, after I had dressed myself and had left my room, I came upon an entry which I had never before noticed, even in this my own house. At the further end a door stood ajar, and wondering what was in the room beyond, I traversed the long passageway and looked within. There I saw a man sitting, with an open book lying upon his knees, who, as I laid one hand upon the door and opened it a little wider, beckoned to me to come and read what was written therein.

A secret fear stirred and rustled in my heart, but I did not dare to disobey. So, coming forward (gathering away my clothes lest they should touch his clothes), I leaned forward and read these words:

"WHAT SHALL A MAN DO THAT HE MAY GAIN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN?"

I did not need a moment to seek for an answer to the question. "That," said I, "is not difficult to tell, for it has been answered again and again. He who would gain the kingdom of heaven must resist and subdue the lusts of his heart; he must do good works to his neighbor; he must fear his God. What more is there that man can do?"

Then the leaf was turned, and I read the Parable.

I.

The town of East Haven is the full equation of the American ideal worked out to a complete and finished result. Therein is to be found all that is best of New England intellectuality — well taught, well trained; all that is best of solidly established New England prosperity; all that is best of New England progressive radicalism, tempered, toned, and governed by all that is best of New England conservatism, warmed to life by all that is best and broadest of New England Christian liberalism. It is the sum total of nineteenth-century American *cultus*, and in it is embodied all that for which we of these days of New World life are striving so hard. Its municipal government is a perfect model of a municipal government; its officials are elected from the most worthy of its prosperous middle class by voters every one of whom can not only read the Constitution, but could, if it were required, analyze its

laws and by-laws. Its taxes are fairly and justly assessed, and are spent with a well-considered and munificent liberality. Its public works are the very best that can be compassed, both from an artistic and practical stand-point. It has a free library, not cumbrously large, but almost perfect of its kind; and, finally, it is the boast of the community that there is not a single poor man living within its municipal limits.

Its leisure class is well-read and widely speculative, and its busy class, instead of being jealous of what the other has attained, receives gladly all the good that it has to impart.

All this ripeness of prosperity is not a matter of quick growth of a recent date; neither is its wealth inherited and held by a few lucky families. It was fairly earned in the heyday of New England commercial activity that obtained some twenty-five or thirty years ago, at which time it was the boast of East Haven people that East Haven sailing vessels covered the seas from India to India. Now that busy harvest-time is passed and gone, and East Haven rests with opulent ease, subsisting upon the well-earned fruits of good work well done.

With all this fulness of completion one might think that East Haven had attained the perfection of its ideal. But no. Still in one respect it is like the rest of the world; still, like the rest of the world, it is attainted by one great nameless sin, of which it, in part and parcel, is somehow guilty, and from the contamination of which even it, with all its perfection of law and government, is not free. Its boast that there are no poor within its limits is true only in a certain particular sense. There are, indeed, no poor resident, tax-paying, voting citizens, but during certain seasons of the year there are, or were, plenty of tramps, and they were not accounted when that boast was made.

East Haven has clad herself in comely enough fashion with all those fine garments of enlightened self-government, but underneath those garments are, or were, the same vermin that infested the garments of so many communities less clean—parasites that suck existence from

God's gifts to decent people. Indeed, that human vermin at one time infested East Haven even more than the other and neighboring towns; perhaps just because its clothing of civilization was more soft and warm than theirs; perhaps (and upon the face this latter is the more likely explanation of the two) because, in a very exaltation of enlightenment, there were no laws against vagrancy. Anyhow, however one might account for their presence, there the tramps were. One saw the shabby, homeless waifs everywhere—in the highways, in the byways. You saw them slouching past the shady little common, with its smooth greensward, where well-dressed young ladies and gentlemen played at lawn-tennis; you saw them standing knocking at the doors of the fine old houses in Bay Street to beg for food to eat; you saw them in the early morning on the steps of the old North Church, combing their shaggy hair and beards with their fingers, after their night's sleep on the old colonial gravestones under the rustling elms; everywhere you saw them—heavy, sullen-browed, brutish—a living reproach to the well-ordered, God-fearing community of something cruelly wrong, something bitterly unjust, of which they, as well as the rest of the world, were guilty, and of which God alone knew the remedy.

No town in the State suffered so much from their infestation, and it was a common saying in the town of Norwalk—a prosperous manufacturing community adjoining East Haven—that Dives lived in East Haven, and that Lazarus was his most frequent visitor.

The East Haven people always felt the sting of the suggested sneer; but what could they do? The poor were at their doors; they knew no immediate remedy for that poverty; and they were too compassionate and too enlightened to send the tramps away hungry and forlorn.

So Lazarus continued to come, and Dives continued to feed him at the gate, until, by-and-by, a strange and unexpected remedy for the trouble was discovered, and East Haven at last overcame its dirty son of Anak.

II.

Perhaps if all the votes of those ultra-intelligent electors had been polled as to which one man in all the town had done most to insure its position in the van of American progress; as to who best repre-

sented the community in the matter of liberal intelligence and ripe culture; as to who was most to be honored for steadfast rectitude and immaculate purity of life; as to who was its highest type of enlightened Christianity—an overwhelming if not unanimous vote would have been cast for Colonel Edward Singelsby.

He was born of one of the oldest and best New England families; he had graduated with the highest honors from Harvard, and finished his education at Göttingen. At the outbreak of the rebellion he had left a lucrative law practice and a probable judgeship to fight at the head of a volunteer regiment throughout the whole war, which he did with signal credit to himself, the community, and the nation at large. He was a broad and profound speculative thinker, and the papers which he occasionally wrote, and which appeared now and then in the more prominent magazines, never failed to attract general and wide-spread attention. His intelligence, clear-cut and vividly operating, instead of leading him into the quicksands of scepticism, had never left the hard rock of earnest religious belief inherited from ten generations of Puritan ancestors. Nevertheless, though his feet never strayed from that rock, his was too active and living a soul to rest content with the arid face of a by-gone orthodoxy; God's rain of truth had fallen upon him and it, and he had hewn and delved until the face of his rock blossomed a very Eden of exalted Christianity. To sum up briefly and in full, he was a Christian gentleman of the highest and most perfect type.

Besides his close and profound studies in municipal government, from which largely had sprung such a flawless and perfect type as that of East Haven, he was also interested in public charities, and the existence of many of the beneficial organizations throughout the State had been largely due to his persistent and untiring efforts. The municipal reforms, as has been suggested, worked beautifully, perfectly, without the grating of a wheel or the creaking of a joint; but the public charities—somehow they did not work so well; they never did just what was intended, or achieved just what was expected; their mechanism appeared to be perfect, but, as is so universally the case with public charities, they somehow lacked a soul.

It was in connection with the matter of

public charities that the tramp question arose. Colonel Singelsby grappled with it, as he had grappled with so many matters of the kind. The solution was the crowning work of his life, and the result was in a way as successful as it was paradoxical and unexpected.

Connected with the East Haven Public Library was the lecture-room, where an association, calling itself the East Haven Lyceum, and comprising in its number some of the most advanced thinkers of the town, met on Thursdays from November to May to discuss and digest matters social and intellectual. More than one good thing that had afterward taken definite shape had originated in the discussions of the Lyceum, and one winter, under Colonel Singelsby's lead, the tramp question was taken up and dissected.

He had, Colonel Singelsby said, studied that complex question very earnestly and for some time, and to his mind it had resolved itself to this: not how to suppress vagrancy, but how to make of the vagrant an honest and useful citizen. Repressive laws were easily passed, but it appeared to him that the only result achieved by them was to drive the tramp into other sections where no such laws existed, and which sections they only infested to a greater degree and in larger numbers. Nor in these days of flight was it, in his opinion, a sufficient answer to that objection that it was the fault of those other communities that they did not also pass repressive laws. The fact remained that they had not passed them, and that the tramps did infest their precincts, and such being the case, it was as clear as day (for that which injures some, injures all) that the wrong of vagrancy was not corrected by merely driving tramps over the limits of one town into those of another. Moreover, there was a deeper and more interior reason against the passage of such repressive laws; to his thinking it behooved society, if it would root out this evil, to seek first the radix from which it drew existence; it behooved them first to very thoroughly diagnose the disease before attempting a hasty cure. "So let us now," said he, "set about searching for this radix, and then so drive the spade of reform as to remove it forever."

The discussion that followed opened a wide field for investigation, and the conclusion finally reached during the winter was not unlike that so logically deduced

by Mr. Henry George at a later date. The East Haven Lyceum, however, either did not think of or did not care to advocate such a radical remedy as Mr. George proposes. They saw clearly enough that, apart from the unequal distribution of wealth, which may perhaps have been the prime cause of the trouble, idleness and thriftlessness are acquired habits, just as industry and thrift are acquired habits, and it seemed to them better to cure the ill habit rather than to upset society and then to rebuild it again for the sake of benefiting the ill-conditioned few.

So the result of the winter's talk was the founding of the East Haven Refuge, of which much has since been written and said.

Those interested in such matters may perhaps remember the article upon the Refuge published in one of the prominent magazines. A full description of it was given in that paper. The building stood upon Bay Street overlooking the harbor; it was one of the most beautiful situations in the town; without, the building was architecturally plain, but in perfect taste; within, it was furnished with every comfort and convenience—a dormitory immaculately clean; a dining-room, large and airy, where plain substantial food, cooked in the best possible manner, was served to the inmates. There were three bath-rooms supplied with hot and cold water, and there was a reading and a smoking room provided not only with all the current periodicals, but with chess, checkers, and backgammon boards.

At the same time that the Refuge was being founded and built, certain municipal laws were enacted, according to which a tramp appearing within the town limits was conveyed (with as little appearance of constraint as possible) to the Refuge. There for four weeks he was well fed, well clothed, well cared for. In return he was expected to work for eight hours every day upon some piece of public improvement: the repaving of Main Street with asphaltum blocks was selected by the authorities as the initial work. At the end of four weeks the tramp was dismissed from the Refuge clad in a neat, substantial, well-made suit of clothes, and with money in his pocket to convey him to some place where he might, if he chose, procure permanent work.

The Refuge was finished by the last of March, and Colonel Singelsby was unani-

mously chosen by the board as superintendent, a position he accepted very reluctantly. He felt that in so accepting he shouldered the whole responsibility of the experiment that was being undertaken, yet he could not but acknowledge that it was right for him to shoulder that burden, who had been foremost both in formulating and advocating the scheme, as well as most instrumental in carrying it to a practical conclusion. So, as was said, he accepted, though very reluctantly.

The world at large was much disposed to laugh at and to ridicule all the preparation that Dives of East Haven made to entertain his Lazarus. Nevertheless there were a few who believed very sincerely in the efficacy of the scheme. But both those who believed and those who scoffed agreed in general upon one point—that it was altogether probable that East Haven would soon be overrun with such a wilderness of tramps that fifty Refuges would not be able to supply them with refuge.

But who shall undertake to solve that inscrutable paradox, human life—its loves, its hates?

The Refuge was opened upon the 1st of April; by the 29th there were 32 tramps lodged in its sheltering arms, all working their eight hours a day upon the repaving of Main Street. That same day—the 29th—five were dismissed from within its walls. Colonel Singelsby, as superintendent, had a little office on the ground-floor of the main building, opening out upon the street. At one o'clock, and just after the Refuge dinner had been served, he stood beside his table with five sealed envelopes spread out side by side upon it. Presently the five out-going guests slouched one by one into the room. Each was shaven and shorn; each wore clean linen; each was clad in a neat, plain, gray suit of tweed; each bore stamped upon his face a dogged, obstinate, stolid, low-browed shame. The colonel gave to each the money enclosed in the envelope, thanked each for his service, inquired with pleasant friendliness as to his future movements and plans, invited each to come again to the Refuge if he chanced to be in those parts, shook each by a heavy, reluctant hand, and bade each a good-by. Then the five slouched out and away, leaving the town by back streets and byways; each with his hat pulled down over his brows; each ten thousand times more humiliated, ten thousand times more debased

in his cleanliness, in his good clothes, and with money in his pocket, than he had been in his dirt, his tatters, his poverty.

They never came back to East Haven again.

The capacity of the Refuge was 50. In May there were 47 inmates, and Colonel Singelsby began to apprehend the predicted overflow. The overflow never came. In June there were 45 inmates; in July there were 27; in August there were 28; in September, 10; in October, 2; in November, 1; in December there were none. The fall was very cold and wet, and maybe that had something to do with the surdlen falling off of guests, for the tramp is not fond of cold weather. But even granting that bad weather had something to do with the matter, the Refuge was nevertheless a phenomenal, an extraordinary success—but upon very different lines than Colonel Singelsby had anticipated; for even in this the first season of the institution the tramps began to shun East Haven even more sedulously than they had before cultivated its hospitality. Even West Hampstead, where vagrancy was punished only less severely than petty larceny, was not so shunned as East Haven with the horrid comforts of its Refuge.

III.

As was said, the records of the Refuge showed that one inmate still lingered in the sheltering arms of that institution during a part of the month of November. That one was Sandy Graff.

Sandy Graff did not strictly belong to the great peregrinating leisure class for whose benefit the Refuge had been more especially founded and built. Those were strangers to the town, and came and went apparently without cause for coming and going. Little or nothing was known of such—of their name, of their life, of whence they came or whither their footsteps led. But with Sandy Graff it was different; he belonged identically to the place, and all the town knew him, the sinister tragedy of his history, and all the why and wherefore that led to his becoming the poor miserable drunken outcast—the town "bummer"—that he was.

There is something bitterly enough pathetic in the profound abasement of the common tramp—frouzy, unkempt, dirty, forlorn; without ambition further than to fill his belly with the cold leavings from decent folks' tables; without other pride

than to clothe his dirty body with the cast-off rags and tatters of respectability; without further motive of life than to roam hither and yon—idle, useless, homeless, aimless. In all this there is indeed enough of the pathetic, but Sandy Graff in his utter and complete abasement was even more deeply, tragically sunken than they. For them there was still some sheltering ægis of secrecy to conceal some substratum in the uttermost depths of personal depravity; but for Sandy—all the world knew the story of his life, his struggle, his fall; all the world could see upon his blotched and bloated face the outer sign of his inner lusts; and what deeper humiliation can there be than for all one's world to know how brutish and obscene one may be in the bottom of one's heart? What deeper shame may any man suffer than to have his neighbors read upon his blasted front the stamp and seal of all, all his heart's lust, set there not only as a warning and a lesson, not only a visible proof how deep below the level of savagery it is possible for a God-enlightened man to sink, but also for self-gratulation of those righteous ones that they are not fallen from God's grace as that man has fallen?

One time East Haven had been Sandy Graff's home, and it was now the centre of his wanderings, which never extended further than the immediately neighboring towns. At times he would disappear from East Haven for weeks, maybe months; then suddenly he would appear again, pottering aimlessly, harmlessly, around the streets or byways; wretched, foul, boozed, and sodden with vile rum, which he had procured no one knew how or where. Maybe at such times of reappearance he would be seen hanging around some store or street corner, maundering with some one who had known him in the days of his prosperity, or maybe he would be found loitering around the kitchen or out-house of some pitying Bay-Streeter, who also had known him in the days of his dignity and cleanliness, waiting with helpless patience for scraps of cold victuals or the dregs of the coffee-pot, for no one drove him away or treated him with unkindness.

Sandy Graff's father had been a cobbler in Upper Main Street, and he himself had in time followed the same trade in the same little, old-fashioned, dingy, shingled, hip-roofed house. In time he had married

a good, sound-hearted, respectable farmer's daughter from a neck of land across the bay, known as Pig Island, and had settled down to what promised to be a decent, prosperous life.

So far as any one could see, looking from the outside, his life offered all that a reasonable man could ask for; but suddenly, within a year after he was married, his feet slipped from the beaten level pathway of respectability. He began taking to drink.

Why it was that the foul fiend should have leaped astride of his neck, no man can exactly tell. More than likely it was inheritance, for his grandfather, who had been a ship-captain—some said a slave-trader—had died of *mania a potu*, and it is one of those inscrutable rulings of Divine Providence that the innocent ones of the third and fourth generation shall suffer because of the sins of their forebears, who have raised more than one devil to grapple with them, their children, and children's children. Anyhow Sandy fell from grace, and within three years' time had become a confirmed drunkard.

Fortunately no children were born to the couple. But it was one of the most sad, pitiful sights in the world to see Sandy's patient, sad-eyed wife leading him home from the tavern, tottering, reeling, helpless, sodden. Pitiful indeed! Pitiful even from the outside; but if one could only have looked through that outer husk of visible life, and have beheld the inner workings of that lost soul—the struggles, the wrestling with the foul grinning devil that sat astride of him—how much more would that have been pitiful! And then, if one could have seen and have realized as the roots from which arose those inner workings, the hopes, the longings for a better life that filled his heart during the intervals of sobriety, if one could have sensed but one pang of that hell-thirst that foreran the mortal struggle that followed, as that again foreran the inevitable fall into his kennel of lust, and then, last and greatest, if those righteous neighbors of his who never sinned and never fell could only have seen the wakening, the bitter agony of remorse, the groaning horror of self-abasement that ended the debauchery— Ah! that, indeed, was something to pity beyond man's power of pitying.

If Sandy's wife had only berated and abused him, if she had even cried or made

a sign of her heart-break, maybe his pangs of remorse might not have been so deadly bitter and cruel; but her steadfast and unrelaxing patience—it was that that damned him more than all else to his hell of remorse.

At last came the end. One day Sandy went to New Harbor City to buy leather for cobbling, and there his devil, for no apparent reason at all, leaped upon him and flung him. For a week he saw or knew nothing but a whirling vision of the world seen through rum-crazy eyes; then at last he awoke to find himself hatless, coatless, filthy, unshaved, blear-eyed, palsied. Not a cent of money was left, and so that day and night, in spite of the deadly nausea that beset him and the trembling weakness that hung like a leaden weight upon every limb, he walked all the thirty-eight miles home again to East Haven. He reached there about five o'clock, and in the still gray of the early dawning. Only a few people were stirring in the streets, and as he slunk along close to the houses, those whom he met turned and looked after him. No one spoke to him or stopped him, as might possibly have been done had he come home at a later hour. Every shred and filament of his poor remorseful heart and soul longed for home and the comfort that his wife alone could give him, and yet at the last corner he stopped for a quaking moment or so in the face of the terror of her unapproachable patience. Then he turned the corner—

Not a sign of his house was to be seen—nothing but an empty, gaping blackness where it had stood before. *It had been burned to the ground!*

Why is it that God's curse rests very often and most heavily upon the misfortunate? Why is it that He should crush the reeds that are bruised beneath His heel? Why is it that He should seem so often to choose the broken heart to grind to powder?

Sandy's wife had been burned to death in the fire!

From that moment Sandy Graff was lost, utterly and entirely lost. God, for His terrible purposes, had taken away the one last thread that bound the drowning soul to anything of decency and cleanliness. Now his devil and he no longer struggled together; they walked hand in hand. He was without love, without hope, without one iota that might bring a flick-

er of light into the midnight gloom of his despairing soul.

After the first dreadful blast of his sorrow and despair had burned itself out, he disappeared, no one knew whither. A little over a month passed, and then he suddenly appeared again, drunken, maudlin, tearful. Again he disappeared, again he reappeared, a little deeper sunken, a little more abased, and henceforth that was his life. He became a part of the town, and everybody, from the oldest to the youngest, knew him and his story. He injured no one, he offended no one, and he never failed, somehow or somewhere, to find food to eat, lodging for his head, and clothing to cover his nakedness. He had been among the very first to enter the Refuge, and now, in November, he was the last one left within its walls. He was the only one of the guests who returned, and perhaps he would not have done so had not his aching restlessness driven him back to suffer an echo of agony in the place where his damnation had been inflicted upon him.

Between Colonel Singelsby upon the one side, the wise, the pure, the honored servant of God, and Sandy Graff upon the other side, the vile, the filthy, the ugly, the debased, there yawned a gulf as immeasurably wide and deep as that which gaps between heaven and hell.

IV.

The winter of the year that saw the opening of the East Haven Refuge was one of the most severe that New England had known for generations. It was early in January that there came the great snow-storm that spread its two or three feet of white covering all the way from Maine to Virginia, and East Haven, looking directly in the teeth of the blast that came swirling and raging across the open harbor, felt the full force of the icy tempest. The streets of the town lay a silent desert of drifting whiteness, for no one who could help it was abroad from home that bitter morning.

The hail and snow spat venomously against the windows of Dr. Hunt's office in one of those fine old houses on Bay Street overlooking the harbor. The wind roared sonorously through the naked, tortured branches of the great elm-trees, and the snow piled sharp and smooth in fence corners and around north gables of the house.

Dr. Hunt shuddered as he looked out of the window, for while all his neighbors sat snug and warm around their hearths, he had to face the raging of the icy blast upon the dull routine of his business of mercy—the dull routine of bread-getting by comforting the afflictions of others. Then the sleigh drew up to the gate, the driver already powdered with the gathering whiteness, and Dr. Hunt struggled into his overcoat, tied the ribbons of his fur cap under his chin, and drew on his beaver gloves. Then, with one final shudder, he opened his office door, and stepped out into the drift upon the step.

Instantly he started back with a cry: he had trodden upon a man covered and hidden by the snow.

It was Sandy Graff. How long he had been lying there, no one might tell; a few moments more, and the last flicker of life would have twinkled mercifully out. The doctor had him out of the snow in a moment, and in the next had satisfied himself that Sandy was not dead.

Even as he leaned over the still white figure, feeling the slow faint beating of the failing heart, the doctor was considering whether he should take Sandy into the house or not. The decision was almost instantaneous: it would be most inconvenient, and the Refuge was only a stone's-throw away. So the doctor did not even disturb the household with the news of what had happened. He and the driver wrapped the unconscious figure in a buffalo-robe and laid it in the sleigh.

As the doctor was about to step into the sleigh, some one suddenly laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder. He turned sharply, for he had not heard the approaching footsteps, muffled by the thick snow, and he had been too engrossed with attention to Sandy Graff to notice anything else.

It was young Harold Singelsby; his face was very white and drawn, and in the absorption of his own suppressed agitation he did not even look at Sandy. "Doctor," said he, in a hoarse, constrained voice, "for God's sake, come home with me as quickly as you can: father's very sick!"

I had often wondered how it is with a man when he closes his life to this world. Looking upon the struggling efforts of a dying man to retain his hold

upon his body, I had often wondered whether his sliding to unconsciousness was like the dissolving of the mind to sleep in this life.

That death was not like sleep was at such times patent enough—it was patent enough that it was the antithesis of sleep. Sleep is peaceful; death is convulsed—sleep is rest; death is separation.

That which I here following read in the book as it lay open upon the man's knees seemed in a way dark, broken, indistinct with a certain grim obscurity; yet if I read truly therein I distinguished this great difference between death and sleep: Sleep is the cessation of consciousness from an interior life to exterior thought; death is the cessation of consciousness from the exterior mind to an interior life.

When Sandy Graff opened his eyes once more, it was to find himself again within the sheltering arms of the Refuge. That awakening was almost to a full and clear consciousness. It was with no confusion of thought and but little confusion of sight, except for a white mist that seemed to blur the things he saw.

He knew, instantly and vividly, where he was. Instantly and vividly everything found its fit place in his mind—the long row of cots; the bald, garishly white walls, cold and unbeautiful in their immaculate cleanliness; the range of curtainless windows looking out upon the chill, thin gray of the winter day. He was not surprised to find himself in the Refuge; it did not seem strange to him, and he did not wonder. He dimly remembered stumbling through the snow-drifts and then falling asleep, overpowered by an irresistible and leaden drowsiness. But just where it was he fell, he could not recall.

He saw with dim sight that three or four people were gathered about his bed. Two of them were rubbing his legs and feet, but he could not feel them. It was this senselessness of feeling that first brought the jarring of the truth to him. The house-steward stood near by, and Sandy turned his face weakly toward him. "Mr. Jackson," said he, faintly, "I think I'm going to die."

He turned his face again (now toward the opened window), and was staring unblinkingly at a white square of light, and

it seemed to him to grow darker and darker. At first he thought that it was the gathering of night, but faint and flickering as were his senses, there was something beneath his outer self that dreaded it—that dreaded beyond measure the coming of that darkness. After one or two efforts, in which his stiff tongue refused to form the words he desired to speak, he said at last, "I can't see; it's—getting—dark."

* * * * *

He was dimly, darkly conscious of hurry and bustle around him, of voices calling to send for the doctor, of hurrying hither and thither, but it all seemed faint and distant. Everything was now dark to his sight, and it was as though all this concerned another; but as outer things slipped further and further from him, the more that inner life struggled, tenaciously, dumbly, hopelessly, to retain its grip upon the outer world. Sometimes, now and then, to this inner consciousness, it seemed almost as though it were rising again out of the gathering blackness. But it was only the recurrent vibrations of ebbing powers, for still again, and even before it knew it, that life found itself quickly deeper and more hopelessly in the tremendous shadow into which it was being inexorably engulfed.

He himself knew nothing now of those who stood about the bed, awe-struck and silent, looking down upon him; he himself sensed nothing of the harsh convulsive breathing, and of all the other grim outer signs of the struggle. But still, deep within, that combat of resistance to death waged as desperately, as vividly, as ever.

* * * * *

A door opened, and at the sudden noise the dissolving life recrystallized for one brief instant, and in that instant the dying man knew that Dr. Hunt was standing beside his bed, and heard him say, in a slow, solemn voice, sounding muffled and hollow, as though from far away and through an empty space, "Colonel Singelsby has just died."

Then the cord, momentarily drawn tense, was relaxed with a snap, and the last smoky spark was quenched in blackness.

Dr. Hunt's fingers were resting lightly upon the wrist. As the last deep quivering breath expired with a quivering sigh, he laid the limp hand back upon the bed,

and then, before he arose, gently closed the stiff eyelids over the staring glassy eyes, and set the gaping jaws back again into a more seemly repose.

V.

So all this first part of the Parable had, as I read it, a reflected image of what was real and actual; of what belonged to the world of men as I knew that world. The people of whom it spoke moved and lived, maybe not altogether as real men of flesh and blood move and live, but nevertheless with a certain life of their own—images of what was real. All these things, I say (excepting perhaps the last), were clear and plain enough after a certain fashion, but that which followed showed those two of whom the story was written—the good man and the wicked man—stripped of all their outer husk of fleshly reality, and walking and talking not as men of flesh and blood, but as men in the spirit.

So, though I knew that which I was reading might indeed be as true, and perhaps truer, than that other which I had read, and though I knew that to such a state I myself must come, and that as these two suffered, I myself must some time suffer in the same kind, if not in the same degree, nevertheless it was all strangely unreal, and being set apart from that which I knew, was like life as seen in a dream.

Yet let it not be thought that this Parable is all a vague dream, for there are things which are more real than reality, and being so, must be couched in different words from such as describe the things that one's bodily eyes behold of the grim reality of this world. Such things, being so told, may seem as strange and as unsubstantial as that which is unreal, instead of like that which is real.

So that which is now to be read must be read as the other has been read—not as a likeness of life in its inner being, but as an image of that life.

Sandy Graff awoke, and opened his eyes. At first he thought that he was still within the dormitory of the Refuge, for there before him he saw cold, bare white walls immaculately clean. Upon either hand was the row of beds, each with its spotless coverlet, and in front was the long line of curtainless windows looking out upon the bright daylight.

But as his waking senses gathered to a

more orderly clearness, he saw very soon that the place in which he was was very different from the Refuge. Even newly awakened, and with his brain clouded and obscured by the fumes of sleep, he distinguished at once that the strange, clear, lucid brilliancy of the light which came in through the row of windows was very different from any light that his eyes had ever before seen. Then, as his mind opened wider and fuller and clearer, and as one by one the objects which surrounded him began to take their proper place in his awakened life, he saw that there were many people around, and that most of the beds were occupied, and in every case by a man. The room in which he lay was somewhat longer than the dormitory of the Refuge, and was connected at the further end with what appeared to be a sort of waiting-room beyond. In and out of the connecting doorway people were coming and going. Some of these seemed to be friends of those who were lying in the beds, being in every case led to some particular bedside, the occupant of which had newly awakened; others, who seemed to be attendants of the place, moved constantly hither and thither, busying themselves around other of the beds, where lay such as seemed to need attention.

Sandy looked slowly around him from left to right. Some of the occupants of the beds—and one of these lay in the cot next to him—were not yet awake, and he saw, with a sort of awe, that each of these lay strangely like a dead man—still, motionless, the face covered with a linen napkin. Two of the attendants seemed to have these sleepers especially in their charge, moving continually hither and thither, to the bedside first of one and then another, evidently to see if there were yet any signs of waking. As Sandy continued watching them, he saw them at last softly and carefully lift a napkin from one of the faces, whereupon the man immediately awoke and sat up.

This occurred in a bed not very far from where he himself lay, and he watched all that passed with a keen and thrilling interest. The man had hardly awakened when word was passed down the length of the room to the antechamber beyond. Apparently some friends of the sleeper were waiting for this word to be brought to them, for there entered directly two women and a man from the further doorway. The three came straight to the bed

in which the man lay, and with great noise of rejoicing seemed to welcome the new-comer. They helped him to arise, handed him his clothes piece by piece from the chair at the bedside, and the man began dressing himself.

It was not until then, and until his ear caught some stray words of those that were spoken, that Sandy began to really realize where he was and what had happened to him. Then suddenly a great and awful light broke upon him—he had died and had come to life again—his living senses had solved the greatest of all mysteries—the final mystery; the mystery of eternity.

It happens nearly always, it is said, that the first awakening thought of those who die is of the tremendous happening that has come upon them. So it was with Sandy. For a while he lay quite still, with his hands folded, and a strange awful brooding, almost as though of fear, breathlessly wrapping his heart roundabout. But it was not for a long time that he lay thus, for suddenly, like a second flash of lightning in the gathering darkness of a cloud, the thought shot through him that no friends had come to meet and to greet him as they had come to meet and greet these others. Why had his wife not come to him? He turned his head; the chair beside him was empty; he was without even clothes to wear.

For a while he lay with closed eyes like one stunned. Then a sudden voice broke upon his ear, and he opened his eyes again and looked up. A tall man with calm face—almost a stern face—stood beside the bed looking down at him.

Somehow Sandy knew that he had no business in the bed now that he was awake, and, with a half-muttered apology, he made a motion as if to arise, then, remembering that there were no clothes for him to wear, he sank back again upon the pillow.

"Come," said the man, giving his cane a rap upon the floor, "you must get up; you have already been here longer than the law allows."

Sandy had been too long accustomed to self-abasement in the world he had left to question the authority of the man who spoke to him. "I can't help lying here, sir," said he, helplessly. "I've no clothes to wear." Then he added: "Maybe if you let my wife come to me, she'd bring me something to wear. I hear say, sir, that

I've died, and that this is heaven. I don't know why she hasn't come to me. Everybody else here seems to have somebody to meet him but me."

"This is not heaven," said the man.

A long silence followed. "It's not hell, is it?" said Sandy at last.

The man apparently did not choose to answer the question. "Come," said he, "you waste time in talk. Get up. Wrap the sheet around you, and come with me."

"Where are you going to take me?" said Sandy.

"No matter," said the other. "Do as I tell you." His voice was calm, dispassionate; there was nothing of anger in it, but there was that which said he must be obeyed.

Sandy drew the sheet upon which he lay about him, and then shuddering, half with nervous dread and half with cold, arose from the warm bed in which he lay.

The other turned, and without saying a word led the way down the length of the room, Sandy following close behind. The noise of talking ceased as they passed by the various beds, and all turned and looked after the two, some smiling, some laughing outright. Sandy, as he marched down the length of the room, heard the rustling laugh and felt an echo of the same dull humiliation he had felt when he had marched with the other guests of the East Haven Refuge to their daily task of paving Main Street. There as now the people laughed, and there in the same manner as they did now; and as he had there slouched in the body, so now he slouched heavily in the spirit after his conductor.

Opposite the end of the room where was the door through which the friends and visitors came and went was another door, low and narrow. Sandy's guide led the way directly to it, lifted the latch, and opened it. It led to a long entry beyond, gloomy and dark. This passage-way was dully lighted by a small square window, glazed with clouded glass, at the further end of the narrow hall, upon which fronted a row of closed doors. The place was very damp and chill; a cold draught of air blew through the length of it, and Sandy, as the other closed the door through which they had just entered, and so shut out the noise beyond, heard distinctly the sound of running water. Without turning to the left or to the right, Sandy's guide led the way down the hall, stopping at last when he had

reached a door near the further end. He drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, chose one from among them, fitted it into the lock, and turned it.

"Go in there," said he, "and wash yourself clean, and then you shall have clothes to wear."

Sandy entered, and the door was closed behind him. The place in which he found himself was very cold, and the floor beneath his feet was wet and slimy. His teeth chattered and his limbs shuddered as he stood looking around him. The noise of flowing water sounded loud and clear through the silence; it was running from a leaden pipe into a wooden tank, mildewed and green with mould, that stood in the middle of the room. The stone walls around, once painted white, were now also stained and splotted with great blotches of green and russet dampness. The only light that lit the place came in through a small, narrow, slatted window close to the ceiling, and opposite the doorway which he had entered. It was all gloomy, ugly, repellent.

There were some letters painted in red at the head of the wooden tank. He came forward and read them, not without some difficulty, for they were nearly erased.

This is the water of death!

Sandy started back so suddenly that he nearly fell upon the slippery floor. A keen pang of sudden terror shot through him; then a thought that some grotesque mockery was being played upon him. A second thought blew the first away like a breath of smoke, for it told him that there could be no mockery in the place to which he had come. His waking and all that had happened to him had much of nightmare grotesquery about it, but there was no grotesquery or no appearance of jesting about that man who had guided him to the place in which he now found himself. There was a calm, impassive, unemotional sternness about all that he said and did — official, automatonlike — that precluded the possibility of any jest or meaningless form. This must indeed be the *water of death*, and his soul told him that it was meant for him.

He turned dully, and walked with stumbling steps to the door. He felt blindly for a moment for the latch, then his hand touched it, and he raised it with a click. The sharp sound jarred through the silence, and Sandy did not open the door. He stood for a little while staring

stupidly down upon the floor with his palm still upon the latch. Was the man who had brought him there waiting outside? Behind him lay the *water of death*, but he dared not open the door and chance the facing of that man. The sheet had fallen away from him, and now he stood entirely naked. He let the latch fall back to its place—carefully, lest it should again make a noise, and that man should hear it. Then he gathered the now damp and dirty sheet about him, and crouched down upon the cold floor close to the crack of the door.

There he sat for a while, every now and then shuddering convulsively with cold and terror, then by-and-by he began to cry.

There is something abjectly, almost brutally, pathetic in the ugly squalor of a man's tears. Sandy Graff crying, and now and then wiping his eyes with the damp and dirty sheet, was almost a more ugly sight than he had been in the maudlin bathos of his former drunkenness.

So he sat for a long time, until finally his crying ended, only for a sudden sob now and then, and he only crouched, wondering dully. At last he slowly arose, gathering the sheet still closer around him, and creeping step by step to the tank, looked down into its depth. The water was as clear as crystal; he dipped his hand into it—it was as cold as ice. Then he dropped aside the sheet, and stood as naked as the day he was born. He stepped into the water.

* * * * *

A deathly faintness fell upon him, and he clutched at the edge of the tank; but even as he clutched his sight failed, and he felt himself sinking down into the depths.

"Help!" he cried, hoarsely; and then the water closed blackly over his head.

* * * * *

He felt himself suddenly snatched out from the tank, warm towels were wrapped about him, his limbs were rubbed with soft linen, and at last he opened his eyes. He still heard the sound of running water, but now the place in which he was was no longer dark and gloomy. Some one had flung open the slatted window, and a great beam of warm, serene sunlight streamed in, and lay in a dazzling white square upon the wet floor. Two men were busied about him. They had wrapped his body in a soft warm blanket,

and were wiping dry his damp, chilled, benumbed hands and feet.

"What does this mean?" said Sandy, faintly. "Was I not then to die, after all? Was not that the *water of death*?"

"The *water of death*?" said they. "You did not read the words aright; that was the *water of life*." They helped him dress himself in his clothes—clothes not unlike those which the East Haven Refuge had given its outgoing guests, only somehow these did not make him feel humiliated and abased as those had made him feel. Then they led him out of that place. They traversed the same long passageway through which he had come before, and so came to the bedroom which he had left. The tenants were all gone now, and the attendants were busied spreading the various beds with clean linen sheets and coverlets, as though for fresh arrivals.

No one seemed to pay any attention to him. His conductors led the way to the anteroom which Sandy had seen beyond.

A woman was sitting patiently looking out of the window. She turned her head as they entered, and Sandy, when he saw her face, stood suddenly still, as though turned to stone. *It was his wife!*

VI.

With Colonel Singelsby was no such nightmare awakening as with Sandy Graff; with him were no such ugly visions and experiences; with him was no squalor and discomfort. Yet he also opened his eyes upon a room so like that upon which they had closed that at first he thought that he was still in the world. There was the same soft bed, the same warmth of ease and comfort, the same style of old-fashioned furniture. There were the curtained windows, the pictures upon the wall, the bright warm fire burning in the grate.

At first he saw all these things drowsily, as one does upon newly awakening. With him, as with Sandy, it was only when his conscious life had opened wide and clear enough to observe and to recognize who they were that were gathered around him that with a keen, almost agonizing thrill he realized where he was and what had befallen him. Upon one side of his bed stood his son Hubert; upon the other side stood his brother James. The one had died ten, the other nineteen years before. Of all those who had gone

from the world which he himself had just left, these stood the nearest to him, and now, in his resurrection, his opening eyes first saw these two. They and other relatives and friends helped him to arise and dress, as Sandy had seen the poor wretches in the place in which he had awakened raised from their beds and dressed by their friends.

All Colonel Singelsby's teachings had told him that this was not so different from the world he had left behind. Nevertheless, although he was prepared somewhat for it, it was wonderful to him how alike the one was to the other. The city, the streets, the people coming and going, the stores, the parks, the great houses—all were just as they were in the world of men. He had no difficulty in finding his way about the streets. There, in comfortable houses of a better class, were many of his friends; others were not to be found; some, he was told, had ascended higher; others, he was also told, had descended lower.

Among other places, Colonel Singelsby found himself during the afternoon in the house of one with whom he had been upon friendly, almost intimate terms in times past in the world. Colonel Singelsby remembered hearing that the good man had died a few months before he himself had left the world. He wondered what had become of him, and then in a little while he found himself in his old friend's house. It had been many years since he had seen him. He remembered him as a benign, venerable old gentleman, and he had been somewhat surprised to find that he was still living in the town, instead of having ascended to a higher state.

The old gentleman still looked outwardly venerable, still outwardly benign, but now there was under his outer seeming a somewhat of restless querulousness, a something of uneasy discontent, that Colonel Singelsby did not remember to have seen there before. They talked together about many things, chiefly of those in the present state of existence in which they found themselves. It was all very new and vivid upon Colonel Singelsby's mind, but the reverend gentleman seemed constantly to forget that he was in another world than that which he had left behind. It seemed to be always with an effort that he brought himself to talk of

the world in which he lived as the world of spirits. The visit was somehow unpleasant to Colonel Singelsby. He was impressed with a certain air of intolerance exhibited by the other. His mind seemed to dwell more upon the falsity of the old things than upon the truth of the new, and he seemed to take a certain delight in showing how and in what everybody but those of his own creed erred and fell short of the Divine intent, and not the least disagreeable part of the talk to Colonel Singelsby was that the other's words seemed to find a sort of echo in his own mind.

At last he proposed a walk, and the other, taking his hat and stick, accompanied him for a little distance upon the way. The talk still clung much to the same stem to which it had adhered all along.

"It is a very strange thing," said the reverend gentleman, "but a great many people who have come to this town since I came hither have left it again to ascend, as I have been told, to a higher state. I think there must have been some mistake, for I cannot see how it is possible—and in fact our teachings distinctly tell us that it is impossible—for one to ascend to a higher state without having accepted the new truths of the new order of things."

Colonel Singelsby did not make answer. He was not only growing tired of the subject itself, but of his old friend as well.

They were at that moment crossing an angle of a small park shaded by thin, spindly trees. As the colonel looked up he saw three men and a woman approaching along the same path and under the flickering shadows. Two of the men walked a little in advance, the other walked with the woman. There was something familiar about two of the group, and Colonel Singelsby pointed at them with his finger.

"Who are they?" said he. "I am sure there is somebody I know."

The other adjusted his glasses and looked. "I do not know," said he, "except that one of the men is a new-comer. We somehow grow to know who are new-comers by the time we have lived here a little while."

"Dear me!" cried Colonel Singelsby, stopping abruptly, "I know that man. I did not know that he had come here too. I wonder where they are going?"

"I think," said the reverend gentleman, dryly—"I think that this is one of those cases of which I just spoke to you. I judge from the general appearance of the party that they are about to ascend, as they call it here, to a higher state."

"That is impossible!" said Colonel Singelsby. "That man is a poor wretched creature whom I have helped with charity again and again, it cannot be that he is to go to a higher state, for he is not fit for it. If he is to be taken anywhere, it must be to punishment."

The other shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, he had seen such cases too often during his sojourn to be deceived.

The little party had now come close to the two, and Colonel Singelsby stepped forward with all his old-time frank kindness of manner. "Why, Sandy," said he, "I did not know that you also had come here."

"Yes, sir," said Sandy; "I died the same night you did."

"Dear me!" said the colonel, "that is very singular, very singular indeed! Where are you going now, Sandy?"

"I don't know," said Sandy; "these gentlemen here are taking me somewhere, I don't know where. This is my wife," said he. "Don't you remember her, sir?"

"Oh yes," said the colonel, with his most pleasant air, "I remember her very well, but of course I am not so much surprised to see her here as I am to see you. But have you no idea where you are going?" he continued.

"No," said Sandy; "but perhaps these gentlemen can tell you." And he looked inquiringly at his escort, who stood calmly listening to what was said.

So far, the Parable, as I had read it, progressed onward with some coherence and concatenation, a coherence and concatenation growing perhaps more disjointed as it advanced. Now it began to be broken with interjectory sentences, and just here was one, the tenor of which I could not altogether understand, but have since comprehended more or less clearly. I cannot give its exact words, but only its general form.

"O wretched man," it said, "how pitiful are thy vain efforts and strivings to keep back by thine own strength that fiery flood of hell which grows and increases to overwhelm thy soul! If the inflowing of good which Jehovah vouch-

safes is infinite, only less infinite is the outflowing of that which thou callest evil and wickedness. How, then, canst thou hope to stand against it and to conquer? How canst thou hope to keep back that raging torrent of fire and of flame with the crumbling unbaked bricks of thine own soul's making? Poor fool! Thou mayst endeavor, thou mayst strive, thou mayst build thy wall of defence higher and higher, fearing God, and living a life of virtue, but by-and-by thou wilt reach the end, and then wilt find thou canst build no higher! Then how vain shall have been thy life of resistance! First that flood shall trickle over the edge of thy defence; then it shall run a stream the breadth of a man's hand; then it shall gush forth a torrent; then, bursting over and through and around, it shall sweep away all that thou hast so laboriously built up, and shall rush, howling, roaring, raging, and burning through thy soul with ten thousand times the fury and violence that it would have done if thou hadst not striven to keep it back, if thou hadst not resisted and fought against it. For bear this in mind: Christ said he came not to call the good to repentance, but the evil, and if thou art full of thine own, how then canst thou hope to receive of a God that asketh not for sacrifice, but for love?"

Hence again the story resumed.

Colonel Singelsby had not before noticed the two men who were with Sandy, now he observed them more closely. They were tall, middle-aged men, with serious, placid, unemotional faces. Each carried a long white staff, the end of which rested upon the ground. There was about them something somehow different from anything Colonel Singelsby had ever seen before. They were most quiet, courteous men, but there was that in their personal appearance that was singularly unpleasant to Colonel Singelsby. Why, he could not tell, for they were evidently gentlemen, and, from their bearing, men of influence. He turned to Sandy again.

"How has it been with you since you have been here?" said he.

"It has been very hard with me," said Sandy, patiently; "very hard indeed; but I hope and believe now that the worst is over, and that by-and-by I shall be happy, and not have any more trouble."

"I trust so, indeed," said the colonel;

"but do not hope for too much, Sandy. Even the best men coming to this world are not likely to be rid of their troubles at once, and it is not to be hoped for that you, after your ill-spent life, should find your lot easier than theirs."

"I know, sir," said Sandy, "and I am very sorry."

There was a meek acceptance of the colonel's dictum that grated somehow unpleasantly upon the colonel's ears. He would rather that Sandy had made some protest against that dictum. He approached half a step and looked more keenly at the other, and then for the first time he saw that some great, some radical, some tremendous change had happened. The man before him was no doubt Sandy Graff, but all that was low-browed, evil, foul, was gone, as though it had been washed away, and in its place was a translucent, patient meekness, almost like—There was something so terribly vital in that change that Colonel Singelsby shuddered before it. He looked and looked, and then he passed the back of his hand across his eyes. "All this is very unreal," said he, turning to his friend the minister. "It is like a dream. I begin to feel as though nothing was real. Surely it is not possible that magic changes can go on, and yet I cannot understand all these things in the least."

For answer, the reverend gentleman shrugged his shoulders almost sourly.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Singelsby, turning abruptly upon Sandy's escort, "let me ask you is this a certain man whom I used to know as Sandy Graff?"

One of the men nodded his head.

"And will you tell me," said he, "another thing? Will you kindly tell me where you are taking him?"

"We are about to take him," said the man, looking steadily at the colonel as he answered—"we are about to take him to the outskirts of the First Kingdom."

At the answer Colonel Singelsby actually fell back a pace in his amazement. It was almost as though a blow had fallen upon him. "The outskirts of the First Kingdom?" said he. "Did I understand you? The outskirts of the First Kingdom? Surely there is some mistake here! It is not possible that this man, who died only yesterday, filthy and polluted with iniquity, stinking in the nostrils of God with ten thousand indulged and gratified lusts—it is not possible that you

intend taking him to that land, passing by me, who all my life have lived to my best endeavors in love to God and my neighbor?"

It was the voice of his minister that broke the answer. "Yes, they do," said he, sharply; "that is just what they do mean. They do mean to take him, and they do mean to leave us, for such is the law in this dreadful place. We, the children of light, are nothing, and they, the fuel of hell, are everything. Have I not been telling you so?"

Colonel Singelsby had almost forgotten the presence of his acquaintance. He felt very angry at his interference, and somehow he could no longer govern his anger as he used to do. He turned upon him and fixed him with a frown, and then he observed for the first time that a little crowd had begun gathering, and now stood looking on, some curious and unsmiling, some grinning. The colonel drew himself to his height, and looked haughtily about him. They who grinned began laughing. And now, at last, it was come Colonel Singelsby's turn to feel as Sandy Graff had felt—as though all that was happening to him was happening in some hideous nightmare dream. As in a dream, the balancing weights of reasoning and morality began to melt before the heat of that which burned within; as in a dream, the uncurbed inner motives began to strive furiously. Then a sudden fierce anger, quite like the savage irrational anger of an ugly dream, flamed up quickly and fiercely. He opened his lips as though to vent his rage, but for an instant his tottering reason regained a momentary poise. Checking himself with an effort ten thousand times greater than that he would have used in his former state and in the world, he bowed his head upon his breast and stood for a little while with fingers interlocked, clenching his trembling hands together. So he stood for a while, brooding, until at last Sandy and his escort made a motion as if to pass by. Then he spoke again.

"Stop a bit!" said he, looking up—"stop a bit!" His voice was hoarse and constrained, and he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but straight at that one of the men to whom he had spoken before. "Sir," said he, and then clearing his husky voice—"sir," again, "I have learned a lesson—the greatest lesson of my life! I have looked into my heart,

and I have seen—I have seen myself—God help me, gentlemen!—I—maybe I am no better than this man."

The crowd, which had been increasing, as crowds do, began to jeer at the words, for, like most crowds, it was of a nether sort, and enjoyed the unusual sight of the gentleman and the aristocrat abasing and humiliating himself before the reformed drunkard.

At the sound of that ugly jeering laugh Colonel Singelsby quivered as though under the cut of a lancet, but he never removed his eyes from the man to whom he spoke. For a moment or two he bit his nether lip in his effort for self-control, and then repeated, in a louder and perhaps harsher voice, "I am no better than this man!" He paused for a moment, and the crowd ceased its jeering to hear what he had to say. "I ask only this," he said, "that you will take me where you are taking him, and that I may enjoy such happiness as he is about to enjoy."

Instantly a great roar of laughter went up from the crowd, which had now gathered to some twenty or thirty souls. The man to whom Colonel Singelsby had spoken shook his head calmly and impassively.

"It cannot be," said he.

Colonel Singelsby turned white to the very lips, his eyes blazed, and his breath came thick and heavily. His nostrils twitched spasmodically, but still, with a supreme effort—a struggle so terrible that few men happily may ever know it or experience it—he once more controlled the words that sprang to his lips and struggled for utterance. He swallowed and swallowed convulsively. "Sir," said he at last, in a voice so hoarse, so horribly constrained, that it seemed almost to rend him as it forced utterance—"sir, surely I am mistaken in what I understand; it is little I ask you, and surely not unjust. Yesterday this man was a vile debauched drunkard, surely that does not make him fitter for heaven! Yesterday I was a God-fearing, law-abiding man, surely that does not make me unfit! I am not unfit, am I?"

"You are not yet fit for heaven," answered the man, with impassive calmness. And again, for the third time, the crowd roared with evil laughter.

Within Colonel Singelsby's soul that fiery flood was now lashing dreadfully close to the summit of its barriers. His

face was as livid as death, and his hands were clinched till the nails cut into his palm. "Let me understand for once and for all, for I confess I cannot understand all this. You say he is to go, and that I am not to go! Is it, then, God's will and God's justice that because this man for twenty years has led a life of besotted sin and indulgence, and because I for sixty years have feared God and loved my neighbor, that he is to be chosen and I am to be left?"

The man did not reply in words, but in the steady look of his unwinking eyes the other read his answer.

"Then," gasped Colonel Singelsby, and as he spoke he shook his clinched and trembling fist against the still, blue sky overhead—"then, if that be God's justice, may it be damned, for I want none of it."

Then came the end, swiftly, completely. For the fourth time the crowd laughed, and at the sound those flood-gates so laboriously built up during a lifetime of abstinence were suddenly burst asunder and fell crashing, and a burning flood of hell's own rage and madness rushed roaring and thundering into his depleted, empty soul, flaming, blazing, consuming like straws every precept of righteousness, every fear of God, and Colonel Edward Singelsby, the one-time Christian gentleman, the one-time upright son of grace, the one-time man of law and God, was transformed instantly and terribly into—what? Was it a livid devil from hell? He cursed the jeering crowd, and at the sound of his own curses a blindness fell upon him, and he neither knew what he said nor what he did. His good old friend, who had accompanied him so far and until now had stood by him, suddenly turned, and maybe fearing lest some thunder-bolt of vengeance should fall upon them from heaven and consume them all, he elbowed himself out of the crowd and hurried away. As for the wretched madman, in his raging fury, it was not the men who had forbidden him heaven whom he strove to rend and tear limb from limb, but poor innocent, harmless Sandy Graff. The crowd swayed and jostled this way and that, and as madness begets madness, the curses that fell from one pair of lips found an echo in curses that leaped from others. Sandy shrunk back appalled before the hell-blast that breathed upon him, and he felt his wife clutch him closer. Only two of those

that were there stood unmoved; they were the two men who acted as Sandy's escort. As the tide of madness seemed to swell higher, they calmly stepped forward and crossed their staves before their charge. There was something in their action full of significance for those who knew. Instantly the crowd melted away like snow under a blast of fire. Had there not been two men present more merciful than the rest, it is hard to say what terrible thing might not have happened to Colonel Edward Singelsby—deaf and dumb and blind to everything but his own rage. These two clutched him by the arms and dragged him back.

"God, man!" they cried, "what are you doing? Do you not see they are angels?"

They dragged him back to a bench that stood near, and there held him, whilst he still beat the air with his fist and cried out hoarse curses, and even as they so held him, two other men came—two men dark, silent, sinister—and led him away.

Then the other and his wife and his two escorts passed by and out of the gate of the town, and away toward the mountain that stood still and blue in the distance.

So far I read, and then I could bear to read no more, but placed my hand upon the open page of the book. "What is this dreadful thing?" I cried. "Is, then, a man punished for truth and justice and virtue and righteousness? Is it, then, true that the evil are rewarded, and that the good are punished so dreadfully?"

Then the man who held the book spoke again. "Take away thy hand and read," said he.

Then I took away my hand, and read as he bade me, and found these words:

"How can God fill with His own that which is already filled by man? First it must be emptied before it may be filled with the true good of righteousness and truth, of humility and love, of peace and joy. O thou foolish one who judgest but from the appearance of things, how long will it be before thou canst understand that while some may be baptized with water to cleanliness and repentance, others are baptized with living fire to everlasting life, and that they alone are the children of God?"

Then again I read these words:

"Woe to thee, thou who deniest the laws of God and man! Woe to thee, thou who walkest in the darkness of the shadow of sin and evil! But ten thousand times woe to thee, thou who pilest Pelion of self-good upon Ossa of self-truth, not that thou mayst scale therefrom the gate of Heaven, but that thou mayst hide thyself beneath from the eye of the Living God! By-and-by His Day shall come! His Terrible Lightning shall flash from the East to the West! His Dreadful Flaming Thunder-bolt shall fall, riving thy secret fastnesses to atoms, and leaving thee, poor worm, writhing in the dazzling effulgence of His Light, and shrivelling beneath the consuming flame of His Loving-kindness!"

Then the leaf was turned, and there before me lay the answer to that first question, "What shall a man do that he may gain the kingdom of Heaven?" There stood the words, plain and clear. But I did not dare to read them, but turning, left that place, shutting the door to behind me.

Never have I found that door or entered that room again, but by-and-by I know that I shall find them both once more, and shall then and there read the answer that forever stands written in that book, for it still lies open at the very page, and he upon whose knees it rests is Israfeel, the Angel of Death.

But what of the sequel? Is there a sequel? Are we, then, to suffer ourselves to do evil for the sake of shunning pain in the other world? I trow not! He who sets his foot to climb must never look backward and downward. He who suffers most must reach the highest. There must be another part of the story which lies darkly and dimly behind the letter. One can see, faintly and dimly but nevertheless clearly, what the poor man was to enjoy—the poor man who from without appeared to be so evil, and yet within was not really evil. One can see a vision faint and dim of a simple little house cooled by the dewy shade of green trees forever in foliage; one can see pleasant meadows and gardens forever green, stretching away to the banks of a smooth-flowing river in whose level bosom rests a mirrored image of that which lies beyond its further bank—a great town with glistering walls and gleaming spires reaching tower above tower and height

above height into the blazing blue, the awful serenity of a heavenly sky. One can know that toward that town the poor man who had sinned and repented would in the evenings gaze and wonder until his soul, now ploughed clean for new seed, might learn the laws that would make it indeed an inhabitant of that place. It is a serene and beautiful vision, but not different from that which all may see, and enjoy even, in part, in this world.

But how was it with that other man—with that good man who had never sinned until his earthly body was stripped away that he might sin and fall in the spirit—sin and fall to a depth so profound that even one furtive look into that aw-

ful abyss makes the minds of common men to reel and stagger? When that God-sent blast of fire should have burned out the selfhood that clung to the very vitals of his soul, what then? Who is there that with unwinking eyes may gaze into the effulgent brilliancy of the perfect angelhood? He who sweats drops of salt in his life's inner struggles shall, maybe, eat good bread in the dew of it, but he who sweats drops of blood in agony shall, when his labor is done, sit him, maybe, at the King's table, and feast upon the Flesh of Life and the very Wine of Truth.

Was it so with that man who never sinned until all his hell was let loose at once upon him?

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

EDITED BY R. R. BOWKER.

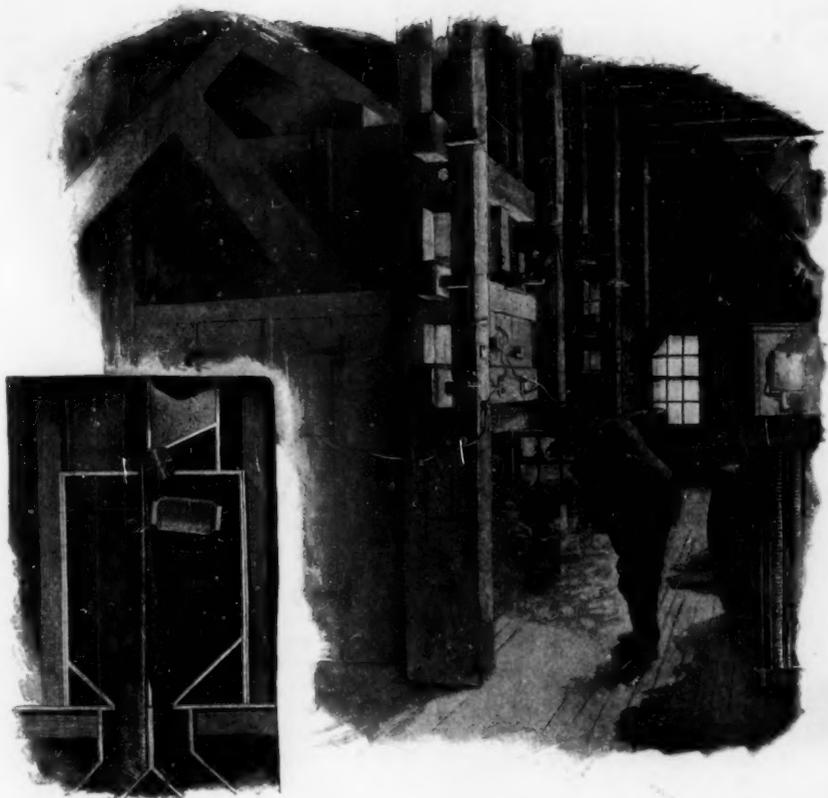
X.—A BAR OF IRON.

IRON is almost everywhere in nature. Our planet is bombarded from cosmic spaces by aerolites of nearly pure iron, and the spectroscope finds it in stars so distant that the naked eye sees only emptiness in the abysses wherein they burn. It makes a twelfth of the crust of our earth. Its particles are mingled in the dust of every country road, in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat. It is the great colorist of nature, and gives the red to our blood. While iron has played so great a part in the story of creation, it has had a still more shining function in the epic of humanity.

Iron, known to chemists by the symbol Fe, from its Latin name *ferrum*, is found pure only in the laboratory—though native iron nearly pure comes to us in aerolites, is found imbedded in the basaltic lava of Greenland, and is supposed to exist in the interior of the earth in sufficient quantity to take up all the oxygen of our air, should it come to the surface, and leave us mortals dead in a desert of iron rust. The Gibbs meteorite, brought from the Red River to Yale College, weighs 1635 pounds, and one discovered in South America is estimated at 32,000 pounds. Berzelius found the chemically pure metal to be nearly as white as silver, shiny, scaly, soft, but tenacious. Its name *iron* (German, *Eisen*) probably means shiny, and is perhaps analogous with ice (Ger-

man, *Eis*). Commercially, it is obtained from ores, mostly in association with oxygen (O) and carbon (C), as oxides and carbonates, conjoined with various impurities, which ores geologists find in the rocks of all ages, from the primary or metamorphic to those which are even now forming in meadows and bogs. The United States is richest and strongest among nations in its wealth of ores.

In order of richness, the first of the ores is magnetite, or magnetic oxide (Fe_3O_4), containing when pure seventy-two per cent. of iron. This is found mostly in the crystalline rocks, where its molecules have been attuned by Nature responsive to the magnetic currents, and one of its varieties is the lodestone—itsself a magnet. It gives always a black streak when scratched, and is sometimes found disintegrated as a blackish earth in bogs. It was possibly the ore earliest used, and it has yielded much of the best iron and steel of commerce. It is mined abroad in Scandinavia and Finland, in the Ural Mountains, in Piedmont and Saxony, and on the borders of Greece and Turkey; it forms here the enormous deposits of our Adirondack Mountains, and is found also in Putnam County, New York; in the great Cornwall mine at Lebanon, Pennsylvania; in northern New Jersey; in the famous Cranberry lode of North Carolina; and in the Michigan mines. Franklinites, found in New Jersey, is a

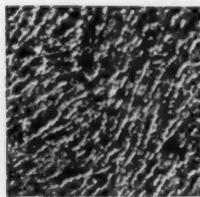


THE EDISON MAGNETIC PROCESS.

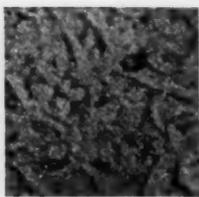
similar ore, containing molecules of manganese and of zinc (FeMnZnO_2), in place of some of the molecules of iron, and yielding the spiegeleisen so useful in iron-making, while chromite ore, found near Baltimore and elsewhere, replaces an iron molecule with one of the metal chromium. "Iron-sand" is a form of magnetite found occasionally on the shores of the sea, consisting of silicious particles mixed with grains of iron ore.

Hematite proper, the sesquioxide of iron (Fe_2O_3), usually known as red hematite, is the ore next in richness, containing seventy per cent. of iron; it gives a red streak, and is really common "iron rust." This also is found mostly in the Archaean rocks. One variety, specular iron, occurs in splendid steel-gray crystals; another is the "blood-stone" (whence the

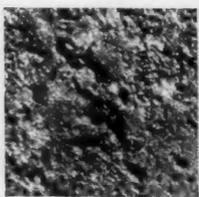
name hematite, from the Greek *haima*, blood), used by the Babylonians and Egyptians for their intaglios; another, an earthy disintegration sometimes found in bogs, is the red ochre of the paint-maker. This ore forms the mines of Elba, worked from the earliest ages; it results from volcanic action at Vesuvius and *Ætna*; its curious "rosettes" are the *Eisenrosen* (iron roses) of the St. Gothard Pass; great deposits in Algeria and Spain furnish much of the ore for Bessemer pig, and it is found also in Scandinavia, Germany, and Great Britain. But the immense Marquette beds near Lake Superior, the huge masses of Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob, Missouri (now nearly exhausted), the rich stores of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the enormous fossil deposits in the Clinton formation, ranging from New



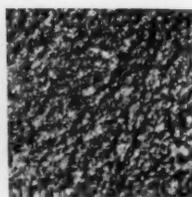
WHITE PIG IRON.



GRAY PIG IRON.



ROLLED BAR IRON.



CRUCIBLE TOOL STEEL.

FRACTURES OF IRON AND STEEL BARS.

York to Alabama—perhaps the most extensive iron bed in the world—make the American deposits the most notable of all. Ilmenite, or titanite iron (FeTi_2O_3 , so called from the Ilmen Mountains, in the southern Ural region, is an ore in which one of the iron molecules of hematite is replaced by the metal titanium, found usually in admixture with magnetite in many parts of this country.

Limonite, so called from the Greek *limon*, meadow, because it is found chiefly in wet places, as marsh ore, lake ore, or bog ore, is a hydrous hematite ($\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 + \text{H}_2\text{O}$), that is, a hematite which has absorbed a particle of water. It is commonly spoken of as brown hematite; it gives a brown or yellow instead of a red streak, and is the yellow ochre of the paint-maker. The extensive mines of Styria and Carinthia, in Austria, the famous Nassau-on-the-Rhine deposits, and some of the best English ores are limonite, as also are the deposits in some of the valleys of Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, and the other Southern iron-making States, in Michigan and Wisconsin, in Colorado, and the rich mines of Salisbury and Kent, Connecticut.

Siderite, or spathic ore, so called from its sparry or glassy crystals, is the combination of iron with carbonic acid (FeCO_3), containing forty-nine per cent. of metal. One variety has a molecule of manganese in the place of iron, giving it special value in iron-making. In Carinthia and Westphalia it is the foundation of immense industries, and it is mined in the Spanish Pyrenees and in southern Europe; but though it is found in various places in this country, it is not an important American ore.

"Clay iron-stone" is a name given promiscuously to several iron ores mixed with clay, but it applies specifically to an impure carbonate ore containing from

thirty-three to forty per cent. of iron, which, though the leanest of iron ores, is one of the most valuable. This owes its importance to its universal proximity to limestone and coal beds—a geological necessity, the result of which gives the iron-master his metal, his flux, and his fuel side by side. It was deposited in ages when huge animals fed on the great plants of the carboniferous or coal period, and rotted away with them, so that the iron is mingled not only with the carbon from the plants, but with the phosphorus from the animal remains. This intractable ore was, until recent years, the main foundation of the immense industries of England and western Pennsylvania; but it has assumed less importance as cheap freights have enabled the iron-master to transport richer ores from distant regions to mix with those near to his hand.

Pyrites, or "fools' gold," is an ore frequent in America and elsewhere, composed of iron and sulphur (FeS_2), or of iron, copper, and sulphur; but this is used primarily in obtaining sulphur, the residue, known as "blue billy," being then treated for iron.

Nature has endowed our own country with a profusion of the richest ores, so that the United States is sure to take the lead of the world more and more in the production of iron. Iron ores are considered rich when they contain above 50 per cent. of iron; average, when they contain between 50 and 35 per cent.; poor, when between 35 and 25 per cent., and useless when below 25 per cent. But the useless ores, of magnetic character, and the refuse from older mines may yet be utilized by an American process, so that in another sense America is likely to lead the world in iron production. Edison has a habit of achieving commercial success where others before him have failed, and his genius has of re-

cent years been applied largely in this direction at his experimental works near Ogden, New Jersey. He is there working at his new process, which, by the use of a huge electro-magnet, winnows the particles of metal from their baser allies as a stream of pulverized ore drops past its face, deflecting the metal so that it falls into one receiver, while the dross drops directly into another, and thus easily and cheaply makes the poorest ores yield up their treasures. The modern art of metallurgy has, indeed, been stimulated to its greatest achievements by the necessity of using the less pure ores and of finding a substitute for charcoal as the forests were exhausted.

Iron-mining is in some fields underground work, under conditions similar to coal and other subterranean mining; in others, surface work. In some of the hematite mines of New Jersey the process is reduced to its simplest terms—the shovelling out of the surface soil, and its transportation to mills immediately adjoining. A new device for mining on a large scale, second only to the hydraulic system of gold-mining in use on the Pacific slope, is in course of development at the West. This is a steam-shovel, of two tons or more capacity, digging into an open cut and loading cars at the rate of four tons per minute. It is claimed that one shovel of this size can handle in four minutes as much as the ordinary miner can handle in a day, and it is said to be profitable to work the plant in cuts thirty feet below surface, the superincumbent soil being previously stripped to that depth.

Iron-making is a kind of cookery on a huge scale. The earthy impurities must be "roasted" or melted out from iron ore; the necessary carbon must then be properly mixed in from the fuel, or the unnecessary carbon burned out. This is

all there is of it—all there is of the complicated processes of the most modern iron or steel works, costing millions of dollars. The right amount of carbon can be had in two ways, by taking out carbon where there is too much, or by adding carbon where there is too little; this is the difference between the decarburizing processes, like the puddling, Bessemer, and open-hearth methods, and the carburizing processes, like cementation and the crucible. Iron and steel differ chiefly in the carbon which is mingled or combined with the pure iron molecules. Wrought



SURFACE MINING—HEMATITE ORE, NEAR TREXLERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

iron contains little carbon, steel some, cast iron more—this is most of the story, but not all. Thus steel can be produced by taking carbon from cast iron, or adding carbon to wrought iron. In general, wrought iron contains less than $\frac{2}{100}$ of 1 per cent. of carbon; the various qualities of steel from $\frac{1}{100}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; a greater percentage makes cast iron. But the distinction between wrought iron and steel is not solely the proportion of carbon; there is a marked difference in molecular structure, a natural result of the processes

of manufacture. A wrought-iron bar or plate is always obtained from a puddle ball, an aggregation of grains of iron in a pasty, semi-fused condition, interspersed with a greater or less amount of cinder or slag. Under the powerful action of the rolls the grains are welded together and a large part of the cinder is squeezed out, but enough remains interposed between the iron granules to prevent them from welding thoroughly and forming a homogeneous mass. The welded lumps elongate under the process of rolling, and the resulting bar resembles a bunch of iron fibres or sinews with minute particles of slag interspersed here and there. Such iron varies in resistance according to whether the power is applied with or against the fibre. Steel is the result of a fusing process. It may be crucible, Bessemer, or open-hearth steel, but in all cases it has been cast from a thoroughly melted and fluid state into an ingot mould, where it solidifies and is ready for subsequent treatment, such as hammering or rolling. The slag being lighter than the steel, it rises on top of the melted bath, and does not mingle with the metal, which remains clean and unobstructed, and after being cast in the mould, cools into a crystalline homogeneous mass in which no amount of rolling can develop a fibre. Thus steel possesses a structure more regular and compact than wrought iron. Its resistance to strains and stresses is more equal in all directions, and its adaptability to structural use is vastly increased. Iron of a steely nature, called puddled steel, was formerly produced by stopping the puddling process before the complete elimination of carbon, but the process is obsolete.

Some metallurgical chemists of to-day recognize a definite chemical compound known as carbide of iron (Fe_3C), never found in nature, but producing steel by the saturation of metallic iron with this metalloid alloy, something as tin soaking into iron produces tin plate. Wrought or malleable iron shows under the microscope a fibrous structure. Steel, on the contrary, shows a crystalline structure, its fracture having the brilliancy of silver; in high-grade crucible steel these crystals can even be seen by the eye in regular form and orderly arrangement. As the carbon percentage decreases, the crystals become exceedingly minute and finely diffused, but their grouping is still

evident under the microscope. No steel is known in nature except in steely buttons found sometimes near coal beds, where intense heat has "roasted" iron ore and carbon together. It is more than likely that a steely iron was the form of iron first known to men, for the shiny magnetic ore, rich in metal, found on the earth's surface, when reduced with charcoal fuel, would give a product containing some carbon, and most of the ancient iron found in museums would be called a mild steel by the metallurgists of to-day.

Iron was used before history was written. The stone records of Egypt and the brick books of Nineveh mention it. Genesis (iv., 22) refers to Tubal-cain as "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," and in Deuteronomy (iii., 11) the bedstead of the giant Og was "a bedstead of iron." The galleys of Tyre and Sidon traded in this metal; Chinese records ascribed to 2000 B.C. refer to it; Homer speaks of it as superior to bronze. The bronze age came before the iron age, because copper, found as a nearly pure metal, easily fuses, and with another soft metal—tin or zinc—alloys into hard bronze; while iron, found only as an ore, must have the impurities burnt and hammered out by great heat and force before it can be made into a tool. The word sometimes translated "steel" in our English Bible really means bronze or brass, but steel was distinctively known to the later ancients. Pliny the elder wrote in the first century of our era: "Howbeit as many kinds of iron as there be, none shall match in goodness the steel that comes from the Seres [Chinese], for this commodity also, as hard ware as it is, they send and sell with their soft silks and fine furs. In a second degree of goodness is the Parthian iron." Asia probably made more iron and steel thirty centuries ago than it does to-day. About the time of the first Olympiad, 776 B.C., there is authentic record of the use of iron in Greece, and Lycurgus used it for the money of Sparta. Iron and steel weapons of war began to displace those of bronze before the battle of Marathon. The Romans learned iron-making from the Greeks and the Etruscans, their mysterious and highly civilized neighbors, and obtained iron largely from Corsica, where the mines had been worked from the prehistoric pe-

riod. The Roman legionaries found in Spain steel weapons of the finest temper, and Diodorus says that the weapons of the Celtiberians were so keen "that there is no helmet or shield which cannot be cut through by them." Toletum (now Toledo) was then as famous for its sword blades as afterwards in the Middle Ages. Cæsar found the painted Britons fighting with spear-heads of bronze, but wearing armlets of iron, and remains of pre-Roman forges are still found in England and Wales. The Germans knew the art of sword-forging, and their legends of dwarfs and trolls with magic swords point to an earlier people, adepts in mining and metallurgy.

But for forty centuries before Christ and fourteen centuries after there was little progress in iron-making. The Hindoo, four thousand years ago, like his countryman of to-day, used the purest ores, free from phosphate and silica, and melted these with the best fuel, charcoal, in the ancient bloomery—a low stack, from three to six feet high, and a foot or more in diameter, with air-holes—placing alternate layers of ore and charcoal within, and reducing the charge by a blast from a skin or leather bellows, like that of a blacksmith's forge, lasting from four to eighteen hours. The soft composite mass of iron was rapidly separated from the cinder by repeated hammering and reheating, and a mild steel was produced by melting this bloom



A MODERN BLAST-FURNACE, BESSEMER, PENNSYLVANIA—TAPPING THE FURNACE INTO LADLES.

mixed with dried wood or leaves, possibly charcoal, in a crucible of clay. Thus there is still produced in India the wootz-steel, an ingot of which Porus offered to Alexander the Great as a precious tribute. A rude art of tempering forged steel, by plunging the heated metal into oil, water, or other liquid, followed the development of steel. Here are the essentials of the story of iron up to the great inventions of modern times. Yet from these crude methods the finest art flowered. The world is to-day a better artisan but scarcely so good an artist as of yore, in iron as in all else.

The Corsican forge, the early form of bloomery used probably by the Greeks

and Romans, has all but disappeared from Europe. The Catalan forge, now used in the French and Spanish Pyrenees, may be assumed to be, with improvement, that of the old Celtiberians under the Roman dominion. The early German bloomary

requires, to produce 100 pounds of iron, 340 pounds of charcoal and 312 pounds of ore containing nearly 50 per cent. of iron, involving a large waste. A portion of the oxide of iron is always consumed in bloomary processes in fluxing the impurities of



PRIMITIVE HINDOO IRON-WORKERS.

was a type of which the American forge common in the Adirondacks is to-day a close parallel; the German *stückofen*, or high bloomary, seems to have been the first step in the evolution of the modern blast-furnace. These were the leading European types.

The Corsican forge, which consumes eight pounds of charcoal to make one of iron, gave way to the Catalan. This consists essentially of a rectangular hearth made of heavy iron plates, in its greatest dimensions 40 by 32 inches, and from 20 to 24 inches deep, the tuyeres or pipes through which the blast enters being from 12 to 15 inches above the bottom of the hearth. The tuyeres slope downward at an angle of 30 degrees, and the wall facing the blast-pipes slopes outward toward the top. The ore is broken into lumps not larger than two inches in diameter, while nearly one-half is of a size to be screened through $\frac{1}{10}$ -inch openings. The larger part of the ore charge is heaped against the sloping wall, occupying nearly one-half the cavity of the furnace, the rest being filled with charcoal fuel. The finer ore is thrown on the fire from time to time as the operation progresses. The process lasts about six hours, and results in a mass of pasty iron, which is then forged into blooms. The Catalan forge

requires, to produce 100 pounds of iron, 340 pounds of charcoal and 312 pounds of ore containing nearly 50 per cent. of iron, involving a large waste. A portion of the oxide of iron is always consumed in bloomary processes in fluxing the impurities of the ore, while in the blast-furnace process this is saved by the use of lime or other fluxes, made practicable by the greatly increased heat of the operation. The German bloomary is an evolution of the Catalan forge designed to reap the benefit of continuous working. In the older process the entire charge of ore must be renewed for each operation. In the later method the hearth is made of iron plates cased with fire-brick, varying in diameter from 14 to 21 inches, and about the same in depth. The blast is supplied through horizontal tuyeres, and all the ore,

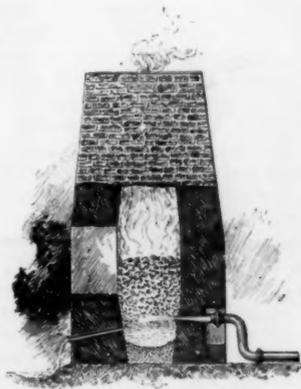
broken small, is shovelled by degrees on the mass of ignited charcoal. The loop of soft iron is withdrawn from time to time as the reduction continues. As operated in the United States, where it was introduced in the early part of the last century, the German bloomary is known as the Jersey or Champlain forge, and is somewhat modified from the original. In the Adirondack region, in which it now has the principal vogue, the hearth is made of heavy cast-iron plates with downward sloping sides, from 27 by 30 inches to 28 by 32 inches, and with a depth of from 28 to 40 inches. The blast is heated by passing through siphon tubes in a chamber above the furnace before reaching the fire. The liquid slag is drawn off from time to time through an opening in the front plate, and the loops of iron are reheated in the bloomary fire before passing under the hammer. It requires nearly two and a quarter pounds of charcoal to make a pound of iron by this method. The small capital needed to build and run a forge, the cheapness of charcoal in a forest region, and the richness of the ores have kept the bloomary in favor with the ironmaster of northern New York, though it has been superseded almost everywhere else by more scientific and economical methods.

Complete reduction is never attainable by this process. The heat being low, a portion of the iron unites with the impurities of the ore, and is lost in the slag. In Europe, at an early period, the diminution of the richer ores induced the iron-maker to increase the height of his furnace, thereby raising the heat and lessening the cost of manufacture. But in doing this fluid iron was produced, for a long time a waste product, as there seemed to be no way of utilizing it. With the increased height of the furnace, the increased blast, and the more intense heat, iron absorbs carbon, and on account of the combination thus formed, melts at a lower temperature and runs out of the furnace in a highly carburized state. Thus pig or cast iron, as it has since been named, a highly carburized and otherwise impure form of the metal, incapable of being forged, presented a fresh problem in the natural course of things to the metallurgist. It was not till a means of utilizing cast iron, and of making malleable metal by decarburizing and purifying the pig was discovered, instead of producing it directly from the ore in soft loops, that the epoch of scientific iron-making began.

There is some reason to suspect that pig iron was made useful by casting it into sand moulds in ancient times; but the evidence runs largely to conjecture, except that which relates to this knowledge on the part of the Chinese, who crudely antedated so many important modern inventions. The authentic production of castings does not carry us earlier than the close of the fifteenth century. Cannon and kitchen utensils of cast iron were made to a notable extent in France and England during the next hundred years; and prior to the middle of the sixteenth century the secret of producing wrought iron by exposing the melted pig metal to a cold blast—the refinery process, so called—became known, which process, as perfected by Bessemer within the last generation, has immortalized his name.

The *stückofen* furnace (from *Stück*, a piece or bloom, and *Ofen*, furnace) was an improvement on the osmund furnace (*Ose*, scoop, and *Mund*, mouth). The latter was a truncated cone of masonry, supported by timber-work, with a furnace lined with fire-brick, and charged with fuel and ore in a fashion similar to the German bloom-

ary. The *stückofen* was a structure of two truncated cones, one inverted on the other, and this type of form has been preserved in the modern blast-furnace. The greatly increased heat which was attained reduced the ore to a liquid form when it was highly impure, or to a spongy mass of malleable iron when better qualities of ore were used. The bloomery method of making iron, however, held its own until about the middle of the eighteenth century, though the refinery process of treating pig metal was largely depended upon to obtain malleable metal. It was then that economical needs still further increased the height of the stack and the force of the blast, to secure more perfect reduction of all the iron in low-grade and refractory ores. This brought into vogue the *flüssofen* furnace, which was about 25 feet in height. The latter, again, was enlarged into the *blauföfen* or *blaseöfen* furnace, from 25 to 48 feet in height, with still increased energy of heat. The iron-master, except in regions where



THE CATALAN FORGE.

there was still ready access to rich ores, now began to produce all his iron in the first stage of impure and highly carburized pig metal, and to depend on the refinery to obtain the malleable product.

Chemistry makes the process of iron-reduction clear. In treating iron oxide with charcoal (the simple bloomery process), the carbon of the fuel, greedy for oxygen, obtains it, probably from the air of the blast, possibly from the ore—as to which

metallurgists differ—in sufficient quantity to make carbonic oxide (CO), a gas containing one atom of carbon and one of oxygen. Carbonic oxide needs an extra atom of oxygen to make carbonic acid (CO₂), another gas which is the final product of the combustion of carbon. But in the midst of unburnt charcoal, itself afire for oxygen, it cannot get this oxygen from the air, or, if it gets it, cannot keep it. The charcoal will decompose carbonic acid at the very moment of its formation, seize its newly acquired atom of oxygen, and reduce it back to carbonic oxide. But as the fire gets hotter the affinity of oxygen for the iron of the ore becomes feebler than its affinity for the carbon of the carbonic oxide, and when a certain temperature is reached the oxygen leaves the ore for the carbonic oxide, the result being metallic iron on one hand and carbonic acid on the other. The metallic iron is less fusible than the oxide, and as its oxygen departs the metal partially solidifies into a spongy mass, easily compacted by the hammer. But if this iron finds itself in the presence of free carbon, or of such impurities as silicon, sulphur, and phosphorus, it makes compounds so easily fusible that at a comparatively low temperature they become a liquid, which will soak through more solid materials, just as water soaks through the ground, and reach the bottom of the furnace. It is thus that cast iron, an impure admixture of iron and carbon, is produced, either as the accidental result of imperfect processes or as the purposed result of the necessary evil of using low-grade ores.

The art of making castings was so successfully practised in England that, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, the iron-works of Sussex and the adjoining counties had acquired a European reputation, especially for cannon-founding. So great was the devastation of timber for charcoal-making that it threatened to change the whole face of the country; and it was the cause of an act, passed in Elizabeth's reign, prohibiting the further extension of iron-smelting. This restriction led finally to great discoveries. Simon Sturtevant, and a little later Dud Dudley, during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, were successful in utilizing coal for iron-making, the latter having thought out the device of using the fuel in the form of coke, thus establishing one of the great corner-

stones of modern metallurgy. The history of the struggles of this famous old iron-master (a grandson of the great Lord Leicester) is recorded in a quaint and curious volume—*Dud Dudley's Metallum Martis, or Iron made with Pitcole, Sea-cole, etc., etc.*

Though Dudley succeeded in making both cast and malleable iron with mineral coal, in quality and quantity surpassing his rivals, yet, strange to say, his secret died with him; and as late as 1740 the iron output of Great Britain, which was then only 17,430 tons, was all charcoal-made. Abraham Darby, in 1735, and a Mr. Ford, in 1747, were both successful in illustrating the value of coking coal (that is, distilling off its gaseous components) for iron-manufacturing, yet it was not till Henry Cort developed his process for puddling the pig product that the full effect of using pit-coal and its modifications was commercially established. It is worthy of note that the essential evolution of the modern blast-furnace in its earlier form of the flüssofen from the stückofen, thus enabling white pig iron to be continuously made without going out of blast, and greatly cheapening the product, the puddling process for refining the crude pig and reducing it to the state of malleable or wrought iron, and James Watt's complete development of the steam-engine, whereby the power of the artificial blast was increased tenfold, all occurred within a few years of each other in the latter half of the eighteenth century. From this time the progress of iron metallurgy has been swift and unbroken. The effective work of the blast-furnace was greatly enhanced in the year 1827 by the discovery of the superior power of a hot over a cold blast by Mr. James Neilson, of Glasgow, Scotland. This added almost as much to the practical value of the process as did the application of the steam-engine to the blowing apparatus forty years earlier.

The fundamental conditions of the modern blast-furnace, which is only the perfected form of the stückofen, are that the process shall be continuous, and that everything pitched into the throat shall come out as liquid or gas. To accomplish this with uniform success, the fuel and the iron ore in the furnace charge must be mixed with a flux, which acts as a purgative agent. The principle of fluxing is not that it helps the liquefaction of

iron, as some metallurgists have thought, but that it gathers together the impurities of the ore, and converts them into a glass which easily fuses and runs down with the molten metal, thus preventing the formation of any infusible substance which would choke the furnace. All the needs of a flux are united in lime. It is a powerful base; it is very abundant and cheap; it is found in the form of limestone in the near vicinity of coal and clay iron-stone; and its glass melts more easily than iron, and being lighter, floats on the top and is easily tapped off. It is as caustic lime or oxide, and not as limestone or the carbonate of lime, that the union with the silica is accomplished, which causes the fluxing. Therefore before lime can achieve its work of purification it must be "burned" and the carbonic acid driven off. This is usually done in the upper part of the furnace itself by the heat rising from below. Certain ores, black band and other carbonates, must in like manner be roasted. The oxidation drives off the carbonic acid of the ore, and leaves it in the condition of black or magnetic oxide, free from water, highly porous, and easily permeable by the gases of the furnace, which are the active reducing agents. Again, before coal can do effective work in the blast-furnace it must be coked, that is to say, there must be a distillation of the combustible gases, as in gas-works, and the fuel thus be freed from part of its sulphur. Sulphur is one of the two great foes to the constitution of good iron or steel, phosphorus being the other.

Let us now examine carefully the construction and operation of those wonderful fire-laboratories which we call blast-furnaces, and try to make clear the salient principles of one of the most complex chemical processes in the manufacturing arts. They vary from 50 to 90 feet or more in height. In the United States, where there is a vast supply of high-grade ores, to a degree surpassing the mining resources of all other countries, the height rarely exceeds 80 feet, with a maximum diameter of 23 feet. The internal shape of the blast-furnace follows the general type of two truncated cones united at the widest parts, the maximum diameter being about one-third the way up. The angle of juncture is rounded off, so that the whole is in form not unlike an inverted soda-water

bottle, with most of the neck and conical bottom cut off. The topmost section is known as the *throat*—very properly, for it swallows the charge. That portion extending downward from the throat to the largest diameter is called the *stack*. The



DIAGRAM OF A MODERN BLAST-FURNACE.

lower portion, of narrowing diameter, is known as the *boshes*. The lowest section, cylindrical in shape, is the *hearth* or *crucible*. In the brick walls of this portion are built hollow cones of metal, from two to ten in number, called *tuyeres*, which receive the nozzles of the air-pipes. In that part of the hearth below the tuyeres the molten metal accumulates, with its accompanying floating mass of slag or cinder, before it is tapped off. Around it is a strong cast or wrought iron crucible jacket, kept cool by a water spray. Toward the front is the *dam-plate*, at the bottom of which a channel, known as the

tapping-hole, taps the metal from the crucible. Over a notch in the upper surface of the crucible jacket flows the discharge of slag. Flues and openings in the body of the masonry are provided for the free escape of gases and steam. The charging platform on the top of the furnace is supported on hollow cast-iron columns, which also serve to carry the combustible gases. These, which would otherwise escape, can be made economically valuable as fuel for heating the blast of the blowing-machines, and for the calcination of the materials of the charge, when this operation is effected outside of the blast-furnace. There are several devices for preventing the waste of gases at the throat, and diverting them into the conducting pipes, the best being known as the cup and cone, or hopper and bell, the cone or bell being raised or lowered at will.

While the above description follows the general type, the dimensions and constructions of blast-furnaces vary greatly, ranging from 50 to 90 feet in height, from six to 25 feet in maximum diameter, and from 500 to 40,000 cubic feet in capacity. These differences are determined by the quality of the ore most available for use in the district. The first crude apparatus for the production of the blast was almost identical with a blacksmith's bellows. About the middle of the seventeenth century the *tromp* was introduced, working by a suction of air into a stream of water falling from a tank through an orifice close to the surface. When Watt perfected the steam-engine, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, a more perfect apparatus became available, greatly increasing the production of a furnace.

The blast-furnace swallows and digests iron ore in a manner closely parallel to the work done by the human organs. The food is prepared before it passes down the throat; it is fully digested by the process of intense heat; waste matter is separated, and functions of excretion go on in a similar fashion; and the great fire-tower breathes through the tuyeres analogous to the human lungs, using the oxygen and expelling carbonic acid gas.

Let us now look inside at the flame and fury of the process, to trace the operation as far as possible. As the "charge" sinks lower and lower in the throat, the limestone, at dull red heat, begins to lose its

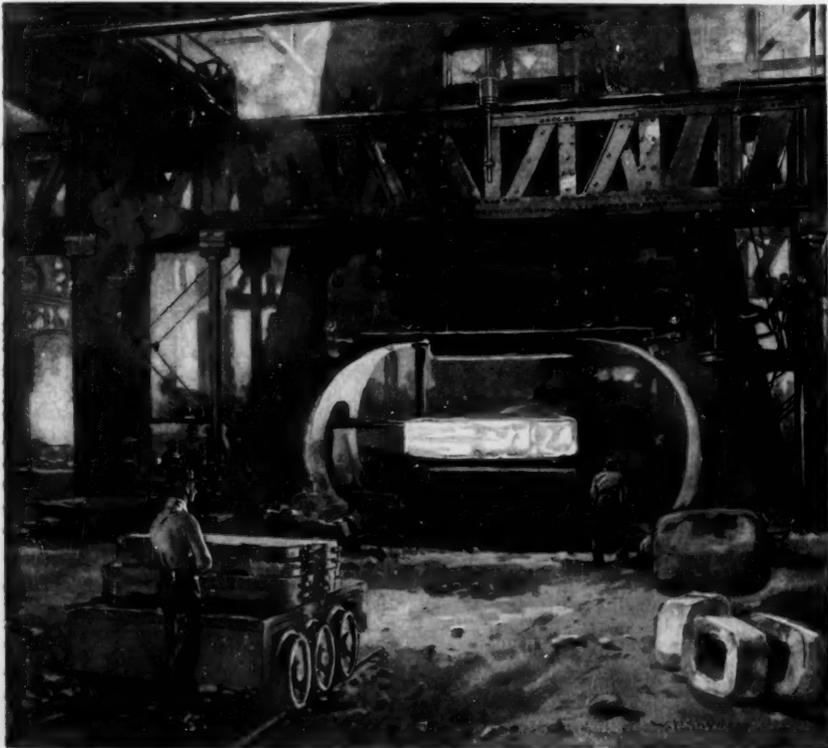
carbonic acid. With a full red heat, about 1500° F., the iron oxide becomes spongy iron, similar in texture and softness to the loop which comes from a bloomery furnace, and the limestone has changed to quick-lime. At this stage the special work of the modern blast-furnace begins. The charge is now well down, and the molecules of iron begin to get into evil company. They unite with the phosphorus, which comes from the phosphoric acid in the animal remains inherent in the ore; and so, too, they greedily pick up the sulphur separated from the pyrites of the coal, the carbon from the fuel, and the silicon from the silica of the ore. As the charge further descends through the boshes into the narrower part of the furnace, the ratio of these impurities increases, forming iron compounds. But such compounds are far more fusible than iron, and have power to melt the pure metal in their fiery maw. As the mouths of the tuyeres are reached the metal is at white heat, the concentrated heat results in fusion of the iron and its compounds as well as the impurities of the ore, for the quick-lime has been hard at work, and has united with the greater part of the silica, the alumina, and other earthy oxides, and even the sulphur if the furnace is working sufficiently hot. This union induces glassy compounds, and when complete fusion is reached their lower specific gravity causes them to float on the top of the iron as fluid cinder. This excrement runs off, and the melted metal is tapped into large sand troughs, and thence flows over into smaller moulds. When the metal cools, the larger masses are called "sows," and the smaller "pigs." It will be seen that this iron product is contaminated with sulphur, carbon, and phosphorus, in greater or less degree as the original ores used were of low or high grade, the sulphur being derived mainly from the fuel, the phosphorus from the ore, and the carbon from both. Some of the silicon, too, lingers obstinately in spite of the action of the quick-lime.

The great bulk of iron now manufactured is reduced from the ore by the blast-furnace process, with pig iron as the first stage. Nevertheless, even to-day, in regions where ore of great purity and richness is found, the bloomery process with charcoal fuel is still in use. The product is too small and too costly, though,

to be in demand except for tool steel. Wrought iron is highly malleable, ductile, weldable, but fusible with great difficulty. Pig iron is the exact reverse. Easily melted, it can be cast in moulds, and it is much harder, more rigid, and quite brittle. These qualities vary, however, through a considerable range, the difference being due to the temperature at which the iron was melted. Gray pig is darker in color, of a softer texture, and most of the carbon is uncombined, diffused as scales of graphite or plumbago (natural carbon). It always contains more or less silicon. White pig is supposed to have its carbon chemically combined, is crystalline, and very hard, and contains very little silicon. Mottled pig presents carbon in both mechanical and chemical combination. Spiegeleisen, or specular iron, another form of cast iron, possesses an element of manganese, and

is valuable as a medium of this essential purgative element in steel-making. Silvery or glazy iron is an occasional or by product, with but little use in the arts. The darker shades of pig are more suitable for castings, while the lighter colors are found better adapted for conversion into malleable iron.

The succeeding process in the logic of modern iron-making is that technically called "puddling." It is precisely analogous to washing the dirt out of soiled linen, except that fire and air take the place of water and soap as solvents. Before the invention of Henry Cort in 1774, the various kinds of refineries of pig iron could be classified as the low-hearth refinery and the bloomery. In the former the pig metal is melted down into a square, open, shallow hearth, and the surface is subjected to agitating currents of air through tuyeres. The fluid, blown



THE GREAT STEAM-HAMMER, SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

into little waves, becomes more or less oxidized by the air, and when the operation proceeds far enough, it is tapped off into a shallow trough of sand about three inches deep, and is known as fine or plate iron. This method is still sometimes found of value as a preliminary to puddling. The bloomary is only useful for crude iron, reduced by charcoal from rich ores free from phosphorus. Metal alloyed only with carbon melts more slowly than the impure pigs; and as it trickles drop by drop from the upper hearth the carbon is rapidly oxidized by the blast, and there remains a bloom nearly pure, which only needs to be squeezed or hammered to make good malleable iron. This furnace is also still used for reworking steel and iron scrap. From the old refinery Bessemer probably obtained his crude suggestions of making iron and steel through the energy of an air-blast in burning out the impurities of pig metal. It was at this point that Henry Cort's puddling process found its function, and became such an important stage in iron-making.

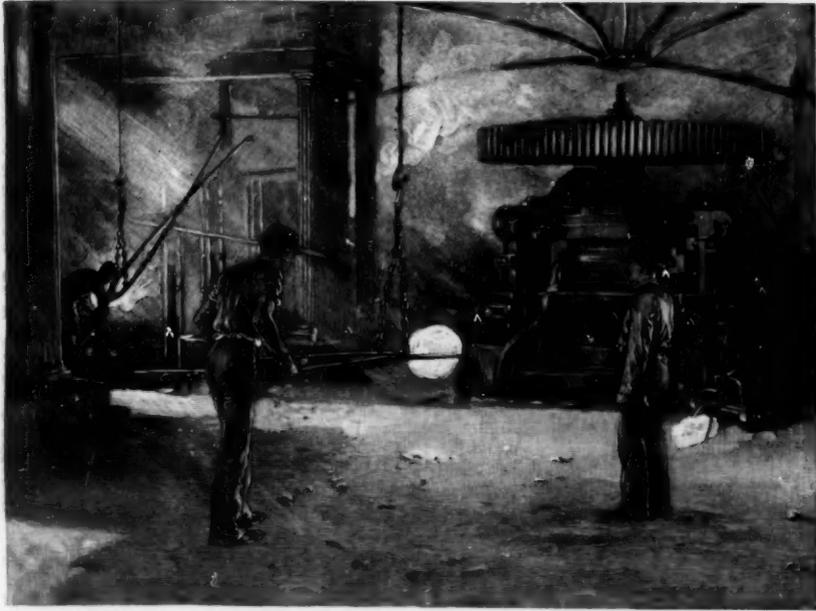
The puddling furnace belongs to the "reverberatory" class. Such a furnace consists of two main features, the fireplace and the laboratory part, the fuel being separated from the material to be heated by means of a *fire bridge*, a wall of refractory brick, with orifices to redirect air into the furnace. The flames pass over this bridge and *reverberate* into the laboratory, where they act on the charge. A flue connects the chimney with the laboratory, carries off the unconsumed gases, and serves also for the production of draught. By the damper in the flue, in connection with the thickness of the layer of fuel burnt in the fireplace, the flame may be made oxidizing, neutral, or reducing, at the will of the puddler. Cort originally used a sand bottom, but in 1818 iron was substituted. This bottom is now covered with a thick layer of furnace cinder or of malleable scrap, which has been highly oxidized, and so becomes refractory. The fireplace is considerably larger than the hearth or laboratory, sometimes nearly double the size, and the draught is a natural one derived from a high chimney. The hearth, either rectangular or oval, is bound by cast-iron plates lined with fire-brick. The side castings are sometimes hollow, as also the brick ends or bridges, to allow the circu-

lation of air. There are recesses in the sides to hold the "fettling" material, which is generally rich iron ore, or sometimes roasted cinder.

The primary stage in puddling is fusing the charge, which consists of broken white or mottled pig. The molten metal is thoroughly stirred or "rabbed" to make it uniform and secure the incorporation of the "fettle." The temperature is now raised, and carbonic oxide is released, causing a violent boiling of the mass and a burning on the surface with a blue flame. The rabbling proceeds with greater energy, being effected by a long iron instrument with a hoe-shaped blade fortified with refractory cement, till finally the fierce ebullition ceases and the blue flame expires. Bright grains of iron now appear in the fluid mass, for the metal is "coming to nature." As these particles multiply, the puddler begins balling the pasty iron, first reducing the temperature by turning off the damper. The iron is thus gradually collected and consolidated into lumps of from sixty to eighty pounds each, and they are ready for the hammer or squeezer. As Bessemer received his first suggestion from the old finery, so probably Siemens conceived his first notion of the "open-hearth" steel method from the puddling furnace.

The philosophy of puddling may be explained as follows: Pure iron, itself almost infusible, is easily melted in a bath of its own fusible compounds, such as silicides, carbides, phosphides, etc., pig iron being such an alloy. As the carbon and silicon in the early stages of puddling become oxidized by the oxygen of the fettling material, the solvent of the bath is diminished, and the iron tends to solidify in small particles. But each granule is enveloped in fusible slag containing sulphide or phosphide, less than enough to effect solution, but not sufficiently adherent to resist oxidation. The puddler, by his violent rabbling, washes this film into the cinder, precisely as greasy dirt is washed from soiled linen into soapy water by the pounding and rubbing of the laundress. The action of hammering, squeezing, and rolling removes adhering particles of the cinder in the last stage of production, similarly to the wringing of clothes.

No operation in iron-making means such severe and protracted labor, and it may be said scarcely any demands more



FROM THE PUDDLING-FURNACE TO THE SQUEEZER.

intelligence and judgment. Many attempts have been made to replace hand labor by machine-work. Conditions vary so much during the continuance of the process, which lasts from one and a half to two hours, that the kind and energy of the stirring of the iron puddling and the graduation of the heat must be left to the discretion of the workman, who is guided by his experience. Several machines, however, have been successfully operated, and among these are the so-called rotary "puddlers" invented by Mr. Samuel Danks, of Cincinnati, and modified later by Crampton, Sellers, and others. In these the laboratory chamber is detached from the fireplace; it is cylindrical, and is made to revolve by a special engine. The jacket of the laboratory is usually water-cooled. The lining is built up on the jacket by fusing together lumps of refractory ores and topped off by a layer of scrap iron. The usual ore fettling is then used. The rotary motion of the chamber answers to the rabbling of the hand workmen, though more regular and more energetic, and the result gives an iron of greater purity. The yield is

also increased. The gradual replacement of puddled iron by mild steel has checked the development of mechanical puddling, which, on account of the greater weight of puddle balls made, requires a radical change in the usual plant. It is used now only in making very pure blooms for the manufacture of the highest grades of open-hearth steel.

After the balls of pasty iron come from the puddling furnace they are taken to the steam hammer or squeezer, sometimes to both. The squeezer operates with the revolution of a corrugated cylinder, which condenses the ball and crushes out much of its cinder; and hence it is transferred, still hot, to the rolls, and passing through different sizes of grooves, it becomes what is called muck or puddled bar. It must not be supposed that this process of wringing is ended in one set of operations. Iron must be worked over and over again to expel the cinder and become homogeneous. The "muck bar" is broken up, bunched together, raised to a welding heat, and again and again carried through the rolls, until the work is supposed to be complete. We have now

good malleable iron, easily transformed into the higher grades of steel, and serving a thousand important purposes where metal needs to be forged or drawn and great tensile strength is needed.

The importance of machine tools in finishing the series of processes by which iron and steel are wrought into the condition which makes them available for their multitude of uses can scarcely be overstated. By this is not meant an operation in shaping the metal for a special service, as, for example, a steamer shaft or a steel rail. The steam-hammer and the rolling-train are essential in perfecting the work of manufacturing the raw material. However far the puddling furnace may carry the metal, it is the tremendous beating which it receives from the power-hammer and the crushing hug that squeezes the molecules together in the embrace of the rolls that release the product from many of its last traces of lurking impurities, and help to make the structure dense and homogeneous. Before James Nasmyth's great invention of the steam-hammer, trip or tilt and helve hammers had been the forging tools.

The first step in this direction was the Hercules—a ponderous mass of iron attached to a vertical guide-rod, originally lifted by a gang of men with ropes, but afterwards by water and steam power. As the demand for wrought iron increased, the necessity of more rapid and powerful hammer strokes was felt, and uniform-acting power-hammers were devised. The helve-hammer and the trip-hammer are essentially the same—that is to say, each consists of a heavy head attached to a beam mounted on gudgeons, which is lifted at regular intervals by a cam carried by a revolving shaft. The difference between them is the relative position of that portion of the beam at which the power is applied, one giving heavy, the other lighter but more rapid blows, both, however, invariable in the weight and time of the stroke. Nasmyth's invention of the steam-hammer in 1842 was a revelation of new possibilities in mechanical engineering. Though some improvements were made, it is essentially the same as at the beginning. This ponderous tool was suggested to Nasmyth by his observation of the operation of a spile-driver at Plymouth docks. It strikes the heaviest and the lightest blows with equal facility, and at the will of the foreman,

who has but to speak to the engineer who is a part of the living apparatus of the work, for each hammer has its own engine. It is said that the late German Emperor William once, when visiting the Krupp works at Essen, laid his jewelled watch on the anvil under the stroke of a 50-ton hammer. The blow was stopped just as it grazed the crystal without cracking the glass. The operation of this titanic tool depends on the device of attaching the hammer head to the lower end of a piston-rod working in an inverted steam-cylinder. The power to produce the massive forgings in iron and steel demanded by the modern mechanical arts is largely dependent on the Nasmyth hammer in some of its forms. The various adaptations of the upright hammer are divided into two classes—that in which the steam is applied above the piston to augment the weight of the blow, and that in which the piston and the piston-rod are rigid with the frame and the cylinder is made movable, its weight being thus added to the impact of the stroke. There is scarcely an important iron or steel workshop in the world which does not use these great tools. The largest hammer, that at the South Bethlehem Iron-Works, in Pennsylvania, strikes a blow of one hundred and twenty-five tons. Among the important modifications of the steam-hammer to suit special needs, one for forging armor-plate may be cited, working with horizontal strokes by the impact of two hammer heads on the opposite sides of the plate.

The rolling-train is of equal importance with the power-hammer, alike in finishing the original product of iron and steel, and manufacturing them into their ultimate forms. After a bloom or ingot has been heated to the proper temperature it is passed through cast-iron grooved rolls, of the same diameter and made to revolve at the same speed, but geared to rotate in opposite directions, so that the opposed faces of the rolls that meet the metal run in the same direction. Shaped by the grooves, it now becomes finished bar or rail. The grooves through which the object passes are of various sizes and shapes, plane, circular, and corrugated, to suit the purpose intended. The first roll trains used were "two high," having only two rolls, one over the other. These worked continuously in the same direction, so that it was necessary to return the piece



A TRAIN OF ROLLS—ROLLING SHEET-IRON.

over the top roll before it could enter the next groove on the front side. This style of train is still widely used in rolling iron and steel bars. Puddle trains, in which puddle balls are made into muck bars, are always two-high. The "three-high train" is of American origin, and has three superposed rolls. The bar enters between the bottom and middle rolls, and is returned to the next groove between the middle and top rolls, so that the work of reduction goes on continuously, and not in one direction only, as in the two-high train. This style has been used in this country for "blooming trains," or trains in which ponderous steel ingots are reduced to smaller-sized masses called blooms, and for steel-rail trains; but the tendency now is toward the two-high reversing train, where, after the piece has passed through a groove in one direction,

the driving engine is reversed and the piece is returned through the next groove, and so on, forward and backward, till the bar is finished. This saves lifting the piece from lower to upper roll, which, in the case of a modern steel ingot weighing many thousands of pounds, becomes a complicated problem. There is also the combination machine called the "universal mill," consisting of one horizontal and one vertical pair just behind it, which at the same time compress the mass laterally and vertically. The diversity of machine rolls is very great, so that beyond a general description of the principle on which they operate it is scarcely practicable to convey a notion of their special forms. Metal is generally worked at a white heat, especially where it is in large masses and has to be passed through a series of rolls with graduated sizes of grooves. It

is sometimes, however, finished cold, as it is found that the increased compression gives steel and iron much greater stiffness and elasticity. For this purpose a different rolling-train is found necessary.

The progress of iron metallurgy in the American colonies was of course somewhat behind that of the mother country, but the Englishmen in the New World began promptly to display that ambition and ingenuity which now enable their descendants to lead the van of the world. Mr. J. M. Swank, secretary of the American Steel and Iron Association, in his exhaustive work, *Iron in All Ages*, has given a very interesting review of the growth of the most important manufacturing industries in this country. The first iron-works were erected at Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1645, and up to 1731 New England could only boast of nineteen bloomeries and six casting-furnaces. The other colonies which made iron were New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, but the sum total was limited to fifteen furnaces and thirty bloomeries. The Catalan forge was used mostly for making malleable iron, and there is but little doubt that a furnace closely following the earliest model of the blast-furnace, the *stückerofen*, was also operated here in the early part of the eighteenth century. This was also the fact as to the old finery, the precursor of puddling. For a long time the needs of the iron trade were for the small rods and bars necessary in the production of nails, wire, and articles of household hardware, or for castings. In 1731 the first rolling and "slitting" mill operated in America was erected in Massachusetts Bay. With a two-high train the iron bloom was lengthened into a bar, and then in the slitting-machine this bar was cut into longitudinal sections by means of rotary cutters, consisting of steel disks. This was the method of manufacturing rods, which entered into so many of the merchantable products of the period. In 1750 an act of Parliament which forbade the erection of rolling and slitting mills in the colonies was put in force, and though bar and pig iron continued to be manufactured, there was but little progress made in the iron industry till after the Revolution. During the latter period, it need scarcely be said, there was very little advance in scientific iron-making, but the demand for cannon, anchors,

chains, and similar material kept the iron mills busy on the old lines. Eli Whitney, in 1798, erected at Whitneyville, Connecticut, the first fire-arms works in the United States, and among other great improvements invented the system of interchangeable parts, which, as applied to so many important products, has been of enormous value in cheapening their cost and increasing their usefulness.

The introduction of regular puddling-furnaces and of improved rolling-mills with corrugated grooves occurred in 1816, and from this time the advance of the iron-manufacturing interest was rapid, progress keeping equal pace with the introduction of changed methods in England. But the great stimulus, which made itself felt in every part of this multifarious industry, was the successful utilization of both anthracite and bituminous coal in iron-smelting, which was finally effected between 1830 and 1840. Mr. David Thomas, of Catasauqua, Pennsylvania, was the promoter of this great change of base (charcoal had been used at an earlier period), and it made Pennsylvania the most important iron-manufacturing State in the Union, a glory which she has ever since retained. Almost simultaneously with the success of Thomas with raw anthracite, coke was successfully applied in the Lonaconing furnace in Alleghany County, Maryland, though its value had long before been theoretically admitted. The rapidity with which coke has made its way as fuel for the blast-furnace is shown in the fact that at the present time nearly three-quarters of the pig-metal yield of the country is derived from this source.

It is scarcely worth while to follow the details of development in America, for they are in no special way to be distinguished from those of the Old World, except so far as American ingenuity in these latter days has displayed its power and versatility in perfecting or inventing apparatus and improving the construction and arrangement of manufacturing plants. We have now arrived at what may be called *par excellence* "the age of steel," and its story, with the statistics of iron and steel production, must be told in a following article. Both in iron and steel the great strength of the United States has been in the line of developing production to its full possibilities, rather than in discovering great fundamental processes.



A TRANSPLANTED BOY.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

I.

THE old Rondinelli Palace at Pisa has been for many years a boarding-house, or *pension*, called Casa Corti. The establishment is a large one, and Madame Corti, the proprietress, believes that it has much distinction.

One evening in the spring of 1880 a pretty little American, who looked not more than twenty-five years old, but who was thirty-three, left the drawing-room where the seventy boarders were assembled after dinner, and mounted to her own quarters. She did not care for tea, or whist, or books on art, or wool-work; and, besides, her little boy Maso was waiting for her.

"Oh, how early you've come up! I'm awful glad," said Maso, as she entered

her bedroom on the third floor. It was a large room, shabbily furnished in yellow, the frescoed walls representing the Bay of Naples. Maso was lying on the rug, with his dog by his side.

"Why are you in the dark?" said his mother. There was a smouldering fire on the hearth; for though the day had been fine (it was the 15th of March), the old palace had a way of developing unexpected shivers in the evening. In spite of these shivers, however, this was the only room where there was a fire. Mrs. Roscoe lighted the lamp and put on the pink shade; then she drew the small Italian sticks together on the hearth, threw on a dozen pine cones, and with the bellows blew the whole into a brilliant blaze. Next she put a key into the Bay

of Naples, unlocked a wave, and drew out a small Vienna coffee-pot.

"Are we going to have coffee? Jolly!" said the boy.

His mother made the coffee; then she took from the same concealed cupboard, which had been drilled in the solid stone of the wall, a little glass jug shaped like a lachrymal from the catacombs, which contained cream; sugar in a bowl; cakes, and a box of marrons glacés. Maso gave a Hi! of delight as each dainty appeared, and made his dog sit on his hind legs. "I say, mother, what were they all laughing about at dinner? Something you said?"

"They always laugh; they appear never to have heard a joke before. That about the bishops, now, that is as old as the hills." Leaning back in her easy-chair before the fire, with Maso established at her feet, enjoying his cake and coffee, she gave a long yawn. "Oh, what a stupid life!"

Maso was well accustomed to this exclamation. But when he had his mother to himself, and when the room was so bright and so full of fragrant aromas, he saw no reason to echo it. "Well, I think it's just gay!" he answered. "Mr. Tiber, beg!" Mr. Tiber begged, and received a morsel of cake.

Mrs. Roscoe, after drinking her coffee, had taken up a new novel. "Perhaps you had better study a little," she suggested.

Maso made a grimace. But as the coffee was gone and the cakes were eaten, he complied; that is, he complied after he had made Mr. Tiber go through his tricks. This took time; for Mr. Tiber, having swallowed a good deal of cake himself, was lazy. At last, after he had been persuaded to show to the world the excellent education he had received, his master decided to go on with his own, and went to get his books, which were on the shelf at the other end of the long room. It pleased him to make this little journey on his heels, with his toes sharply upturned in the air—a feat which required much balancing.

"That is the way you run down the heels of your shoes so," his mother remarked, glancing at his contortions.

"It doesn't hurt them much on the carpet," replied the boy.

"Merrey! You don't go staggering through the streets in that way, do you?"

"Only back streets."

He was now returning in the same obstructed manner, carrying his books. He placed them upon the table where the lamp was standing; then he lifted Mr. Tiber to the top of the same table and made him lie down; next, seating himself, he opened a battered school-book, a United States History, and, after looking at the pictures for a while, he began at last to repeat two dates to himself in a singsong whisper. Maso was passing through the period when a boy can be very plain, even hideous, in appearance, without any perception of the fact in the minds of his relatives, who see in him the little toddler still, or else the future man; other persons, however, are apt to see a creature all hands and feet, with a big uncertain mouth and an omnipresent awkwardness. Maso, in addition to this, was short and ill developed, with inexpressive eyes and many large freckles. His features were not well cut; his complexion was pale; his straight hair was of a reddish hue. None of the mother's beauties were repeated in the child. Such as he was, however, she loved him, and he repaid her love by a deep adoration; to him, besides being "mother," she was the most beautiful being in the whole world, and also the cleverest.

While he was vaguely murmuring his dates, and rocking himself backwards and forwards in time with the murmur, there came a tap at the door. It was Miss Spring. "I have looked in to bid you good-by," she said, entering. "I am going to Munich to-morrow."

"Isn't that sudden?" said Mrs. Roscoe. "The torn chair is the most comfortable. Have a marron?"

"Thank you; I seldom eat sweets. No, it is not sudden."

"Shall I make you a cup of coffee?"

"Thank you; I don't take coffee."

Mrs. Roscoe pushed a footstool across the rug.

"Thank you; I never need footstools."

"Superior to all the delights of woman-kind!"

Miss Spring came out of her abstraction and laughed. "Not superior; only bilious, and long-legged." Then her face grew grave again. "Do you consider Pisa an attractive place for a permanent residence?" she inquired, fixing her eyes upon her hostess, who, having offered all the hospitable attentions in her power,

was now leaning back again, her feet on a hassock.

"Attractive? Heavens! no."

"Yet you stay here? I think I have seen you here, at intervals, for something like seven years?"

beginning, the things you don't care for: Niccola and the revival of sculpture; the early masters. But I have not found them satisfying. I have tried to care for that sarcophagus; but the truth is that I remain perfectly cold before it. And the



"MR. TIBER, REG."

"Don't count them; I hate the sound," said Mrs. Roscoe. "My wish is—my hope is—to live in Paris; I get there once in a while, and then I always have to give it up and come away. Italy is cheap, and Pisa is the cheapest place in Italy."

"So that is your reason for remaining," said Miss Spring, reflectively.

"What other reason on earth *could* there be?"

"The equable climate."

"I hate equable climates. No, we're not here for climates. Nor for Benozzo; nor for Niccola the Pisan, and that everlasting old sarcophagus that they are always talking about; nor for the Leaning Tower either. I perfectly hate the Leaning Tower!"

Miss Spring gazed at the fire. "I may as well acknowledge that it was those very things that brought me here in the

Campo Santo frescoes seem to me out of drawing. As to the Shelley memories, do you know what I thought of the other day? Supposing that Shelley and Byron were residing here at this moment—Shelley with that queerness about his first wife hanging over him, and Byron living as we know he lived in the Toscanelli palace—do you think that these ladies in the pension who now sketch the Toscanelli and sketch Shelley's windows, who go to Lerici and rave over Casa Magni, who make pilgrimages to the very spot on the beach where Byron and Trelawny built the funeral pyre—do you think that a single one of them would call, if it were to-day, upon Mary Shelley? Or like to have Shelley and Byron dropping in here for afternoon tea, with the chance of meeting the curates?"

"If they met them, they couldn't out-

talk them," answered Violet, laughing. "Curates always want to explain something they said the day before. As to the calling and the tea, what would *you* do?"

"I should be consistent," responded Miss Spring, with dignity. "I should call. And I should be happy to see them here in return."

"Well, you'd be safe," said Violet. "Shelley, Byron, Trelawny, all together, would never dare to flirt with Roberta Spring!" She could say this without malice, for her visitor was undeniably a handsome woman.

Miss Spring, meanwhile, had risen; going to the table, she put on her glasses and bent over Maso's book. "History?"

"Yes, 'm. I haven't got very far yet," Maso answered.

"Reader. Copy-book. Geography. Spelling-book. Arithmetic," said Miss Spring, turning the books over one by one. "The Arithmetic appears to be the cleanest."

"Disuse," said Mrs. Roscoe, from her easy-chair. "As I am Maso's teacher, and as I hate arithmetic, we have never gone very far. I don't know what we shall do when we get to fractions!"

"And what is your dog doing on the table, may I ask?" inquired the visitor, surveying Mr. Tiber coldly.

"Oh, he helps lots. I couldn't study at all without him," explained Maso, with eagerness.

"Well!" said Miss Spring. She never could comprehend what she called "all this dog business" of the Roscoes. And their dog language (they had one) routed her completely.

"Why did you name him Mr. Tiber?" pursued the visitor, in her grave voice.

"We didn't; he was already named," explained Mrs. Roscoe. "We bought him of an old lady in Rome, who had three; she had named them after Italian rivers: Mr. Arno, Mr. Tiber, and Miss Dora Ripaira."

"Miss Dora Ripaira—well!" said Miss Spring. Then she turned to subjects more within her comprehension. "It is a pity I am going away, Maso, for I could have taught you arithmetic; I like to teach arithmetic."

Maso made no answer save an imbecile grin. His mother gesticulated at him behind Miss Spring's back. Then he muttered, "Thank you, 'm," hoping fervently that the Munich plan was secure.

"I shall get a tutor for Maso before long," remarked Mrs. Roscoe, as Miss Spring came back to the fire. "Later, my idea is to have him go to Oxford."

Miss Spring looked as though she were uttering, mentally, another "well!" The lack of agreement in the various statements of her pretty little countrywoman always puzzled her; she could understand crime better than inconsistency.

"Shall you stay long in Munich?" Violet inquired.

"That depends." Miss Spring had not seated herself. "Would you mind coming to my room for a few minutes?" she added.

"There's no fire; I shall freeze to death!" thought Violet. "If you like," she answered aloud. And together they ascended to the upper story, where, at the top of two unexpected steps, was Miss Spring's door. A trunk, locked and strapped, stood in the centre of the floor; an open travelling-bag, placed on a chair, gaped for the toilet articles, which were ranged on the table together, so that nothing should be forgotten at the early morning start—a cheap hair-brush and stout comb, an unadorned wooden box containing hair-pins and a scissors, a particularly hideous travelling pin-cushion. Violet Roscoe gazed at these articles, fascinated by their ugliness; she herself possessed a long row of vials and brushes, boxes and mirrors, of silver, crystal, and ivory, and believed that she could not live without them.

"I thought I would not go into the subject before Maso," began Miss Spring, as she closed her door. "Such explanations sometimes unsettle a boy; his may not be a mind to which inquiry is necessary. My visit to Munich has an object. I am going to study music."

"Music?" repeated Mrs. Roscoe, surprised. "I didn't know you cared for it."

"But it remains to be seen whether I care, doesn't it? One cannot tell until one has tried. This is the case: I am now thirty-seven years of age. I have given a good deal of attention to astronomy and to mathematics; I am an evolutionist, a realist, a member of the Society for Psychological Research; Herbert Spencer's works always travel with me. These studies have been extremely interesting. And yet I find that I am not fully satisfied, Mrs. Roscoe. And it has been a disappoint-

ment. I determined, therefore, to try some of those intellectual influences which do not appeal solely to reason. They appear to give pleasure to large numbers of mankind, so there must be something in them. What that is I resolved to find out. I began with sculpture. Then painting. But they have given me no pleasure whatever. Music is third on the list. So now I am going to try that."

Mrs. Roscoe gave a spring and seated herself on the bed, with her feet under her, Turkish fashion; the floor was really too cold. "No use trying music unless you like it," she said.

"I have never *disliked* it. My attitude will be that of an impartial investigator," explained Miss Spring. "I have, of course, no expectation of becoming a performer; but I shall study the theory of harmony, the science of musical composition, its structure—"

"Structure? Stuff! You've got to *feel* it," said Violet.

"Very well. I am perfectly willing to feel; that is, in fact, what I wish. Let them *make* me feel. If it is an affair of the emotions, let them rouse *my* emotions," answered Roberta.

"If you would swallow a marron occasionally, and drink a cup of good coffee with cream; if you would have some ivory brushes and crystal scent-bottles, instead of those hideous objects," said Violet, glancing towards the table; "if you would get some pretty dresses once in a while—I think satisfaction would be nearer."

Miss Spring looked up quickly. You think I have been too ascetic? Is that what you mean?"

"Oh, I never mean anything," answered Violet, hugging herself to keep down a shiver.

"I knew I should get a new idea out of you, Mrs. Roscoe. I always do," said Roberta, frankly. "And this time it is an important one; it is a side light which I had not thought of myself at all. I shall go to Munich to-morrow. But I will add this: if music is not a success, perhaps I may some time try your plan."

"Plan? Horrible! I haven't any," said Violet, escaping towards the door.

"It's an unconscious one; it is, possibly, instinctive truth," said Miss Spring, as she shook hands with her departing

guest. "And instinctive truth is the most valuable."

Violet ran back to her own warm quarters. "You don't mean to say, Maso, that you've stopped studying already?" she said, as she entered and seated herself before her fire again, with a sigh of content. "Nice lessons you'll have for me to-morrow."

"They're all O. K.," responded the boy. He had his paint-box before him, and was painting the Indians in his History.

"Well, go to bed, then."

"Yes, 'm."

At half past ten, happening to turn her head while she cut open the pages of her novel, she saw that he was still there. "Maso, do you hear me? Go to bed."

"Yes, 'm." He painted faster, making hideous grimaces with his protruded lips, which unconsciously followed the strokes of his brush up and down. The picture finished at last, he rose. "Mr. Tiber, pim."

At eleven, Mrs. Roscoe finished her novel and threw it down. "Women who write don't know much about love-affairs," was her reflection. "And those of us who have love-affairs don't write!" She rose. "Maso, you here still? I thought you went to bed an hour ago!"

"Well, I did begin. I put my shoes outside." He extended his shoeless feet in proof. "Then I just came back for a minute."

His mother looked over his shoulder. "That same old fairy-book! Who would suppose you were twelve years old?"

"Thirteen," said Maso, coloring.

"So you are. But only two weeks ago. Never mind; you'll be a tall man yet—a great big thing striding about, whom I shall not care half so much for as I do for my little boy." She kissed him. "All your father's family are tall, and you look just like them."

Maso nestled closer as she stood beside him. "How did father look? I don't remember him much."

"Much? You don't remember him at all; he died when you were six months old—a little teenty baby."

"I say, mother, how long have we been over here?"

"I came abroad when you were not quite two."

"Aren't we ever going back?"

"If you could once see Coesville!" was Mrs. Roscoe's emphatic reply.

II.

"Hist, Maso! Take this in to your lady mother," said Giulio. "I made it myself, so it's good." Giulio, one of the dining-room waiters at Casa Corti, was devoted to the Roscoes. Though he was master of a mysterious French polyglot, he used at present his own tongue, for Maso spoke Italian as readily as he did, and in much the same fashion.

Maso took the cup, and Giulio disappeared. As the boy was carrying the broth carefully towards his mother's door, Madame Corti passed him. She paused.

"Ah, Master Roscoe, I am relieved to learn that your mother is better. Will you tell her, with my compliments, that I advise her to go at once to the Bagni to make her recovery? She ought to go to-morrow. That is the air required for convalescence."

Maso repeated this to his mother: "That is the air required for convalescence," she said.

"And 'this is the room required for spring tourists,' she meant. Did she name a day—the angel?"

"Well, she did say to-morrow," Maso admitted.

"Old cat! She is dying to turn me out; she is so dreadfully afraid that the word fever will hurt her house. All the servants are sworn to call it rheumatism."

"See here, mother, Giulio sent you this."

"I don't want any of their messes."

"But he made it himself, so it's good." He knelt down beside her sofa, holding up the cup coaxingly.

"Beef tea," said Mrs. Roscoe, drawing down her upper lip. But she took a little to please him.

"Just a little more."

She took more.

"A little *teenty* more."

"You scamp! You think it's great fun to give directions, don't you?"

Maso, who had put the emptied cup back on the table, gave a leap of glee because she had taken so much.

"Don't walk on your hands," said his mother, in alarm. "It makes me too nervous."

It was the 12th of April, and she had been ill two weeks. An attack of bronchitis had prostrated her suddenly, and the bronchitis had been followed by an intermittent fever, which left her weak.

"I say, mother, let's go," said Maso. "It's so nice at the Bagni—all trees and everything. Miss Anderson'll come and pack."

"If we do go to the Bagni we cannot stay at the hotel," said Mrs. Roscoe, gloomily. "This year we shall have to find some cheaper place. I have been counting upon money from home that hasn't come."

"But it *will* come," said Maso, with confidence.

"Have you much acquaintance with Reuben John?"

He had no very clear idea as to the identity of Reuben John, save that he was some sort of a dreadful relative in America.

"Well, the Bagni's nice," he answered, "no matter where we stay. And I know Miss Anderson'll come and pack."

"You mustn't say a word to her about it. I have got to write a note, as it is, and ask her to wait for her money until winter. Dr. Prior too."

"Well, they'll do it; they'll do it in a minute, and be glad to," said Maso, still confident.

"I am sure I don't know why," commented his mother, turning her head upon the pillow fretfully.

"Why, mother, they'll do it because it's you. They think everything of you; everybody does," said the boy, adoringly.

Violet Roscoe laughed. It took but little to cheer her. "If you don't brush your hair more carefully they won't think much of *you*," she answered, setting his collar straight.

There was a knock at the door. "Letters," said Maso, returning. He brought her a large envelope, adorned with Italian superlatives of honor and closed with a red seal. "Always so civil," murmured Mrs. Roscoe, examining the decorated address with a pleased smile. Her letters came to a Pisan bank; the bankers re-enclosed them in this elaborate way, and sent them to her by their own gilt-buttoned messenger. There was only one letter to-day. She opened it, read the first page, turned the leaf, and then in her weakness she began to sob. Maso in great distress knelt beside her; he put his arm round her neck, and laid his cheek to hers; he did everything he could think of to comfort her. Mr. Tiber, who had been lying at her feet, walked up her back and gave an affectionate lick to her



"WE MUST SINK OR SWIM TOGETHER, MASO."

hair. "Mercy! the dog too," she said, drying her eyes. "*Of course* it was Reuben John," she explained, shaking up her pillow.

Maso picked up the fallen letter.

"Don't read it; burn it—horrid thing!" his mother commanded.

He obeyed, striking a match and lighting the edge of the page.

"Not only no money, but in its place a long, hateful, busybodying sermon," continued Mrs. Roscoe, indignantly.

Maso came back from the hearth, and took up the envelope. "Mrs. Thomas R. Coe," he read aloud. "Is our name really Coe, mother?"

"You know it is perfectly well."

"Everybody says Roscoe."

"I didn't get it up; all I did was to call myself Mrs. Ross Coe, which is my name, isn't it? I hate Thomas. Then these English got hold of it and made it Ross-Coe and Roscoe. I grew tired of correcting them long ago."

"Then in America I should be Thom-as Ross Coe," pursued the boy, still scanning the envelope, and pronouncing the syllables slowly. He was more familiar with Italian names than with American.

"No such luck. Tommy Coe you'd be now. And as you grew older, Tom Coe—like your father before you."



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WATERHOUSE.

They went to the Bagni, that is, to the baths of Lucca. The journey, short as it was, tired Mrs. Roscoe greatly. They took up their abode in two small rooms in an Italian house which had an unswept stairway and a constantly open door. Maso, disturbed by her illness, but by nothing else—for they had often followed a nomadic life for a while when funds were low—scoured the town. He bought cakes and fruit to tempt her appetite; he made coffee. He had no conception that these things were not

the proper food for a convalescent; his mother had always lived upon coffee and sweets.

On the first day of May, when they had been following this course for two weeks, they had a visitor. Dr. Prior, who had been called to the Bagni for a day, came to have a look at his former patient. He staid fifteen minutes. When he took leave he asked Maso to show him the way to a certain house. This, however, was but a pretext, for when they reached the street he stopped.

"I dare say ye have friends here?"

"Well," answered Maso, "mother generally knows a good many of the people in the hotel when we are staying there. But this year we ain't."

"Hum! And where are your relatives?"

"I don't know as we've got any. Yes, there's one," pursued Maso, remembering Reuben John. "But he's in America."

The Scotch physician, who was by no means an amiable man, was bluntly honest. "How old are you?" he inquired.

"I'm going on fourteen."

"Never should have supposed ye to be more than eleven. As there appears to be no one else, I must speak to you. Your mother must not stay in this house a day longer; she must have a better place—better air and better food."

Maso's heart gave a great throb. "Is she—is she very ill?"

"Not yet. But she is in a bad way; she coughs. She ought to leave Italy for a while; stay out of it for at least four months. If she doesn't care to go far, Aix-les-Bains would do. Speak to her about it. I fancy ye can arrange it—hey? American boys have their own way, I hear."

Maso went back to his mother's room with his heart in his mouth. When he came in she was asleep; her face looked wan. The boy, cold all over with the new fear, sat down quietly by the window with Mr. Tiber on his lap, and fell into anxious thought. After a while his mother woke. The greasy dinner, packed in greasy tins, came and went. When the room was quiet again he began, tremulously: "How much money have we got, mother?"

"Precious little."

"Mayn't I see how much it is?"

"No; don't bother."

She had eaten nothing. "Mother, won't you please take that money, even if it's little, and go straight off north somewhere? To Aix-les-Bains."

"What are you talking about? Aix-les-Bains? What do you know of Aix-les-Bains?"

"Well, I've heard about it. Say, mother, do go. And Mr. Tiber and me'll stay here. We'll have lots of fun," added the boy, bravely.

"Is that all you care about me?" demanded his mother. Then seeing his face change, "Come here, you silly child," she said. She made him sit down on the rug beside her sofa. "We must sink or swim together, Maso (dear me! we're not much in the swim now); we can't go anywhere, either of us; we can only just manage to live as we're living now. And there won't be any more money until November." She stroked his hair caressingly. His new fear made him notice how thin her wrist had grown.

III.

"You will mail these three letters immediately," said Mr. Waterhouse, in Italian, to the hotel porter.

"Si, signore," answered the man, with the national sunny smile, although Waterhouse's final gratuity had been but a franc.

"Now, Tommaso, I must be off; long drive. Sorry it has happened so. Crazy idea her coming at all, as she has enjoyed bad health for years, poor old thing! She may be dead at this moment, and probably, in fact, she *is* dead; but I shall have to go, all the same, in spite of the great expense; she ought to have thought of that. I have explained everything to your mother in that letter; the money is at her own bank in Pisa, and I have sent her the receipt. You have fifty francs with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fifty francs—that is ten dollars. More than enough, much more; be careful of it, Tommaso. You will hear from your mother in two days, or sooner, if she telegraphs; in the mean while you will stay quietly where you are."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Waterhouse shook hands with his pupil, and stepping into the waiting carriage, was driven away.

Benjamin F. Waterhouse, as he signed himself (of course the full name was Benjamin Franklin), was an American who had lived in Europe for nearly half a century, always expecting to go home "next summer." He was very tall, with a face that resembled a damaged portrait of Emerson, and he had been engaged for many years in writing a great work, a *Life of Christopher Columbus*, which was to supersede all other *Lives*. As his purse was a light one, he occasionally took pupils, and it was in this way that he had taken Maso, or, as he called him (giving him all the syllables of the Italian Thomas), Tommaso. Only three weeks, however, of his tutorship had passed when he had received a letter announcing that his sister, his only remaining relative, despairing of his return, was coming abroad to see him, in spite of her age and infirmities; she was the "poor old thing" of her dry brother's description, and the voyage apparently had been too great an exertion, for she was lying dangerously ill at Liverpool, and the physician in attendance had telegraphed to Waterhouse to come immediately.

The history of the tutorship was as follows: Money had come from America after all. Mrs. Roscoe (as everybody called her) had been trying for some time, so she told Maso, "to circumvent Reuben John," and sell a piece of land which she owned in Indiana. Now, unexpectedly, a purchaser had turned up. While she was relating this it seemed to her that her little boy changed into a young man before her eyes. "You've just got to take that money, mother, and go straight up to Aix-les-Bains," said Maso, planting himself before her. "I sha'n't go a single step; I ain't sick, and you are; it's cheaper for me to stay here. There isn't money enough to take us both, for I want you to stay up there *ever* so long; four whole months."

This was the first of many discussions, or rather of astonished exclamations from the mother, met by a stubborn and at last a silent obstinacy on the part of the boy. For of late he had scarcely slept, he had been so anxious; he had discovered that the people in the house, with the usual Italian dread of a cough, believed that "the beautiful little American," as they called his mother, was doomed. Mother and son had never been separated; the mother shed tears over the idea of a sep-

aration now; and then a few more because Maso did not "care." "It doesn't seem to be anything to *you*," she declared, reproachfully.

But Maso, grim-faced and wretched, held firm.

In this dead-lock Mrs. Roscoe at last had the inspiration of asking Benjamin Waterhouse, who was spending the summer at the Bagni, and whom she knew to be a frugal man, to take charge of Maso during her absence. Maso, who under other circumstances would have fought the idea of a tutor with all his strength, now yielded without a word. And then the mother, unwillingly and in a flood of tears, departed. She went by slow stages to Aix-les-Bains; even her first letter, however, much more the later ones, exhaled from each line her pleasure in the cooler air and in her returning health. She sent to Maso, after a while, a colored photograph of herself, taken on the shore of Lake Bourget, and the picture was to the lonely boy the most precious thing he had ever possessed; for it showed that the alarming languor had gone; she was no longer thin and wan. He carried the photograph with him, and when he was alone he took it out. For he was suffering from the deepest pangs of homesickness. He was homesick for his mother, for his mother's room (the only home he had ever known), with all its attractions and indulgences.

Now Maso was left alone, not only schoolless but tutorless. When the carriage bearing the biographer of Columbus had disappeared down the road leading to Lucca, the boy went back to the porter, who, wearing his stiff official cap adorned with the name of the hotel, stood airing his corpulent person in the doorway. "Say, Gregorio, I'll take those letters to the post-office if you like; I'm going right by there."

Gregorio liked Maso; all Italian servants liked the boy and his clever dog. In addition, the sunshine was hot, and Gregorio was not fond of pedestrian exercise; so he gave the letters to Maso willingly enough. Maso went briskly to the post-office. Here he put two of the letters into the box, but the third, which bore his mother's address, remained hidden under his jacket. Returning to the hotel, he went up to his room, placed this letter in his trunk, and locked the trunk carefully; then, accompanied by Mr. Ti-

ber, he went off for a walk. His thoughts ran something as follows: "Tany rate, mother sha'n't know; *that's* settled; I ain't going to let her come back here and get sick again; no, sir! She's getting all well up there, and she's *got* to stay four whole months. There's no way she can hear that old Longlegs" (this was his name for the historical Benjamin) "has gone, now that I've hooked his letter; the people she knows here at the Bagni never write; besides, they don't know where she's staying, and I won't let 'em know. If they see me here alone they'll suppose Longlegs has arranged it. I've got to tell lies some; I've got to pretend, when I write to her, that Longlegs has sprained his wrist or his leg or something, and that's why he can't write himself. I've got to be awful careful about what I put in my letters, so that they'll sound all right; but I guess I can do it bully. And I'll spend mighty little (only I'm going to have ices); I'll quit the hotel, and go back to that house where we staid before the money came."

The fifty francs carried the two through a good many days. Mr. Tiber, indeed, knew no change, for he had his coroneted bed, and the same fare was provided for him daily—a small piece of meat, plenty of hot macaroni, followed by a bit of cake and several lumps of sugar. When there were but eight francs left, Maso went to Pisa. Mr. Waterhouse, who was very careful about money affairs, had paid all his pupil's bills up to the date of his own departure, and had then sent the remainder of the money which Mrs. Roscoe had left with him for the summer to her bankers at Pisa. Maso, as a precaution, carried with him the unmailed letter which contained the receipt for this sum. But he hoped that he should not be obliged to open the letter; he thought that they would give him a little money without that, as they knew him well. When he reached Pisa he found that the bank had closed its doors. It had failed.

Apparently it was a bad failure. Nobody (he inquired here and there) gave him a hopeful word. At the English bookseller's an assistant whom he knew said: "Even if something is recovered after a while, I am sure that nothing will be paid out for a long time yet. They have always been shaky; in my opinion, they are rascals."

Maso went back to the Bagni. In the

bewilderment of his thoughts there was but one clear idea: "Tany rate, mother sha'n't know; she's got to stay away four whole months; the doctor said so."

IV.

After a day of thought, Maso decided that he would leave the Bagni and go down to Pisa, and stay at Casa Corti. Madame Corti would not be there (she spent her summers at Sorrento), and officially the pension was closed; but Giulio would let him remain, knowing that his mother would pay for it when she returned; he had even a vision of the very room at the top of the house where Giulio would probably put him—a brick-floored cell next to the linen-room, adorned with an ancient shrine, and pervaded by the odor of freshly ironed towels. It would be no end of a lark to spend the summer in Pisa. Luigi would be there. And the puppet-shows. And perhaps Giulio would take him up on Sundays to the house on the hill-side, where his wife and children lived; he had taken him once, and Maso had always longed to go again. But when he reached Pisa with his dog and his trunk he found the Palazzo Rondinelli wearing the aspect of a deserted fortress; the immense outer doors were swung to and locked; there was no sign of life anywhere. It had not been closed for twenty years. It was the unexpected which had happened. Maso went round to the stone lane behind the palace to see Luigi. It was then that he learned that his friend had gone to live in Leghorn; he learned, also, that the Casa Corti servants, having an opportunity to earn full wages at Abetone for two months, had been permitted by Madame Corti to accept this rare good fortune; the house, therefore, had been closed. Maso, thus adrift, was still confident that the summer was going to be "huge," a free banditlike existence, with many enjoyments; pictures of going swimming, and staying in as long as he liked, were in his mind; also the privilege of having his hair shaved close to his head, of eating melons at his pleasure, and of drinking lemonade in oceans from the gayly adorned jingling carts. Of course he should have to get something to do, as his money was almost gone. Still, it would not take much to support him, and there was going to be an exciting joy in independence, in living in "bachelor quarters." He found his bach-

elor quarters in the Street of the Lily, a narrow passage that went burrowing along between two continuous rows of high old houses. The Lily's pavement was slimy with immemorial filth, and, in spite of the heat, the damp atmosphere was like that of an ill-kept refrigerator. At the top of one of the houses he established himself, with Mr. Tiber, in a bare room which contained not much more than a chair and a bed. Nevertheless, the first time he came out, locked his door, and descended the stairs with the key in his pocket, he felt like a man; and he carried himself like one, with a swagger. The room had one advantage, it contained a trap-door to the roof, and there was a ladder tied up to the high ceiling, its rope secured by a padlock; the boy soon contrived means (this must have been his Yankee blood) to get the ladder down when he chose; then at night he went up and cooled himself off on the roof, under the stars. There were two broken statues there—for the old house had had its day of grandeur; he made a seat, or rather a bed, at their feet. Mr. Tiber was so unhappy down below that Maso invented a way to get him up also; he spread his jacket on the floor, made Mr. Tiber lie down upon it, and then fastening the sleeves together with a cord, he swung the jacket round his neck and ascended with his burden. Mr. Tiber enjoyed the roof very much.

Having established himself, selected his trattoria, and imbibed a good deal of lemonade as a beginning, the occupant of the bachelor quarters visited the business streets of Pisa in search of employment. But it was the dullest season in a place always dull, and no one wished for a new boy. At the Anglo-American Agency the clerk, languid from the heat, motioned him away without a word; at the Forwarding and Commission Office no one looked at him or spoke to him; so it was everywhere. His friend the bookseller's assistant had gone for the summer to the branch establishment at Como.

Mrs. Roscoe, who detested Pisa, had established no relations there save at the confectioner's and at the bank. But the bank continued closed, and the confectioner objected to boys of thirteen as helpers. In this emergency Maso wrote to Luigi, asking if there was any hope of a place in Leghorn.

"There is sure to be a demand at the

large establishments for a talented North American," Luigi had answered, with confidence.

But Maso went up and down the streets of Leghorn in vain; the large establishments demanded nothing.

"Say, Maso, couldn't you *look* a little different?" suggested Luigi, anxiously, as they came out of an office, where he had overheard the epithet "sullen-faced" applied to his American friend.

The two boys spoke Italian; Luigi knew no English.

"Why, I look as I'm made. Everybody looks as they're made, don't they?" said Maso, surprised.

"Ah, but expression is a beautiful thing—a sympathetic countenance," said Luigi, waving his hand. "Now you—you might smile more. Promise me to try a smile at the next place where we go in to ask."

At three o'clock Maso appeared at Luigi's shop. Luigi was dusting goblets.

"Well?" he said, inquiringly.

Maso shook his head.

"Didn't you smile?"

"Yes, I did it as I took off my hat. And every time they seemed so surprised."

"I've a new idea, Maso; behold it; the consul of your country!"

"Is there one in Leghorn?" asked Maso, vaguely.

"Of course there is; I have seen the sign many a time." And Luigi mentioned the street and the number.

The proprietor of the shop, who was packing a case of the slender Epiphany trumpets, now broke one by accident, and immediately scolded Luigi in a loud voice; Maso was obliged to make a hasty departure.

The office of the representative of the United States government was indicated by a painted shield bearing the insignia of the republic, and a brass plate below, with the following notification: "Consolato degli Stati-Uniti d' America." The first word of this inscription rouses sometimes a vague thrill in the minds of homesick Americans in Italy coming to pay a visit to their flag and the eagle.

As it happened, the consul himself was there alone. Maso, upon entering, took off his hat and tried his smile, then he began: "If you please, I am trying to get a place—something to do. I thought perhaps, sir, that you might—"

He stopped, and in his embarrassment

put the toe of his shoe into a hole in the matting, and moved it about industriously.

"Don't spoil my matting," said the consul. "You're a very young boy to be looking for a place."

"I'm going on fourteen."

"And of what nation are you?" demanded the consul, after another survey.

"Why, I'm American," said Maso, surprised.

"I shouldn't have taken you for one. What is your name?"

"Maso—I mean Thom-as Ross Coe," replied the boy, bringing out the syllables with something of an Italian pronunciation.

"Tummarse Erroso? Do you call that an American name?"

"I'll write it," said Maso, blushing. He wrote it in large letters on the edge of a newspaper that was near him.

"Thomas R. Coe," read the consul. "Coe is your name, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"You want something to do, eh? What do you want, and why do you come here for it?"

Maso told his story, or rather a tale which he had prepared on his way to the consulate. It was a confused narrative, because he did not wish to betray anything that could give a clew to his mother's address.

The consul asked questions. "A failure, eh? What failure?"

"It—it wasn't in Leghorn."

"And your mother will be back in September? Where is she at present?"

"She—she is North; she isn't very well, and—" But he could not think of anything that he could safely add, so he stopped.

"We haven't any places for boys. Did you expect me to take you in here?"

"No, sir. I thought perhaps you'd recommend me."

"On general principles, I suppose, as an American, seeing that I don't know anything else about you. And you selected the Fourth as a nice good patriotic day for it?"

"The Fourth?"

"I suppose you know what day it is?"

"Yes, sir—Tuesday."

The consul looked at him, and saw that he spoke in good faith. "You an American boy? I guess not! You may go." And dipping his pen in the ink, he resumed his writing.

Maso, though disturbed and bewildered, held his ground. He certainly was an American boy. What could the man mean?

"I'm American. True as you live, I am," said Maso, earnestly.

Something in his face made the consul relent a little. "Perhaps you've got some American blood hidden in you somewhere. But it must be pretty well thinned out not to know the Fourth of July! I suppose you've never heard of the Declaration of Independence either?"

A gleam of light now illumined the darkness of Maso's mind. "Oh yes; I know now; in the History." He rallied. "The Indians took a *very* bloody part in it," he added, with confidence.

"Oh, they did, did they? Where were you brought up?"

"In Italy, most; a little in other places. I came abroad before I was two."

"I see—one of the expatriated class," said Maclean, contemptuously. He had a great contempt for Americans who leave their own country and reside abroad. The dialogue ended, after a little more talk, in his saying: "Well, you get me a note from your mother (I suppose you write to her?) telling me something more about you. Then I'll see what I can do." For the boy's story had been a very vague one.

As Maso, heavy-hearted, turned towards the door, Maclean suddenly felt sorry for him. He was such a little fellow, and somehow his back looked so tired. "See here, my son," he said, "here's something for the present. No use telling you to buy fire-crackers with it, for they haven't got 'em here. But you might buy rockets; can't look out of the window summer nights in this place without seeing a lonely rocket shooting up somewhere." He held out two francs.

Maso's face grew scarlet. "I'd rather not, unless I can work for it," he muttered. It was a new feeling to be taken for a beggar.

"You can work enough for that if you want to. There is a printed list on that desk, and a pile of circulars; you can direct them. Show me the first dozen, so that I can see if they'll pass."

Maso sat down at the desk. He put his hat in six different places before he could collect his wits and get to work. When he brought the dozen envelopes for inspection, Maclean said:

"You seem to know Eyetalian well, with all these Eyetalian names. I can't make head or tail of 'em. But as to handwriting, it's about the worst I ever saw."

"Yes, I know," answered Maso, ashamed. "I've never had regular lessons, 'cepting this summer, when—" He stopped; Mr. Waterhouse's name would be, perhaps, a clew. He finished the circulars; it took an hour and a half. The consul shook hands with him, the mechanical hand-shake of the public functionary. "You get me that note, and I'll see."

Maso went back to Pisa.

When he arrived at his door in the Street of the Lily, the wife of the cobbler who lived on the ground-floor handed him a letter which the postman had left. The sight of it made the boy's heart light; he forgot his weariness, and climbing the stairs quickly, he unlocked his door and entered his room, Mr. Tiber barking a joyous welcome. Mr. Tiber had been locked in all day; but he had had a walk in the early morning, and his solitude had been tempered by plenty of food on a plate, a bowl of fresh water, and a rubber ball to play with. Maso sat down, and, with the dog on his knees, tore open his letter. It was directed to him at Pisa, in a rough handwriting, but within there was a second envelope, enclosing a letter from his mother, which bore the address of the hotel at the Bagni di Lucca, where she supposed that her son was staying with his tutor. She wrote regularly, and she sent polite messages to Waterhouse, regretting so much that his severe sprain prevented him from writing to her in reply. Maso, in his answers, represented himself as the most hopelessly stupid pupil old Longlegs had ever been cursed with; in the net-work of deception in which he was now involved he felt this somehow to be a relief. He had once heard an American boy call out to another who was slow in understanding something, "You're an old gumpy"; so he wrote, "Longlegs yels out every day your an old gumpy," which greatly astonished Mrs. Roscoe. The boy exerted every power he had to make his letters appear natural. But the task was so difficult that each missive read a good deal like a ball discharged from a cannon; there was always a singularly abrupt statement regarding the weather, and another about the food at the hotel; then

followed two or three sentences about Longlegs; and he was her "affectionate son Maso. P.S.—Mr. Tiber is very well." He sent these replies to the Bagni; here his friend the porter, taking off the outer envelope, which was directed to himself, put the letter within with the others to go to the post-office; in this way Maso's epistles bore the postmark "Bagni di Lucca." For these services Maso had given his second-best suit of clothes, with shoes and hat, to the porter's young son, who had aspirations.

The present letter from Mrs. Roscoe was full of joyousness and jokes. But the great news was that she intended to make a tour in Switzerland in August, and as she missed her little boy too much to enjoy it without him, she had written urgently to America about money, and she hoped that before long (she had told them to cable) she could send for him to join her. Maso was wildly happy; to be with his mother again, and yet not to have her return to Italy before the important four months were over, that was perfect; he got up, opened his trunk, and refolded his best jacket and trousers with greater care, even before he finished the letter. For he wore now continuously his third-best suit, as the second-best had been left at the Bagni. At last, when he knew the letter by heart, he washed his face and hands, and, accompanied by Mr. Tiber, tail-wagging and expectant, went down to get supper at the trattoria near by.

The next day he tried Pisa again, searching for employment through street after street. His mother had written that she hoped to send for him early in August. It was now the 5th of July, so that there were only four or five weeks to provide for; and then there would be his fare back to the Bagni. But his second quest was hardly more fortunate than the first. The only person who did not wave a forefinger in perspiring negative even before he had opened his lips was a desiccated youth, who, sitting in his shirt sleeves, with his feet up and a tumbler beside him, gave something of an American air (although Maso did not know that) to a frescoed apartment in which sewing-machines were offered for sale. This exile told him to add up a column of figures, to show what he could do. But when he saw that the boy was doing his counting with his fingers, he nodded him toward

the door. "Better learn to play the flute," he suggested, sarcastically.

Maso was aware that accountants are not in the habit of running a scale with the fingers of their left hand on the edge of their desks, or of saying aloud, "six and three are nine," "seven and five are twelve," and "naught's naught." He had caught these methods from his mother, who always counted in that way. He clinched his fingers into his palm as he went down the stairs; he would never count with them again. But no one asked him to count, or to do anything else. In the afternoon he sought the poorer streets; here he tried shop after shop. The atmosphere was like that of a vapor bath; he felt tired and dull. At last, late in the day, a cheese-seller gave him a hope of employment at the end of the week. The wages were very small; still, it was something; and, refreshed by the thought, he went home (as he called it), released Mr. Tiber, and, as the sun was now low, took him off for a walk. By hazard he turned toward the part of the town which is best known to travellers, that outlying quarter where the small cathedral, the circular baptistery, and the Leaning Tower keep each other company, folded in a protecting corner of the crenellated city wall. The Arno was flowing slowly, as if tired and hot, under its bridges; Pisa looked deserted; the pavements were scorching under the feet.

V.

The cheese shop was blazing with the light of four flaring gas-burners; the floor had been watered a short time before, and this made the atmosphere reek more strongly than ever with the odors of the smoked fish and sausages, caviare and oil, which, with the cheese, formed the principal part of the merchandise offered for sale. There was no current of air passing through from the open door, for the atmosphere outside was perfectly still. Tranquilly hovering mosquitoes were everywhere, but Maso did not mind these much; he objected more to the large black beetles that came noiselessly out at night; he hated the way they stood on the shelves as if staring at him, motionless save for the waving to and fro of their long antennæ. A boy came in to buy cheese. It was soft cheese; Maso weighed it, and put it upon a grape leaf. "It just gets hotter and hotter!" he remarked, indignantly. The Italian lad did not seem to

mind the heat much; he was buttery with perspiration from morning until night, but as he had known no other atmosphere than that of Pisa, he supposed that this was the normal summer condition of the entire world. It was the 27th of July.

On the last day of July, when Maso's every breath was accompanied by an anticipation of Switzerland, there had arrived a long disappointed letter from his mother; the hoped-for money had not come, and would not come: "Reuben John again!" The Swiss trip must be given up, and now the question was, could Mr. Waterhouse keep him awhile longer? "Because if he cannot, I shall return to the Bagni next week." Maso, though choked with the disappointment, composed a letter in which he said that old Longlegs was delighted to keep him, and was sorry he could not write himself, but his arm continued stiff; "probly heel never be able to write agane," he added, darkly, so as to make an end, once for all, of that complicated subject. There was no need of her return, not the least; he and Mr. Tiber were well, "and having loads of fun"; and, besides, there was not a single empty room in the hotel or anywhere else, and would not be until the 6th of September; there had never been such a crowd at the Bagni before. He read over what he had written, and perceiving that he had given an impression of great gaiety at the Italian watering-place, he added, "P.S. people all cooks turists." (For Mrs. Roscoe was accustomed to declare that she hated these inoffensive travelers.) Then he signed his name in the usual way: "your affecshionate son, Maso." He never could help blotting when he wrote his name—probably because he was trying to write particularly well. Mrs. Roscoe once said that it was always either blot "so," or "Ma" blot; this time it was "Ma" blot.

This letter despatched, the boy's steadiness broke down. He did not go back to the cheese-seller's shop; he lived upon the money he had earned, and when that was gone he sold his clothes, keeping only those he wore and his best suit, with a change of under-clothing. Next he sold his trunk; then his school-books, though they brought but a few centimes. The old fairy-book he kept; he read it during the hot noon-times, lying on the floor, with Mr. Tiber by his side. The rest of the day he devoted to those pleasures of

which he had dreamed. He went swimming, and staid in for hours; and he made Mr. Tiber swim. He indulged himself as regarded melons; he went to the puppet-show accompanied by Tiber; he had had his hair cut so closely that it was hardly more than yellow down; and he swagged about the town in the evening smoking cigarettes. After three weeks of this vagabond existence he went back to the cheese-seller, offering to work for half wages. His idea was to earn money enough for his fare to the Bagni, and also to pay for the washing of his few clothes, so that he might be in respectable condition to meet his mother on the 6th of September; for on the 6th the four months would be up, and she could safely return. This was his constant thought. Of late he had spoken of the 6th in his letters, and she had agreed to it, so there was no doubt of her coming. To-day, August 27th, he had been at work for a week at the cheese-seller's, and the beetles were blacker and more crafty than ever.

It was Saturday night, and the shop was kept open late; but at last he was released, and went home. The cobbler's wife handed him his letter, and he stopped to read it by the light of her strongly smelling petroleum lamp. For he had only a short end of a candle upstairs; and, besides, he could not wait, he was so sure that he should find, within, the magic words, "I shall come by the train that reaches Lucca at—" and then a fixed date and hour written down in actual figures on the page.

The letter announced that his mother had put off her return for three weeks: she was going to Paris. "As you are having such a wonderfully good time at the Bagni this summer, you won't mind this short delay. If by any chance Mr. Waterhouse cannot keep you so long, let him telegraph me. No telegram will mean that he can." She spoke of the things she should bring to him from Paris, and the letter closed with the sentence, "I am so glad I have thought of this delightful idea before settling down again in that deadly Casa Corti for the winter." (But the idea had a human shape: Violet Roscoe's ideas were often personified; they took the form of agreeable men.)

"Evil news? Tell me not so!" said the cobbler's wife, who had noticed the boy's face as he read.

"Pooh! no," answered Maso, stoutly.

He put the letter into his pocket and went up to his room. As he unlocked his door, there was not the usual joyful rush of Mr. Tiber against his legs; the silence was undisturbed. He struck a match on the wall and lighted his candle end. There, in the corner, on his little red coverlid, lay Mr. Tiber, asleep. Then, as the candle burned more brightly, it could be seen that it was not sleep. There was food on the tin plate and water in the bowl; he had not needed anything. There was no sign of suffering in the attitude, or on the little black face with its closed eyes (to Maso that face had always been as clearly intelligible as a human countenance); the appearance was as if the dog had sought his own corner and his coverlid, and had laid himself down to die very peacefully without a pain or a struggle.

The candle end had long burned itself out, and the boy still lay on the floor with his arm round his pet. It seemed to him that his heart would break. "Mr. Tiber, dear little Tiber, my own little doggie—dying here all alone!—kinnin little chellow!" Thus he sobbed and sobbed until he was worn out. Towards dawn came the thought of what must follow. But no; Mr. Tiber should not be taken away and thrown into some horrible place! If he wished to prevent it, however, he must be very quick. He had one of the large colored handkerchiefs which Italians use instead of baskets; as the dawn grew brighter he spread it out, laid his pet carefully in the centre, and knotted the corners together tightly; then, after bathing his face, to conceal as much as possible the traces of his tears, he stole down the stairs, and passing through the town, carrying his burden in the native fashion, he took a road which led toward the hills.

It was a long walk. The little body which had been so light in life weighed now like lead; but it might have been twice as heavy, he would not have been conscious of it. He reached the place at last, the house where Giulio's wife lived, with her five children, near one of the hill-side villages, which, as seen from Pisa, shine like white spots on the verdure. Paola came out from her dark dwelling, and listened to his brief explanation with wonder. To take so much trouble for a dog! But she was a mild creature, her ample form cowl-like, her eyes cowl-like

also, and therefore beautiful; she accompanied him, and she kept the curious crowding children in some kind of order while the boy, with her spade, dug a grave in the corner of a field which she pointed out. Maso dug and dug in the heat. He was so afraid of the peasant cupidity that he did not dare to leave the dog wrapped in the cotton handkerchief, lest the poor little tomb should be rifled to obtain it; he gave it, therefore, to one of the children, and gathering fresh leaves, he made a bed of them at the bottom of the hole; then leaning down, he laid his pet tenderly on the green, and covered him thickly with more foliage, the softest he could find. When the last trace of the little black head had disappeared he took up the spade, and with eyes freshly wet again in spite of his efforts to prevent it, he filled up the grave as quickly as he could, levelling the ground smoothly above it. He had made his excavation very deep, in order that no one should meddle with the place later: it would be too much trouble.

It was now nearly noon. He gave Paola three francs, which was half of all he possessed. Then, with one quick glance towards the corner of the field, he started on his long walk back to Pisa.

VI.

"Do you know where you'll end, Roberta? You'll end with us," said Mrs. Harrowby.

"With you?"

"Yes; in the Church. You've tried everything, beginning with geology and ending with music (I can't help laughing at the last; you never had any ear), and you have found no satisfaction. You are the very kind to come to us; they always do."

The speaker, an American who lived in Naples, had entered the Roman Catholic Church ten years before; in Boston she had been a Unitarian. It was the 10th of September, and she was staying for a day in Pisa on her way southward; she had encountered Miss Spring by chance in the piazza of Santa Caterina at sunset, and the two had had a long talk with the familiarity which an acquaintance in childhood carries with it, though years of total separation may have intervened.

"There is one other alternative," answered Miss Spring; "it was suggested

by a pretty little woman who used to be here. She advised me to try crystal scent-bottles and dissipation." This being a joke, Miss Spring had intended to smile; but at this instant her attention was attracted by something on the other side of the street, and her face remained serious.

"Crystal scent-bottles? Dissipation? Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrowby. "What do you mean?"

But her companion had gone; she was hurrying across the street. "It isn't possible, Maso, that this is *you*!" She spoke to a ragged, sick-looking boy.

Two hours after her question Maso was in bed in the Palazzo Rondinelli. Madame Corti never came back till October, and the *pension* was not open, but the servants were there. The house-keeper went through the form of making protest: "The signora has always such great alarm about fever."

"You will refer Madame Corti to me; I will pay for her alarm," answered Roberta, marching past her to direct the driver of the carriage, who was assisting Maso up the stairs. "It's not infectious fever. Only malarial." Roberta was something of a doctor herself. She superintended in person the opening of a large cool room on the second floor, the making of the bed, and then the installation of Maso between linen sheets. The servants were all fond of the boy; in addition, Madame Corti was in Sorrento, and Miss Spring's *frànè*s were here. Her *frànè*s were few, but she spent them for Maso as generously as though they had been many.

The boy, as soon as he was in bed, whispered to Giulio, "Pencil; paper." Then, when Miss Spring had left the room, he scrawled on the page, Giulio holding a book under it, "My dog is ded," and signed his name. He told Giulio to give this to her when she came in; then, as he heard her step, he quickly closed his eyes.

Miss Spring read, and understood. "He was afraid I should ask. And he could not speak of it. He remembers, poor little fellow, that I did not care for the dog."

Maso had refused to tell her where his mother was. "She's coming, on the 22d, to the Bagni di Lucca"; this was all he would say. The next morning at daylight she left him with the nurse (for she had sent immediately for Dr. Prior and

for one of the best nurses in Pisa), and driving to the Street of the Lily, she ascended the unclean stairs, with her skirts held high and her glasses on, to the room at the top of the house. Maso had himself gathered his few possessions together after his meeting with her in the piazza of Santa Caterina, but he had not had the strength to carry them down to the lower door. Miss Spring took the two parcels, which were tied up in newspapers, and after looking about to see that there was nothing left, she descended in the same gingerly way, and re-entered the carriage which was waiting at the door, its wheels grazing the opposite house. "Yes, he is ill; malarial fever. But we hope he will recover," she said to the cobbler's wife, who inquired with grief and affection, and a very dirty face.

To find Mrs. Roscoe's address, so that she could telegraph to her, Miss Spring was obliged to look through Maso's parcels. She could not ask his permission, for he recognized no one now; his mind wandered. One of the bundles contained the best suit, still carefully saved for his mother's arrival. The other held his few treasures: his mother's letters, with paper and envelopes for his own replies; the old fairy-book; and Mr. Tiber's blanket, coverlid, and little collar, wrapped in a clean handkerchief. The latest letter gave the Paris address.

"My dear little boy! If I could only have known!" moaned Violet Roscoe, sitting on the edge of the bed with her child in her arms. She had just arrived; her gloves were still on. "Oh, Maso, why didn't you tell me?"

Maso's face, gaunt and brown, lay on her shoulder; his eyes were strange, but he knew her. "You mustn't get sick again, mother," he murmured, anxiously, the fixed idea of the summer asserting itself. Then a wider recollection dawned. "Oh, mother," he whispered with his dry lips, "Mr. Tiber's dead. Little Tiber!"

A month later Mr. Reuben J. Coe, of Coesville, New Hampshire, said to his brother David: "That foolish wife of Tom's is coming home at last. In spite of every effort on my part, she has made ducks and drakes of almost all her money."

"Is that why she is coming back?"

"No; thinks it will be better for the boy. But I'm afraid it's too late for that."

THE FLOWER OF DEATH.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

IT was Mrs. and Miss Winthrop's last "Wednesday" of the season, when most of society was making ready for the summer hegira or had fled. Henry Selden came late, and found that he was the only caller, which fact pleased him exceedingly.

"I should have been surprised if you had not come," said Margaret, smiling, as she welcomed him, "for we regard you as the chief support of our days at home. This is the second Wednesday you have saved from being a hollow mockery—for if there is anything that makes you feel absolutely foolish it is to be ready and waiting to receive people who never come."

Selden bowed, and blushed like a boy. "Thank you," he murmured. "It is doubly delightful to be praised for what you do as a pleasure."

"We have been packing all day," began Margaret, watching the doorway, "and day after to-morrow we close the house and take flight. It will be quite a relief to get away, and I am longing for the country. We are going to be very quiet this summer, staying most of the time with mamma's brother in Pennsylvania, and the change will be delightful."

"Yes," assented Selden, slowly. "I'm going away myself. I feel like taking a long, long journey. I've finished the picture that I've been working on all the spring and I want some rest. I—I suppose I won't see you until the fall?"

He said this somewhat wistfully, but Margaret thought best to pass it over.

"I am so glad your picture is done," she returned. "Now the next thing, I presume, will be a purchaser."

Selden shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, probably," he answered, carelessly. "I've been thinking of other things. Other thoughts—other dreams have engrossed me. Margaret," he said, growing suddenly earnest and bending forward, "I have been thinking and dreaming of you."

The girl started. A frightened look came into her eyes for a moment and her face paled, but Selden did not notice it. "Of you," he repeated; "and the world holds nothing else to me. I must tell you now—I cannot wait until the fall without seeing you. I had not expected

to say this when I came this afternoon; but all the sunshine of my life is gone if you—if you—"

Margaret made an involuntary movement as the young man hesitated. Her deep brown eyes had grown deeper and more serious. There was a womanly grace and sweetness in her face that Selden had never seen before, and she spoke so tenderly, so sweetly.

"Please say no more, Mr. Selden. I had not thought of this. We have been such good friends that—"

"Don't, don't!" cried Selden, vehemently, interrupting her; "don't, I pray you! Wait—wait—until the fall, and then tell me—not now."

"That would be unfair to you," she rejoined, gently. "My regard is too strong to allow you to labor under any deception. You have misunderstood me—you do not know me—and it would be wrong to let you believe otherwise. I am very, very sorry if I pain you. Unintentionally, I know, you have saddened me—because I never dreamed of this. You can forget me before long."

They had risen to their feet, and Selden had grown stern. "Good-by," he said, holding out his hand. "I ask your pardon."

"It is for me to crave forgiveness of you," answered Margaret, taking his hand, and looking at him with a frank, open glance. "I have been blind."

For a moment Selden hesitated, as if about to speak; then he bent and kissed her hand and walked hurriedly away.

"Good-by," he repeated, turning at the door; "I trust your summer—your life—may be happy." He was too far away to see the tears which filled the woman's eyes as she inclined her head, and then, after a brief look, he went out.

Henry Selden came down the steps of the house slowly and carefully, as a man walks in his sleep. To him the street was changed. The sun shone through a haze. Shadow of black was merged into the gray stone on which it fell. At the corner of the street he halted mechanically to allow a cab to pass; and then he wondered why he had not gone on and let the cab run over him if the driver so fancied. For what was life to him any longer; what cared he for living?

He walked down the street without thought of where he was going; he did not care for the present. But unconsciously, as he went along, he turned his steps toward his club, where so many of his friends usually gathered at the dinner hour. He found himself at the door before he quite realized it; and as he glanced at the little park opposite, watching the warm sunshine of the dying day gild and play among the fresh green leaves, the beauty of all life had so passed from him that he felt apart from all his surroundings. Could he have screamed outright like a petulant child, he knew that he would have felt better.

Once inside the familiar building he grew more composed, and smiled and nodded at his friends, feeling proud that some familiar faces still crossed his path at whom he could smile and nod. It was a strange feeling. Three men whom he knew well were at a table on the rear balcony, awaiting their dinner, and Selden joined them. Two were lawyers, possessing larger incomes than practices, while the other was Bartow, an enthusiastic lover of nature, whose wanderings took him to all parts of the world. He had returned, in fact, only a short time before from the little-known South American countries.

"Selden in his new rôle as understudy to Melancholy," laughed Jackson, as Selden stepped through the open window which led to the veranda.

"He's probably sold a picture," suggested Gardner, "and seeks to conceal his joy."

But Bartow only laughed, and pointed to the vacant chair at the table. "Dinner is ordered," he said. "Sit down; summon the minion, and you can quench your thought in drink."

"Just the thing," returned Selden, with a forced laugh; "a draught of Lethe is exactly what I want."

During the meal that followed Selden was almost fierce in his mood at times, laughing loudly at all jests and indulging in wild, wayward humors. His friends remarked only upon his high spirits, for he kept them amused with the wildest fancies and turns of thought. He tried hard to forget himself. With the advent of the coffee and cigars, Bartow was pressed to tell something of his adventures and experiences in his late travels.

"Which reminds me," he said. "Come round to my house now, and I'll show you something you never saw before;" and the four men went out.

Bartow lived immediately around the corner, and entering the house, he led his friends to a conservatory in the rear, just off his study. He stopped before a small box resting upon a shelf, covered with a sash which was bolted down securely at both ends. Under the glass were two plants in blossom, one bearing a red and the other a yellow flower, oval in shape. The blooms were not alike in any respect, nor did the leaves of the plants resemble each other, and both were unfamiliar to the visitors.

"Here," said Bartow, pointing to the box, "is my prize curiosity. One of these is an ordinary wild flower of the Andes, the other is what the Indians call the 'Flower of Death,' but I don't know which the other is. A seed of the Flower of Death was given to me by an old chief, a remnant of the tribes whom Pizarro conquered. In some way I got the seed of the ordinary plant mixed with it, and now of those two I cannot tell which is which. So, in order to avoid possible trouble, I have planted and kept them together in this box. One is perfectly harmless; and one, according to the tales of the Indians, is deadly. It is said that a man who inhales its perfume is surely doomed. The effects are pleasant and slow, but none the less fatal. Now, of course I do not know that this is really so," added Bartow, as he saw the others smile, "but I have seen so many strange things in nature that I want to be on the safe side. I'm not going to fool with any such growths to determine the truth, and in keeping these two together I believe the noxious one will kill the other eventually."

"Pretty good story," laughed Gardner. "Easy way to commit suicide. A friend of mine has a pet parrot I'd like to bring around for experimental purposes."

"Don't be too sceptical," advised Bartow, leading the way back to the library and setting out a bottle and cigars; "you can't afford to jest with dreadful uncertainties. I heard the story of this fatal flower from a number of persons at different times, and I believe it; but I wish that in my chuckle-headed asininity I hadn't mixed them up."

"A disappointed lover might be will-

ing to find out the truth for you," suggested Jackson, holding a glass up to the light to determine the quality of the stock.

Selden threw himself on a lounge and laughed harshly. "Disappointed lovers are not so unselfish," he said, in a rough way. "It is seldom that a man is willing to give up life for a mere crossing of his affections—the memory of a girl."

"Right you are," cried Gardner; "one girl doesn't make the world."

"She does to the true lover," interposed Bartow; "and she unmakes it as well. True love—"

"True nonsense!" retorted Selden, rather more fiercely than the occasion seemed to warrant. "Are we a lot of callow boys trying to solve the problem of love? Bah!"

"All right, bah," said Bartow, quietly; "but wait until you are taken, old man, and there will be a reversal of ideas."

"Bartow knows," put in Jackson, "for I am acquainted personally with three girls—"

Selden rose from his seat hurriedly. "I'd like to make a sketch of those blossoms," he said, turning to Bartow; "they interest me, and when I get back I hope we can discuss some intelligent subject."

Bartow nodded. "Go ahead," he answered; "you won't see many such flowers; they're genuine curiosities."

Selden went alone into the conservatory, lighted by a single lamp. He was angry and pained. It seemed almost as though his friends had been making sport of him. He stood before the glass for several moments, not looking at the flowers beneath, but thinking, thinking; then, almost unconsciously, he tried one of the bolts. It slipped easily in its place, and Selden turned to see if he could be observed from the other room, and found that he was hidden. Suppose he should leave all to Fortune—to chance—and risk one smell? If one flower really was deadly and he should inhale it, what difference would it make to him? But if Margaret did love him, or would learn to love him, then Fate would lead him to the harmless blossom. By all the laws of nature, he reasoned, he would not be sacrificed to a moment's caprice when a certainty of bliss was assured. So thinking, he released the other bolt, and bending over the flower nearest to him, drew in one long breath of its fragrance. It

exhaled a sickish-sweet odor, different from any he knew of. Then he lowered the glass, bolted it, and hurriedly made a sketch of the flowers to satisfy his friends. As he turned away he smiled at the childishness of his act in thus accepting an old Indian legend, and then pretending to play at a game with Fate. It was a piece of foolishness, and laughing at it, he also blushed. Then he joined his friends.

They were discussing modern society; and Selden, feeling no interest in the subject, sat silently smoking and looking at his sketches. He wanted to have company about him, for he wished to forget the horror of the day—it was to him as the memory of something terrible. All might be different on the morrow, and as he held the sketches before him, he tried to think which flower he had smelt, the red or the yellow. Then he blushed again at his nonsense, and broke into the conversation with some wholly absurd and irrelevant remark. For an hour or two they chatted, examined the sketches, and then the three visitors went out together, Selden leaving his friends at the corner of the street.

He walked slowly to his studio, thinking over his lost love, but feeling somewhat more hopeful than in the afternoon. He knew nothing more, but grasping at any idea which brought peace of mind, he did not stop to reason. As he opened his door he noticed an envelope lying just inside, and picking it up, found it to be a telegram. With trembling fingers, after lighting the gas, he opened it and read:

"I was mistaken this afternoon, and spoke without thinking. Come to me. Margaret."

A sense of perfect happiness, of supreme peace, entered into Henry Selden's soul at the moment. He would obey her injunction the first thing in the morning, and meanwhile would send a telegram in answer. Sitting down at once, he wrote the address and the words, "*Your message received,*" and then stopped. It was not necessary for him to send it, for she knew he would come at the very first opportunity, and it was too late that night for telegram or call. He looked around for the message he had received, and failed to find it. Then high and low he searched, going through drawers and boxes not disturbed or opened for days, until another

thing caught his eye and gave him a new thought. The telegram was all forgotten. Before him on the easel rested a landscape of May, the picture which he had just finished. It was his best work, he believed, and as he looked at the light green of the trees and grass, the pink and white of the orchard blossoms, the face of Margaret rose before his eyes. What a beautiful background it would make for her portrait! and as the thought came, he sat down before the easel and began the outline. He needed no model, no guide; the sweet face was too deeply imprinted on his soul for him ever to forget it. Nervously he worked, taking no note of the passage of time until it was complete. He dashed on the color with a sweep and a swing entirely different from his usually slow, painstaking method of painting; but, urged on by happiness and excitement, he was able to work fast. The labor of weeks was destroyed in a few hurried minutes; but to his mind the world held a single joy, one figure, which he vainly sought to reproduce on canvas. . . .

Yet, after all, it was well done, he thought, as he laid aside his palette and drew up his easy-chair before the easel. The sweet, proud face looked serenely at him from out the mass of blossoms—eyes so tender, so pleading, invested with all

the strength of love. Selden gazed longingly, ardently, on the work of his midnight frenzy, praying that the morrow might hasten, when he would see her. Suppose he had smelt the wrong flower—the Flower of Death? Then he laughed heartily at the idea of ever having been so down-hearted or sceptical as to believe or seek to prove the Indian fable. He started to rise for his pipe, but the loving face that for him was gazing out from the canvas caught his eye again, and he lay back entranced. He seemed to be in a dream—music came to his ears. . . .

His three friends alone guessed at the truth. In the box by the two flowers were scattered the ashes which fell from Henry Selden's cigar.

"There are three things which can never be explained," remarked Bartow, gravely, a day later: "Why did he cover that picture with daubs of paint picked at random from the palette and having no outline? Why did he address a message to Miss Winthrop, when she stated positively that she had sent him no telegram? The poor girl is completely prostrated to-day, for she really truly loved Hal. And thirdly," continued Bartow, after a moment's pause, "which flower is the Flower of Death?"

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

"SILLY sort of a play, I call it," said Van Bibber, as they left the theatre.

"I don't know," his friend dissented, slowly. "Why?"

"Well, about that letter, for instance," Van Bibber continued. "The idea of a girl throwing a man over like that just because some one sent her an anonymous letter about him! Of course if she'd really cared for the man she'd have given him a chance to explain; she wouldn't have believed it at once. Still," he added, magnanimously, "if she *had* asked him about it there wouldn't have been any more play. The author had to do something."

But Travers disagreed. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "I think it's very true to life myself. I know I'd hate to have any one writing letters like that about me."

Van Bibber laughed easily. "Nice sort of friends you have," he said.

"They're your friends."

"Some of them are," Van Bibber corrected; "but I think better of them than you do, apparently. I'm sure I'm willing you should write all the anonymous letters to them you please about me."

"That," said Travers, mockingly, "is because you're so good."

"Not at all," Van Bibber answered, hotly. "It isn't whether the letter told the truth; the point is that the girl is willing to believe it. That's what I object to. That's where the chap who wrote the play shows that he doesn't know anything about women."

"Well, as I said," Travers repeated, stubbornly, "I think you are altogether wrong. She acted just as any of the girls we know would have acted, and, as I said,

I should hate to have any one write a letter like that to my friends."

"And as I said," reiterated Van Bibber, warmly, "you can write all the letters you choose about me, and my friends can stand it, and so can I."

Travers stopped and looked back over his shoulder as they mounted the steps of the club. "Do you mean that?" he asked, seriously.

"I do," said Van Bibber, laughing. Then they went into the club, and scowled at all the other men as though they were intruders, and talked about deviled kidneys.

Van Bibber slept peacefully that night in spite of the deviled kidneys, but Travers sat up until late composing an anonymous letter, which he hoped would fall like a bomb-shell into the camp of his friends. The morning found him still intent upon it and mischief, and by the time he had finished breakfast his plans of campaign were already made.

He first went to a type-writer in one of the big hotels, and dictated four letters to him announcing the date of a women's meeting for a charitable purpose. The envelopes for these were addressed to four different women. He tore up the letters when he reached the street, but put the envelopes with their non-committal type-written addresses in his pocket. On Sixth Avenue he purchased a half-dozen sheets of cheap paper and carried them to his room, where he locked himself in, and wrote with his left hand, on four separate sheets, the following communication:

"DEAR MADAM,—When Mr. Van Bibber calls on you again, ask him how well he knows Maysie Lindsey. If he denies knowing her, ask him to show you the tintype of the woman which he wears in a locket on a chain about his neck.

A FRIEND."

"There," said Travers, proudly, "I think that is calculated to spread doubt and confusion in the stoutest heart." He put the letters in the envelopes with the type-written addresses, and posted them that same morning. Then he wrote to Van Bibber and told him of what he had done.

"And I call it a piece of d—d impertinence," said that gentleman that same evening.

"You're afraid now," said Travers,

easily. "Last night you could trust your friends better than I could; now you're afraid."

"That's not it," said Van Bibber. "I *can* trust them. I don't care what you said about me, but by sending letters like that to those girls you intimated that they take an interest in me, that they are more or less concerned about me, which is a piece of presumption I wouldn't be guilty of myself, and a thing which you had no business to assume. Suppose they find out that you wrote those letters, they'll ask me: 'Why did he send one to me? What have I to do with you? Why should I care what women you know or don't know?' It was impertinent to them, that's what I say. You can leave me out of it entirely, but you had no business to put them in the light of caring about me."

"But they do care about you, don't they?" Travers asked, innocently.

"That's not for me to say, nor you. I'm ashamed of you. Practical joking is all very well between idiots like ourselves, but you had no business to drag women into it."

"Well," sighed Travers, "you can't make me rude by being rude yourself, you know. You told me distinctly that I could write the letter, and I have written it, and if you've any confidence in your friends you will do nothing about it, but let them work it out their own way. I call it a most excellent test of their confidence. You ought to be obliged to me for giving you such a chance of finding out what dear good friends you have."

"I shall treat the whole thing with absolute contempt, as they will," said Van Bibber, stiffly. "It is beneath my notice, and so are you. Maysie Lindsey, indeed! Who the devil is Maysie Lindsey?"

"I don't know," said Travers, pleasantly. "She is merely a beautiful creature of my imagination. Rather pretty name, I think, don't you?—Maysie Lindsey." Then he asked, with a touch of misgiving, "You don't *happen* to wear anything around your neck, do you?"

"Certainly not, confound you!" said Van Bibber.

Van Bibber had as large a nodding acquaintance with men in New York as almost any other man in it, but the women he knew were not so many and much more near. He argued that a man who could not get along without the help and

companionship of other men was hardly worth helping, but that every man ought to be willing to admit that the women he knew did help him, and that he should be proud to acknowledge it. The four women of whom he saw the most were those to whom Travers had sent the anonymous letters. He was in the habit of seeing them at their own houses and at other people's houses as often as once a week or more frequently, and he decided that instead of writing them at once, and explaining that a friend of his had sent them an anonymous letter about him, and that he begged that they would overlook the impertinence, he would wait until he saw them and then explain the situation verbally. But as the week wore on, the temptation to let the matter take its course got the better of his first determination, and his curiosity and his desire to see just how far his friends trusted him overcame his original purpose of setting things right.

Mrs. "Jimmy" Floyd was from one of the Western cities; she had married Floyd while abroad and had entered into the life of New York with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a new convert. She had adapted herself to her surroundings, though she had not herself been adopted. But now she was undoubtedly an important personage, and very many people paid court to her, not for herself so much as for what she could do for them. There were a number of men to whom she was at home every day after five, and Van Bibber came to see her then very frequently. She knew him well enough to ask him to fill a place when some one had failed her, and he thought her amusing, but only that. He had a youthful horror of having it thought that he was attached to married women, and made it a rule to come late in the afternoon and to be among the first to go. Owing to this no one had ever found him or left him with Mrs. Floyd, and the men, especially those whom he allowed to outstay him, were grateful to him in consequence. Her drawing-room was a place for gossip, and Van Bibber told her once that he came because it saved him from reading the papers, and that if she would fine herself a penny every time she or her friends said 'I suppose you have heard,' she would be able to pay for a box at the Horse Show with the money. He called there a week after Travers had sent forth his letters, and found her for the first time alone. When she nodded to him brightly, and told the

servant in the same breath that she was not at home to any one else, Van Bibber smiled grimly to himself and regarded her with a masklike countenance. He saw that he had been trapped into a *tête-à-tête*, and that one of the letters had evidently reached the home of the Floyds.

Mrs. Floyd's attitude as she sank back in her cushions was an unsettled one, and her whole manner expressed pleasurable expectancy. Her visitor observed this with amused disapprobation, but as she seemed so happy in believing what she had read of him, he thought it would be rather a pity to spoil her enjoyment of it by telling her the truth.

"Well," she said, "and what have you been doing with yourself lately?" She spoke quite gayly, as though her recently acquired knowledge of him gave to whatever he might have to say a fresh interest.

Van Bibber observed this also with a cynical sense of amusement, and saw that she had placed him under the light of a standing lamp, which threw his face into strong relief, while hers was in shadow. "Just," as he said later to Travers, "as though she were keeping a private detective agency." The talk between Mrs. Floyd and her visitor ran on unevenly. She was eager to question him, and yet afraid of being too precipitate, and he was standing on his guard. At last something he said of a young Frenchman visiting the city seemed to give her the chance she wanted.

"Oh yes," she commented, indifferently, "I remember him at Homburg. He is rather a sentimental youth, I fancy. He wears a bangle, and a chain around his neck. We could see them when he played tennis."

Van Bibber gazed thoughtfully into the open fire. "Yes," he said, politely.

Mrs. Floyd looked at the fire also. She was afraid she had begun too clumsily, and yet she still continued recklessly in the same opening. "It is rather feminine in a man, I think; not unmanly exactly, either, but rather a pose, like writing in a diary. You pretend that you write it without thinking of any one's seeing what you have written, but you always have the possibility in your mind, don't you? And men always know that some day some one will see their bangle or their locket. They think it gives them a mysterious or sentimental interest. Don't you think so?"

Van Bibber changed his gaze from the fire to the point of his shoe, and then, as an idea came to him suddenly, smiled wickedly. He looked up as quickly to see if Mrs. Floyd had noticed his change of expression, and then relapsed into gloom again. "The only man I know who goes in for that sort of thing," he said, "is Travers. Travers wears a gold chain around *his* neck, and he keeps it on all the time. I've seen it at the Racquet Club. There is a picture of a girl on one side, a tintype, and on the other, two initials in diamonds. The initials are M. L."

"M. L.!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd, confusedly.

"In diamonds," added Van Bibber, impressively.

"M. L. in diamonds! Why," Mrs. Floyd exclaimed, "that's—" and then correcting herself midway, she added, tamely, "that's very curious."

"Curious?" asked Van Bibber, politely. "Why curious? They're not your initials, are they?"

"I was told," said Mrs. Floyd, seriously, "that is—some one told me," she began again, "that *you* wore a locket just like that around *your* neck."

"Fancy!" said Van Bibber, with a gasp of amusement. "Who told you that, if I may ask?"

"No one that you know," Mrs. Floyd replied, hastily. "But he must have confused you two; don't you suppose that is it? It is because you are so much together."

"Told you I wore a locket around my neck?" repeated Van Bibber, with some severity. "How absurd! It is very evident that he has mixed us up. We don't look alike much, do we? Perhaps he saw us at a Turkish bath. Every man looks like every other one when he is wrapped in a cloud of steam and a bath robe. Only the other day I took old man Willis for an attendant, and told him to hurry up my coffee. I suppose that's how it happened. You had better ask Travers about it next time he comes and see what he says. He'll deny it, probably; but I assure you I have seen it; so you can charge him with it with perfect safety."

Mrs. Floyd looked at Van Bibber doubtfully for a moment, but he returned her look with a smile of such evident innocence that she smiled in return, and then they both laughed together.

"And I thought it was you all the

time," she said. "What an odd mistake!"

"Very humorous indeed," said Van Bibber. He rose, and Mrs. Floyd made no effort to detain him. Her suddenly acquired interest in him had departed. "Don't forget the initials," said Van Bibber.

"I shall not," Mrs. Floyd answered, laughing. "I shall remember."

"And in diamonds, too," added Van Bibber, as he bowed at the door.

Miss Townsend was a young woman who took everything in life seriously but herself. She was irritatingly but sincerely humble when her own personality was concerned, and was given to considering herself an unworthy individual only fit to admire the actions of real personages. She received deserved compliments either mockingly or as sarcasms at her expense, and made her friends indignant by waxing enthusiastic over people whom they did not consider one-fourth as worthy of such enthusiasm as she was herself. She was a very loyal friend, and when she was with Van Bibber had the tact not to talk of those things which might be beyond his reach. Still, when she did venture with him on those matters of life and conscience and conduct which most interested her, she found his common-sense and his sense of humor vastly disturbing to her theories. She received him this afternoon with a preoccupied air, which continued until her mother, who had been with her when he had entered, had left the room.

"I do not know how soon I shall have the chance to see you alone again," she began at once, "and I have something to say to you. I have thought it over for some time, and I have considered it very seriously; I think I am doing the right thing, but I cannot tell."

Van Bibber wanted to assure her that it was not to be taken seriously, and felt fresh indignation that she should have been troubled so impudently. But he only said "yes," sympathetically, and waited.

"I want to ask you," she said, regarding him with earnest eyes, "if you know that you have an enemy."

Van Bibber bit his lips to hide a smile, and felt even more ashamed of himself for smiling. "Oh dear, no," he said, "of course not. We don't have enemies nowadays, do we? There are lots of people



"DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE AN ENEMY?"

who don't like one, I suppose; but enemies went out of date long ago, with poisoned cups and things like that, didn't they?"

"No; you are wrong," she said. "There is some one who dislikes you very much, who wants to injure you with your friends, and who goes about doing it in a mean and cowardly way. In so low a way that I should not notice it at all; and then again I think that it is my duty to tell you of it, so that you can be on your guard, and that you may act about it in whatever way you think right. That is what I have been trying to decide, whether I am a better friend if I say nothing, or whether I ought to speak and warn you." She stopped, quite breathless with anxiety, and Van Bibber felt himself growing red. "What do you think?" she said.

"Oh, I don't know," said Van Bibber, unhappily. "Suppose you tell me all

about it. Of course whatever you do would be the right thing," he added. She put her hand in the pocket of her frock, and drew out a letter with a type-written address. Van Bibber anathematized Travers anew at the sight of it.

"Last week," Miss Townsend began, impressively, "I received this letter. It is an anonymous letter about you. What it says does not concern me or interest me in the least. That is what I want you to understand. No matter what was said of one of my friends, if it came to me in such a way, it could not make the least difference to me. Of course I would not for an instant consider anything from such a source, but the point, in my mind, is that some one is trying to do you harm, and that it is my duty to let you know of it. Do you understand?" Van Bibber guiltily bowed his head in assent. "Then here it is," she said, hand-

ing him the offensive letter as though it were a wet and dirty rag. "Don't open it here, and never speak to me of it again. If you did—if you explained it or anything, I would feel that you did not believe me when I say that I believe in you, and that I only speak of this thing at all because I want to put you on your guard. Some man, or some woman more likely, has written this to hurt you with me. He or she has failed. That is the point I want you to remember, and I hope I have done right in speaking of it to you. And now," she exclaimed with a sigh of relief, and with a sudden wave of her hands, as if she was throwing something away, "that is over."

Van Bibber's first impulse was to put the letter in the fire, and tell her the truth about it; but his second thought was that this girl had for a week been considering as to how she could act in his best interest, and that to show her now that she had been made a joke of would be but a poor return of her thoughtfulness of him. So he placed the letter in his pocket, and thanked her for her warning, and sincerely for her confidence, and went away. And as he left the house his sense of pleasure in the thought that his friend trusted him was mixed with an unholy desire to lay hands upon Travers. He determined to end and clear up the matter that afternoon, at once and forever, and with that object in view took a hansom to the house of Miss Edith Sargent.

Miss Sargent was a friend of both Travers and himself. She was an unusual girl, and the fact that she was equally liked by men and women proved it. She frequently regretted she had not been born a boy, and tried to correct this injustice by doing certain things better than most men could do them, and so gained their admiration. Van Bibber agreed with her that it was a pity that she was not a man, as, so he explained it, there were too few attractive men, while there were so many attractive women that it kept him continually in trouble. Miss Sargent was the president of a society for the lower education of women, the members of which were required to know as much about polo as they did of symbolic and impressionist pictures, and were able to keep quite separate the popular violinist or emotional actress of the day as a person from the

same individual as an artist; they did not sob over the violinist's rendering of music which some one else had written, on one afternoon, and then ask him to tea the next. They did not live on their nerves or on their feelings, but on their very rich fathers, on whom they drew heavily for gowns, hunters, and pianos, on which last they could play passably well themselves.

Travers, it was believed, was sentimentally content that Edith Sargent had been born a girl, and spoke of her as Miss Sargent, and not as Edith Sargent, as the other men did. Van Bibber considered this a very dangerous sign.

Miss Edith Sargent was getting out of her brougham as Van Bibber drew up in his hansom. She greeted him brightly with a nod, and told him that she was half frozen, and that he was just in time for some tea. He waited until she gave some directions to the footman for the evening, and then walked up the steps beside her.

"You've saved me from writing you a note," she said. "I wanted to see you about getting up a coaching party for the game on Thanksgiving day. Do you think it's too late?"

Van Bibber observed her covertly, but she did not seem to be conscious of anything beyond what she was saying, and regarded him frankly and without embarrassment. He decided that she had not received the letter, and felt a temporary sense of relief.

"It is rather late," he said; "most of the coaches are engaged so far ahead, you know; but we might be able to get a private one."

They walked into the drawing-room together, and she threw her sable boa and muff on the divan and went to the fire to warm her fingers.

"Whom could we ask?" she said. Van Bibber was regarding her so intently that she stopped and looked up at him curiously. "Whom could we ask?" she repeated, and added, after a pause, "You're not listening to what I'm saying."

They continued looking at each other for a short moment, and then the girl, with a sudden exclamation of intelligence, walked back into the library beyond, returning with an envelope in her hand. Van Bibber saw that the address upon it was type-written.



"HERE'S THAT LETTER YOU AND TRAVERS SENT ME."

"Here's that letter you and Travers sent me," she said. She put it in his hand and left him standing gazing dumbly down at it, while she returned to the open fire and stretched her fingers out before it. As he continued silent, she turned and looked over her shoulder at him, and then, as she caught his look of embarrassment, laughed easily at the sight of it. "Don't you think," she said, "it's about time you two became accustomed to the fact that you have grown up?"

Van Bibber gazed at her blankly and shook his head. "Travers told you," he said, ruefully.

"Travers told me," she repeated with disdain. "You both told me. I do hope I've intelligence enough to keep up with you two and your games and foolishnesses. There's no one else who would do anything so silly." She laughed a triumphant, mocking laugh. "You and your Maysie Lindsey and gold locket, you're a pretty trio, aren't you? And you thought you were going to have such a fine joke on me. Oh, you're so clever, you two; you're so deep and subtle. How long have you ceased wearing velvet suits and red sashes?"

"That's all right," said Van Bibber, sulkily, "but I want you to know I've had trouble enough about this thing, and it's all Travers'—"

"There is some other game, perhaps," she said, nodding her head at him, "that you play better than this."

"Oh, I'm going," said Van Bibber. He stopped at the door and shook his high hat at her impressively. "If you have any regard for your young friend Travers," he said, "you'd better send him word to keep out of my way for a week or two."

"Wait and have some tea," she called after him, but Van Bibber pulled open the front door, and as he did so heard an echo of mocking laughter and something that sounded like "Give my love to Maysie Lindsey."

There was still one other girl to see, and Van Bibber kicked viciously at the snow at the thought of it as he strode hurriedly towards her house. He wished that he might find her out, but she was in, the man said, and she herself said that she was glad to see him.

Miss Norries was a peculiarly beautiful girl, who almost succeeded in living in a way that was worthy of her face. If she

did not do so, it was not through lack of effort on her own part. And yet to others there seemed to be no effort; people said of her that she had been born fine and good, and could not be otherwise had she tried. "It is only we poor souls who know what temptation is," they said, "that deserve credit for overcoming them. Grace Norries always does the right thing because she doesn't know there is any other thing to do."

But Miss Norries had her own difficulties. She had once said to Van Bibber, "The trouble is that there are so many standards, even among one's best friends, among the people that you respect most, that it makes it hard to keep to one's own."

To which Van Bibber had replied, flip-pantly: "You have no right to complain. All you have to do when you get up in the morning is to look in the glass and say, 'To-day I must live up to *that*.' It's a pretty high standard to live up to, I know, but it's all your own." At which Miss Norries had gazed coldly at nothing, and Van Bibber had wished he had not complimented her on the one thing for which she could not possibly take any credit.

She received him now graciously, as a much older woman might have done, but told him he could not stay, as she had to dress for dinner.

"It won't take long to say what I came to say," Van Bibber answered her. "I came on purpose to say it, though. It's rather serious; at least it didn't start out so, but it's getting serious." He did not look at her, but at the fire, as though he was trying to draw confidence from it. But his anxiety was unnecessary, for Miss Norries regarded him tranquilly and without loss of her usual poise. She was always ready to laugh with those who laughed, or to weep with those who wept, giving out just enough of her own personality to make her sympathy of value, and yet never allowing it to carry her away.

"Perhaps," said Van Bibber, with a sudden inspiration, "you have something to say to me."

"No, I don't know that I have," the girl answered, considering. "Has anything happened? I mean, is there anything I ought to speak about that I haven't? Are you to be congratulated or consoled with? Is that it?"

"Well, you ought to know," Van Bibber answered, "whether I am to be condoled with or not. I'm certainly not to be congratulated."

"I don't understand," she said, smiling.

"Oh, well, then," he exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "it's probably all right. Only I thought you would have received it by this time, and if you had, I wanted to explain. But if you haven't received it you probably won't now, and so I needn't say anything about it."

"Received what?" asked Miss Norries, with a perplexed laugh. "But," she added, "if you don't wish to speak of it we will talk of something I do understand. Oh, you mean the package of books you sent me. I ought to have written you about them. They were just the ones I wanted. I was so very—"

"Books! no," said Van Bibber, with disgust. "It's a letter," he blurted out. "Some one told me—at least I happened to find out—that some one sent you an anonymous letter about me. And I thought you might have received it, and—"

He stopped in some confusion, for he liked Miss Norries better than he did the other women, and he found it, for some reason, harder to talk to her about the letter than to those others.

"Yes, I received it," she said.

He looked at her a moment with startled surprise.

"No!" he exclaimed. "You don't say so! You did receive it? Well, but then—I don't understand. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?" said Miss Norries, gently, but with some hauteur. "Why should I speak to you of it? I do not see that it concerns you. It was an anonymous letter addressed to me, and I threw it in the fire." She looked at him inquir-



"VAN BIBBER PUT HIS HAT FIRMLY ON HIS HEAD."

ingly for a moment, and then turned her attention to the falling snow against the window.

"Yes, I know," said Van Bibber, thinking very fast and talking to make time, "but the letter was about me, you know, and suggested—that is, it put me in rather an unpleasant light."

The girl gave a slight laugh of annoyance and stood up. "I fail to see how it concerns you," she said. "It was insulting to me, that's all. I did not consider it farther than that. What it said about you has nothing whatever to do with it that I can see. All that I could understand was that some one had tried to annoy me by sending me an anonymous letter." She stopped and smiled. "You must have a rather poor opinion of yourself and your friends if you think they

consider you and anonymous letters with equal seriousness. Now you have to go," she added, "or I shall be late. Thank you ever so much for the books, and come in to-morrow early, and tell me what you think about them; but now I really must hurry, so good-by."

Van Bibber put his hat firmly on his head as he went down the steps, and then turned and gazed at the closed door of the house he had just left with a look of settled bewilderment. "Well," he said, with a sigh, "it's all part of the day's work, I suppose. For which," he added, impressively, "Travers will have to pay."

A long dinner and a large open fire in

the almost deserted club had melted his anger by ten o'clock to such a degree that Travers ventured to ask for the details of the day's adventure, and Van Bibber was so far pacified as to give them.

"Well, I must say," declared Travers, rubbing his knees and gazing with much satisfaction into the open fire, "it turned out to be a very interesting experiment, didn't it? But it hasn't proved anything that I can see. I don't see that it has shown which of the girls cares the most about you, has it? What do you think?"

"I don't know," said Van Bibber, lowering his voice and glancing over his shoulder. "Which do you think, now?"

WALKING STICKS.

BY SAMUEL H. SCUDDER.



A LEAF INSECT, PHYLLEUM SCYTHE, FROM SILHET: NATURAL SIZE.

THERE is perhaps no large group of insects all the members of which present such extraordinary forms as the so-called walking sticks. Their very name indicates the surprise of those who encounter them; and as they are all, for insects, large objects, they have the more come under general notice, and have also been christened with characteristic names, such as spooken in Dutch, and spectres in French. They are less known to us who live in temperate climes than to the natives of the tropics, where they abound. Nearly a thousand species have already been described.

When they were first brought to the notice of those in whose countries they were not inhabitants they created a genuine surprise. Thus Richard Bradley, a fellow of the Royal Society, and at one time Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, picturing on the plates of one of his works one of the kind known as walking leaves, from the resemblance of their broad green and veined wings lying flat upon the back to an ordinary leaf of a tree, writes in 1721 that it was a "Creature which, if we take the Story of it right, partakes, both of *Insectal* and *Vegetative* Life, being nourish'd, as I have observ'd, as well by the Juices of the *Tree*, which the Mother *Insect* lays its *Eggs* in, as by its own"; and not content with this bald statement, eighteen years later he calmly tells this cock-and-bull story about it:

"The *Insect*, when it has found its

proper Tree of Nourishment, lays its Eggs separately in the Buds of it, which hatch when the Buds begin to shoot; the *Insect* then is nourished by the Juices of the Tree, and grows together with the Leaves, till all its Body is perfected; and at the Fall of the Leaf, drops from the Tree with the Leaves growing to its Body like Wings, and then walks about; this is not common enough with us to be easily believed, and what I should not have ventured to mention in this place, if the *Insects* themselves were not to be met with in the curious Cabinets of our own Country.

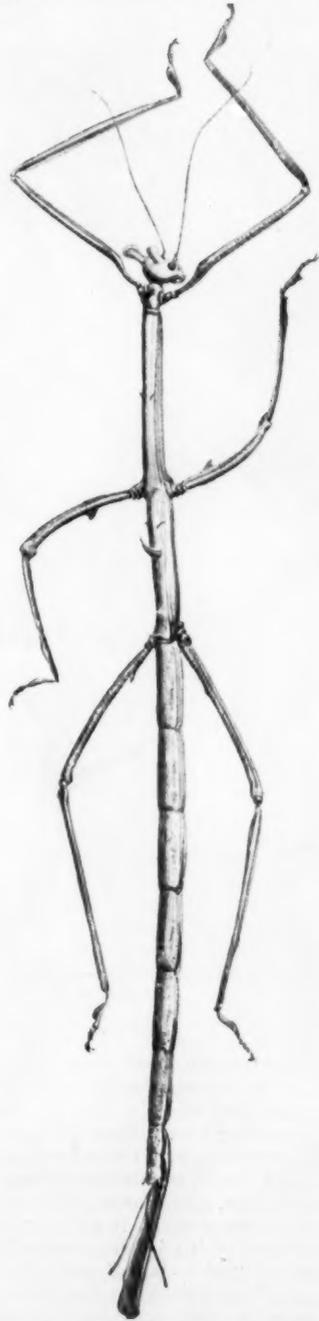
“What I account the most curious Point belonging to this Relation is, That the *Sap* of any Tree should be so naturally adapted to maintain at once both *Vegetable* and *Animal* Life; and by that means to unite the Parts of two Beings, so distinct from one another as *Plants* and *Animals*, and circulate the same Juices equally in the Vessels of both. Indeed we have Instances enough to show us how necessary the Juices of *Plants* are to the breeding up of some *Insects*; and even to confirm that some kinds of *Insects* cannot be brought to live, without their Eggs are properly lodg'd in and entirely envelop'd with some certain Parts of *Plants*; as those *Insects*, for example, which Nature has allotted for the Leaves of the *Oak*, and which make the *Oak-berries*; but that a *Leaf* of a *Plant* should so unite itself with an *Insect* as to make one distinct living Body, is wonderful.”

Yes, “wonderful” indeed!

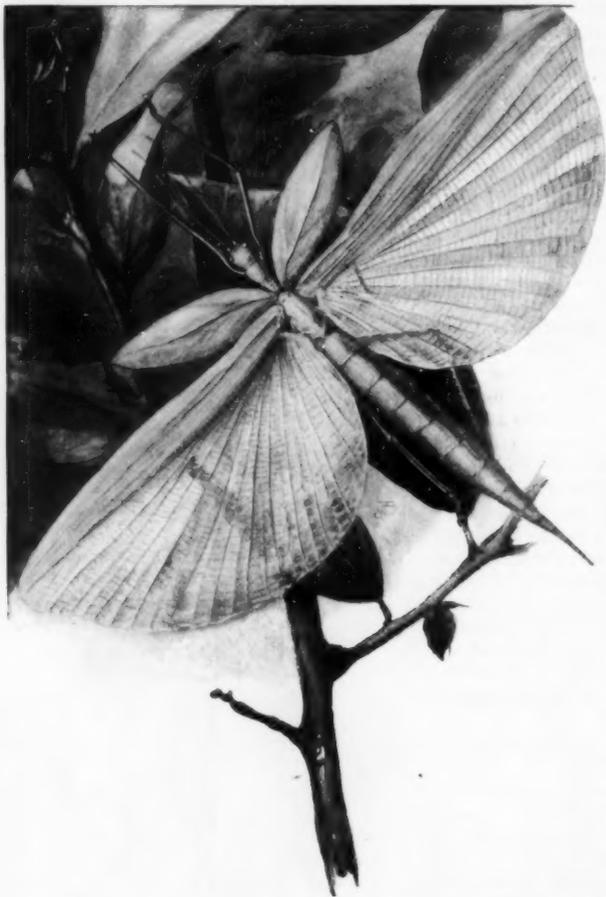
More than a century later, through the repeated efforts of a Scottish lady, the eggs of one of these insects were introduced from India to Edinburgh, where they hatched, and the living insects were kept for eighteen months in the Royal Botanic Garden, and all their transformations observed by the late Mr. Andrew Murray, to whom I am indebted for specimens of both eggs and adult reared so far from home.

As will be seen from the figure, the resemblance to a leaf is very striking—which color would render still more apparent—and the foliate expansions of the legs must add greatly to the deceptive appearance in their native haunts.

But this form of walking stick is exceptional. Besides these walking leaves (of which perhaps twenty species are known, all natives of the Old World tropics—of the genus *Phyllium*, as they are appropriately called by naturalists) there are



PHIBALOSOMA, FROM BRAZIL: CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.



PODACANTHUS, FROM AUSTRALIA—GREEN AND ROSEATE: TWO-THIRDS AS LONG AS IN NATURE.

no others which have such expanded bodies. All the rest are remarkable for their lank and usually slender bodies, with sprawling legs. Take, for example, the form common over the greater part of the United States, which the country people near Salem, Massachusetts (is it a relic of old-time superstition?), call "witches' horses," and which in some other States are dubbed "stick-bugs" and "prairie alligators," our *Diapheromera femorata*.

It may be compared to an animated straw; and when at rest, hugging the stem of a bush, with its legs stretched at

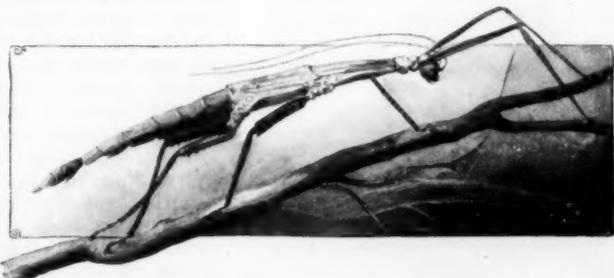
full length close beside the body, the front pair reaching forward to the utmost and the antennæ tucked between them, none but the most sharp-sighted creature would be in the least likely to detect its presence. Arouse it into activity, and slowly the straw will rise, one leg after another be drawn forward or backward, the antennæ will part, and the creature sprawl away over the leaves with its knitting-needle legs. The males, which have the slenderer bodies, can move with great rapidity, scurrying up the trunk of a tree with an agility which shows how useful such length of leg and lightness of body may be; but the females, especially when burdened with eggs, are far more sluggish as they creep over the leaves and twigs, and have a curious lateral swaying motion, much like a rope-walker, and as if in a state of unstable equilibrium, which, when we consider what a

breadth of base their wide-extended legs furnish, seems all the more ludicrous.

Our native forms nearly all belong to this same type, but they are not all so small. In southern Texas we have a much larger and stouter kind, *Diapheromera denticrus*, the body alone of which sometimes reaches the length of half a foot. As it is also proportionately stouter, it has a far more bulky appearance. But in warmer regions are many kinds which are even longer bodied than this, and hardly thicker than a knitting-needle. In Mexico, for instance, we find one sort,

Phanocles, the whole length of which, when extended, is about eleven inches, and, except at the base of the legs, is nowhere stouter than a crochet-needle. In most kinds, as in this and in the witches' horses of the United States, the antennae are so long as just to reach beyond the outstretched fore legs, so that their sensitive tips would be the first part touched by an enemy approaching in front.

ly and spiny all over, or have the head surmounted by a pair of horns, or have a generally *noli-me-tangere* look which defies description. See the Ce-roys (page 459) pictured from Nicaragua; how leaves seem to be



THE TEXAN WALKING STICK. *DIAPEROMERA DENTICRUS*: ONE-HALF AS LONG AS IN NATURE.

All our species, too, are wingless. This is by no means the case in the tropics, where a very considerable number can fly, being furnished with ample wings, sometimes gayly colored. Look, for instance, at the giant species of *Anchiale* of Australia (page 458), too large to appear of full size on this page, the tessellated expanded wings of which stretch fully eight inches, and support a cylindrical body fully as long as that, and as stout as one's little finger. What a startling object to have fly in one's face! Or the different kinds of *Tropidoderus* and *Podacanthus*, also from Australia, some of which expand nine inches in flight, and have a still stouter though shorter and tapering body. Here the front portion of the wings, like the short wing-covers, is of a grass-green, like the body, while the rest of the wings is of a lovely roseate pink; when closed, the wings shut like a fan, and every trace of pink is lost; the entire body is then as green as the leaves upon which they feed. These bulky forms seem like elephants among the lesser herd.

But this in no way exhausts the list of strange forms. Almost all of which we have spoken are nearly smooth-bodied, or have merely little roughnesses of skin; but there are very many which are prick-

sprouting all over it! How would one pick up such a thing? In what receptacle would even an ardent entomologist place it? An insect like this is referred to by Kirby and Spence when, in speaking of mimicry, they say it is sometimes "so exquisite that you would mistake the whole insect for a portion of the branching spray of a tree." Or turn to the bulky prickly giants collected by Wallace in Borneo, a kind of *Heteropteryx*. If one is not an enthusiast, one is glad they live so far away, and thinks it fortunate their wings are too brief for flight.

These are only samples taken almost at random to show what bizarre shapes walking sticks assume; they could easily be multi-



PHANOCLES, FROM MEXICO: ABOUT TWO-THIRDS AS LONG AS IN NATURE.



ANCHIALE TITAN, FROM AUSTRALIA: TWO-FIFTHS AS LONG
AS IN NATURE.

plied from any considerable collection. These insects are generally sluggish creatures, and their form, their color, and their armature may in all cases be looked on as developed for protective purposes. Even those provided with the most expansive wings use them rather as a parachute than for anything properly called flight—merely for a momentary transport to a safer place. Variegated colors are very rarely assumed, and in the few cases where the wings are adorned, these are displayed only during the brief flight, and at other times are always absolutely concealed. An insectivorous foe spying such a one in flight, and going for it, would search in vain for what he had

seen; it has transformed itself completely as soon as alight.

There is, perhaps, no other group of insects which in form and color are so generally imitative, and which naturalists have found more difficult to detect in their haunts. Their bodies often resemble the roughened bark of the trees among which they live; or they seem to have growing to them little flecks of lichen or moss, which add to the deception. The disguise of the walking leaf *Phyllium* is the more striking to a naturalist because he will notice that whereas among all other members of the tribe the wing-covers (when they exist) are greatly abbreviated, the very opposite is true in *Phyllium*, the wing-covers, the only members which could be made to resemble a leaf to perfection, being greatly developed, while the wings are aborted, as if the wing-covers were here developed for the express purpose of this mimicry.

Twenty-five years ago, at the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris, some of these walking leaves were exhibited alive. They were placed on growing plants, from which the larger part of the leaves were stripped, that the insects might not too easily conceal themselves. If a large placard announcing the presence of these creatures had not drawn attention to them, certainly no one would have recognized anything extraordinary; and even as it was, many a person, after examining the case with care, left without seeing anything but the plant, and with the opinion that what the placard told them to look for was some minute object too microscopic for their sight. Even those who knew what to expect had often a

long search to discover what was in reality in full sight.

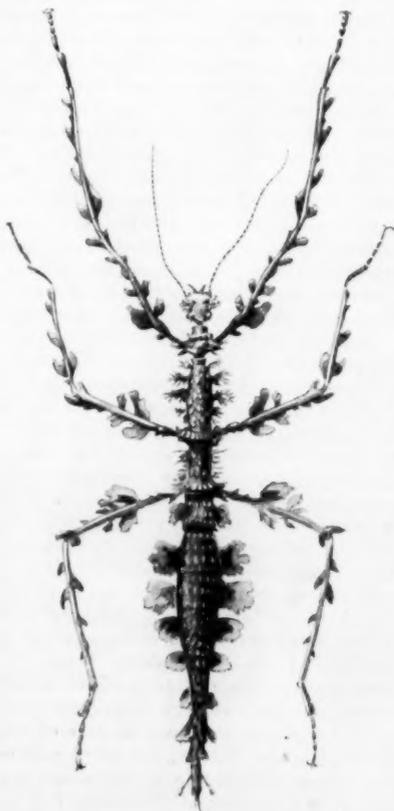
The same was true of the living specimens at Edinburgh. Of one of them Murray says: "For the greatest period of its life it so exactly resembled the leaf on which it fed that when visitors were shown it they usually, after looking carefully over the plant for a minute or two, declared that they could see no insect. It had then to be more minutely pointed out to them; and although seeing is notoriously said to be believing, it looked so absolutely the same as the leaves among which it rested that this test rarely satisfied them, and nothing would convince them that there was a real live insect there but the test of touch. It had to be stirred up to make it move."

Undoubtedly this imitative resemblance is most striking in the walking leaf, but it is quite as complete in many of the walking sticks proper. The naturalist Wallace, familiar with them in tropical forests, says that in the Moluccas they are found "hanging on the shrubs that line the forest paths; and they resemble sticks so exactly in color, in the small rugosities of the bark, in the knots and small branches imitated by the joints of the legs, which are either pressed close to the body or stuck out at random, that it is absolutely impossible by the eye alone to distinguish the real dead twigs which fall down from the trees overhead from the living insects." And he adds that he has "often looked at them in doubt, and has been obliged to use the sense of touch to determine the point." He adduces many further particulars to show the minute manner in which the details of resemblance may be traced.

The end gained by this wholesale mimicry is, of course, protection against attack. Indeed, with creatures incapable, as a general rule, of rapid movement or of flight, it is not surprising that this mimicry has assumed so important and general a character. But for some of the walking sticks, at least, it is not their only safeguard. The thorny spines with which some are clothed—like the *Heteropteryx* we have figured, and many others—must make them ugly things for an insectivorous creature to assail; and there are many which have even a more potent means of defence in the possession of glands secreting a nauseous fluid, which may be exuded or spurted as a sort of spray from openings on either

side the body just behind the head. One species has been named *Phasma putidum*, from the offensive nature of this glandular secretion; and a sluggish creature common in Florida and Texas, *Anisomorpha*, will, when seized, spurt a strong vapor which slightly burns a man's skin. When dissected, the glands which furnish the supply will often be found of exceptional size, quite filling the sides of the thorax.

A curious and interesting thing about these creatures is their power of reproducing injured or lost parts. Their slender sticklike legs certainly look remarkably fragile, and as if such power would be well bestowed. Specimens are sometimes captured in which one of the legs is absurdly smaller than its fellows, though perfectly formed throughout, giving, in-



CEROYS, FROM NICARAGUA: NATURAL SIZE.



HETEROPTERYX, FROM BORNEO: ONE-FOURTH
NATURAL SIZE.

deed, a more crippled look than if the leg were quite absent. The specimen of our common species which is figured is a case of this sort, and was chosen to show it. Experiment shows that if during growth—*i. e.*, at any time before their final moult—a leg be injured beyond the base of the thigh so as to cripple it, the whole leg as far as the base of the thigh is sloughed off before the next moult, and that at this moult a new leg in miniature makes its appearance, and grows with each succeeding moult with exceptional rapidity, though it never gains its normal size; if, however, the injury to the leg be more deeply seated, no restoration is effected.

The strange thing about the growth of the leg is that it takes place only during the brief period of the moult itself. It is one of the oddest things to witness; for before one's very eyes one can see drawn out from the pellicle of the old leg (which momentarily retains its form and size) a new leg, very much larger, and especially longer, than the skin out of which it has that moment been drawn; it has all the appearance of a juggler's trick.

The same thing is seen when the creature hatches from the egg, where it is packed away in the most crowded manner possible. In the full-grown insect the three parts of the thorax, each of which carries one pair of legs, are of very unequal length, as a glance at any of our illustrations will show, the front pair of legs being attached to a very short section of the thorax; while in the egg all three parts are of nearly equal length, so as to allow the legs to come close together

and pack more snugly. But the instant the creature is out of the egg the difference in the length of the several parts of the thorax is almost as apparent as when mature; yet the change has come about simply during the scramble out of the egg.

And here a word may be said about these eggs themselves, for they are certainly curious objects, and very different from insects' eggs in general. Those of our common *Diapheromera* resemble minute beans with an oblique yellow punctured cap at one end; they are glistening brown, with one edge (which shows an elongated pit) broadly banded with pale yellow. In other species the cap becomes a sort of knob, while the sides of the egg itself, especially about that part which has a sunken pit, and which may be called the front, may be curiously carved, as will be seen from a few illustrations here given. Perhaps that of the walking leaf is the



THE COMMON WALKING STICK OF THE NORTHERN STATES, *DIAPHEROMERA FEMORATA*: NATURAL SIZE.

most curious. It is of a brown earth-color and as large as a fair-sized pea, though not of its shape. The front is flat, with a slender fusiform plate overlying the middle; the back is coarsely ridged, while the two sides have high double ridges, and all except the front is stabbed with deep holes; the cap resembles a Phrygian cap roughly sculptured, and pierced around



EGGS OF DIFFERENT WALKING STICKS, ALL MUCH ENLARGED.

the base with a series of holes. The eggs of these creatures are not attached to any object, but are dropped loosely on the ground, and the insect escapes by pushing off the cap.

It was one of the interesting recent finds in paleontology to discover that walking sticks came of a remote antiquity. Before 1878 all we knew of fossil walking sticks were one or two forms from amber, belonging to the early part of the tertiary period. Now, thanks mainly to a French naturalist of distinguished scientific ancestry, Brongniart, we are introduced to a whole race of them back in the coal period of paleozoic times. So far as we know them, they differed from those of to-day by being always winged, and in that the front pair of wings—what we now call wing-covers, or tegmina—were not leathery and opaque, as now, serving only as protective flaps to the closed wings, but were just as large and diaphanous as the hind wings, and equally used for

flight. Our last illustration is an attempt to restore one of these ancient walking sticks, which might perhaps be better termed flying sticks. There were a great many kinds of them, but they are principally known to us by their wings, many of which have been recovered from the rocks of our own country; but whether in Europe or America none are yet known from the great intermediate formations of the mesozoic period. Some of the remains from the coal explain the origin of our living giants, for they had a spread of wing of at least seven inches, and a length of body of about ten inches. They further differed from our living types in having the three parts of the thorax more nearly equal—similar, in fact, to the condition of ours while still in the egg; and thus once more, as so often in other branches of paleontology, we may draw a parallel between the early condition of existing types and the permanent condition of early types.



RESTORATION OF A FOSSIL TITANOPHASMA FROM THE COAL MEASURES, ONE OF THE EARLIEST WALKING STICKS KNOWN: ABOUT ONE-TWENTIETH NATURAL SIZE.



THE FUNERAL.

III.

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III.—IN THE LITTLE CHURCH DOWN THE STREET.

THE little church stands back from the street, with a scrap of lawn on either side of the path that winds from the iron gate to the church door. On this chill January morning the snow lay a foot deep on the grass-plots, with the water frozen out of it by the midnight wind. The small fountain on one side was sheathed with ice; and where its tiny spirtle fell a glittering stalagmite was rising rapidly, so the rotund sparrows had difficulty in getting at their usual drinking-trough. The sky was ashen, yet there was a hope that the sun might break out later in the morning. A sharp breeze blew down the street from the river, bearing with it, now and again, the tinkle of sleigh-bells from the Avenue, only fifty yards away.

There was the customary crowd of curious idlers gathered about the gate as the hearse drew up before it. The pall-bearers alighted from the carriages which followed, and took up their positions on the sidewalk, while the undertaker's assistants were lifting out the coffin. Then the bareheaded and gray-haired rector came from out the church porch, and went down to the gate to meet the funeral procession. He held the Prayer-book open in his hand, and when he came to the coffin he began to read the solemn words of the order for the burial of the dead:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Preceding the pall-bearers the rector led the way to the church, which was already filled with the dead actor's comrades and with his friends, and with mere strangers who had come out of curiosity, and to see actresses by daylight and off the stage. The interior was dusky, al-

though the gas had been lighted here and there. The Christmas greens still twined about the pillars, and still hung in heavy festoons from the low arched roof. As the coffin passed slowly through the porch, the rector spoke again:

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord."

Throughout the church there was a stir, and all heads were turned toward the entrance. There were tears in the eyes of more than one man, for the actor had been a favorite, and not a few women were weeping silently. In a pew near the door were two young actresses who had been in the same company with the dead man when he had made his first appearance on the stage, only three years before; and now, possessed by the emotion of the moment, these two sobbed aloud. By their side stood a tall, handsome, fair-haired woman clad in simple black; she gave but a single glance at the coffin as it passed up the aisle, half hidden by the heaped-up wreaths of flowers, and then she stared straight before her, with a rigid face, but without a tear in her eye.

Slowly the rector preceded the pall-bearers up the central aisle of the church, while the vested choir began the stately anthem:

"Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days; that I may be certified how long I have to live.

"Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity."

It was for a young man that this solemn anthem was being sung—for a man who had died in his twenty-fifth year, at the moment of his first success, and when life opened temptingly before him. He bore a name known in American history, and



"AND THEN SHE STARED STRAIGHT BEFORE HER."

his friends had supposed that he would be called to the bar, like his father and his grandfather before him. He was a handsome young fellow, with a speaking eye and a rich alluring voice; and his father's friends saw in him a moving advocate. But the year he was graduated from college his father had died, and his mother also, and he was left alone in the world. As it happened, his father's investments were ill advised, and there was little or no income to be hoped from them for years. In college he had been the foremost member of the dramatic club, and in the summer vacations he had taken part in many private theatricals. Perhaps it had always been his secret wish to abandon the bar for the stage. While he was debating the course he should take, chance threw in his way the offer of an engagement in the company which supported a distinguished tragedian. He had accepted what opportunity proffered, and it was not as a lawyer but as an actor that he had made his living; it was as an actor that his funeral was now being held at "the little church down the street."

While the choir had been singing the anthem, the coffin had been borne to the chancel and set down before the rail, which was almost concealed from sight by the flowers scattered about the steps and clustering at the foot of the pulpit and in front of the reading-desk. The thick and cloying perfume of the lilies was diffused throughout the church.

The rector had taken his place at the desk in the chancel to read the appointed lesson, with its message of faith and love. There were sobs to be heard when he declared that this mortal shall put on immortality.

"Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

There were those present, old friends of his boyhood, come from afar to give the dead man the last greeting of affection, who knew how high had been his hopes when he went upon the stage; and they knew also how hard that first year had been, with the wearisome drudgery of his apprenticeship, with the incessant travelling, with ambition baffled by lack of opportunity. Some of them were aware how the second year of his career in the

theatre had seen a change in his fortunes, and how discouragement had given place to confidence. There had been dissensions in the company to which he belonged, and the tragedian had parted with the actor who played the second parts. Here was a chance for the young man, and he proved himself worthy of the good fortune. No more youthful and fiery Laertes had been seen for years, no more passionate Macduff, no more artful and persuasive Mark Antony. He had the gifts of nature—youth, and manly beauty, and the histrionic temperament; and he had also the artistic intelligence which made the utmost out of his endowment. Before the end of his second season on the stage he was recognized as the most promising actor of his years. He had played Mark Antony for the first time only twelve months before; and now he lay there in his coffin, and the little church was filled with the actors and actresses of New York who had come to bid him farewell.

When the rector had finished the reading of the lesson, there was a hush throughout the church. A faint jingle of sleigh-bells came floating down from the Avenue.

A few straggling rays of sunshine filtered through the windows on the right side of the little church, and stained with molten colors the wood-work of the pews on the left. There was a movement among the members of the vested choir, and a dark and stately woman took her stand before the organ; she was the contralto of a great opera company, and it was with skill and power and feeling that she sang "Rock of Ages."

In a pew between the organ and the pulpit sat a slight graceful woman, young still and charming always, although the freshness had faded from her face. This was the celebrated actress with whom the dead man had been acting only a week before. She was the ideal Juliet—so the theatre-goers thought—and never before had she been aided by so gallant and so ardent a Romeo. Never before had the tragedy been produced with so much splendor, and with dramatic effect so certain and so abundant. Never before had *Romeo and Juliet* been performed for a hundred and fifty nights without interruption. And for once the critics had been in accord with the public, so potent was the glamour of youth and beauty

and passion. It was a joy to all discerning lovers of the drama to see characters so difficult interpreted so adequately. Thus it was that the tragedy had been played for five months to overflowing audiences; and its prosperity had been cut short only by the death of the fiery wooer—of the Romeo who lay now in the coffin before the chancel, while the Juliet, with the tears gliding down her cheeks, sat there by the side of the middle-aged merchant she was soon to marry. The young actor, to catch a glimpse of whom silly school-girls would watch the stage door, and to whom foolish women sent baskets of flowers, now lay cold in death, with lilies and lilacs in a heap over his silent heart.

When the final notes of the contralto's rich and noble voice had died away, the rector went on with the ritual:

"Man, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

The dead man had been the last of his line, and there were no near kindred at the funeral. There was no mother there, no sister, no wife. Friends there were, but none of his blood, none who bore his name. Yet there was a shiver of sympathy as the tiny clods of clay rattled down upon the coffin lid, and as the rector said "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Then the service drew to an end swiftly, and the pall-bearers formed in order once again, and the coffin was lifted and carried slowly down the aisle.

As the sorrowful procession passed before the pew where the tall fair-haired woman stood, stolid, with averted head, and a stare fixed on the floor, one of the bearers stumbled, but recovered himself at once. The woman had raised her hand, and she had checked a cry of warning; but the coffin was borne before her steadily; and they who bore it little guessed that they were carrying it past the dry-eyed mother of the dead man's unborn child.

THE-MAN-THAT-DRAWS-THE-HANDCART.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I SING of arms and a man, for whether I consider him in his patient hardihood, his incredible physical endurance, his unsurpassed marksmanship, pedestrianism, wood-craft, prairie-craft, hunter-craft, and Indian-craft, or consider his ardor for his own intellectual culture in his hard surroundings, or recall his spotless moral purity in evil associations, and his admirable courage and chivalrous feeling, I am able to say, here was a man. And indeed it gives me pain now, nearly thirty years after his death, to think that I shall never see again my friend, nor ever, indeed, see any man his match or like again. For as there was but one Sir Galahad among the knights of Arthur's table, so was there among all frontiersmen but one George Northrup. He was the fine flower of his class, perfect in all its accomplishments, and superadding to them a degree of intellectual culture unknown to most of his kind, and a rectitude and grace of moral character little known in any class.

The story I have to tell is not fictitious. I cannot hope that it is in all

respects accurately correct, for some of the incidents have been collected and sifted with difficulty from the associates of Northrup; others, however, I had from his own lips, always loath to speak of himself and his achievements. I have attempted no embellishment, but have set down the facts as I understand them, from full accounts written out by me soon after his death, while yet all was fresh in my memory.

I had heard of Northrup before I saw him, for accounts of his daring exploits now and then found their way into the St. Paul papers, and his expedition with a handcart had been matter of newspaper notice throughout the country. In the summer of 1860, while I was living in St. Paul, I joined a scientific party going to British America to observe a total eclipse. The leader of this party was at that time an obscure young man: none other than Professor Simon Newcomb, now of the Naval Observatory at Washington, and known as widely as astronomy itself. Mr. Ferrel, the eminent mathematician, now deceased, was the

assistant astronomer. Mr. Samuel Scudder, the now famous entomologist, was the young man who represented Professor Agassiz and natural history. After crossing some two hundred miles of what were at that time virgin prairies, from St. Cloud to Georgetown on the Red River of the North, we took the little pioneer steamer, then in its first or second season on that river. Nothing could have been more awkward than that tub of a boat, plunging every now and again headlong into the banks despite the frantic exertions of the pilot, aided by the long steering-oar on the bow. We steamed some three hundred miles, according to the estimate of the boatmen, without seeing on the banks a human being or a house.

On the first morning of our voyage, while Mr. Scudder and myself stood on the boiler-deck of the boat in conversation, there came to us a young man with long brown hair falling to his shoulders. He was clad in a frontier coat made of a white blanket, and reaching to the knees, with bits of red flannel sewed on instead of the ornamental buttons that belong on the back of a coat. This young man held nominally the position of watchman on the boat, but he was evidently much more than that, being Indian interpreter, ambassador, topographer, and guide through these strange waters.

"Are you gentlemen naturalists?" he asked.

Mr. Scudder answered in the affirmative, and the young man in the white blanket coat asked if we would like a Red River turtle. He went below and brought up a turtle, weighing about fifty pounds, which he said he had discovered in the water during the night by its audible breathing. He had harpooned it with the fireman's poker, a piece of iron ten feet in length. The blow had broken the dorsal plate, and the end of the iron had rested on the ventral plate. By bearing down on the poker while he walked round the gunwale and then walked the hawser to the bank, our new acquaintance had landed the chelonian monster.

Mr. Scudder, with me for pupil-assistant, dissected the turtle, and I believe that his skeleton, with a skylight in the back, yet rests in the Cambridge Museum. Peace to his carapace! The prudent cook, having an eye, as Emerson would put it,

to the culinary use of the world, sent a tin pan, into which we put the many-hued muscles as we stripped them off, so that we had both science and turtle stew out of him.

It was while we were eating turtle and potatoes at the breakfast table the next morning that Captain Sam Painter, commander of our petty steamboat, asked me if I knew the young man at the other end of the table, the captor of the turtle.

"That," said he, "is Northrup."

"You don't mean to say," I answered, in surprise, "that that young fellow is the famous Northrup that we hear so much about—the one the Yanktons tried to kill last winter!"

"Yes," said the captain, with eagerness, "that is George W. Northrup, and he knows more about the frontier than all the rest of them put together."

I had supposed Northrup to be a man of forty-five or fifty, and it puzzled me for a long time to understand how so much of adventure could have been put into the life of a youth of twenty-three.

Having communicated my discovery to the rest of the party, we set ourselves to cultivate our new acquaintance, a task which we did not find easy on account of a sensitive and dignified reserve that always characterized him. He did not like to be lionized.

Our great surprise, next to his youth, was his diction. Not only that he did not swear nor use slang like other frontiersmen, but that he spoke in well-chosen words which had a certain aroma of books about them. He was not what we supposed a man of the wilderness ought to be.

His spare hours during this trip were spent in reading Blair's *Rhetoric*; he was acquainted with Bancroft, Irving, Prescott, Longfellow, and Cooper, but De Quincey was quite his favorite author. I found that he was crammed with the facts of history, ancient and mediæval especially. He was the only man I ever knew who had triumphed over the formidable stupidity of Rollin, having mastered all the facts, the date, place, commander, and number of men on each side, with the details and result of every battle, and all the other useless information that men used to call history. He had gathered about a hundred and fifty volumes, which he kept in a settler's cabin near Fort Abercrombie, at that time two hundred miles

beyond the lines of settlement. By his camp-fires he had been accustomed to fight over the world's battles in his imagination, until those remote personages who seem like shadows to the rest of us were substantial people to him; he spoke of Genghis Khan in the same familiar way that we do of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

Averse to dependence on relatives, he had left his home in central New York on the death of his father. Gerrit Smith's farm adjoined the one on which he lived, and the philanthropist probably saw something of the rare quality of the lad, for on his departure the good man put his hands on George's head and gave him his solemn blessing.

He was about fifteen years of age when he landed at St. Paul, then an Indian trading-post. He had a good education for his age, having even a considerable knowledge of Latin. He is described as a fine young fellow with long hair and kindly blue eyes, so pure in word and speech that some of the rude people about him thought him a girl in disguise.

From the beginning George was always braving the lawless Yankton Sioux on their own ground, and most of his Indian encounters came from his adventuring beyond the line of traders' posts. As a boy he talked to his confidential friends about a project he had of passing from tribe to tribe until he should arrive at Bering Strait, and so pass over into Asia, and reach Eastern civilization by passing westward through the fiery belt of barbarism. No doubt many of his early aggressive explorations had to do with this project, which was identical with the dream that had driven the young Châteaubriand to America.

At a very early period of his life as a trader's clerk he took a wagon-load of goods and drove off into the Yankton country to trade, an enterprise from which almost any other man would have shrunk. After carrying on a traffic for a while, one of the Indians, appreciating the helpless condition of a white man surrounded by wild savages, stole a blanket from Northrup's wagon. Knowing instinctively that any weakness would insure his destruction, the boy trader pursued the savage and wrested the blanket from him. The audacity of the assault saved him; the Indians laughed and applauded, and he returned safely to the

post. The Indian thief afterward attempted to take Northrup's life, and when finally prevailed upon to become reconciled, he said, pathetically, to Northrup, "I did not mind the blanket you took away, but you disgraced me in the presence of my people."

When George had spent three years on the frontier, being then eighteen years of age, and well acquainted with the Dakota tongue and the habits of the Indians, he probably thought it time to enter on his exploring expedition. At least he did then undertake to pass from St. Cloud, on the Mississippi, to Fort Benton, and so to the Pacific slope, by following the trail of Governor Stevens's party. His outfit consisted of a handcart laden with the most necessary articles, and his only companion was a faithful dog. The audacity of this attempt to pass alone through many hostile tribes and countless other perils besides is beyond the conception of those who know little of the Indians. But George loved to do impossible things, and so the foolhardy boy set out. He once pointed out to me a beautiful broad brook at a considerable distance west of St. Cloud. It was even then, in 1860, on the very verge of settlements. Here, George said, lived a solitary old man, the last man he saw before plunging into the wilderness. It was on the second day of his journey, and the old man begged him to desist from so rash an adventure, and entreated him to stop there with him. But nothing could turn the resolute fellow. From that hour he was thirty-six days without seeing human face or hearing any voice but his own. He told me that the agony of loneliness became horrible beyond description. The old dog often grew so lonesome that he would leave his station behind the cart and come round in front of Northrup, looking up wistfully into his eyes, begging him to speak. Nothing was so horrible to George as his own voice, but the persistency of the dog would carry the day, and when his master had spoken, the faithful rear-guard would resume his station.

In a maddening monotony of loneliness the river system of the Red River of the North was passed, and George, with awful pluck, was traversing the barren Coteau du Missouri. Here he was no longer able to trace Governor Stevens's trail, and he found himself surrounded by the most appalling dangers. To meet the

Sioux of the plains on their own ground, in their most peaceful moments, was a peril to daunt the stoutest heart. But, reading the prairies as he did a book, George found everywhere the trail of war parties. The Yanktons, Yanktonnais, and Tetons, vile diabolonians all of them, seem to have been scouring the Coteau in hope of slaughtering some Cree or Assiniboin hunting party that had come down after buffaloes. To fall in with one of these fierce war parties was inevitable death.

To cap the climax, Northrup awoke one morning to find that the contents of his handcart had disappeared. Whether wolf or Indian were the depredator he did not know, but now that his outfit was gone there only remained one chance for life. By one of those incredibly long marches for which he was so famous he must put himself out of the reach of the human wild beasts whose fresh tracks were all about him. So he turned toward the nearest trading-post—at Big Stone Lake. For the last four days he subsisted on raw frogs.

Accounts of this expedition appeared in the New York *Tribune* and the newspapers generally, but Northrup could not bear to talk about it. The Indians seem to have been much impressed by the handcart attempt, for they immediately dubbed Northrup "Chan-pa-hmi-hma Yudo-ha," or "The-Man-that-draws-the-Handcart," which remained his Dakota name to the day of his death.

His next expedition was hardly less adventurous. He joined himself to a band of Assiniboin Indians. During this summer George carried with him a small telescope, with the magical powers of which the savages were highly amused; and they soon learned to put it to practical use in detecting the Sioux scouts who were wont to lurk about the outskirts of the Assiniboin camp in hope of cutting off some stragglers, or attacking some feeble detachment. By means of the telescope the whole wide prairie was scanned, and many a poor Sioux was detected and destroyed when he vainly thought himself out of sight.

One day an Indian was discovered, two or three miles away, on his knees in the grass making many curious and inexplicable motions. A detachment was immediately sent out by the Assiniboins to surprise and capture him, but when the frightened fellow was brought into camp

he proved to be, not a Sioux, but an envoy from the friendly Chippewas, who, being something of a dandy, had stopped to make his toilet and paint his face before a pewter-cased pocket-mirror, preparatory to his advent among the belles and beaux of the Assiniboin camp.

Never satisfied with ordinary activity or common adventures, George was accustomed to employ green trappers to work by the month under his direction, then pushing beyond the usual line of trapping into the Yankton country, he would establish a camp out of the way of Indian haunts, and distribute his men up and down the streams to trap. During the winter of 1858-9 he planted his camp on Devil's Lake, a large body of water in what is now northeastern Dakota.

A Sioux chief of the Yankton tribe, whose Indian name signifies "old man," heard that the adventurous handcart-drawer was trapping at that point, and fitted out an expedition for the purpose of robbing him, partly perhaps under pretext of vindicating a Yankton claim to a riparian ownership in all the musk-rat and otter that paddled in the streams of that country, but influenced still more strongly by an Indian's love of plunder.

It was a bright winter morning, and George had followed an elk six miles through the snow. He had just shot it, and was stripping off its coat, when he saw an Indian scalp-lock rising above the top of a little knoll. He threw himself into a thicket, put his hand on his bullet pouch, and found by touch, without counting, that there were fifteen bullets in it, while thirteen Indians soon came into sight. Every bullet must bring a man, he said to himself, when the desperation of his situation flashed upon him.

"Is The-Man-that-draws-the-Handcart here?" asked one of the Indians, for they knew Northrup's aim too well to approach without caution.

"If any man comes one step nearer," cried George, in the Dakota tongue, "until I know whether this is a war party or not, I will shoot him."

One of the Indians fired off both barrels of his gun into the air, which was a pledge of peaceful intentions, but it put George under the necessity of emptying his gun and trusting to the uncertainties of Indian good faith, or of accepting battle with the odds of thirteen to one. Slipping the cap from one barrel, George ran

out and fired one barrel of his gun, bringing the hammer down on the capless tube of the other, as though that barrel were empty. He was now virtually a prisoner, but he dexterously replaced the other cap and kept a good hold on his gun. He afterward managed to load the empty barrel without attracting attention.

He understood perfectly the Indian plan. They knew that any attempt to take the life of a man with so sure an eye and quick a hand as George's would probably cost some Indian his life. They meant to detain him on some pretext while a detachment should plunder his camp, guarded only by inexperienced men. Northrup knew that he would lose not only the result of his winter's work, but the provisions on which life depended, if the Indians should reach the camp ahead of him.

The boldest way was the only one. After standing in the Indian camp awhile he confronted the chief and said, quietly, "I'm going home," immediately turning about and taking the trail that led to his camp. The savages were nonplussed by the suddenness of the movement, and they fell into line behind Northrup. At every step of that six miles George expected a rifle ball from behind.

Guns, provisions, furs, were scattered about the trappers' camp in confusion; if the Indians on their arrival should find things so, the camp would be utterly stripped. George tried again what virtue there might be in impudence. Turning to the old chief, when they came in sight of the camp, he said:

"Old-Man, my men are green; they do not know that you are coming in friendship; if you go in now, they might fire on you. Wait here until I go and tell them that you are friends."

In fact, George feared nothing so little as that his men would shoot. But the Indians were deceived, and with a "Ho!" of approval, the Sioux consented to remain until their welcome should be assured. When they reached the camp, George had everything in order, the things all under guard, and the Indians saw themselves outwitted.

There were thirteen savages to six or seven white men; but Indians like to keep their own skins whole, and to attack so vigilant a man as Northrup was dangerous. George overheard them disputing which should have his rifle. "The one

that gets you must be quicker than I am," he said to his gun, and his watchfulness foiled every attempt to surprise him.

"Where is your gun?" he demanded of one of his men.

"The Indians are sitting on it and I cannot get it."

George walked up to the row of Indians who had taken the gun in this tentative and diplomatic manner, and eyeing them sternly, he seized the stock of the gun, whereupon the cowed savages rose up, and he returned the gun to the man and ordered him to hold on to it.

The crisis came at last. There was of flour but thirty-seven pounds in the camp, carefully hoarded against extremity. To George's consternation he found that Old-Man had seized it, while his frightened men did not dare offer resistance. Northrup walked directly up to the place where the chief sat with the sack of flour by his side, and laying hold of it, started off.

"Stop!" cried the Indian, getting to his feet. "Man - that - draws - the - Handcart, bring back my flour!"

George turned about, and with a gesture of that cool dramatic kind which so impresses a savage, he opened the breast of his coat and said,

"Old - Man, if you want to kill me, shoot, but you shall not take away my food and leave me to starve."

"Then," said the chief, fiercely, "Man - that - draws - the - Handcart, you shall go south."

The Dakota tribes believe that the soul, driven out of the body, journeys off to the south, and "to go south" is, among the Sioux, the favorite euphemism for death. George looked unflinchingly at the chief, and said:

"Very well, Old-Man, I will go south, then. But if I go south you have got to go also, and just as many more as I can take with me. But you first."

At this the chief quailed. He saw that he was hostage for the good behavior of his whole party, and, indeed, Northrup had given orders that if a movement toward an attack were made by any Indian, the chief should be killed first. The Indians at last succeeded in stealing an old flintlock musket and a bag of pemmican, with which they made off. As soon as they were gone, George pushed off to a grove far out on the open prairie, which grove he had reason to think the Indians were not acquainted with.

Among the Yanktons George had a friend, an influential man. While Northrup was a trader's clerk at Big Stone Lake, this Indian had taken a fancy to him. After inquiring of the traders whether George was a likely man or not, and whether his habits were steady, he proposed to George a marriage with one of his three daughters. In vain George pleaded that he was too young; the Indian did not know why the handcart man should not have an Indian wife like the other traders. So importunate was this father of a family that Northrup could escape only by an evasive promise to consider the matter when he got to be older. And though the Indian's hopes of a son-in-law were doomed to perpetual disappointment, he never lost his friendship for the handcart man. When the latter would sometimes visit the Yankton village his friend made a feast for him of boiled dog-meat and birds' eggs well on toward hatching. George ate heartily for his friend's sake, though he confessed to me that dog-meat had "a domestic flavor he could never quite relish." As for the eggs, he got on well enough except now and then when there was an appearance of feathers, in which case he would pass the egg to his friend.

Now when Old-Man was forming his party to attack the trappers, George's friend exerted himself vainly to prevent it. Old-Man's party came back, according to the Indian custom, and sat down without giving any account of their success or failure. You will find a description of such a return in "Hiawatha." There were the gun and the pemmican, which were enough to excite the worst fears of Northrup's friend, who quickly gathered a few followers and started off in search of George. Finding that the trail of the party went out toward the open prairie, as he supposed, and knowing that the open prairie in the winter was death, he concluded that George had become confused and gone out into the prairie to die. He reported this to the traders, who understood it to be a diplomatic way of intimating that Old-Man had massacred the party. Whereupon the newspapers gave accounts of his murder, told the story of his daring life, repeated once more the history of the handcart expedition, and moralized on the untimely loss of so noble a young man on account of his own foolhardy bravery. But the

young man and his companions returned in the spring with their peltries.

Soon after this the stage line was opened through from St. Paul to the Red River of the North, upon which river our droll little pioneer steamboat was launched to make the connection through to the Selkirk Settlement, now Manitoba. Northrup mapped the route for this line. The first coach that felt its way over this unknown road was accompanied by Captain Blakely, one of the owners, and by Northrup as guide. Among the passengers were an English baronet and his friends going out to enjoy that manly pastime so much affected then by English and American gentlemen, the shooting of a few harmless buffalo cows, that they might have whereof to boast in the clubs. Besides these there were two Scotch ladies, sisters; one was betrothed to an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, and had journeyed across an ocean and a continent that she might meet her lover in the Selkirk Settlement, whence after their marriage they expected to return to his post in the arctic zone. This devoted sweetheart and her devoted sister, who came as companion, awakened great interest in all who saw them. Northrup, always full of a poetic and knightly sentiment, was ready to be their humble servant.

When the stage reached Georgetown the little steamer which should have taken the passengers to the Selkirk Settlement was immovably fixed on Goose Rapids, thirty-five miles away as the crow flies. Sir Francis —, the baronet, proposed to depart immediately for the buffalo grounds without making the detour to the Selkirk Settlement, and he offered Northrup large wages to move off at once with him. But what was to become of the forlorn ladies? To go back three hundred miles would have been bitter; to stay where they were was impossible. Northrup spurned every offer of the gentlemen hunters, and resolved to see the ladies safe at their destination. There was nothing left for the baronet and his friends but to go with them. A flat-boat was built and put under Northrup's command, and the members of this party were the first white persons to trace the sinuosities of the Red River.

George went to the plains with the English party in a subordinate capacity, but his manifest superiority carried him

to the top, and he came back as chief guide. The baronet gave him a pair of ponies and a hunting-coat on parting with him, and sent him from London a fine wire-barrel rifle made to order at a cost of seventy-five pounds. In showing me this gun, George said: "She hasn't got a speck of silver about her, but I love her. She always goes where I tell her to." A year or two later another party came from England with an open letter of directions from Sir Francis, in which he said, "After passing St. Paul, trust George W. Northrup and go no further."

One Sunday some settlers on the upper Red River were chasing a bear which had ventured too near to the site of a hypothetical city, which city contained at that time but one lonesome log cabin. The bear was fleeing toward a wooded ravine, chased and worried by dogs. Once in the brush the pursuers would have to give it up. But now a second danger appeared in the shape of what seemed to be a party of mounted Indians, who would not hesitate to kill the bear and keep it. One of this party left the rest and came galloping toward the hunters. It proved to be Northrup, returning with the party of Sir Francis. He kept his eye on the retreating bear, never giving the hunters on foot so much as a look of recognition as he galloped past them, whipping his pony to the top of his speed. But the bear made the timber, and was to all appearances lost. Northrup did not abate his speed, but rode full tilt at the ravine, leaped off the pony, and disappeared in the brush. Coming out in a minute, he remounted and rode furiously up the ravine for half a mile, reined up, sprang off, and rushed into the brush again. In less than a minute his rifle cracked, and the bear was dead.

The next day Sir Francis wished to see a trial of skill in marksmanship. He got together the dozen or fifteen men—Frenchmen, Scotchmen, half-breeds, and what-nots—that were about the Hudson Bay Company's forwarding station at Georgetown, and bade them shoot, he supplying the ammunition. At one hundred paces there were many fine shots made; at two hundred there were but two or three good ones; at three hundred the shooting became wild. There was, however, one little Irishman who could put a bullet into a three-inch target twice out of three times at this range. Up to

this time George had refused to shoot, fearing to excite jealousy; but now Sir Francis commanded him to take part. Northrup stipulated for his own gun; then he cut a hole in the bark of the tree, inserted a half-dollar piece, turned about, and stepped off five hundred paces.

"Now, boys," he said, "if I shouldn't happen to spoil that, the one who gets it may have it!"

But his bullet cut the coin. I have the incident from a trustworthy land-surveyor who participated in the match, and in the foot-race for the half-dollar. It tallies with all that one hears of his shooting. Captain Shelley of Brackett's Battalion of cavalry told me that he had often seen Northrup shoot small birds for fish-bait, but that he always did it by shooting off the bird's head with a revolver.

The ponies given him by Sir Francis were stolen by the Chippewas. I have heard that Northrup recaptured one of them, riding through a village of Indians with two loaded and cocked revolvers in his hands. The Chippewas called him "White Cloud," from a white hat that he wore on his first appearance among them.

The winter after my acquaintance with George began he was engaged in the arduous task of carrying the mail from Fort Abercrombie to Pembina, two hundred miles land journey over a country without a habitation. The journey was made with a dog-sledge and a half-breed assistant. Exposure in winter on the prairies of the Red River Valley is something that the hardiest man might shrink from. The thermometer often touches forty and sometimes even reaches fifty below zero at the northern end of this journey, and the storms of snow and wind are very perilous. In the mail-carrying he was probably always near enough to the streams to find a shelter in the timber or in a ravine during a storm; but in journeys over the open prairie, Northrup, like other *voyageurs*, had sometimes to lie down in the snow, with the sledge-dogs close against his body, and keep still under a blanket of snow for twenty-four or forty-eight hours until the wind should abate. No living thing can travel and survive in one of these blizzards, as we now call them. I speak of these *de profundis*, out of my own memory of them.

In the summer of 1861 George was chief

guide to another party of English gentlemen. With his usual caution George had avoided the villages and haunts of the Yanktons, in whose neighborhood he was hunting, but he was overtaken by a danger which no foresight could have enabled him to avoid. A band of Teton Sioux from west of the Missouri had come over into the Yankton country, either to hunt, or in hope of scalping some wandering half-breed or Assiniboin hunters. They sprang as from the ground, surrounding the English party, and knocking the head guide from his horse. By a curious instinct George always did the right thing in every difficulty. As soon as he recovered from the blow he bethought him of the ten-gallon keg of brandy among the stores in the cart. Had the Indians drunk this, there would have been no escape for the white men from death or torture. Northrup knocked in the head of the keg with an axe, and the brandy ran out in the sight of the Indians, to whom on this wild prairie it was more precious than gold.

As the prisoners marched in single file toward the Indian camp, a Teton in the advance-guard was smitten with a happy thought. He could avenge the brandy, and glorify himself for all time, by making a string-shot at the whole party. Northrup, who was in the lead of the file of prisoners, saw the Indian's gun aimed directly at him, but by a quick motion he dodged the bullet, which glanced from the cheek-bone of an Englishman behind him.

The Tetons would, perhaps, have destroyed the white men without mercy, but happily at that moment there came up a larger band of Yanktons, and the captives were as glad to see these now as they had been afraid of meeting them before. The Yanktons claimed the prisoners as captured while trespassing on their ground, and making a rush, they "hustled" them out of the hands of the other tribe. It was at once settled that the Englishmen should be set free, but the handcart man, being the guide that had brought them to the buffalo country, must die. He was separated from the others, and put into a lodge by himself under a strong guard.

In the Yankton council there arose a debate. One single man advocated Northrup's release; all the rest were for killing him. That solitary friend was the son of

the Yankton who had long held to the vain hope that the drawer of the handcart would marry his daughter—the same who had searched for him after his encounter with Old-Man. Between the Indian and George existed, perhaps, that mysterious freemasonry known among the Sioux as "coda." That relation gave the old Yankton's son a right to shield Northrup from the vengeance of the tribe. So that the minority of one had the veto power over the wrath of the Indians—such is the despotism of custom among them. The young man's plea through the long night in which his tribe endeavored to beat down his steadfastness was substantially this:

"I know that The-Man-that-draws-the-Handcart has come upon our lands. Also, he has not treated our family as he should. He has not married my sister, as we expected he would have done. Yet there is friendship between him and my father. He has eaten in our lodges. By our custom I have a right to save my father's friend. I claim that right, and you must let him go."

At last the party, robbed of provisions and outfit, were released, with an old rack of a pony, and with no food but a quarter of a horse. They made their way to the shipping-post called Georgetown, on the Red River. During the last two of the nine days' journey they had nothing to eat. The frontiersman who ferried them over at Georgetown said to me that "George stood it well enough, but the Englishmen looked awful hollow."

Like many other men who have gone to the frontier in their boyhood, George Northrup chafed with regret that he "had thrown his life away," as he put it. But he declared that the force of habit was so strong now that he could not change. Seeing no other way for him, I suggested that he devote his life to zoology. He was the keenest and most intelligent observer of the habits of animals that I have ever known. Professor Agassiz, on Mr. Scudder's suggestion, offered him an engagement to collect for the Cambridge Museum. But at the outbreak of the war he was seized with a patriotic enthusiasm, and he wrote to the great naturalist almost in these words, "While the war lasts I belong to my country; when the war is over I am at your service." He looked forward with much hope to the prospect of a life of scientific work, and I

make no doubt that had he lived he would have ranked at least as high as Audubon. I have seen him go down upon his knees in the grass, and by careful examination tell whether it was a fox or a wolf that had lain in a "nest," by the position in which the feet had been placed. Where the ground was beaten under a wild plum-tree he examined the confused tracks critically, tracing them with his fingers, and told me that an old doe elk and her fawn had stood in that place all the day before fighting flies. He was regarded as almost infallible in these matters.

Northrup became orderly sergeant of Company C in Brackett's Battalion of Minnesota cavalry, which for a time was part of the Fifth Iowa cavalry in the Army of the Cumberland.

Always respecting a manly enemy, Northrup had a chivalrous hatred of a skulking one. Jerry Stone, a noted Tennessee bushwhacker, had killed in cold blood an unarmed old man in the neighborhood of Fort Donelson. George vowed to kill him at the first chance. One day as he was in command of an advance-guard he received an order to fall back. But just as his men were mounting, Stone's bushwhackers fired upon them. George ordered a charge, and himself selected the leader, and gave chase. As Stone's horse was the fleetest, Northrup used his revolver first, saving the carbine for close encounter. Jerry Stone fired three times without hitting his pursuer; George shot five balls from his revolver, with one ball wounding Stone's horse, and shooting three through the man. He said afterward that he ought to have killed him, but he could not slay any helpless enemy. It is said that Jerry languished a year in the hospital, and then recovered, and escaped by violating his parole.

George's value as a scout was soon discovered, and he was ordered to report for that service to General Crook, and was, indeed, several times consulted by Major-General Thomas, and sent out under his directions from his headquarters. Once with nine men he penetrated a hundred miles into the Confederate lines, combining forces with the loyalists of the mountains of North Carolina. These illiterate and independent mountaineers, like many other highlanders, lead semi-independent lives, and are loath to acknowledge governmental restraint. During the days of the Confederacy they

called themselves Union men, now they are "moonshiners." They do not "lift cattle," like the Scotch Highlander of the last century; they only make illicit whiskey and shoot revenue officers. Among these men of the hills, who carried flintlock muskets, Northrup camped. Under their guidance he surrounded the house of a savage provost marshal, a Colonel Walker of Texas, who had offered \$10,000 in any kind of money for Northrup's party, "dead or alive." They undertook to capture him, but Walker resisted, and was killed. Then Northrup hurried back into the mountains, and escaped between two divisions of the Confederate army into the Union lines at Chattanooga. For his conduct in this dangerous expedition he received high commendation at headquarters.

It was soon after this, while he was on furlough, that I, with others, endeavored to get a commission for him. The Governor offered him a paltry second lieutenant's commission in a new regiment of infantry, but Northrup wrote, after a day or two of consideration: "I am a cavalryman by nature. My place is in the saddle. I cannot recruit. I would rather go back and fight it out with my company." Brackett's Battalion was ordered to the frontier in 1864 to aid in suppressing the Sioux, who had risen against the whites in 1862, and against whom an ineffectual expedition had been sent in 1863.

During the march across the plains George acted as correspondent of the *St. Paul Press* newspaper, and, as I remember them, his letters were written in English of great purity and vigor, and the accounts of the march were enlivened by Indian legends and incidents of adventure suggested by the camping-places. He had always a notion that he should lose his life in a charge, and when the battle of Tah-pah-o-ku-tah drew on he gave several little articles to another correspondent, saying, "Send these home, and write my obituary when I am dead." Perhaps it was only his old deep-seated melancholy. But the Indians in front were his old foes, the Yankions and Tetons, to whom he was well known, and he had good reason to fear that they would seek to put out of the way one who understood their country so well.

Once in the battle, he dashed out far in front of his company, and began to say

something to the Indians in their own language. Did he court death, and was he upbraiding them for their cruelties? Or did he hope to secure a parley and so to make peace? No one knows what he said; but the Sioux recognized him, and determined to slay the handcart man. The wild Indians of the plains who had no guns shot at him with arrows. George had a sixteen-shooter, and Brigadier-General Miner Thomas told me that he saw three Indians fall under his rapid fire. I doubt not that every shot took effect. But at last, pierced by three arrows, Northrup fell dead. The Indians tried to secure the body, that they might mutilate it according to their custom, but Major Brackett ordered a corporal to recover it "if it costs the life of every man in your squad."

They buried him, and trod the ground down with their horses' feet that the enemy might not discover his grave. Many of the soldiers of the battalion were accustomed long afterward to carry his

photograph with them, and the corporal who recovered the body showed me a soiled picture that he had carried in his breast pocket for a long time. I have seen hardened and weather-worn frontiersmen who could not speak of him without tears.

Thus lived, and thus died at the too early age of twenty-seven, George W. Northrup. No braver, truer, purer, kindlier, or more modest young man ever lived. While he lived he was widely famous on the frontier, and since he died the Minnesota Historical Society has shown some interest in the facts of his life. But no county in that State bears his name, no island in his own Red River of the North is his monument, no village or township commemorates him. Small politicians, Indian chiefs, old French explorers, have borne off the honors. This man Northrup, the most romantic figure in the early history of Minnesota, has nothing but that nameless grave beyond the Missouri and swift forgetfulness for his meed.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I:

DOES a man reveal his real self in his private letters? Is he more honest with himself in his letters than he is in his diary? Is he not always, when he thinks about himself, in the attitude of justifying himself? When he sits down to write to another person he desires to produce a certain impression, and almost unavoidably he is self-conscious. In his diary—unless it is rigidly a diary of events and of the weather—he is of course self-conscious, and analyzing his own emotions, and the chance is that he is trying to appear in his own record better than he is. The human mind is a juggler; it juggles with conscience notoriously, but not less in regard to its relations with other minds. It is doubtful, therefore, if a person ever reveals his real self except he does it unconsciously. What is the real man, in any case, it is

difficult to say, for he makes different impressions upon different people, and probably never is to any one else what he seems to himself to be. But the nearest approach to a definition of himself is the impression he makes upon those most intimate with him, with his appearance, talk, actions, with his daily life. They may get a tolerably correct impression of his personality. But in the case of the author—that is, the person whose mind is in communication with the world—he most completely reveals his real self unconsciously, not when he is self-conscious, as he must be more or less in a letter, but in those writings for the public in which his mind, his innate quality, reveals itself in an unconscious play upon things exterior to itself. Then, if ever, is a man off his guard. This, however, applies only to the honest and sincere writers, and not to the *poseurs*, who are numer-

ous in literature, and who lie to the public as readily as they lie to themselves. But even these latter, sooner or later, stand in the world for what they are, and so it holds good that the unconscious attitude a man takes in relation to life in his public writings reveals his true character.

The *Letters of James Russell Lowell* suggest many of these inquiries. Whether they reveal more of the man than his public writings is a question that can be answered only by those who were intimate with him. The private letter represents moods, and not always settled convictions, and reminds one of an extempore epigram that Lowell made one day on the G. O. M. :

"His greatness not so much in Genius lies
As in adroitness, when occasions rise,
Life-long convictions to extemporize."

And this witty *jeu d'esprit* might not have represented Lowell's settled opinion of Gladstone. These letters are in a sense autobiographical; they cover the space of his long life, from boyhood to old age, and if they are not absolute revelations of the real person in any one period, they are one of the most curious and interesting studies ever offered to us of the change in the relations of a soul towards what we call the world. And this revelation is absolutely unconscious. The early letters are labored and conscious, lacking spontaneity, but they exhibit a burning ambition for distinction, and a firm belief in his power to achieve it as a poet. Distinction came to him in time, but he hardly recognized it when it came; it was not the thing that he had dreamed of. It was still only preliminary, a preparing of the way for the signal achievement that was to declare what he really was—an achievement that his procrastinating habits always postponed. He had fame—it was forced upon him to know at length that he had that—but it was not the personal thing that the boy expected, and somehow there is an air of delusion about it. One can read between the lines that he felt always the necessity, or rather the desire, to do something to justify this fame. The boyish vanity disappeared, and there came in place of it a consciousness of power, but of power never used as he had expected to use it. As a writer he waited for moods, he felt the glow and joy of inspiration, and the "last" thing always seemed the best; but when the glow had passed, he was unsatis-

fied with his work, and often wished never to see it again. He could not but know, in time, that he occupied a great place in literature and in the estimation of the world. But we read between the lines that this reputation was somehow external and unreal to him; nay, we read in the lines that the most passionate desire of his heart was to be loved for himself. As we turn these charming pages, which have not a note of pessimism, and are veined with humanity, we have an impression that the world is an illusion, and that a great reputation is little more satisfaction to the soul than great wealth. If money is a man's object, it is impossible for him to get enough to satisfy him; it is not true that Lowell hungered for more reputation, but that he hungered to realize the early dream he had of expressing himself to the world. He never quite gave himself up to reform, he never quite gave himself up to poetry, he never quite gave himself up to scholarship, and only late in life had he a taste of his power in public affairs. He passed along through life accumulating knowledge, acquiring skill, but always, as it seemed to him, limited by circumstances that postponed till tomorrow the decisive hour of his genius.

II.

Many of these letters are an addition to literature. There must be many more as good, which should be given to the world, not for biographical purposes, which is largely the intention of this compilation, but for the profit and pleasure of the world. Unpublished, we should have the right to say, knowing now what the letters are, that Lowell wasted himself in correspondence. Of course our interest in a considerable portion of the letters is purely contemporary; we like to see what he said about our friends, or the causes and events of the day, in which the next generation of readers may not be interested. But there is much that is beyond this, and belongs to the region of permanent ideas in which a superior mind moved. They show a mind furnished for greater work than it ever did. The mind is not only rich, but it is fertile. In the letters of his manhood there is an astonishing display of intellectual resources, a prodigality of wit and allusion. And it seems spontaneous, the pouring out of an over-crowded brain, ideas and fancies tum-

bling over each other in the haste of exit. And notwithstanding this display, these letters have not a conscious and manufactured air, which many of the early letters have. They show perhaps better than anything else that he knew the possibilities of his genius—a genius that lacked the force of entire surrender in abandon to any one line of effort. "A genius?" queried Lowell in a letter to a lady correspondent. "I was half made for one, but only half." This is an inadequate confession. The matter is more nearly touched when Sienkiewicz makes Leon Ploszowski say, "If I possessed the abilities of a genius, it would be a genius without portfolio, as there are ministers of state without portfolio." A genius without portfolio! That explains much in regard to many men besides Lowell. Was he ever given his portfolio? Certainly not in his professorship. Certainly not in his essay comments upon the work of other geniuses. Never, in full liberty, in his own opinion, as a poet. And only tentatively, and for a short time, in the rôle of a reformer, though in that ministry without portfolio he came nearer to the expression of his original genius in the *Biglow Papers* than in anything else that he did.

III.

Lowell could not be classified as anything but an American. He felt like an American, and he understood the Americans. He was racy of the New England soil. He liked the West, its distinctive Americanism, and he loved to sympathize with his countrymen in the mere bigness of the country. "These immense spaces," he writes, "tremulous with the young grain, trophies of individual, or at any rate of unorganized courage and energy, of the people and not of dynasties, were to me inexpressibly impressive, and even touching. The whole landscape had a neighborly air, such as I feel in no other country." He was equally impressed at the Cincinnati convention by the manliness and intelligence of the men from the far West; they were quiet and self-restrained in their demeanor, and "had an independence and self-respect which are the prime element of fine bearing." He was among the first to recognize the real Lincoln. But he was a humorist also, and saw other traits that foreign observers are pleased to call

American. The only time he met Franklin Pierce, ex-President and the friend of Hawthorne, was at a dinner in Boston in 1860. "He is used to public speaking, and so he public-speaks in a *tête-à-tête*, doing the appropriate gestures and all. He placed himself, after a while by me, told me 'how long, sir, he had looked forward, sir,' etc. At last, leaning confidentially towards me, he said, 'Sir, I glory in your fame! I am proud of every man, sir, who does honor to me country!'" Lowell was greatly amused, and adds, "I never saw the real Elijah Program before." No one saw more clearly than Lowell the elements of character in the American that made national greatness—he found the Westerner as calm as his prairie—and no one was prouder of what is best in our distinctive Americanism.

And yet it must be said that Lowell had an ancestral consciousness, and that for the man, as he reveals himself in these letters, the New England background seems a little thin. To be sure, he loved New England, and his strength lay there, as his affections did, nor should he be charged with any feeling of poverty in his intellectual surroundings—he himself says that he never found elsewhere so good society as that of the Saturday Club. But when he came to know England, with its clustering traditions and centuries of accumulated culture, with the stored richness of its life, he seemed to be in an atmosphere native to his genius. He did not need there to explain himself. There was a sympathetic response to the best he could be and say. The first obvious comment on this is that here was an American, wholly a product, in education and inherited traits, of American soil, who appeared of larger proportions as a man against this rich storied background. And he felt at home. Even the climate suited him. Is there in this situation a criticism on Lowell, or on his country? Is it any discredit to a young country that one of its foremost men should seem also of the first rank in a country older and richer in the fruits of an ancient civilization? It is, at any rate, to be admitted that in England Lowell discovered aptitudes for commerce with cosmopolitan life not disclosed in the anxious tax-payer of Cambridge, nor in the professor's chair. And moving in this freedom, and in this perspective, he

seems a larger man than he seems in any of his works. Reputation that endures is composed of many elements, character among them standing side by side with genius. With this man the impression he has left upon the world can be referred to no one achievement, neither that of poet nor scholar nor diplomatist. In the light of his latter days it would seem that the greatest thing he ever did was to be LOWELL.

IV.

In a letter written in 1881 Mr. Lowell, acknowledging the generous remuneration for a poem sent to a periodical, says, "I fear for authorship with these luxurious rates." This reveals in him a keen sense of the relation of art to the world. Later than this he showed an over-sensitiveness in returning more than half of a large sum that was sent to him for his essay on Gray. The sum was more than it was worth, he said, and he would not subject himself to the demoralization or to the temptation which art incurs when it enters the field of competition as merchandise. He was right in his theory, but wrong in this special application. The essay on Gray was written, it had been read in England, and it was worth to the publisher what a publisher was willing to give. It would have been otherwise if the publisher had ordered an essay on Gray of a certain length, and tempted him with an extravagant price. It would have been otherwise if the publisher, for the sake of the advertisement his name would give, had tried to bribe his genius for a price. Lowell had a sense of the dignity of art, and he would not lower it for lucre. He knew that the artist who consciously works for money works for his own deterioration. Let us not be misunderstood. Necessity is a needed stimulus to genius. The expectation of large pecuniary reward for his work is legitimate. There is no danger that a great work of art, either in painting, sculpture, or writing, will be overpaid. It is priceless. Whatever the price, no buyer can adequately reward such a work. Fame is its real compensation. And yet it is true that the great artists were no doubt stimulated to do their best work by the mere worldly prize of pecuniary compensation. But the work of genius is the most sensitive of all products. Its quality can only be maintain-

ed by purity of purpose. When an artist of any sort is tempted for money to turn out quantity instead of quality, or to let any consideration of profit enter into the ideal work he is doing, his intellectual demoralization begins. And sooner or later he is paid for his desertion of his flag. For his reputation begins to decline when he allows worldly motives to enter into his art, and soon his pecuniary value in the literary or art market goes down. Lowell's advice to a young writer doubtless would have been: do always the best work you can do, regardless of any extraneous considerations; sell your MS. for the best price you can get, but do not sell your soul.

It may seem odd that the highest price should not command the best work in literature, as it does in industrial art. Is it not just that the painter and the novelist should be well paid, say as well paid as life-insurance "touters"? Is it true that really good poems or stories are too highly paid for even by a "syndicate"? Does not the "syndicate" seem a good method of increasing the audience of the author, of widely distributing his writings, and at the same time of giving him a more adequate reward than a single publisher could afford to give him? Where, then, is the objection to it? A well-known writer recently, when an intimate friend mildly criticised one of his productions, said, "Oh, that is only syndicate work." Ah! Was he writing down to his audience, or were the high prices tempting him to do more work than he could do well? But is not even this better than the days when publishers owned their authors, and made hacks of them—slaves of the pen? Is it not a great pity that promising artists fall into the clutches of frame-makers and picture-dealers, who get a mortgage on their genius, and grow fat on their industry, which never can emancipate itself? Yes. And yet, in these days of "luxurious rates" in literature, would not Mr. Lowell have been more emphatic in his apprehension, "I fear for authorship"? It is not that the profession of letters is too well paid, for the remuneration of the author rarely reaches the fees of the successful lawyer or physician. And no one is so great a benefactor to mankind as the imaginative writer. The matter is a very difficult and delicate one to handle. Can you pay a person for being a good Christian or a good man?

Yet men do trade upon their religious character. We hear talk about the profit of godliness. After all, does not literature fall under the general law that every man deteriorates when the idea of making money becomes the ruling motive? In manufacturing, the temptation is to produce inferior goods; in literature it is the same. Some men resist this temptation. We can believe that Hawthorne never would have yielded to it. Lowell could not have yielded to writing to order; the very suggestion paralyzed his genius. But the point is not the price a writer gets, but his attitude towards it. Can he maintain an unworldly attitude, and not water his wholesale product in order to get retail prices? There are living writers who have been demoralized to overproduction by this temptation. They have reduced authorship to a trade. It is not simply that they "pad," in the technical term of the craft, but they attempt to draw from unreplenished reservoirs. And there is another evil of our prosperous literary era. Hosts of men and women are attracted to literature as an occupation to make money when they have no call to it. Many of them succeed with a public that has no more discrimination in literature than it has in art. In both cases—that of the good writers who are demoralized, and of those who have no "call"—literature suffers. The remark of a magazine editor that the quality of MSS. offered has recently deteriorated is suggestive and alarming.

V.

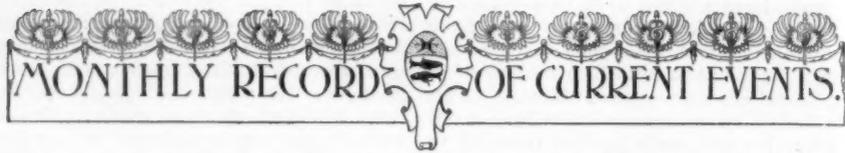
There have been many attempts to make Christianity attractive, or, what many people consider the same thing, to insure regular attendance at church. Perhaps a recent device of metropolitan journals, which have this good thing about them, that they make even the service of the higher life contribute to "circulation," will work to this end. This device is nothing more nor less than detailed descriptions on Monday of the new and fascinating toilets at church on Sunday. These are to some people more attractive reading than the reports of sermons. They appeal to the æsthetic sense, and raise emotions which the most eloquent discourses cannot reach. Would not many a sinner be induced to turn his steps to the sanctuary by such announcements as these: "Pretty Women

in pretty Gowns," "Pretty Gowns at the Churches," "Faultless Creations worn by the Ladies at the Houses of Worship"? Especially when the names of the women are given in full, so that the descriptions can be verified. The descriptions are not chance shots by dazzled reporters; they are minute and accurate, and could be used by a modiste for the reproduction of the costumes. No mystery of the toilet for effect is left unexplained. Who could resist Miss — as "the personification of daintiness in an exquisite gown of very pale brown shot with geranium-red"? Or Miss — "in a peculiarly fetching costume of ribbed diagonal goods in heliotrope"? Or another angel "in a crinkled cloth in the tenderest of salmon tints," the whole described as simplicity itself, topped by "a Tam o' Shanter hat, modified by clusters of," etc.? What tender thoughts must arise in the worshipping mind! In this church, where there was so much to draw one to the contemplation of the divine life, sat in one of the front pews a large-sized French poodle, black as night, and "on top of his head was a bunch of black curls, carefully tied with a ribbon of apple-green in one of the sweetest of tints." Oh, sweet dog! Only to sit in such a place, and have next you, perhaps, a toilet in which "the ornamental galloon was worked with amethyst crystals and edged with sable fur"! Saw St. John ever anything like this? And then, "A cunning velvet hat of medium size, with black wings, rosettes of velvet in front, and an ostrich aigrette between, black gloves, and patent-leather boots." Oh, my brothers, oh, my sisters, how easy it is to be good! The same talented writer who so seductively points out one of the ways to heaven also directs the blushing bride how to march to the commonly called sacrament of marriage. She, the meekly down-looking virgin, is to carry in her hand a prayer-book (an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace) of a color to match the prescribed toilet. "But if she have not a prayer-book," says this symbolizing apostle of the new life, "an ostrich-feather fan will do as well!"

To make church-going as natural and as attractive and as exciting as going to a ball, is not this a great gain? Is the effort wasted when the devout lady sees herself named and painted to the life, to the tip of her hat and the color of her hose, in the

journal, next morning? This is, however, only a hint at what may be done. The church is not a theatre; it is not an opera-house; it is not a ballroom. And the head-lines quoted above appear only next day in a newspaper. What if the churches had bulletin-boards in front, with big display lines of the attractions within, like the theatre posters? Would not then

an unheeding generation know where to go? Is not this union of the newspaper and religion one of the signs of the times? When women study their toilets for the church and have them reported in the newspaper, surely some kind of millennium is at hand. But the newspapers engaged in this work should no longer be called secular.



POLITICAL.

Our Record is closed on the 7th of December.—Complications with Hawaii attracted much attention during November. On the 10th was made public a report of Secretary of State Gresham to the President favoring a restoration of the political conditions which existed in the Sandwich Islands previous to the revolution of January, 1893, so far as United States troops had assisted in that revolution. President Cleveland in his annual message to Congress set forth the ground of his executive action up to that time. Albert S. Willis, the new American minister, arrived at Honolulu on November 4th.

A new tariff bill, named from Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, was made public by the House Committee of Ways and Means on November 27th. When possible it substitutes *ad valorem* for specific rates of duty, and adds a large number of articles to the free list, including wool, coal, ores, salt, sawed lumber, agricultural implements, and many chemicals.

Congress opened on December 4th. The President's message, in addition to recommending the passage of the Wilson bill, estimated a Treasury deficit for the current year of \$28,000,000, urged the abolition of the fee system in Federal courts, discouraged the extension of the free postal delivery system, and advised reform in the land laws.

The message recites that during the year the constitutionality of the Geary Chinese Exclusion Act was sustained by the Supreme Court, relates that negotiations are in progress between the United States and Great Britain to enforce the recommendations of the Bering Sea Tribunal, and calls attention to the financial embarrassment of the Nicaragua Canal Company, and to the importance to the United States of controlling this canal. The receipts of the government during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, were shown to be \$461,716,561 94, and the expenditures \$459,374,674 29. The customs revenues amounted to \$205,355,016 73, and the internal revenue levies to \$161,027,623 93. Our dutiable imports amounted to \$421,656,711, an increase of \$52,453,907 over the preceding year, and the non-dutiable imports to \$444,544,211, a decrease of \$13,455,447. The exports of merchandise amounted to \$847,655,194, a decrease from the preceding year of \$182,612,954. The amount of gold exported, \$108,680,844, exceeded that of any previous year. During the preceding twelve months it was \$58,485,517. On November 1, 1893, the amount of money in circulation was \$1,718,544,682, or \$25 49

per capita. The gold bullion in the Treasury on that date amounted to \$96,657,273, and the silver bullion to \$126,261,553. The coinage for the year was 97,280,875 pieces, valued at \$43,685,178 80. During the year 440,793 immigrants arrived at our ports, or 141,084 fewer than during the previous year. The army consists of 25,778 enlisted men and 2144 officers. The expenditures of the department were \$51,966,074 89. The militia enrolment is 112,597 officers and men. Seaboard defence has been strengthened. Four armored ships have been added to the navy during the year, and 22 war-vessels of various classes are under construction. There are 1,055,956 names on the pension rolls; and the sum expended for pensions during the year was \$156,740,467 14.

James J. Van Alen, of Rhode Island, on December 3d, declined his appointment as minister to Italy.

Several prominent young French-Canadians were arrested on November 20th while preparing to blow up with dynamite the Nelson Monument in Montreal.

The Italian ministry resigned on November 24th because of the connection of some of its members with gigantic bank scandals.

The French ministry, under Premier Dupuy, resigned on November 25th. A new ministry was formed, with M. Casimir-Perier as Premier.

DISASTERS.

Thirty persons were killed and eighty injured, on November 8th, by the explosion of a dynamite bomb thrown by anarchists in a Barcelona theatre.

More than 300 persons were drowned near Calais, France, and about 200 on the coasts of the United Kingdom, and many vessels were wrecked, in a gale on November 17th.

An earthquake, on November 16th, destroyed the city of Kabushan, in Persia, with loss of life estimated at 12,000.

OBITUARY.

At Boston, November 9th, Francis Parkman, aged seventy years.

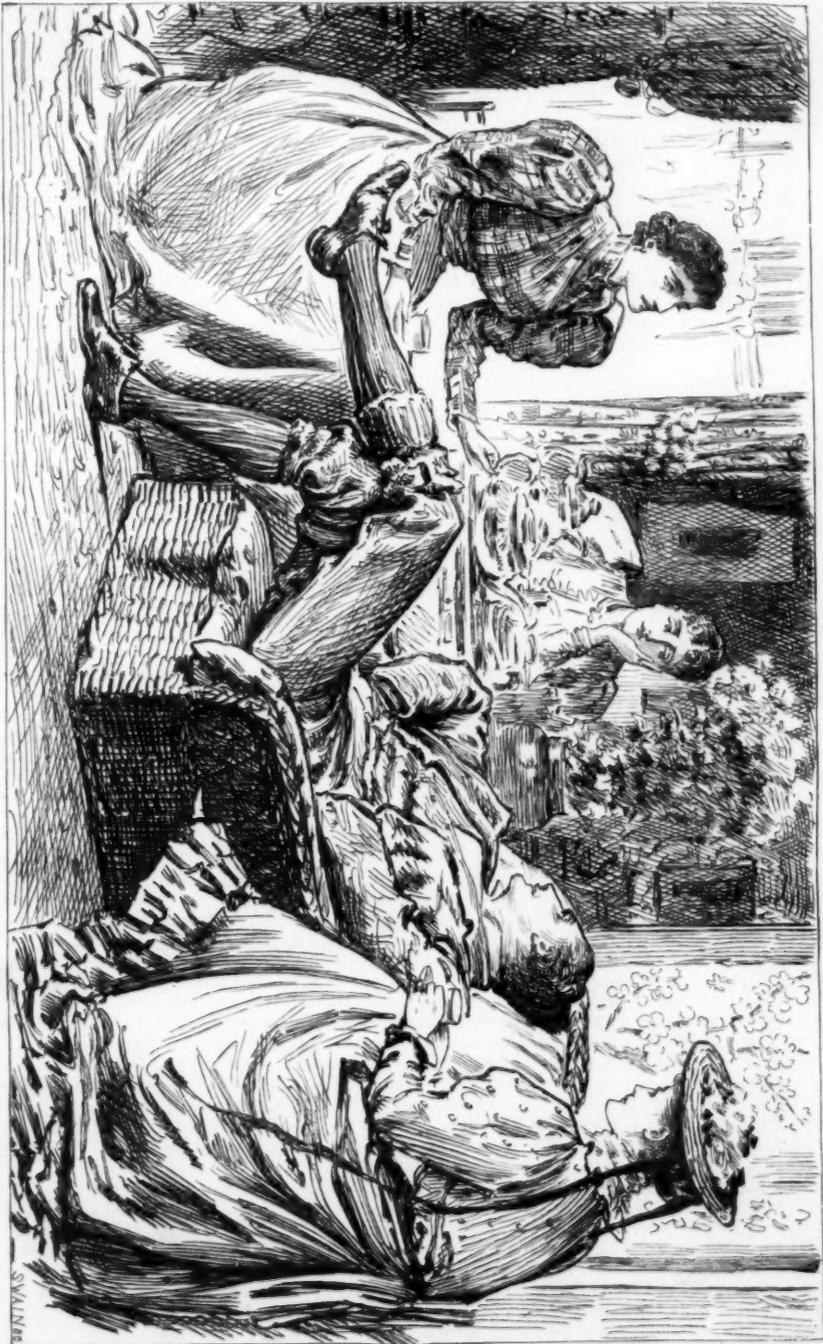
At Grätz, Austria, November 17th, Alexander Joseph of Battenberg, formerly Prince of Bulgaria.

In New York, November 18th, Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems.

At London, November 21st, Charles Mapleson. At Veroux, Wisconsin, ex-Secretary of Agriculture Jeremiah M. Rusk.

At Haslemere, England, December 4th, John Tyn-dall, aged seventy-three years.

"What you're looking for is a different kind of hospitality. I've had everything my doctor ordered me: 'Fresh air, good food, agreeable society, and cheerful conversation.' But I've had no strain on the intellect!"



AN INFELICITOUS SPEECH.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MURIEL.

“Why—you’re looking better already, Sir Ronald!”
“Yes—this is the first time I’ve ever felt so comfortable!”
“Involves no strain on the intellect!”

EDITOR'S DRAWER

WHEN THE COLONEL WAS A DUELLIST.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THE question of duelling was up, and had been discussed. Some approved the code; others were doubtful. The Colonel alone had not participated in it; he had sat through it all calmly smoking his pipe, with his head thrown back against the wall, and his eyes lazily turning from one speaker to another as the talk proceeded. Finally some one said, "Colonel, you have had a duel, of course?"

"Once," he said, and put his pipe back into his mouth, and went on smoking again as before.

"Tell us about it," they said; for the Colonel was a man of wide experience, and of approved courage in the war. The Colonel's eyes turned up to the ceiling, and staid so for some time, while his face took on a reminiscent expression, and when they dropped again there was a look of amusement in them. He waited at least two minutes, then took his pipe out, and emitted a cloud which would have almost concealed a mountain-top.

"Well, when I was as young and almost as big a fool as some of you are," he said, "I thought, like you, duelling was a fine thing. I had read a great deal about it, and talked more. I considered the code the proper recourse of a gentleman, and I so declared myself frequently. This did not prevent me from being disagreeable enough in other ways to get into a number of collisions, in which, as I was a strapping young fellow at the time, I was generally victorious. I was then practising law in the little county town where I started, and I deemed myself easily the greatest lawyer in the circuit, if not in the State. It was necessary to be aggressive, I thought. I had taken Lord Thurlow as my model, and I thought myself like him. There were only two things that stood in my way; there was an older lawyer there who always treated me as if I were about three years old, and the people rather seemed to lean naturally to him. I never went into court with him that he did not make me feel like a fool. I could not pick a quarrel with him and beat him, because he was always most polite when he was most insulting, and besides, he had only one arm, having lost the other, I had heard, in a wheat-machine. I thought he rather took advantage of it, and I used to writhe under his polished sarcasm, and lie awake at night cursing him. At last I could stand it no longer; and once, when he had gone too far for me to endure it, I consulted friends. I selected two young fellows in the village as my advisers: one, a young lawyer; the other had no profession—he was one of the best fellows in the world, but

did nothing but drink whiskey. However, he was sober at that time, and as he was a great advocate of the code, I felt that he would keep sober whilst the responsibility was upon him. I consulted them as my friends, and they advised me. The only thing as to which we differed was whether I should give my adversary an opportunity to retract. I maintained that the code required it; they disagreed with me about it. They were so indignant at him that they had taken up the notion that he was really a coward, and that I could unmask him. I might have overcome their arguments if I had not been afraid of being thought a coward. Besides, I was rather in love with a pretty girl in the place, and believed that a duel would make something of a hero of me, and help my cause. (If there were no women and no fools, there'd be no duels, gentlemen.)" After this parenthesis the Colonel proceeded: "Anyhow, they stood out and had their way, and a peremptory challenge was written, and intrusted to Jim Burton. It had all the vigor and venom in it that Jim and Lindman could distil. I thought it too bitter; but Lindman was a lawyer, and a challenge was a felony, anyhow. It was one of the coldest spells I ever remember; the snow was about a foot deep, and had frozen hard on top; and I well recollect how we gathered round Lindman's office fire whilst we waited for the reply to my cartel. I was afraid to go home, for we knew the row and my intention to send the challenge had got out, and the sheriff and his deputy would be after us. We barricaded the door, and pulled down the old blinds at the shutterless windows. Jim staid so long that finally we were about to send Lindman out to look for him, when he gave the three taps agreed on at the window. He was let in, and after warning up a bit, told his story. He had had much difficulty in finding Facton—Facton was his name, I forgot to say—but had finally found him, and had presented the challenge. Facton had read it at first with amusement, Jim thought; then with anger, or fear—he could not tell which. 'Fear, without doubt,' we both decided. I thought of my girl. Then he had said he would send for some one and lay the matter before him, and had told Jim he would let us hear from him in the course of a few hours.

"Did you tell him where to send?" we asked Jim.

"Of course," he said. "I told him we would sit here all night."

"That's right," we agreed.

"And he as good as kicked me out of his house, sir," said Jim.

"What! We were overwhelmed at this breach of decorum, and Jim had to specify. 'Of course he did not lay his hand on me, but he rang the bell, and told that black butler of his to show me the door.' This did look like it; and Jim, who was rather talkative, declared that for a little he would call him out himself.

"Jim, whom did he say he would send for?" we asked.

"I did not catch the name exactly, but it sounded like "Drace"; it could not have been him, though; he's the sheriff!"

"Drace! Are you sure it was Drace? There's only one Drace in the county, and that's the sheriff!" Jim's memory was re-

rested in a duel with a crying disgrace. It was decided to send Lindman out to reconnoitre. He had not been gone long when he came rushing back, and began to barricade the door faster than ever. He had run upon the sheriff himself coming out of old Facton's yard, and the sheriff had attempted to arrest him: 'But I knocked him down,' said he, triumphantly. This was a new complication. The sheriff was already the friend and creature of old Facton, who was the commonwealth's attorney, and now to have knocked him down would make him all the more bitter against us. Jim changed the current of our thoughts suddenly by saying: 'Suppose old Facton should choose shot-



"I WAS IN IT."

freshed by our repetition of the name, and he was positive it was Drace. Here was a bomb-shell. The whole plot burst on us. He was going to send for the sheriff and have us arrested, and then get the credit of being the only one out. It was diabolical. 'Why in the mischief did you tell him where we were?' we asked; which made Jim rather sulky, and he said truly that we had just praised him for doing that very thing, and said something further about our being a couple of fools. As he was necessary to us, and had done the best he could, we had to mollify him, which was not hard to do. Still, there was the question of arrest to be considered. To be the first ar-

gins and buckshot? He's one of the best shots with a shot-gun in the world, one-armed or no one-armed.' I had not thought of this, and I was conscious of a sudden and unexplained catching of my breath which left a little taste in my mouth. Then I thought of my girl again. I asked Jim how the Colonel lost his arm. He said in the Mexican war; and I don't know why, but I was conscious again of that same sinking sensation and taste. However, we did not have much time to consider, for just then we heard the 'crunch' of approaching footsteps through the frozen snow, and the next moment there came a thundering knock at the door, and the sheriff was de-

manding admittance. I was sensible of something not unlike a feeling of relief, at which I was rather ashamed, but Lindman seemed to be in a frenzy of excitement. He sprang up and seized a heavy desk. The sheriff and his posse (for there were several in the party, as we could tell from their voices), finding the door locked, dashed against it, and it creaked and cracked, and seemed about to give way, when Lindman got his desk against it and flung himself on top of it. 'Get out of the window,' he whispered; 'hurry; go to Rice's loft. I'll hold it. I'll keep the scoundrels out.' I, of course, had to appear to be trying to get away, so I began to fumble at the window, and would have found a reasonable excuse in its tight sash, if Jim had not solved the difficulty by kicking the window out, sash and all. There was nothing for me to do then but to climb out. But, Jerusalem! how cold it was! I thought the wind would cut me open. I was about to climb back, when Jim pushed me out. (They were the most eager seconds I ever saw.) I told them I could not go out in that wind without a hat and great-coat. They flung me a hat, and asked where my great-coat was. I was looking round with one eye for the coat and the other on the door, hoping it might give way, which it threatened to do every minute, when it did give way with a smash, and the sheriff came in head foremost through the split. Lindman flung himself on him like a tiger, shouting to me to run—he'd hold him—and Jim gave me a shove, so there was nothing else to do, and I got out. It was as cold as Christmas, and as I ran across the lots to Rice's stable I thought the wind would cut me in two. Jim followed, and we climbed up into the loft in the hay. At first I was sensible of relief at getting out of that biting wind, but after a little I began to freeze again. I asked Jim if he thought he could get any whiskey. He said not, and began to preach on temperance in general, and especially on the necessity of sobriety in a duellist. I said, 'Jim, you talk as if you were drunk now.' He was so much offended at this that I apologized. I burrowed down into the hay, but to no purpose. Jim was better off than I, for he had an overcoat. The idea that whiskey would keep me from freezing seemed to take possession of me, and I began to think about it all the time. Presently I thought I began to smell it. This rather scared me, for I thought I must be freezing to death. My feet were already numb. Jim, who had at first been very voluble, had become less and less so, and now only answered from his hole in the hay in grunts, or

not at all. How long we were there I don't know, but presently I could get no answer from Jim. The idea seized me that he must be freezing to death. This, with the delusion about the smell of whiskey, aroused me, and after calling him again and again and getting no response, I crawled over to him through the dark, and put my hand on him. The first thing I struck was a whiskey-bottle. It was empty. Jim had been lying up there with that bottle until he was dead-drunk. Well, I was pretty mad. I had a great mind to leave him there, but I was afraid he would freeze to death. My other second I knew was arrested. So there was nothing to do but to go in. I crawled out and took a survey. Not a light was to be seen. I was afraid to arouse any one, so I had to get Jim down out of the loft and back to Lindman's office by myself. He came down the ladder easy enough—too easy. I was afraid he had broken his neck. Did any of you ever try to carry a hundred and sixty pounds of limp humanity a quarter of a mile through a twelve-inch snow? Well, if you have not, don't try it. Next time I'll let him freeze, if he is George Washington.

"When I got into Lindman's office the fire was out, and the door and window looked as if a cyclone had struck them. There were splinters enough, however, lying around to make a fire, and I utilized them. I soon fried Jim out enough to find he was alive; and I never knew just how it happened, but the next thing I knew the sheriff was standing by Lindman's bed, and I was in it. He had one eye in a poultice, and his temper and nose needed one too; but, bad as they were, they were not as bad as Lindman's. Lindman had spent the night in the jail parlor, after one of the most heroic fights ever put up in the county. When he found that I had slept in his bed it capped the climax. It came near bringing on another duel, and would have done so if he could have got anybody to take his challenge that morning. As it was, we were all bound over to keep the peace, and Facton went on our bond, after making a handsome apology to me, and doing all he could to shield us from the public ridicule which threatened to overwhelm us. Lindman became his partner afterwards, and I married his daughter. That was my only duel."

The Colonel stopped, and began to reach for a match.

"What became of your old sweetheart, Colonel, for whom you fought?"

"She married a Methodist preacher, and went as a missionary to China," said the Colonel.

CHECK.

THE man who tries to take advantage of the ignorance of another occasionally gets a Roland for his Oliver. A Boston man once, in England, seeing a laborer digging flints out of chalk, pompously asked him if he thought they grew.

"Sure," was the reply, "I know they do."

"Then put a piece of flint on a table, and see how much it grows in a year."

"And you, sir," said the laborer, "put a potato on the table, and see how much it grows in a year."



IN UTAH.

THE DEACON, "That's my wife on the piazzay, sir. She's a 'normous big woman; but, ye see, I'm a Mormon, an' since the law only lets us have one wife these days, I got as big a one as I could to make up for the others."

MISS MERRIFIELD'S MISTAKE.

MISS MERRIFIELD accepted the offer of Mr. Brooks's escort from Mrs. Symonds's reception. Miss Merrifield adored Mr. Brooks, and more than half suspected that Mr. Brooks adored her. In fact, she hoped for a declaration that very night.

Just as the pair stepped on the porch, Mr. Brooks was called back by the hostess. A moment later Mr. Enfield passed through the door, and seeing Miss Merrifield apparently unattended, silently offered her his arm. She, supposing him to be Mr. Brooks, took it eagerly, and they started up the street together. Mr. Brooks followed, muttering curses on the fickleness of woman.

A little before reaching the house of Miss Merrifield, Mr. Brooks, still walking behind, saw the young lady break away from her escort, rush frantically up the steps, and disappear within-doors, and his soul rejoiced at these signs of a quarrel.

Somehow the whole thing leaked out the next morning, and before night the friends of all the parties knew exactly what had happened.

It seems that Mr. Enfield, piqued at being called Mr. Brooks by his absent-minded com-

panion, had said, "Please, Miss Merrifield, don't call me Mr. Brooks." At which she, confident the declaration had arrived at last, had murmured, "What shall I call you, dear?" And then the cruel disillusion had come: "Why, call me Mr. Enfield, of course."

Miss Merrifield is reported to have gone South for the winter.

A. F. S.

HAUNTED!

I AM haunted, gentle reader; but in such a pleasant way.

I do not fear the "specter" one iota.

In fact, I would consider it a dreary sort of day in which I was unable to devote a Good portion of the fleeting hours unto my cheerful "phantom."

And I'm "awful sorry" for the folks who have no "ghost" to "haunt" 'em!

My little "spook" came down the stair to "haunt" me t'other night,

As late I labored o'er a dreary matter. Through the grim shadows of the hall I caught a glimpse of white,

And heard a tiny slipper's gentle patter; And presently a baby-voice came thro' the door to greet me:

"Say, popper, did you fink I wuz a gobblun come to eat ye?"

CHARLEWYX.

ALLERBY'S BACKSLIDING DOWN HILL.

WE have no rectory at Lonelyville, because the vestry can't decide whether to build it in the old part of Lonelyville near the church, or up in the new part on the "Heights."

Just at present the senior warden and four vestrymen are Valleyites, and the junior warden and the other four vestrymen are Height-ites. The rector has the deciding vote, but declines to cast it, for fear of causing a split in the congregation. Allerby owns a good deal of land on the "Heights," and as the location of a handsome rectory near his property would largely increase its value, he is very anxious to be elected a vestryman next Easter. Accordingly he has been attending the services regularly, and contributing freely to the various charities. Everything seemed to be working in his favor till Christmas came. To secure his election it would be necessary to gain the suffrages of some of the Valleyites, and to have the good-will of the rector. With this end in view, he had given a handsome sum to the Sunday-school Christmas tree, and had taken special pains that certain of the Valley children should get exceptionally nice presents. For the clergyman's fourteen-year-old son he had selected a patent bob-sled that was simply a dream.

He showed it to me on the train the day he brought it out, and asked me if I didn't think the minister would be pleased. But when I reminded him that since the lad had been arrested the previous winter for running a "bob" into a Presbyterian elder, and had been fined ten dollars therefor by a Baptist justice of the peace, bob-sledding had not been a popular amusement at the rectory, Allerby concluded that he would get the boy something else. Accordingly, he gave out that he had bought the sled for his own two-year-old little girl, and got himself largely regarded as an idiot in consequence.

On Christmas morning early Allerby opened my front door, came in, and threw himself down in a chair.

"Well, you've done it," he said.

"Done what?" I asked.

"Why in thunder didn't you let me give that sled to the minister's boy, and be done with it?" Allerby demanded, inconsequently.

"What's the matter now?"

"Matter enough. I took that confounded machine home, and when I said it was for the baby, Mrs. Allerby asked me if people laid down sleds as they do wine, because it would be twelve years before Daisy could use it.

"However, I wasn't going to be bluffed that way, and last night when we swapped presents all around, as usual, Daisy got her sled.

"Well, after the kid was fast asleep, the nurse-maid came and asked could she and the cook borrow the sled and go coasting. You know they're both Nova Scotia girls, and they said they had never done anything else except bob-sledding before they worked out.

"Of course Mrs. Allerby said 'yes.' If they'd

asked for her best silk dress and satin slippers to go coasting in she'd have said 'yes' just the same. Off they went, but in a few minutes they came running back, and said that some rough men from the quarries had spoken to them on the hill and frightened them away. Then what did my wife do but suggest that I should put on my cap and ulster and go out and stand guard over them! Now, I realize as well as she does how important it is to make life attractive for servants in the suburbs, but, by Jove! I believe in drawing the line somewhere; and for a man who's running for vestryman a good place to draw it is at sliding down hill with his cook and nurse-maid, especially when they're as good-looking as Delia and Maggie. However, I said I'd go if she'd come too, and off we went.

"Well, it was kind of cold work standing around in the snow watching the maids having an elegant time, and finally Mrs. Allerby said she was going to have a coast, too, or go home, girls or no girls. So the next time they came up the hill, we took the bob. I sat down in front to steer, and Mrs. Allerby was just getting on, when who should come along but the same men who had frightened the girls before. Delia and Maggie said they were afraid to be left alone on the hill with those men, so Mrs. Allerby made them get on the bob with me, and gave it a shove, meaning to jump on behind herself.

"The heavy load made the sled start so quickly that she didn't have time, and I found myself speeding down hill with the nurse-maid's arms clasped tightly around my waist, and the cook, who is an excitable creature, shrieking wildly in the rear. The brakes refused to work, and I couldn't stop till we got plumb in front of the church door, just as the dominie emerged with the Hickses and the Sandsees and the Downtons, and a lot of other Valleyites, who'd been trimming the chancel with evergreens."

"That was rather awkward," I commented.

"Awkward!" cried Allerby. "Why, man, I made some sort of a bluff at an explanation, tried to tell them how it was, and blessed if they didn't all climb up the hill with me to see Mrs. Allerby; and—thunder and Mars—"

"Why, what happened?" I asked.

"Happened?" repeated Allerby. "Nothing; only it seems she'd been so frightened at being left alone there with the quarry roughs that she had run home as fast as she could. And the dominie and the Hickses and the Sandsees and the Downtons and the rest, when they found she wasn't waiting for me, just coughed, and turned round and climbed down the hill again."

That was some weeks ago; and in spite of Allerby's elaborate explanations at the station, in the train, and on the ferry-boat, the impression is daily gaining ground that he is not at all a proper person for the position of vestryman.

H. G. PAINE.

TWO SAFE PROFESSIONS.

A WRITER of verse not wholly unknown to fame rejoices in the possession of a charming little country place not many miles from the metropolis, the lawns of which are carefully looked after by a clever young Irishman. It so happened that during the business depression of last summer the young Irishman's brother was thrown out of employment by the shutting down of the mills which were the chief industry of the town, and John, the poet's gardener, was very much overcome at the prospect of having to support his fraternal relative through the winter.

His employer had frequently asked after the brother's health, and encouraged his gardener to confide his woes in him, believing that sympathy begets good service; and recently John said, in response to one of these inquiries:

"He's sthll out uv worruk, sorr. That's th' trouble wid worrakin' in mills. Oi wuz tellin' Patsey lasht noight he'd betther get into some other thrade—like yure's or moine, sorr."

"Like yours or mine, eh?" said the poet.

"Yis, sorr; for, as oi said to him, sorr, no matther how dull business gets, there's jest as many weeds to be pulled an' pomes to be writ."

THE BLANKVILLE MANDOLIN QUARTET.

IN a small town in New York State a lady recently engaged for her reception the services of the "Blankville Mandolin Quartet." Upon the stated day three darkies appeared on the scene with banjos.

"Why," cried the hostess, aghast, "I—I engaged the Mandolin Quartet."

"Yassum," said the leader. "We's dey."

LOGIC.

NAMING a horse is sometimes fully as difficult as naming a baby, although the groom of a well-known New-Yorker did not find it so the other day. Mr. Johnson had a valuable horse which he had called Ajax, and only recently was able to buy an excellent mate for it. What to call it was the problem, and in his anxiety to discover just the right name several days went by. At last he went to the stable one day and discovered that his groom had solved the difficulty for him. The word "Ajax" was painted over the stall of the older horse, and over that of the new-comer appeared, in large chalk letters, "Bjax."

ME AND THE CAT.

RICHARD X— is an incorrigible youngster of ten who has shown a tendency to lay the blame of his misdeeds on other shoulders. His favorite scapegoat was the family feline. A jar of sweets could not be opened, or a bit of gingerbread purloined, or a vase broken to atoms, without a lame excuse of Dick's, "I guess it was the cat," calling forth his mother's reproaches:

"Richard, you must not lay the blame on the cat of all the wickedness you are guilty of in this house."

Not long after one of these upbraidings, in Sunday-school, his teacher asked Richard the question, apropos of the devil's power on earth,

"Who is responsible for the wickedness of this world?"

It was with a mixture of a contrite spirit and the old habit that little Dick answered: "Well, I suppose that I'm partly to blame. But—but I think our cat has her paw in it."

WALTER C. NICHOLS.



A SOCIAL COMPLICATION.

"Now, Ethel dear, the doctor is down-stairs. I want you to see him."
 "Oh, mamma! I'm not well enough to see him."

FOUR DOGS.—BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

THE han'somest dog I ever see
(Said Brooks, with a knowing leer)
Was one the General lent to me,



An' said he was good for deer.
Now everything proceeded right
So long as you kep' the fool in sight;
But all at once perhaps he'd see
A red-tailed squirrel agin a tree,
Or maybe a mother bird distressed
For fear some fellow would find her nest;
An' once a rabbit family meek,
A-playin' the game of hide-an'-seek,
Or often a wavin' bush or limb
Would seem for to make a dive at him;

Whatever would thus appear,
He'd start right off for it, crazy-quick,
The same as a two-foot lunatic;
His mind would probably lose its grip
Concernin' the object of the trip;
An' he'd come home, some time that day,
A-lookin' as if to try to say,

"You're all of ye eq'al queer!"

II.

The savagest dog I ever see
(Said Snooks, with a thoughtful air)



Was one the Governor lent to me,
And said he was good for bear.
An' he was an interestin' sight,
A-gettin' the other dogs to fight;
He'd boldly draw 'em up t' the game,
An' hurl anathemas on the same;
They'd follow him straight, an' own the
corn,

That he was a regular leader born;
But when the bear would open his jaws,
An' make a parenth'sis of his paws,
This dog stepped back with merciful smile,
An' let the other ones lead awhile.

But still he would skirmish near,
An' yell, blaspheme, an' tear aroun'
The outer parts of the battle-groun';
An' pass his comrades, wounded red,
To worry the animal when 'twas dead;
Then, spick an' span as a dog could be,
He'd say, with a wag and a wink at me,
"I've human natur' to spare!"

III.

The fooliest dog I ever see
(Said Crooks—same afternoon)
Was one the Coroner traded me,
An' said he was good for 'coon.
An' he was a cur of fair appear,
An' carried the blood for a fine career;
But e'en a'most every other night,
As soon as the moon would bob in sight,
He'd chase it off in elegant style,
For somethin' less than a hundred mile;
He'd keep a-goin', an' never stop,
Until he was all prepared to drop;
But if, by chance, he could stay it down,
He'd think he had run it out of town.

An' next day, not too soon,
All covered over with conscious shame,
Because he had failed to bag his game,
He'd sneak it home, with a lengthened jaw,
As if he had married a mother-in-law;
Yet seemed to be sayin', I had a whim,
To them who tried for to laugh at him,
"You've all of you got your moon!"



IV.

The homeliest dog I ever see
(Said Spooks, with an air of thought)
Was one the Minister gave to me,
An' said he was good for naught.
But somehow 'r other, day by day,
He struck his gait, an' he made his way;
He j'ined the family, one by one,
But didn't perform as the pampered son;
He carried a cheerful tail an' face,
But wasn't desirous to embrace;
He didn't go sniffin' along our track,
But al'ays was glad to see us back;
He helped at huntin' an' loved the fun,
But al'ays knowed who carried the gun;

He schemed an' worked an' fought
To keep the thieves from our abode,
But never would superintend the road;
He managed to be our love an' pride;
An' when that fellow fell down an' died,
He had a buryin' such as men
Gets give to 'em only now an' then;
For honesty can't be bought!



LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

A DECADE or so ago there appeared in this country a novel called *The Bread-Winners*.¹ It attracted a great amount of public attention; it was discussed and quoted from California to Maine; it was preached about in pulpits; it was commented upon in political gatherings; it was in everybody's hands. And one irrelevant critic even compared it to "The Beautiful Snow"; not because the story and the "poem" had anything in common, simply because they both appeared anonymously, and because many persons, all over the land, probably not the right persons, professed to have written them. Who did write them has never yet been established. "The Beautiful Snow," as it fell on city streets and on country fields, has long since been swept away, or been permitted to melt away, and is almost forgotten. "The Bread-Winners" we have always with us. They belong to no particular season of the year, and to no particular section of the commonwealth; and they now reveal themselves in a new edition and a new dress, to be studied, no doubt, by a new generation of younger readers who are not familiar with their faces. How much profit they have brought to their creator only their creator can say. That they would bring him no small amount of fame, if he would but step forward and claim it, there can be no question.

The plot or the motive of "The Bread-Winners" need not be fully described here. It deals with the lower stories of our social edifice, and it delineates, with genuine strength and clearness, those of our fellow-men who believe themselves to have been created equal with, if not better than, the occupants of the drawing-room floors of society. They are the men who win their bread, literally, by the sweat of their brows; who work and fret, and sometimes conspire. It is the old story of the struggle of labor against capital, told, however, in a fresh and startling way. It pictures an unsuccessful strike, and the heroism of the central figure, who suppresses, by his prompt and manly action, the attendant deeds of violence. It is peculiarly interesting to re-read now, as being strangely prophetic of the dangerous elements, who have proved themselves possible and real, not only in the New World, but in the Old, where what is called the masses are becoming more dangerous and more desperate, if not more wretched, and are certainly more perfectly organized and more resolutely led than they were when the tale was written.

The question of the authorship of the novel

¹ *The Bread-Winners*. A Social Study. Post 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (*Harper's Quarterly*.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

has been as much discussed as the novel itself. An anonymous writer said of the work at the time of its first publication in book form, and in the Editor's Literary Record of this Magazine, that it "treats of a phase of American society rarely depicted in American novels, and very different from any of those depicted in the natty performances of Mr. Henry James, Jun., and the writers of his school." It has a certain affinity of treatment with "The Blood Seedling," one of a collection of short stories, by Mr. John Hay, which antedated it by some years. It assuredly is not natty; it sounds more like "Banty Tim" than like "The Beautiful Snow"; and it *might* have been written by the man who drew Jim Bludso, the engineer of the *Prairie Belle*, as "a man that died for men."

THE *Prairie Belle* and the *Mary Ann* are anything but sister ships, and they sail in very different waters. *The Mate of the "Mary Ann"*² does not have to die for men, and the bread she wins is not even the hard-tack which is usually supplied to nautical characters. The *Mary Ann* is a fishing-boat "on the Cape," and her chief officer is Miss Robina Dismore, a young girl who has seen some fourteen summers and as many rough and toilsome winters; but she is as brave and helpful and true as was the "Captain Polly" of the military branch of our coast-defenders, to whom Miss Sophie Swett introduced her juvenile friends in one of her earlier stories for boys and girls.

"Me and her," said her young companion, "indicating Robin by a backward jerk of his thumb—'me and her is cap'n and crew and all hands to-day. The cap'n he's gone away. She's mate, anyhow, all the time, and considerable of the time I'm all hands.'" The *Mary Ann* is fortunate in having so good a mate; the little sailor possesses what Thanny calls "know-how," even if she is lacking in physical strength; and this "know-how" she exercises in many ways for the good of the fishing-folk about her. It is this same "know-how" which makes Miss Swett so happy in the clean little how-to-know tales which she writes so pleasantly for Young People.

THE story of *The Transgression of Terence Clancy*,³ by Mr. Harold Vallings, was not written for young persons, and by young persons it will hardly be understood. Its hero was

² *The Mate of the "Mary Ann"*. By SOPHIE SWETT, Author of "Flying Hill Farm," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25. (*Harper's Young People Series*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

³ *The Transgression of Terence Clancy*. By HAROLD VALLINGS. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (*Harper's Franklin Square Library*.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

LITERARY NOTES.

born without the "know-how" instinct; he does not die for anybody but himself, and the bread he wins for himself is manufactured out of the Dead Sea fruit, which is said to grow in the neighborhood of the body of water whose name it bears—to be lovely to look upon, but to be filled with ashes. Upon being struck, or pressed, it explodes with a puff, and, as it is composed chiefly of air, and of bad air, it is reduced to the rind and to a few fibres when it is carefully dissected. Terence Clauy is a perfect specimen of the Apple of Sodom upon which he is fed. His career is one of long duplicity; he is, as his author describes him, a great dominating figure of treachery, with a strange pathetic side of human weakness; a mournful shape, built up, piece by piece, moulded by the unwilling hand of a workman who had many times turned from his task, loathing it and himself, yearning often to shatter it to fragments, but too weak to destroy his own miserable handiwork.

If the hero is purposely built of air and of ashes, the book is moulded of stronger and more enduring stuff. It is a dramatic, philosophical study of life, illustrating, as has been shown, the tendency and the development of badly regulated good-nature, and of spontaneous impulses which are turned in a wrong direction. From the British critics it has received marked and, perhaps, exaggerated and injudicious praise. Some of them have likened it to "Adam Bede" and "The Silence of Dean Maitland." It is certainly exceedingly interesting, if a little sombre; it has a decided literary quality; and it will find many admirers on our own shores of the Atlantic; but it is hardly worthy to stand on a pedestal by the side of the best work of "George Eliot" or "Maxwell Gray."

In a letter to a German publishing firm who wanted to print the story of his life, Von Moltke wrote, in 1877: "I take the liberty of remarking that biographies of living men can hardly be anything else but so many panegyrics, which everybody puts aside as tedious. An impartial judgment must be left till after the death of the person in question . . . The character of a man is a riddle difficult to solve, even for his relations, how much more so for strangers. Your author would not be able to give a true picture of me, even if he could build on the uncertain foundation of personal acquaintance. I should like to leave it to posterity to give its opinion about me." Since Von Moltke died posterity has had ample opportunity to form an opinion concerning him, and the judgment is unquestionably impartial. He has, in his own correspondence, solved, in a measure, the riddle of his character; he has given a fairly true picture of himself; and his relatives have added to its strength by not a few affectionate touches.

Attention has been called in these columns, and during the past few years, to three large

volumes relating to the great soldier and the good man. We have reviewed "The Letters of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers," "The Franco-German War of 1870-71, by Field-Marshal von Moltke," and "Moltke, his Life and Character." Added to these, just issued from the press, are *Von Moltke as a Correspondent*,⁴ and two volumes of *Essays, Speeches and Memoirs of Von Moltke*.⁵ They are uniform with the preceding; and none of them will any reader be likely to put aside as tedious.

Von Moltke, as he has pictured himself, was a man of fine character, as unusual as it was diversified; air and ashes were not among his component parts. Lord Wolseley said of him that he was "a God-fearing man, full of real piety and sincere faith in his Maker." He was a hard fighter, a thorough patriot, a warm friend, an affectionate husband, and a devoted son and brother; his published writings show that he was possessed of a directness and clearness of literary style which is not associated with life in camps and courts; and two drawings from his own pencil in early life, as reproduced among "The Memoirs," prove him to have had latent in him something very like true artistic skill.

Even a casual reading of these latest volumes concerning Von Moltke will show the many-sidedness of the man; but what the English general calls his real piety and sincere faith are perhaps the most apparent. In an Essay upon "Germany and Palestine," published in 1841, he pleads for the recovery of the Holy Land of the Christians from the hands of the Moslems; and he speaks in terms of sympathetic praise of that enthusiastic desire for the spot where the Redeemer was born, where He lived, taught, and suffered, which once caused millions of pious Christians to give up their homes, and endure unspeakable hardships, in order to tread the consecrated ground of Palestine. The flower of Western knighthood, he says, shed its life-blood in order to wrest the holy places from the dominion of the infidels; he regrets deeply that this religious feeling has cooled; and he believes that by the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, Christian Europe would obtain a satisfaction which has been held from her for generations. He proposes to make Palestine a German province, of course, and to hand it over to a sovereign prince of the German nation and of genuine tolerance. He shows that if Jerusalem, with the holy places about it, was made an independent state it would be a state in a deserted, barren district, cut off from the sea,

⁴ *Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke as a Correspondent*. Translated by MARY HERMS. 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

⁵ *Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke*. The Essays translated by CHARLES FLINT McCLUMPHA, Ph.D., the Speeches by Major G. BARTER, D.A.A.G., and the Memoirs by MARY HERMS. With Two Portraits. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, \$5 00. (In a Box.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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far from its protectors, surrounded by Arabian bands of robbers, threatened by Moslem neighbors, and rent internally by furious hatred among the sects. And he adds, in righteous indignation, words which will bear quoting in full: "Such a state would certainly be a very unfortunate creation. Truly it is a fortunate thing that the tolerant Moslems have the power in their hands, and not one of the sects which have so completely forgotten the doctrine of gentle toleration and brotherly love at the grave of the Redeemer, that we blush before the infidels."

It is not possible, in the limited space at command here, to give even a summary of the subjects upon which Von Moltke wrote and spoke. It is said that but few men in either of the Houses of the German Parliament possessed, in the same high degree, the power of compelling and holding the attention of an assembly. As he rose to speak, the House assumed at once a changed aspect, deep stillness settled on the whole hall, and from all sides members pressed around for fear of losing any of his words, adversaries and admirers following, with equal attention, utterances the weighty import of which none of them had often the courage to gainsay. His letters, in an entirely different vein, are as interesting as his more serious spoken or written words.

The six volumes form an important contribution to the history of the century in which we live. As a rule, they are well and carefully translated, and they lack nothing but an Index.

THE present reviewer, having spent some little time, about a year ago, in careful personal study of the topography of Jerusalem, and having since read much of the literature of the latest researches regarding it, is peculiarly fitted, he feels, to judge of the merits of Dr. M. G. Easton's *Illustrated Dictionary of the Bible*.⁶ It is evidently, as its author states, the result of many months of loving labor; no pains seem to have been spared to make it reliable, thorough, and complete in all respects. The work is presented in a compact form; and in a doctrinal, historical, biographical, archaeological, and geographical way it is brought down to date. It is abundantly illustrated with views, sketches, maps, and plans; it contains a number of chronological tables, and it will be found of value not only for uses of ordinary reference at home, but as a guide-book to Palestine and Egypt themselves. Arranged, as it is, in alphabetical order from Aaron, the brother of Moses, to the Zuzims who were smitten in Ham, it will be a most serviceable companion to those who visit Bible Lands. It will tell one, for instance, exactly where Joppa, the chief sea-

port of Judea, lies, and where it got its name; it gives the history of Joppa, its size, its early and its present population, and it tells how it is connected with Jerusalem by a modern railway, completed in 1893. It explains that it was from this port that Jonah took ship on his ever-memorable voyage, and that here—by the sea-side—lived Simon, the tanner, in whose house Simon Peter resided for many days and had his vision of tolerance; and it devotes six or seven columns to an extended biography of Peter himself, giving, in every instance, chapter and verse. That Dr. Easton does not explain that Andromeda was chained on the jagged reefs through which the voyager passes between ship and shore at Joppa is not a serious omission, because that incident belongs to the mythology of the heathen, rather than to the history of revealed religion.

The only slip which the reviewer has discovered in Dr. Easton's pages is the somewhat careless statement that Bethlehem is "twenty-five hundred and fifty feet above the sea," without mentioning to which sea he refers. Bethlehem lies between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, and the level of the latter is thirteen hundred feet above the level of the former. Although the Dead Sea was variously called, in Scripture, "the Salt Sea," "the Sea of the Plain," "the East Sea," and simply "the Sea" (Ezekiel, chapter xlvi, verse 8), it is not the sea to which the author alludes.

"IN Jerusalem, things came to a crisis at the same time [A. D. 66]. The Jews were divided into two parties; the men of moderation, who, putting their trust in the Lord, were ready to endure Roman rule without resistance, and the men of action, who resolved to found the Kingdom of Heaven by the sword. The former were the Pharisees, the latter the zealots, and the power of the zealots was on the increase." Thus writes Mr. J. B. Bury, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, in *A History of the Roman Empire*,⁷ a manual for students. The author devotes a number of pages to the story of the Revolt of Judea, and the destruction of Jerusalem; and he takes up the history of the Jews in Palestine where Dr. Easton leaves it, at the close of the New Testament chronicles. One of the Kings Agrippa of whom he treats is the Agrippa before whom Paul spoke, and who was almost persuaded by Paul to become a Christian; and if a biographical dictionary were needed for this portion of Mr. Bury's work, Dr. Easton's work would fill the want.

Mr. Bury asserts that there exists no English hand-book, suitable for schools and universities, which relates to the important period he covers—the first two centuries of the Empire, from its foundation to the death of Marcus Aurelius; and this hand-book he furnishes with

⁶ *Illustrated Bible Dictionary, and Treasury of Biblical History, Biography, Geography, Doctrine, and Literature. With Numerous Illustrations and Important Chronological Tables and Maps.* By M. G. EASTON, M. A., D. D. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$1.50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

⁷ *A History of the Roman Empire, from its Foundation to the Death of Marcus Aurelius.* By J. B. BURY, M. A. Illustrated. 18mo, Cloth, \$1.50. (The Student's Series.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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no little amount of success. He has gathered his material directly from original sources, but he acknowledges his indebtedness to many of the modern authorities whom he has consulted. His work is well arranged and well constructed; like the "Bible Dictionary," it contains maps, plans, and many illustrations; and, above all, it has an admirable descriptive index, which adds greatly to its value, not only for use in schools and colleges, but as a book of easy reference on the domestic library table.

THE *Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine*,* Vol. I. to Vol. LXXXV., inclusive, presents no less than forty-two references to Fisheries or Fishing, twenty to Rome, eleven to the Holy Land, eight to the Bible, and one each to Von Moltke, the Dead Sea, and "The Bread-Winners." These are, as the case may be, general, special, descriptive, or critical; and they are only an infinitesimal fraction of the fifty-one thousand references the volume contains.

As an Index it is a model of skill, accuracy, patient industry, and thorough system; and it is a key which will open a magnificent storehouse of information and literary wealth. Its alphabetical sequence is never broken. All groups of titles have been set in a different type from the groups of subjects or of authors. Each contribution appears not only under the author's name, but under its title and its subject, as "Abbott, Jacob, Holy Land, Memories of"; "Holy Land, Memories of, by Jacob Abbott"; and "Dead Sea, The, by Jacob Abbott." When authors are known by pseudonyms cross-references are made to the real name; and when articles have obscure titles they are to be found under other and general headings, as, for example, "The First Families of the Atlantic" are identified under the words "Cod," "Herring," and "Mackerel." The entire literary matter has been arranged under some eighty different headings; illustrated articles are indicated by an asterisk, and in all instances the most important illustrations have been noted in the same manner as the text. So much for the Index. What can be said, in a column or two, of the Magazine it indexes? It covers a period of three-and-forty years; and it constitutes a very complete exposition of modern life in every department, literary, aesthetic, industrial, scientific, artistic, historic, and social. Its list of contributors is monumental, and much of its subject-matter has become classic. It is a library in itself; and the man or woman who has read it carefully and understandingly from the beginning is possessed of a liberal education. Its first editor was Henry J. Raymond, and it has been conducted in turn and most ably by George Ripley, A. H. Guernsey, and Mr. Henry M. Alden. Lewis Gaylord Clark, S. Ire-

* *Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. Alphabetical, Analytical, and Classified. Volumes I. to LXXXV. inclusive, from June, 1850, to November, 1892. 8vo, Cloth, \$5 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

næus Prime, W. A. Seaver, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Nelson Page, have kept in turn the key to its Editor's Drawer. George William Curtis sat for years in its Editor's Easy Chair, and Mr. Howells founded the Editor's Study, which Mr. Warner now occupies.

Its original prospectus, printed at the beginning of the opening number, June, 1850, and called "A Word at the Start," is interesting and curious reading now; and it will bear quoting, in a fragmentary way. The design of the publishers in issuing this work, it says among other things, was to place within the reach of the great mass of the American people the unbounded treasures of the periodical literature of the day. The leading authors of Great Britain and of France, as well as of the United States, were already constant contributors to the periodical press. Lamartine had just become the editor of a newspaper. Dickens had just established a weekly journal of his own, through which he was giving to the world some of the most delightful creations which ever came from his magic pen. Alison was writing constantly for "Blackwood." Lever was enlisted in the cause of the "Dublin University Magazine." The elder Bulwer and Thackeray were publishing their great and brilliant novels in the pages of the monthly magazines of England; and Macaulay, then the greatest of living essayists and historians, was enriching the "Edinburgh Review" with volumes of the most magnificent productions of English literature. The *New Monthly Magazine*, its prospectus said, was not intended for any particular class of readers, or for any particular kind of reading. Its publishers, by a careful, industrious, and intelligent use of the various appliances at their hand, had no doubt that they could present a monthly compendium of the periodical productions of the day, which no one who had the slightest relish for miscellaneous reading, or the slightest desire to keep himself informed of the progress and result of the literary genius of his own age, would willingly be without. And they intended to publish it at so low a rate, and to give it a value so much beyond its cost, that they felt it would make its way into the hands and the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States.

In this first number were articles from the pens of Ik Marvel, William Howitt, Leigh Hunt, Albert Smith, Southey, Charles Lever, Bulwer, De Quincey, Coleridge, Guizot, Harriet Martineau, and Fredrika Bremer. This was at the start a compendium of the periodical production of the day which no intelligent reader could afford to ignore. The first article of the first number of the Magazine, according to its Index, was the first chapter of Lever's "Maurice Tiernay"; the last article of the present number—not according to the Index—and the last article which any very intelligent person is likely to read—is a Literary Note upon the Index itself.

