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# ...The Junior Munsey...



## CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1901.






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# THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

Vol. X. SEPTEMBER, 1901. No. 6.

# BRITAIN'S FUTURE KING.

*BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.*

THE CAREER AND THE PERSONALITY OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK, WHO IS MAKING A GRAND TOUR OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE—HOW HE LOST SOME OF HIS POPULARITY BY BECOMING DISCREETLY GOOD.

THE character of the prince who is destined, in due course, to reign over one fifth of the human race, can scarcely be better illustrated than by citing the wish so frequently expressed by those who know and like him best, that he would make some mistake, or become involved in some scandal. For this implies that in spite of his living, so to speak, under the microscope of the fiercest kind of publicity, and notwithstanding that he is beset by every conceivable temptation, he not only steers clear of blunders, but leads a life so blameless as to offer no Rembrandt shading to his portrait. The consequence is that while he is regarded by his future subjects as an essentially "safe" man, in the fullest meaning of the words, he is far less popular than his less cautious and more impulsive father, whose indiscretions prior to his accession to the throne—faults, for the most part, resulting from generosity of character and warmth of heart — undoubtedly served to endear him to the vast majority of his subjects.

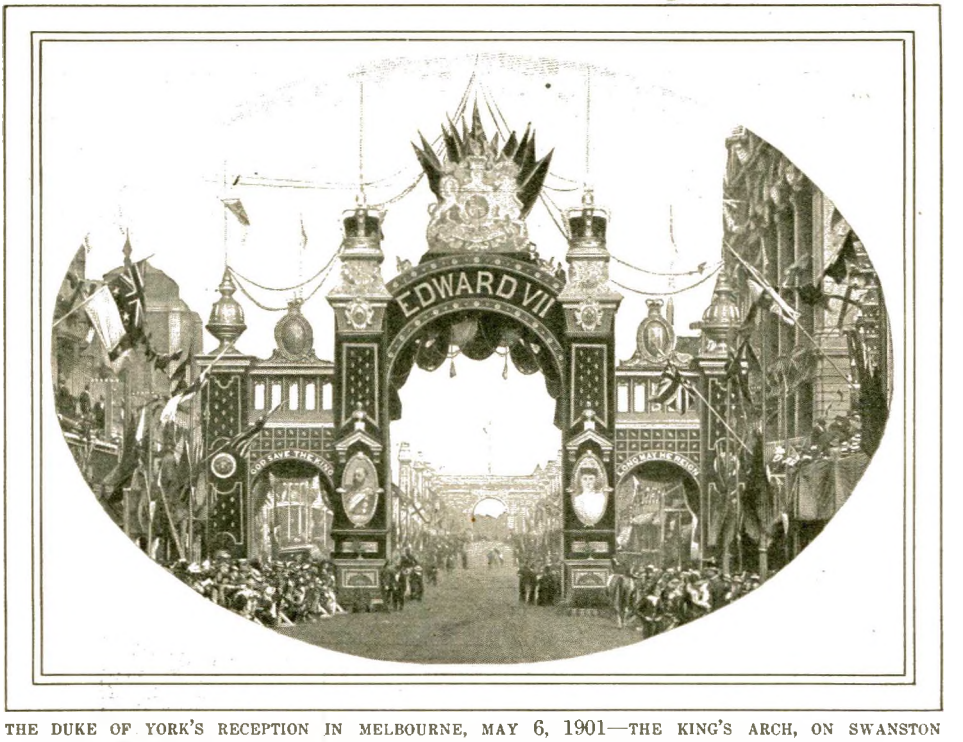
THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

*Drawn from a photograph taken during his recent visit to Melbourne.*

Britons are curiously constituted. While they are always ready to grumble and to criticise, they do not relish a prince who offers them no opportunity to enjoy themselves in that way. They look upon Prince George's freedom from every fault as something uncanny and inhuman, and feel in some indescribable way that he is out of touch with them, that there is no bond of sympathy between him and themselves. King Edward's father, the Prince Consort, found it exceedingly difficult to gain any popularity in England, simply because his conduct was so altogether unexceptionable.

### THE DUKE'S LACK OF REDEEMING VICES.

Judging from what I know of my fellow Britons, I should be inclined to believe that a mistake was made in publishing far and wide the fact that the stakes at bridge whist on board the Ophir are




THE DUKE OF YORK'S RECEPTION IN MELBOURNE, MAY 6, 1901—THE KING'S ARCH, ON SWANSTON STREET, WITH PORTRAITS OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

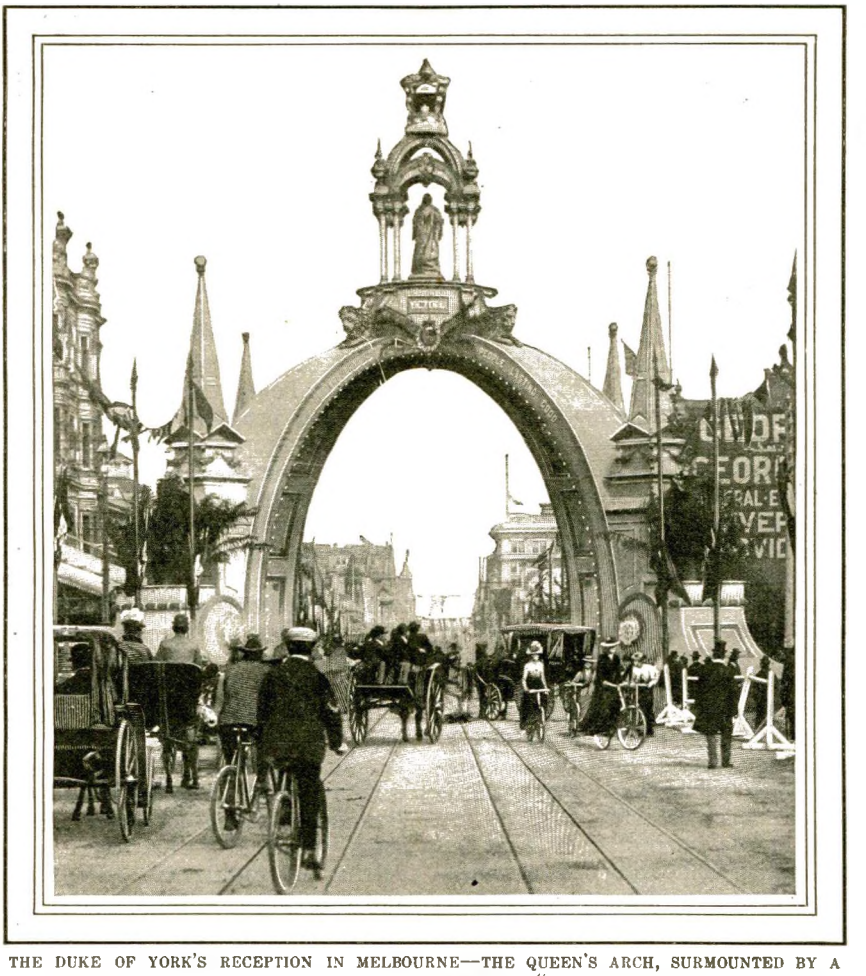
limited, by the duke's orders, to penny points. The announcement may have increased the general respect for his character, but it is a question whether it would not have added to his popularity to have it known that play for sporting stakes went on among his immediate circle during his trip across the world.

That the duke enjoyed a warmer place in the hearts of his countrymen prior to his marriage than he does today, it is impossible to deny. This temporary wane of his popularity is in no sense attributable to the fact that he led to the altar the fiancée of his dead brother, as has frequently been alleged in print on this side of the Atlantic. On the contrary, Princess May was a far more welcome choice to the English people, as their future queen, than any foreign princess would have been. She was looked upon as a bonny English girl, who had inherited many of the qualities which had served to endear her mother, Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck, to the nation. At the time of the Duke of Clarence's death, the universal regret was intensified by the thought that Princess May's prospects of becoming Queen of England were at an end; and a year or so later, when it became known that she was to wed Prince George, and was destined after all to stand in line of succession to the throne, the public and private expressions of satisfaction left no doubt as to the popularity of the match.

### THE DUKE'S MISCHIEVOUS BOYHOOD.

If the duke was more popular before he married, it is because he was in those days far less circumspect than he is at present. He enjoyed a well deserved reputation for mischief, for perpetually getting into boyish scrapes, which excited the more attention by reason of the blamelessness of his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence. It would be difficult to conceive a greater contrast than that which existed, during their boyhood, between these two royal youths. The elder brother had an unusually sweet and gentle disposition. He was shy to the point of nervousness, somewhat reserved in his manner, and withal possessed of much courage, manifested

by his prowess as a singularly daring steeplechase rider. Without being in the least degree a prig, and devoid of all suspicion of arrogance, he had nevertheless a keen consciousness of his rank, and of the conventional obligations which it entailed. He gave the impression of being imbued with an anxiety to avoid doing anything liable to the slightest misconstruction.



THE DUKE OF YORK'S RECEPTION IN MELBOURNE—THE QUEEN'S ARCH, SURMOUNTED BY A STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, WITH THE INSCRIPTION "SHE WROUGHT HER PEOPLE LASTING GOOD."

Prince George, on the other hand, was celebrated for his absolute unconventionality, for his love of practical joking, and his readiness to sacrifice dignity to fun. Many stories are told of his fisticuff encounters with messmates on board the ships on which he served; of his being disciplined by his commanding officers in punishment for boyish scrapes in which he was implicated either as participant or as ringleader; of saucy remarks, and of dangers incurred through foolhardiness. He was described as being the life and soul of the royal parties at Marlborough House and at Sandringham when home on leave, and as a source of mingled merriment and apprehension to Queen Victoria. As an eight year old boy, a grandmotherly reproof caused him to disappear unnoticed beneath the dinner table at Windsor, whence he suddenly emerged without a stitch of clothing; and from that time his royal grandmamma was never

sure what prank he was going to play next.

In consequence, Prince George's popularity was unbounded, immeasurably superior to that of his elder brother, the sedate and irreproachable Prince "Eddie;" and there is no doubt that had he continued, after his marriage, to entertain and amuse his fellow countrymen with the merry quips and tricks of his boyhood and early youth, he would have retained a stronger hold on the affections of his future subjects than he enjoys today.

There is a diversity of opinion as to how far the duchess may be responsible for his altered behavior since his marriage. He was devotedly attached to his elder brother, and his miraculous recovery from the malady that killed the Duke of Clarence may have served to sober a nature that had been reluctant, up to that time, to consider anything in a serious light. But the duchess probably has had something to do with it. She is a gifted and remarkably sensible woman, with a most evenly balanced mind. She is less impulsive than her mother, Princess "Polly," and she may be relied upon to remain level headed under all circumstances. Conscious of her rank, and of all that is expected of her as the second lady in the empire and as future queen and empress, she seems to have modeled herself upon Queen Victoria, rather than upon her mother, whose moments of royal abandon were so very human, sympathetic, and fascinating. Some people charge the duchess with keeping her husband at his top notch of good behavior, and with holding the responsibilities and duties of his position constantly before him.

This "safeness" of the duke, this freedom from indiscretions that would appeal to his future subjects and awaken a responsive sympathy in their hearts, has blinded many of those who did not know him as a boy, and as a gay young bachelor, to his sterling and lovable qualities. There is a disposition at home, as well as abroad, to regard him as insignificant and colorless, mainly because he manages to avoid mistakes. The truth is that his is a strong character, as manly and pleasing as his appearance. His stature is not impressive, and his portraits, like those of his first cousin, the Czar of Russia, whom he strikingly resembles, suggest that he is slight and frail. Yet he is an adept in all kinds of Anglo Saxon sports, excelling particularly as a boxer; and success in the manly art of self defense implies muscle and grit in an exceptional degree. He acquired his knowledge of the "mits" while at sea, his first instructor being a well known light weight, Henry Feltham, who served for a time as a sailor on board the Bacchante. The duke is exceedingly quick with his fists, and enjoys nothing so much as a bout with the gloves, spending many an hour sparring with his equerries, Sir Charles Cust and the Hon. Derek Keppel, both of whom are with him on the Ophir.

### THE DUKE AS A MIDSHIPMAN.

The duke is truly a sailor by profession, and he has the qualities of men who have been brought up at sea. While he possesses the art of command acquired on the quarter decks of the ships on which he has served, he is wholly free from what is known as "side." As for arrogance, there is not a trace of it in his composition. In fact, he shows even more *bonhomie* than is usual among naval men, possibly by reason of the fact that his royal birth enables him to indulge in cordiality to his inferiors which in the case of officers of less exalted rank might be provocative of familiarity injurious to discipline. He received his early training on board the school ship Britannia, where he lived the wholesome, hearty life of a naval cadet, receiving no indulgence except that he and his elder brother had a separate cabin to themselves. He went to work every morning at half past six, and to bed at nine, and, in spite of his rank, he had to submit to the customary amount of bullying and hazing, receiving many a hard knock. After he was graduated from the Britannia, he was sent round the world with his brother, as a midshipman on board the cruiser Bacchante. He was compelled to do duty in all weathers, and in all dangers, just like all the other young reefers on board. The princes associated on terms of perfect equality with their messmates

of the gun room, among whom they were known, not by their titles, but by nicknames more picturesque than polite.

It was during this cruise that the startling news was received in England that both Prince Edward and Prince George had had their noses tattooed by their fellow middies, with the arrow mark which figures on British government property and on the garb of convicts. As tattoo marks are indelible, the report made a great stir, and the First Lord of the Admiralty was questioned about the matter in Parliament by legislators filled with apprehension at the notion of being ruled over by a king whose features were disfigured by tattoo marks. Indeed, so strong was the popular feeling on the subject that, after much cabling to the antipodes, the government finally found it necessary to issue an official announcement in the London *Times*, declaring that there was no truth in the story.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S VISIT TO AUSTRALIA—ON CROSSING THE EQUATOR, ON APRIL 24, THE DUCHESS WAS MADE A "DAUGHTER OF THE SEA" ACCORDING TO THE TRADITIONAL CEREMONY.

How Prince George was treated in those days may be gathered from the following extract from his diary:

Employed scraping masts and booms, and refitting upper yards. We have heard that the admiral is coming up the islands on his way to Jamaica,

and as we have not been inspected since we joined his command, every one seems to think it likely that he may catch us on the ground hop.

As an illustration of the indifference of his fellow middies to his royal birth, and of the spirit of equality with which he was treated by them, I may relate an incident, prefacing the story with the remark that when the duke ascends the throne as George V he will probably be the only monarch of his time who has been both court martialed and spanked. It is an episode which does not figure in his diary, but which I have on the authority of one of his messmates on board the Bacchante.

One night he declined to turn out, as he should have done, to go on watch. His fellow middy, whom he was designated to relieve, and who wanted to turn in, endeavored to arouse the prince. The latter, after receiving two or three good shakings, opened his eyes, swore picturesquely, and let drive his fist at the middy's right optic. The young fellow made no response, but returned to his post, resumed his watch, and thus did duty for the prince. If there is one offense that is heinous, according to midshipman ethics, it is the shirking of a watch, and the middies have from time immemorial had their own particular methods of punishing any dereliction in this respect. On the following day the lad who had done double duty reported the case to his comrades, and showed them his blackened eye. It was immediately decided by the boys to hold


THE DUKE OF YORK'S RECEPTION IN MELBOURNE—THE ARCH ERECTED BY THE CHINESE RESIDENTS, ON BOURKE STREET.


THE DUKE OF YORK'S RECEPTION IN MELBOURNE—THE CITIZENS' ARCH, ON BOURKE STREET.

a drum head court martial in the gun room. The prince was brought before it, found guilty by unanimous count, and sentenced to be spanked by the lad whose eye he had blackened. The royal culprit was seized by four of the seniors, held face downward on the table, while the middy with the disfigured optic, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, carried out the sentence of the gun room court.

When the prince was released he was furious with rage and mortification, and threatened all sorts of things; but a few hours later he thought better of it, came to his messmate who had spanked him, and apologized for the blow which he had given him, as well as for making him do double duty.

### THE DUKE AS A CAPTAIN.

It speaks volumes for Prince George that, later on, when he secured the command of a ship, he endeavored as far as possible to surround himself with his former messmates of the Bacchante, whom, owing to his royal birth, he had outstripped in promotion. As their commander, but not as their prince, they were compelled to treat him with increased respect and with more deference to his naval rank than when they were midshipmen together; but still the utmost good fellowship prevailed, and many pleasant stories are related of the life of the duke when he was in command of the cruiser Thrush, which formed part of the North Atlantic squadron.

There was no chaplain on board, and it was the prince's duty, as commander of the vessel, to conduct divine service every Sunday morning. One day a brother officer ventured to suggest at the captain's dinner table that the prince would do well to study the prayers a little more, especially as he was destined in time to become the supreme head of the Church of England, and to succeed to the ancient title of Defender of the Faith.

"Why, I read 'em every Sunday," was the prince's astonished reply.

"Yes, sir, but you don't read them quite correctly," answered the officer.

"I don't!" exclaimed the prince.

"Not quite, sir. You invariably say, in the confession, 'We have done those things which we ought to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought not to have done.' Of course this is intensely flattering to all of us, and to the ship's company, but——"

The speaker got no further, for his remarks were drowned in a roar of laughter, led by the prince, who experienced the utmost difficulty in maintaining his gravity when, on reading prayers on the following Sunday, he arrived at the part of the liturgy which he had unintentionally distorted.

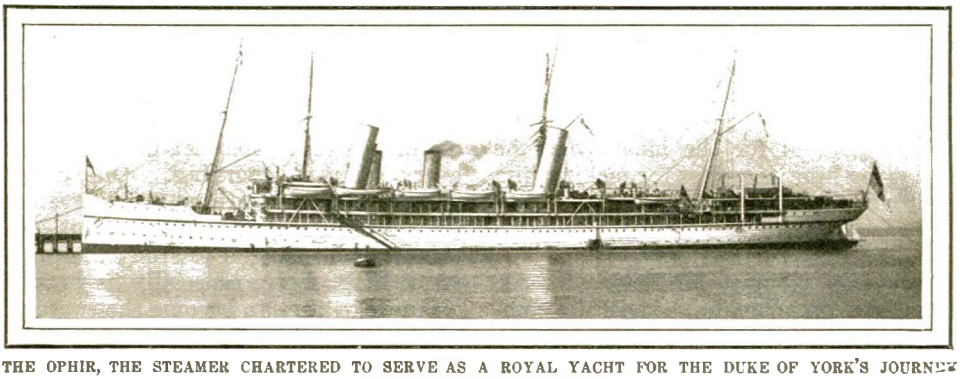
It was during his command of the Thrush that it fell to the prince's lot to convey as prisoner a young bluejacket belonging to another ship, who had been a constant offender, continually on the black list. From the man's demeanor he came to the conclusion that there were many seeds of good in the fellow; and when the prescribed term of punishment was fulfilled, he determined to give the sailor a chance for a new start in life. To that end he called upon the man's captain, and then asked the admiral for permission to transfer the bluejacket to the Thrush. The admiral, astonished at the proposition, declared that it seemed to him a risky experiment; but of course he gave consent.

Prince George had the young sailor brought before him on the quarter deck, and spoke to him as he had probably never been spoken to before in his life. The duke told him that he was thenceforth transferred to the Thrush, that as commanding officer he put him in the first class for leave, and gave him a clean sheet as regarded his past offenses. He continued:

"I do not ask you to make me any promise as to your future behavior. I trust to your honor and good feeling alone. But remember, by the rule of the service, if you offend again in any way, or break your leave, I have no option, but am bound to put you back into the class from which I now remove you. Your future is in your own hands. You have had no leave for twelve months. Go ashore now with the other special leave men. Your pay has been stopped, and no money is due to you. Here is a sovereign; try not to misspend it. You know as well as I do what you may do and what you may not do."

The man was visibly overcome. He answered nothing, but saluted, and was then marched forward again. His commanding officer's confidence was not misplaced. During the remainder of the Thrush's commission he was never once an offender, but showed himself as active, willing, and smart a hand as any on the ship; and after working hours he was the life of the forecastle. In the ships on which he subsequently served he has maintained his good conduct, and today holds high rank among the warrant officers.

These few stories, while perhaps trivial, are nevertheless useful in conveying some idea of the fine character of England's future king.



THE OPHIR, THE STEAMER CHARTERED TO SERVE AS A ROYAL YACHT FOR THE DUKE OF YORK'S JOURNEY TO AUSTRALIA AND CANADA.


THE GRILL ROOM OF THE YALE CLUB'S FINE NEW BUILDING ON WEST FORTY FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

# College Clubs in New York.

*BY EDWARD T. NOBLE.*

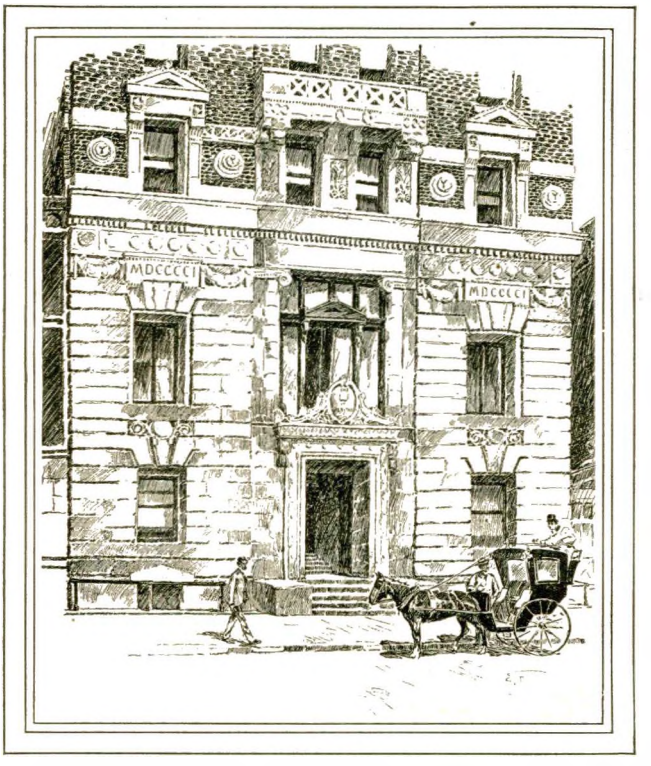
THE REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOCIETIES OF COLLEGE MEN, AND THE IMPORTANT PLACE THEY HOLD IN METROPOLITAN CLUB LIFE—THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, THE HARVARD, YALE, AND PRINCETON ORGANIZATIONS, AND THE THIRTY SMALLER BODIES.

THE imposing new home of the Yale Club, on Forty Fourth Street, almost opposite the beautiful and costly Harvard Club, has opened the eyes of the public to the tremendous strides the college organizations have made in New York in the last few years, and has aroused comments upon the place these clubs fill in the varied social life of a big city.

The enormous growth in the population of the American metropolis during the past ten years has multiplied its hotels and apartment houses, so that not only the stranger, but the old resident of New York, is amazed at their number and magnificence. This same increase in population has brought into being no fewer than thirty five college and fraternity clubs with established quarters, which vary in point of size and scale from the finest club house in the city, the University, down to a modest suite of rooms.

As yet, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are the only colleges maintaining fully equipped club houses in New York. These three compare with the first establishments of the kind in the country; but there are many other college clubs, and particularly the fraternities, which have attractively furnished quarters.

Among them are the Delta Kappa Epsilon, in West Thirty First Street, shortly to move to the new Bryant Park Studio Building on West Fortieth Street; the Alpha Delta Phi, in West Thirty Third Street; the Psi Upsilon, in West Forty Fourth Street; the Zeta Psi, in West Thirty Fourth Street; the Delta Psi, in East Twenty Eighth Street; the Delta Phi, in East Forty Ninth Street; the Phi Gamma Delta, in West Thirty First Street, and others, not to mention the local fraternity houses and clubs of the colleges in the city. The colleges which have permanent organizations, and which in the near future will have quarters, are Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Trinity, Williams, Union, and the University of Virginia. Cornell, Barnard, and the City College have rooms in which their alumni meet.

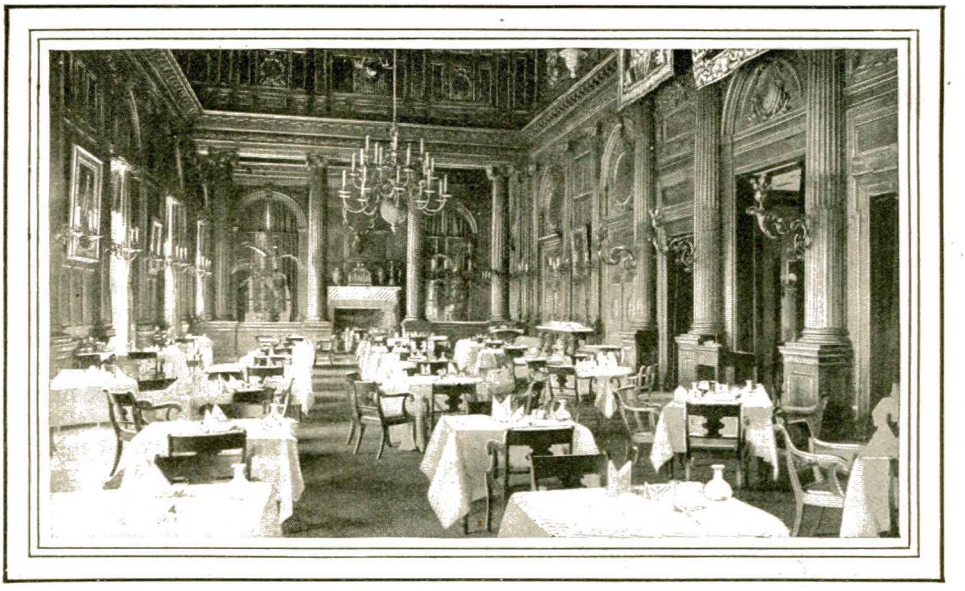


THE ENTRANCE AND LOWER PART OF THE FAÇADE OF THE YALE CLUB'S ELEVEN STORY BUILDING.

### THE UNIVERSITY CLUB.

The University Club is the parent of them all, and its great granite building at Fifty Fourth Street and Fifth Avenue is one of the architectural ornaments of New York. It is one of the most important social institutions in the country, because it is a concrete monument of the best results of a college training and development. It stands for the university education, its dignity, and its broad influence on modern life. It is true that the club is somewhat ponderous in spirit, that the real club life is found there in little groups attracted by a community of interest and old associations; but the power of the organization is growing because of the pressure behind it, that pressure which is driving American universities and colleges forward at so wonderfully rapid a rate. Any man who has received his degree from a college in good standing, and who has been graduated for three years, is eligible to the University Club—it being understood, of course, that he can pay the heavy initiation and dues.

The college clubs and fraternities maintain the spirit with which the members of some institution or society were imbued in their undergraduate days. Inasmuch as the "great three"—Harvard, Princeton, Yale—have developed the idea to a greater extent than the others, their clubs are the most interesting. What can be said of them, their influence on their respective universities, the advantages they offer to their graduates coming to New York, and their position in Manhattan clubdom, may be equally true of the other college and fraternal organizations in a lesser degree. Not one of these institutions has sprung up; all are the gradual evolution of years of organization and planning by the alumni of the universities, who have sought earnestly for the best means of bringing their



THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, THE PARENT OF THE COLLEGE CLUBS IN NEW YORK—THE DININGROOM.
*From a copyrighted photograph by Sidman, New York.*

members together, and of keeping up college interest and sentiment.

### THE CLUBS OF THE GREAT THREE.

The Harvard Club, the oldest of the three, was organized as far back as 1865, as an alumni association. It was incorporated as a club in 1887, and purchased the site of its present house in 1892. Many of Harvard's most prominent graduates are numbered among its incorporators. The house on Forty Fourth Street, almost directly facing the new club of its old rival, Yale, is a beautiful colonial building of a style pleasantly reminiscent of the Cambridge yard. The exterior is of red brick, trimmed with Indiana limestone, and it was thought that the three story structure, with its cozy interior arrangements, would meet the needs of the organization for many years to come. But within a decade, while the building is still regarded as new, the membership has so increased that, at the last annual meeting, it was decided to acquire property in the rear of the present club house, fronting on West Forty Fifth Street, for the erection of a six story addition, which will be more than double the size of the present structure. A large general diningroom, several private diningrooms, a grill room, a meeting hall, and sleeping rooms for members will be its features.

The Princeton Alumni Association dates from one year after the founding of the Harvard Alumni Association. It was organized for the purpose of perpetuating the annual alumni meetings, and with the idea of bringing the graduates together several times a year. In 1886 it was changed into a club, but no permanent quarters were secured. The movement that gave it its present standing began when some thirty members of the class of '95 organized a class club and rented a floor on Twenty Fourth Street, with such success that a year later the graduates of '96 were invited to join. The next step was to plan a union with the older club. Under the leadership of such prominent Princeton men as Adrian H. Joline, James W. Alexander, Charles Scribner, and Robert E. Bonner, this was finally consummated in 1899, and a large private house on East Thirty Fourth Street was taken for the reorganized club, which now has a membership of eleven hundred.

It is the new home of the Yale Club, however, that makes one marvel at the prosperity of the college organizations. This eleven story building represents an

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB—THE LOFTY AND IMPRESSIVE ENTRANCE HALL.
*From a copyrighted photograph by Sidman, New York.*

outlay of three hundred and seventy five thousand dollars. It is a very handsome structure, and admirably suited to the needs of the club. In drawing the plans, the primary object was utility, but beauty has not been sacrificed, as both the interior and exterior testify. The architects, both young Yale men, have succeeded in adding a notable ornament to the "club block" on Forty Fourth Street, which already has several of the finest club and hotel buildings in the the metropolis.

### THE YALE CLUB'S FINE NEW HOUSE.

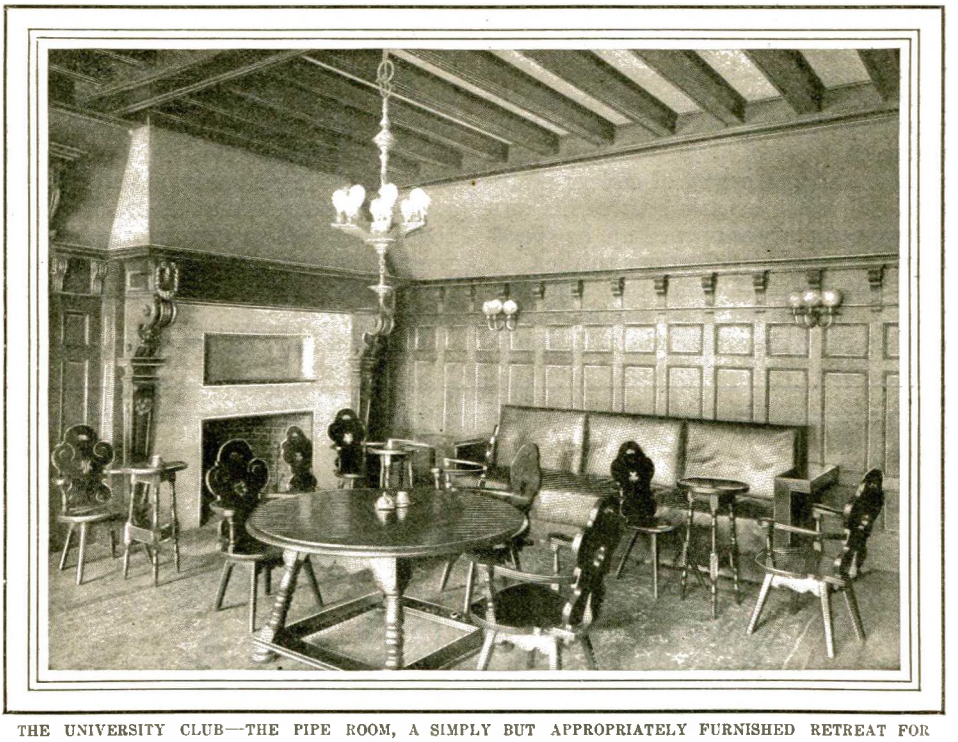
That the "old Yale spirit" does not need the quiet rustling of the elm trees in New Haven to keep it alive, but thrives amid the noise and din of the great city, is plainly shown by the club's remarkable growth. Like both the Harvard and Princeton clubs, it originated in an alumni association. This society dated back many years, its primary object being to bring the alumni together, at least once a year, for a great Yale dinner. The change to the club took place in 1897, the membership starting at six hundred, and a private residence on Madison Square being rented as a club house. Larger quarters were soon needed, and last year the building committee matured its plans, purchased a site, and set about the construction of the new house. The work moved rapidly, and on May 1, 1901, the day set months before, the club moved into its splendid building.

The expenditures on the club house have been substantial, without being lavish. The upper and lower stories are faced with white marble, while red brick and Indiana limestone form the intermediate walls. The first floor contains the café, visitors' room, office, and coat rooms, and, extending across the width of the building, the grill room. This last has excited much comment on account of its beauty and perfect appointments, and it has become the regular lounging room for the younger members of the club. Its heavy Flemish oak beams and tables, the red tiled floor, the row of steins and mugs above the wainscoting, and its line of pegs where each member may hang his own pewter mug, with his name engraved on it; the clinking of billiard balls, and the blaze of the logs in the big stone fireplace—all these make it the place of places in the city where the camaraderie of college days may be renewed in an atmosphere that suggests "Morry's."

On the second floor a spacious lounging room occupies the front of the building, with a library in the rear. The next six floors are divided into bachelor quarters for the use of the club members. Most of the rooms are leased by the year, but accommodations are always reserved for out of town members. On

the ninth floor is the class diningroom, which will seat about one hundred. This room is finished in white and Yale blue, and on the walls are hung pictures of Yale's famous classes and athletes. On this floor is also the council room, as well as some smaller private diningrooms. The tenth floor is entirely taken up with the general diningroom, and above this are the kitchen and servants' quarters.

In contrast to most New York clubs, ive universities are very close, although there is no official connection. Many of their prominent members are on the boards of trustees of the universities or their various committees. The influence of such large bodies of alumni is very strong, and their support is often enlisted for important university movements. For instance, the Princeton Club recently secured the adoption of its proposal for a representation of the



THE UNIVERSITY CLUB—THE PIPE ROOM, A SIMPLY BUT APPROPRIATELY FURNISHED RETREAT FOR SMOKERS.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Sidman, New York.*

the restaurants of these college clubs have paid from the very start. The Yale Club's profits on its restaurant, café, and cigar counter last year reached fourteen thousand dollars, and other bodies had correspondingly good showings. "How can you keep it up," the Yale man twittingly says to his Crimson neighbor, "when you charge only forty five cents for your dinners? To make money, we've got to charge fifty."

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE COLLEGE CLUBS.

The relations of the Harvard, Yale, and Princeton Clubs with their respect- alumni in the board of trustees of the university.

The clubs keep in touch with the athletic, social, and literary movements, and with changes in the curricula; and one at least has a committee appointed which visits the university and makes a report of its impressions and ideas at the club's annual meeting. This is done, not so much with a view to any special action, but to keep the alumni familiar with the development of their alma mater.

Varied as is the social life of New York, these clubs hold a position as dis-

tinct and certain in the club world as their universities do among the country's institutions of learning. They keep alive the university spirit. They solve the alumni association problem. How well they serve their purpose is shown by the rapidity with which the clubs of "the great three" destroyed the existence of the old University Athletic Club, an organization which tried to take the place of a combination Harvard, Yale, and Princeton club. The moment the distinct organizations started, the triple club fell to the ground with a crash. It had no cement. The young graduate may feel at home among a crowd of graduates of his own college whom he does not know, but he was not at ease among a crowd of college strangers. So when a little spot of his own college campus was opened up, he speedily transferred his affections thither.

It may occur to some that the University Club must soon begin to look on these new growing clubs with apprehension, for they seem to be encroaching on the field which it fills. It is true that in the last few years the number of young college men proposed for membership in the University Club, soon after their graduation, has decreased, but there is little reason to suppose that this will affect its membership or its popularity. It fills a place which the smaller bodies never can usurp, and by the very inertia of its wealth and dignity it will keep that position.

### THE COLLEGE MAN AND HIS CLUB.

What these clubs mean to the graduates of the respective universities, and particularly the young graduates, is shown by their success. The older members find in them a convenient place to meet the members of their classes, to renew their college days in anecdote and reminiscence, and to breathe the atmosphere which keeps alive their love for alma mater.

One evening, not long ago, five men

THE CLUB HOUSE OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, AT FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY FOURTH STREET, A SPACIOUS GRANITE BUILDING THAT IS ONE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENTS OF NEW YORK.

THE HARVARD CLUB—THE UPPER ENGRAVING SHOWS THE LIBRARY, THE LOWER THE ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRWAY.

*From photographs by Underhill, N. Y.*

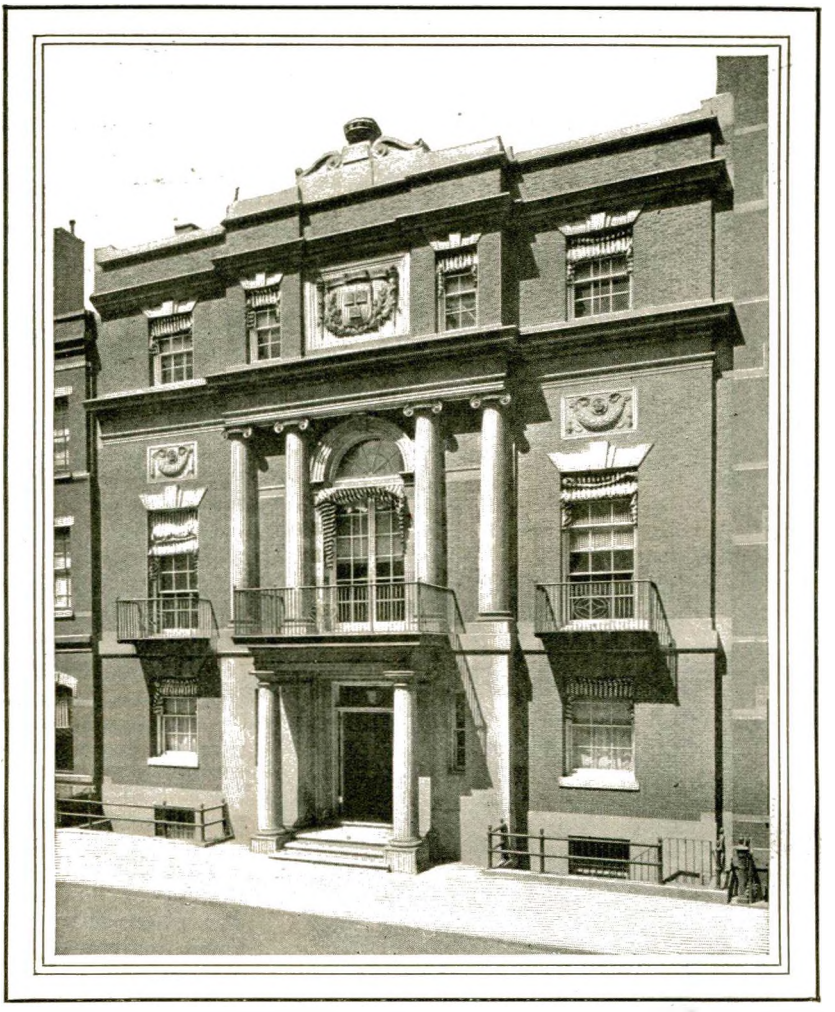
seated around a table in the grill room at the Yale Club were talking about their classmates who had since become famous or successful beyond the expectations of any one of them there. Among those of whom they spoke is a man identified with one of the great railroads of the country. A few days later, the writer happened to see this man, and told him of the incident.

"Where is that club, and how can I join it?" he asked. "Many times when I am in New York I would like to look up some of my classmates, but I haven't time. This is just the thing. I might have thought of it before."

And this is the attitude of many of the older graduates whose business brings them frequently to the metropolis.

It is to the young man just out of college, coming to New York to cast for fortune in the great whirlpool of life and activity, that these clubs appeal most. To him they are veritable homes. The "hall bedroom" and the stifling odor of a boarding house have no terrors for him. He knows that, however new and strange and difficult his work may be, however unfamiliar his surroundings, there is one place where he can always find a friend, one foothold from which he can swing into the new city life without experiencing the feeling of bewilderment and loneliness that brings discouragement and despair.

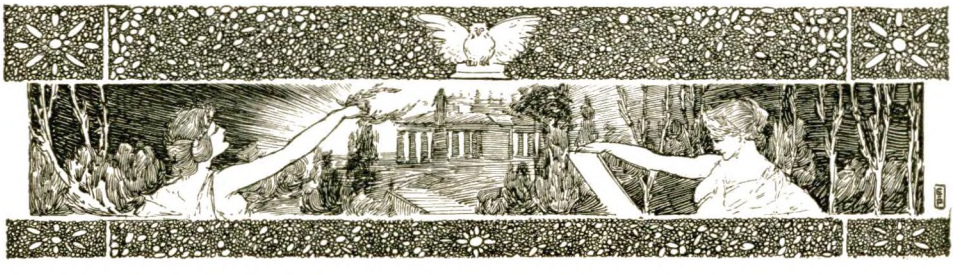
As the years go by, and as his acquaintance becomes larger, he may reach out into other fields of club life, differing



THE CLUB HOUSE OF THE HARVARD CLUB, ON WEST FORTY FOURTH STREET—ERECTED EIGHT YEARS AGO, IT IS ALREADY TOO SMALL FOR THE GROWING MEMBERSHIP OF THE CLUB.

*From a photograph by Underhill, New York.*

as his tastes and occupation may direct; but his college club remains the dearest, for in it there center an affection and a sentiment that never seem to die. Whether it be "Fair Harvard," "Bright College Years," or "The Orange and the Black," that comes floating to his ears from the nightly gathering of graduates, it carries him back to the happiest days he ever knew.



# THE POSTERN GATE.

AND THE THREE EPISODES THAT TOOK PLACE IN ITS SHADOW.

*BY ELIZABETH MESEROLE RHODES.*

## I.

THE day before Jim Underhill went away to school always stood out in Olive's memory with the vividness of a water color sketch. Jim didn't come out to play till after lunch. Then he sauntered across from his side vestibule to Olive's. Olive had been feeling a little dull, and regretful that she had eaten three cream cakes at lunch, but somehow everything seemed worth while when she saw Jim emerge from his house. He wore a brown jacket and knickerbockers, for even the coming glory of a military school had not yet promoted him to long trousers; his cap was on the back of his head, and his dark, alert face was turned towards the Manning house. Olive hastened out to meet him, but her ardor was dampened by the sight of Francesca emerging from the house behind him. "Oh, dear," said Olive hastily, "why does *she* always have to tag along?"

Francesca was eating a red apple, and seemed unaware of her inhospitable welcome. She had spindling legs and arms and a thin, dark face. The boys of the neighborhood called her "Spider."

"Hullo, Olive!" said Jim.

"Hello!" said Olive conservatively.

"What shall we play?" said Francesca, standing on one leg and putting her other foot on the step, while she finished the apple core.

Jim ignored his sister's question. He put his hands in his pockets and held his head up. "My suit at the military school will have buttons on," he said.

"Huh!" said Francesca. "You're only in short trousers *yet*." Her *yet* expressed incredulity and infinite scorn. Olive had a sudden hot flash over her little body and a desire to push Francesca off the step where she balanced insecurely on one spindling leg. If she had been older, she would have forthwith claimed a military button in advance from Jim, and thus proved her own belief in the future existence of that long trousered suit, but at ten one has not yet learned that buttons are the correct thing.

Jim, however, was undisturbed by the Spider's inflections. He thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, threw back his curly head, and walked down the paved path towards the currant bushes, the girls following in his wake. There they all three became absorbed in the progress of a green worm making its way along a twig; and when they tired of scientific research, they played cross tag. Not the cross tag where you cross your fingers, but the kind where the man who's it has to run after the same man till another man crosses between. Cross tag was fun whenever the rest of the children in the neighborhood came in to play, but today, with only Jim and Francesca, Olive found it tame. Not but that Francesca could run on her twinkling thin legs quite as fast as Olive, and very nearly as fast as Jim. Olive hardly knew why it palled—unless because she would have preferred to talk to Jim about the new life of school to begin tomorrow, and Francesca might interrupt if she started in.

The Underhills and the Mannings lived in houses originally built on the same estate by two brothers. The houses were counterparts of each other on a reversed plan, as if there were a mirror between them and each were a reflection of the other. They were big, square mansions of brownstone, and had respectable, conventional front steps with white marble vestibules. The symmetrical resemblance was increased by a square wing on each, thrown out towards the neighboring house. These wings seemed to be reaching out from the houses to shake hands with each other.

The vestibules of the two wings were favorite play places for the children. One could be used as a beleaguered castle, the other as an attacking fortress,

whence brave troops sallied forth to fierce repulse, mayhap to wounds and death. When the girls played alone, each vestibule was a house for the exchange of visits, or a shop, or a theater. But Jim would have none of such mild fancies. When he played with the girls, the vestibules became tents for a Wild West show or Klondike camps at the very least; in his bolder imaginative moods, they figured as Agincourt and the English encampment.

Today his rôle was adventurous: the Underhill vestibule became Treasure Island, and the Manning one, the good ship Hispaniola, manned by a mutinous crew. Jim, in the character of his namesake, kept Francesca and Olive at bay for days, sallying forth at intervals to attack the ship by a flank movement. When interest in Treasure Island waned, they played "postern gate," a delightful game in which the Manning vestibule figured as the center of a dark and deadly plot, foiled through the ingenuity of the hero, King James, the loyalty of the Princess Olivia, and the unswerving devotion of the Lady Francesca. The door of the vestibule was the postern gate, and the king guarded it bravely for the defense of the two helpless ladies within.

That was the weak point in "postern gate." Whenever they played it, there came a time when the two helpless ladies grew tired of being guarded, and insisted on joining the king on the brownstone steps. In vain the king pleaded that the safety of state secrets and the happiness of nations demanded their presence within: the ladies united their strength and forced the postern gate; and the game ended in a general fight. But today, with the shadow of future parting over the sunshiny present, the dispute was more peaceably settled. When the postern gate became too confining, Francesca proposed hide and seek; and, the king acceding, they stood up and counted out, and Francesca was *it*.

"Five hundred by fives," they said; and while Francesca shut her eyes at the postern gate and sang out "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty," in indecent haste to finish the count before they were safely bestowed, Jim and Olive rushed off with much show of speed, and then silently tiptoed back on the soft grass, till they crouched under the projecting balcony of the window, close at hand.

The chances were that Francesca would overlook them, and start off around the house after their flying footsteps, thus giving them a chance to get "in" before she saw them. But Francesca didn't play the game that way. There was a suspicious quivering of her eyelids, a glimmer of white under the lashes. As she ended, "eighty five, ninety, ninety five, *five* hundred," she opened her eyes, turned quickly, and called out, "I spy Jim and Olive under the balcony."

"You peeked," cried Olive, rushing out in great excitement.

"I never did," said Francesca virtuously.

"You did. I saw you," declared Olive. Her blue eyes flashed and the color rose in her face.

"Oh, come, don't try to bluff," cried Jim in brotherly disgust. "We know you, Francesca. Shut your eyes and be it again."

Francesca gave the lie to her virtuous denial by meek submission. She began the count once more, and Olive and Jim stole off again, this time to hide in earnest behind the hen house.

"I hate lies," said Olive, as they stood, one at each end, with necks craned around the corners of the building to watch for the Spider's approach. "I don't believe I'd ever speak to you again if you ever should tell me one."

"Shut up," said Jim. "The wind's her way."

They watched in silence while Francesca came down the currant path. However, she turned at the well and went back around the other side of the house.

"Say, Jim, I wish you weren't going tomorrow," said Olive.

"Now's your chance; cut for it," said Jim.

They flashed noiselessly over the ground towards the postern gate. Jim reached it just in time, but before Olive could touch the vestibule door Francesca darted around the house. "I spy Olive," she shrieked.

"Olive," said Mrs. Manning, appear-

ing at the window of the sewing room, "come in now, and get ready for tea;" and at the same moment Irish Katie came to the side vestibule of the Underhill house and claimed her victims. Francesca went willingly, but Jim lingered. A sudden sense of loss came over him, of a loosened grip on some valued possession.

"Jim's waiting to kiss Olive good by," said Francesca pleasantly.

"Shut up," said Olive. She had never said it before, and I think she never said it again; but something savage seemed for the moment to rise within her.

"She doesn't count," said Jim, with a motion of his head towards the futile Spider. He added something under his breath and walked across to his side door.

"What?" called Olive after him. Then the echo of his words took shape in her brain, and she identified them:

"Eight o'clock tonight at the postern gate."

Half past seven was her bedtime. Usually she rebelled; tonight she was led a willing lamb to the slaughter. Mrs. Manning always went up stairs with Olive, lighted her gas, and opened the bed; later she came up to kiss Olive good night, and see that the room was properly ventilated. Olive dared not keep tryst till after the good night. When her mother had left the room for the last time, the loyal Lady Olivia rose and donned a pink dressing gown; she slipped her feet into her bedroom shoes and creaked down the back stairs; she passed along the hall of the wing into the vestibule to meet her liege lord and king at the postern gate.

He was not there when she arrived. She waited fully two minutes before he opened the door of his wing and came across the paved walk and up the steps.

"Is that you, Olive?" said he, and simultaneously she said:

"Hello, Jim!"

There was a short silence. Then, "I'm going on the six o'clock train tomorrow," he said.

"Oh, are you?" said Olive.

"Yes," said Jim.

"I wish you'd remind Francesca to feed my pigeons," he suggested.

"Yes, I will," said Olive. "I'll try to remember."

Silence enveloped them again.

"Well, good by," said Jim at length.

"Good by," said Olive. She reached out to shake hands with him, with that instinctive savoir faire which comes to girls earlier than to boys; but he eluded her grasp.

"Well, good by," he repeated. "I must be going;" and she said "Good by" again.

He went, and she shut the postern gate very quietly after him and went up stairs. She did not realize that she was cold till after she was in bed again. Then her teeth fairly chattered, and she drew up an extra blanket. The excitement of secrecy had made her wakeful; she tried reciting poetry as a sedative. At last she dropped off to sleep, and her last coherent thought, vaguely connected with Jim, was:

"Behind shut the postern; the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast."

## II.

"YES," said Francesca; "I'm very glad you decided to ask Mary Woodruff. I hope you'll put her next to Jim. He has such a weakness for blondes, and Mary is a stunning girl."

"Why, I don't know," said brown haired Olive hesitantly. "I had planned to have Mary at the other end of the table, next to Jack Keith."

"Well, why not put Jim at the other side of her?" suggested Francesca.

"I suppose I might," said Olive slowly; "but I thought all along of having Jim at my end, next to me."

"Oh, that hadn't occurred to me," said Francesca. "Of course, that would be very nice."

"Do you really think so?" said Olive doubtfully. "It's so long since we've seen each other, I thought we should both enjoy talking over old times; but if Jim likes Mary Woodruff——"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of that, Olive," said Francesca lazily. "Surely, at your own coming out party, you are the one to be considered. If the arrangement pleases you, that is the important thing."

"But I don't——" began Olive, and stopped. After all, why discuss it? Francesca was trying already to hide a little yawn; she couldn't be expected to take an interest in every little detail of another girl's party, especially when she had been at a convent for years and out of the current of home affairs. And perhaps she was right about Jim. He would be greatly in demand, of course; he was such a popular and good looking fellow that perhaps it was selfish to monopolize him.

So, on the evening of the dinner dance, Jim found himself seated at table between a pretty débutante of eighteen and the blonde Miss Woodruff, far removed from Olive's blue eyes and just out of range of her conversation. He consoled himself in vain with the prospect of securing her during the dance. It proved to be a cotillion, in which he was once more mated with Miss Woodruff—Olive never did things by halves—and though he favored Olive whenever he got the chance, the figures were so irritatingly short and the dancers so conspicuous that it was no better than the dinner.

He grumbled inwardly at the stupid conventions of social functions, and tried to fancy himself as Olive's partner at a college dance—the real thing, with a card of forty numbers and extras, and unlimited window seats and inclosed verandas. He resolved that he would have her up for the next Junior Prom., if she would accept the invitation of a freshman.

When the cotillion was over and the orchestra had taken the bit between its teeth with no interruption of insistent whistles, Jim claimed Olive for a good long waltz.

"I'm so tired," she said. "Sit it out with me, won't you?"

"Certainly," said Jim; "where shall we go?"

"Over there," she suggested, motioning to a window corner. "It's cool there."

"The conservatory's cooler," said Jim.

"Oh, but there are so many people in pairs in there. It's just like a shoe closet. I never did like conservatories."

"I have it," said Jim. "The postern gate."

"Oh!" she said, with a sudden long breath. "Then you haven't forgotten?"

"Well, hardly, Lady Olivia," said Jim.

It was dark and cool at the postern gate. Jim dragged out a rug and rolled it up for her to sit on, and they began to discuss the dance and the favors, and dances in general, and college dances, and Jim discovered that she had never seen a college function, and in sudden inspiration declared she must come up for the next Prom.

"Wouldn't I love to!" she said. "Francesca and I would have such fun. And wouldn't the men simply rave over Francesca!"

"I doubt it," said Jim.

"How could they help it? She's such a beauty."

"Who sees the moon when the sun is shining?"

"Francesca isn't a moon. She's more like night itself, with all the dark cool air and the stars twinkling. Do you remember what a funny little thing she was when we were children?"

"Spider!" said Jim. "Gee, weren't her legs thin!"

"Do you remember how we used to play cross tag?"

"And hide and seek!"

"And prisoner's base!"

"And pirates!"

"Oh, yes, pirates. And Treasure Island! You made that up the day before you went away to school. Francesca and I used to play it afterwards; but it never was the same. How we missed you!"

"And how I did miss you! When I got so homesick I couldn't stand it, I used to tell the fellows about our games, and organize a Treasure Island crew. We had an old woodshed we used for postern gate, but it couldn't put a patch on this one."

"Did you tell them you played with girls?"

"Not on your life. I always spoke of you and Francesca as 'the fellows'; I hope you'll forgive me, but 'Underhill's chum' was known all over the school as the loftiest brick going; and you've

gone down to posterity under the name of 'Johnson.'"

"I don't mind. I deserved it. I was more of a boy than a girl. Don't you think I'm pretty well behaved, considering my past?"

"You're pretty, all right. I don't know how well behaved you are. I haven't known you long in the new rôle."

"Yes, you have. You've known me years. With all my grownupness, I'm just the same old Olive that used to run races with you."

"I wish I believed that."

"Why do you wish it? It's true."

"Because if I believed it—if I could believe that this new Lady Olivia, my princess, my queen, that I worship from a far, far distance, was just my little chum Olive, I'm afraid I—I might not keep my distance."

The faint strains of the waltz came from within, slow and dreamy. To Olive, the time seemed suddenly quickened to a gallop—then she knew that it was a pulse beating in her brain. A curious new sensation possessed her, a desire to dance forever, close held in a never ending, dreamy waltz. Her voice, calm and cool and pleasant, seemed to come from some one outside of herself, as she heard it saying:

"Indeed I am the same Olive—the one that put red pepper into the turnover that Eliza made specially for you, and bribed Katie to pack a china doll into your trunk when you went to the military school."

"And the one that came down to the postern gate at night to say good by to me? Are you the same Olive that did that? Do you know why I asked you to come? Do you know how I agonized for fear you couldn't come and I should have to go away without it? Do you know why I was tongue tied when I saw you? It was too big a thing that I hoped for—after all, it was too much too ask. I hadn't the courage. I haven't the courage now—but—Lady Olivia—my princess——"

His arms were strong about her and his lips were warm against her own. Then the long waltz died away and there was the hum of voices. Some one said, "Where's Olive?" and she slipped out from the shadow of the postern gate into the glare of the ballroom.

## III.

It was a great disappointment to Olive that she never was able to accept an invitation to the Prom. She was ill the first winter, and, soon after, she went abroad for two years. Evidently, Jim had become discouraged by that time, for he didn't invite her for the Promenade of his senior year. He asked Mary Woodruff instead, and she and Francesca went up and had a glorious week, with the usual round of teas and dances and attentive men—that delightful program which is repeated year after year, but always seems to a girl to have been invented by admiring college youths for her especial pleasure.

Olive heard all about it: Mary and Francesca lunched with her the day after they came home, and brought their embroidery for a good long afternoon of chatter. Olive was making a centerpiece with a design of holly berries; years afterwards, during a household upheaval, she found that centerpiece with her mother's linen, and the sight of it made her catch her breath in sudden sickening memory.

Francesca would begin to tell about the Prom., and in the middle of her description Mary would interrupt with:

"Oh, did he dance with you? That's the man I met at the big tea on Thursday;" and then they would both talk together, tumbling over their own words in an effort to tell everything at once. Through the whole story sounded the echo of Jim's name—Jim had shown them everything worth seeing, Jim had filled their cards, Jim had given teas for them, Jim had made engagements for the most delightful stunts; it was "Jim's rooms," "Jim's roommate," "Jim's fraternity," and the visiting girls who had sung Jim's praises.

"Did I tell you what that pretty Miss Rossiter said, Francesca?" asked Mary. "She said if she had a brother as good looking as Jim, she'd be perfectly happy."

"Miss Rossiter did seem to lose her heart to Jim," said Francesca demurely.

"Poor Jim, I'm really sorry for him

sometimes. The girls are so silly about him."

"Mr. Wyckoff told me there wasn't a matron in town who didn't want him for her daughter," went on Mary.

"Did he?" said Francesca. "He said that to me too; but that wasn't all he said."

"What else did he say?" asked Olive. She had been silent so long that it seemed as if she must speak or the girls would look at her.

"Shall I tell, Mary?" asked Francesca teasingly.

"No—why, yes, of course. I don't know what it was."

"He said he was so glad to meet you and find you such a dandy girl, after the silly sort Jim had been meeting and flirting with all winter. But he might have known, he said, he could trust Jim when it came to really making up his mind."

"How very silly!" said Mary, flushing pink. "I'm sure I don't see why he should say anything of the kind."

"Oh, you don't?" said Francesca, laughing. "Oh, no, Jim didn't devote himself to you every minute you were there. He didn't send you violets for the tea and roses for the Prom., and keep you supplied with Huyler's between, did he? And you're not a dandy girl at all, are you? You dear, modest old thing!" The last sentence was lost in a gurgle, as Mary made a frantic little rush at Francesca which choked off further communications.

"Now see what you've done!" said Francesca reprovingly. "I've lost my needle, and the silk is all tangled."

"Never mind, Francesca," said Olive. "Here comes the chocolate, and you can take a vacation. You've worked long enough on those pansies."

"Yes," said Francesca complacently; "I think I have done a good afternoon's work." She folded her linen square and accepted a chocolate cup from Olive. "I have successfully accomplished just what I planned for this afternoon, and I'm very well satisfied."

It seemed to Olive that they would never finish the chocolate and go. They dawdled over the bonbons; they lingered in the bedroom to arrange their hair; they paused on the stairs for final messages. At last they were outside, and Olive closed the big door and ran up stairs. Mrs. Manning called to her from the library, but she pretended not to hear. She must be alone to think, to remember every idle word of Francesca's and every look of Mary Woodruff's, to think it all out and decide what was to be done.

"Not that I can do anything," thought Olive; "but since I have to keep on living, I may as well face it now."

There was a sudden loud peal at the door bell, then another, the sound of an opening door, Francesca's voice down stairs, high pitched and frightened. Mr. Manning's step sounded in the hall; the door banged after him. Francesca was crying—or laughing. Olive could not go down; she felt as if she wished never to see Francesca again.

Then the maid came running up stairs, eager to spread the sensation. She told the news with mingled importance and horror: the arrival of a messenger as Francesca was returning home; Mr. Underhill very ill at his office, dying, dead, and by his own hand, a suicide suspected of defalcation. All the particulars were filled in by Olive's vivid imagination, with a vista of details stretching out towards the future—financial ruin for the children, sharp contact with the world for convent bred Francesca, and for Jim his father's debts and his father's dishonored name.

They telegraphed for Jim and for his aunt, the only near relative. She came that night with her husband, and took Francesca under her wing at once. Francesca was wholly uncontrolled. She clung to her aunt and sobbed pitifully, and called for her father and for Jim. Olive was glad to see her comforted at last, and wondered who would comfort Jim.

Jim must have arrived home late that night, for she saw him leaving the house the next morning. He took immediate charge of all affairs, and was so busy that Olive did not catch another glimpse of him, though she called once to see Francesca. Several times he came to consult her father, but Olive stayed up stairs.

At length the excitement subsided, the funeral services were over, reporters ceased to call for information, and ac-

quaintances with sympathetic cards; curiosity was satisfied, and the sensation died down. Francesca packed her wardrobe, said her last farewells, a pitiful figure with the dark shadows under her eyes, and went away, still under her aunt's wing. Jim was left alone in the old stone house.

"Don't you think he must be lonely over there, mother?" said Olive. "Couldn't we ask him here for a day or two?"

"I have asked him," said Mrs. Manning. "Your father and I both urged him to come. But he says he has only a few days to stay there, and there are papers to be sorted and family matters to be arranged before he leaves."

For the house and its furniture were to be sold, and Jim was going into an office in the city. College, of course, was over for him; the Prom. was to be his last gaiety for many a year. His father's affairs were deeply involved, and Jim had shouldered the burden of debt.

Olive began to wonder at length why she had not yet seen Jim. It seemed almost as if he must be avoiding her—but that was absurd. "Avoid" was too strong a word—he merely ignored her. His mind was too full of important things to find room for her. She stood by the window of her room one night and looked across to the twin stone house, while she tried to see the situation from Jim's point of view—the overwhelming sorrow and the multifarious business details crowding out all thought of a small, brown haired girl who never had been very important any way. The moon was nearly full: it threw ghostly gleams across the garden, and made black masses of shadow at the angle of the house. One of the masses was moving. Surely it was a man, leaning against the stone parapet. Was it a burglar watching the house? Or could it be—Jim?

If she had stopped to think, she would not have gone down. But she did not stop; she ran straight down stairs, dressing gown notwithstanding, down to the postern gate.

"Who is there?" she called in a frightened little voice.

There was no answer at first; but when she called again and louder, the man walked out from the shadows.

"Is that you, Olive?" said Jim's voice. "What are you doing here?"

"I took you for a burglar," said Olive.

"And you came down to warn me off the premises?"

"Yes. What are you doing, prowling around like a thief in the night?"

The moment she had said the word, she wished to recall it.

"I? Oh, perhaps I'm looking for burglars, too."

"Jim, you know I'm sorry, don't you?" said Olive suddenly.

"Yes," said Jim with unusual gentleness; "I know it, Olive."

"Why haven't you been over to see me?"

"Because I don't propose that you shall have any acquaintances that you're ashamed of."

"Jim, how unjust! How can you hurt me so?"

"I beg your pardon. I didn't mean it quite that way. But ordinary interest in an acquaintance can't be expected to extend to different circumstances."

This was so involved that Olive repeated the sentence after him.

"You mean," she said, "that formal acquaintances will probably drop you, now that you've lost your money?"

"Or I shall drop them," said Jim.

"But you don't call us formal acquaintances, Jim?"

"Your father and mother have been very good to me. But you—you have a lot of new friends, and your life is very full."

"You intend to drop me, then?"

"I'm afraid circumstances will keep us from seeing much of each other."

"And Mary Woodruff?"

For the second time in five minutes Olive's tongue had betrayed her.

"Mary Woodruff?" said Jim wonderingly.

"I suppose she is more than a formal acquaintance, since you invited her for the Prom." Poor Olive, having rushed in where angels might well fear to tread, was trying to dash through boldly.

"I had her on because Francesca asked me to," said Jim.

"Francesca?" murmured Olive, wondering in her turn.

"Yes; she said Miss Woodruff had entertained her, and she wanted to pay

her debts. I didn't much care whom she brought, as long as you couldn't come."

"Why did you think I couldn't come?"

"Why, you told Francesca so, didn't you?"

To the credit of Olive's tongue, be it recorded that this time it waited for her to think, and then obediently uttered a deceptive half truth.

"Francesca must have misunderstood, or else I did. I remember telling her once that mother didn't much approve of girls' visiting at colleges; but I didn't understand that I was invited to this Prom. at all."

"Then you would have come?"

"Wouldn't I, though!"

"And you thought I liked Mary Woodruff?"

"Jim, indeed it doesn't really matter, but just tell me the truth about Mary, won't you?"

"Do you give me permission?"

"Anything that's the truth. You know I can't bear lies."

"The truth is that you're the only girl in the world I care an atom for. There—it's out."

Olive gave a little cry. "Oh, Jim, then you haven't forgotten the postern gate!"

Jim started, but reined himself in.

"I wish you had forgotten," he said. "I knew if I saw you, I shouldn't deceive you, and I've tried to keep away. I've succeeded, too, till tonight; but when I saw you at the window in the moonlight——"

"So that was why you were here! Jim, you're so stupid. I see what idea you have in your head. You think because you're poor now you have to take back everything you've said."

"Think of the way you live, and remember I'm starting on six dollars a week."

"But I have money of my own, or will have when I'm twenty one."

"Do you think I'd take your money?"

"No, but I think you'd allow me the privilege of living on it, wouldn't you?"

"You don't understand. It isn't only the disgrace, the asking you to share that with me. There is the debt. It will be years before I shall make any impression on that. And until that is paid off, I can't allow myself even such a low priced luxury as car fare from the city to call on you. It is impossible. You see it is impossible, don't you?

"I don't dare tell myself you care for me, Olive. But I know you respect me, and if you do, you mustn't tempt me to make myself less worthy of your respect. I haven't any right to ask you to wait for me. I don't propose to tell you I shall never love any one else, for that amounts to the same thing. I shan't even ask for —what you gave me last time at the postern gate. Then I was sure of the future; now I have no right to be confident, or to ask anything—except your respect. Good night, sweet, good by."

"Good night," said Olive, "not good by." She made no other protest. She felt instinctively that for the moment words were of no avail. But a mighty will was rising within her, a force that she recognized as stronger than any conventional scruples or artificial standards. As the postern gate closed behind her, she whispered to herself, "He doesn't love Mary Woodruff, and—I can wait."

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## A LATE ROSE.

THE cedar shadows break in tawny spangles
That lightly into banks of coolness close;
And wilful breezes waste, in grassy tangles,
The crimson fragments of a shattered rose;

A deep, late rose, that knew not June's bequeathing
Of dripping dews and sweet, moist kiss of dawn,
But rent, with dusk red fires, its mossy sheathing,
And flamed in beating sunshine on the lawn.

So, in the zenith of their rich completeness,
The warm, late, fragrant days of summer pass,
Drifting into the yesterdays' dim sweetness
Like loosened rose leaves shaken in the grass.

*Hattie Whitney.*

# THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.

*BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.*

SUGGESTIONS TO THE BEGINNER WHO DESIRES TO FISH WHERE THERE IS GOOD SPORT, OR TO CAMP AND HUNT IN THE WILDS—WHERE TO GO, HOW TO GET THE NECESSARY INFORMATION, AND WHAT TO BUY.

A GENERATION ago the city man who took his pleasure afield or afloat found sport comparatively near at hand. But today, in many quarters of the country, this accessibility no longer exists. Agriculture is spreading on every side; waters, once open, now are crowded with traffic, and the freedom of untouched nature rapidly grows more remote. Twenty five years ago the bays and rivers about New York were well stocked with fish; there was fair shooting in covers almost in touch with the suburbs, and a day's journey by rail would take one to the best of it. But now one has to travel far, and seek closely, to find the same average sport.

Within the last generation, there has been an astonishing increase in the number of those who wish to fish and shoot. The country seems to have struck a certain level; an element of its energy and rush has gone, and a growing multitude must revitalize jaded bodies and minds. Yet few of this great number really understand the method, till time and experience have taught them.

"What shall I do? How shall I do it? Where shall I go?" asks the beginner. Nine times out of ten, in trying to solve these riddles, he goes wrong. If he strikes out for himself, the chances are that he will be lured by some specious advertisement to a place not at all suited to his needs, and, after a fretful holiday, will return disgusted and discouraged. It is for the beginner that this article is written; it does not assume to give direction or advice to those that know.

### THE MAN WHO WANTS GOOD FISHING.

Here is a man who has a sudden desire to fish; not to loll in a skiff on some muddy tideway or lake within sight and sound of the city, but to get away to a place where the air is fresh and cool and the fish really bite. Where shall he go? That depends wholly upon his time, inclination, and means. If he lives in New York and is looking for good salt water fishing, he may not have to go far, after all. Some one has said that it is not all fishing to catch fish. True, but good sport, after all, does add to the harmony of the occasion. A man who goes fishing presumably desires fish. In this particular instance, too, the man is looking for sport within comparatively easy reach.

Perhaps his experience of fishing is confined to a hazy memory of childhood—to a barefoot boy, a bent pin, and the fingerlings of the brook. He knows of no "fishin' hole," nor of any one to guide him to one. Let him seek a reputable dealer in fishing tackle—that is, a shop devoted to fishing tackle, not the places where rods, reels, and other impedimenta are sold in conjunction with glassware, baby carriages, and toys. There are many such shops in New York and other large cities, and at any one of them the beginner will be put upon the right track.

At the same time, he will get the benefit of experience in selecting his tackle. Rods and other necessaries cost more in these shops than they ask at bargain counter sales; but in the matter of fishing tackle, cheapness is a poor economy. A good salt water rod should cost at least five dollars, a reel as much more, and the line, hooks, and other details an additional five dollars. This, of course, is only an approximate estimate; an outfit may be bought for less money than that, or may cost five times as much. It all depends upon the buyer's choice

and means. But don't, under any circumstances, buy the very cheap tackle.

At any big shop, the beginner will be told of a dozen places where to find the sport he seeks. He may even be put in communication with boatmen known to be responsible; if he desires further information, let him write, asking details. And here, by the way, is a pointer that has proved, in a dozen cases, of incalculable benefit to the writer. If one can get no information in town about boatmen, guides, and accommodations at the place he desires to visit, let him write to the postmaster, inclosing a stamped envelope for the reply. In small communities, the post office is a common center. The postmaster knows every inhabitant. He will either give the desired information, or will turn the request over to some one who can.

Some years ago, I wished to learn about a hunting country in northern Canada. There was no post office, so a letter was despatched to the agent of the last station on the railroad, the nearest to the hunting region. In due time an answer came, giving the desired information, with the names of half a dozen guides and references that proved them honest.

In the event of a station agent being unable or unwilling to give the desired information, a letter addressed to the general manager or advertising department of the nearest railroad will almost invariably produce it.

### GOOD FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

To return to the fisherman. Barnegat Bay is one of the few places within easy reach of New York where there is any good fishing left. There are a dozen such places as Jamaica Bay, Princes' Bay, Gravesend, and the Shrewsbury, where there is occasionally fair sport, but none of them compares with Barnegat. During the summer months, after the weakfish strike in and the bluefish are on the coast, the sport in Barnegat waters, of its kind, is at its best. At Forked River, on the bay, it is no unusual matter for one boat to kill a hundred weakfish in a day, although it hardly adds to the credit of any fisherman to aid in such a slaughter. With a light rod and light tackle, there is no end of sport with the two and three pound fish—much more than one can get with a heavy rod. Sometimes they can be yanked in, one after the other, as fast as one can throw out the baited hook.

There is still some striped bass fishing left near New York, but not much. Occasionally there is a run of fish along the Jersey coast, but one has to keep in touch with these places to find where and when the fishing is worth while. The best points are along the Rhode Island and Massachusetts shores, and here, even at the most favorable season, the fishing is largely influenced by conditions of wind and weather. Moreover, it is a difficult sport, often requiring as much diligence, skill, and knowledge as are employed in salmon, tarpon, or tuna fishing. The best grounds are held by clubs, and are jealously guarded. It takes time and money to go after the big fish.

There are still a few public stands on the Rhode Island coast—Point Judith, in particular; but here one must be satisfied with one or two fish a week at the best, and few over fourteen pounds. The smaller striped bass run in the Sound, where there is a rocky shore close to deep water and a moderately good current. Off Stamford, for instance, in Connecticut, there is sometimes excellent sport in trolling.

If one desires to go after the big fellows, it is possible to buy a share in one of the clubs, and an advertisement in one of the weekly sporting papers will usually produce an offer. Through the same medium, by request to the editor, a great deal of information concerning the best places may also be obtained.

During the last ten years, tuna and tarpon have stepped to a front place in the sport of killing big fish, and even the salmon has given way before them. But to take either of the two requires time, skill, and a considerable expense. The tuna is taken with rod and reel only at Santa Catalina Island, California, while the tarpon frequents the coasts of Florida and the Gulf. Unlike salmon fishing, the killing of tuna and tarpon is open, unrestricted sport, and one does not have to join an expensive club to enjoy it at its best.

In the February MUNSEY, tuna fishing

was thoroughly described; for the tarpon, it is only necessary to say that practically the same tackle is needed. In New York there are several dealers who make a specialty of both tuna and tarpon gear. All of them keep informed on the fishing, and can give the names of trustworthy boatmen, the routes to take, and other necessary details. The outfit consists of at least two rods, a specially constructed reel, a line to fill it, hooks, and a gaff, all of which may be bought for about sixty dollars. Starting from New York, it should cost a fairly economical man about ten dollars a day from the time he leaves home until he returns. This estimate is based upon the average of six expense accounts for last season's fishing; but no doubt it may be done for less, if necessary.

### SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.

Salmon fishing is generally considered an expensive sport, but under certain conditions it need not be so. To be sure, the best fishing requires the ownership of a share in one of the big Quebec or New Brunswick clubs. On the other hand, a man satisfied with a reasonable number of fish, running from the grilse to a sixteen or eighteen pounder, can get all the fishing he desires in Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, at moderate expense. There are still a few open streams in these provinces, and the record of one river on the east coast of Newfoundland last year was a hundred and six fish to one rod in five weeks, certainly all that a man could ask.

Official information concerning this fishing may be obtained by writing to the Fish Commission, St. John's, Newfoundland, and to the Fish and Game Commission, St. John, New Brunswick. Certain streams require a camp outfit; on others it is possible to obtain board at farmhouses; and in writing for information it should be set forth which is desired. In Newfoundland, board may be obtained at a dollar a day and even less; a canoe and a man to paddle and gaff costs a dollar, or perhaps a dollar and a half, more. For fifty or sixty dollars, one may obtain a fairly good outfit —rod, reel, lines, leaders, gaff, and flies —which, if carefully handled, will last for several years. So it will be seen that if one goes at it cautiously, it is possible to get a season's salmon fishing at perhaps half the cost of one share in a New Brunswick club. There is some salmon fishing in the Penobscot pool at Bangor, Maine, but it is mighty uncertain sport.

Near New York, there is little really good fishing for trout. Every brook that was famous twenty years ago is now over fished. By constant restocking, many of them are still kept in trout, but for a man that has tried Canada, Maine, or even the Adirondacks, the sport hardly pays. The best of the near by fishing is in Sullivan, Ulster, and Greene Counties, New York, and Pike County, Pennsylvania. The Willowemoc, the Beaverkill, and the Neversink, of all the streams within a few hours' ride of New York, are probably the best. In the Adirondacks, fairly good waters lie all along the railroads.

### CAMPING AND BIG GAME HUNTING.

To turn to camping out and to big game shooting, it may as well be accepted at once that it is impossible to find good sport within a few hours' ride of any of our large cities. Everywhere sport grows better proportionately to the distance from town.

Camping is not a serious matter unless one has made a botch of it altogether. The outfit is simple—the simpler the better. A good tent, capable of holding two persons, will cost approximately twelve dollars, and the blankets and cooking outfit you may have at home. If you haven't, they cost little, considering the fact that they may be used year after year. All the big sporting goods stores have these outfits packed into kits of small compass, and the beginner who doesn't wish to rough it too hard can scarcely do better than buy one. If he buys plates, cups, and cooking utensils of a strong and durable kind, he cannot go far astray. The best blankets are those made for the army; they sell for five dollars a pair, and in mild weather are better than the sleeping bag that costs more than three times as much.

It is assumed here that the camper wishes good shooting and fishing with his outing. For the New Yorker, the nearest places where there is any chance of finding such sport are in the Adiron-

dacks or in Pennsylvania—Pike County, for instance. The best deer shooting in New York State is along the line of the Adirondack Railroad. In the big woods, a guide, costing three dollars a day, is an absolute necessity to the beginner. Long Lake (west) is a central point, but there are innumerable lakes and small ponds where the camping sites are ideal, the fishing and shooting undeniably good, and the air tonic unimpeachable. In addition, there are many places where log camps are kept open by guides during the fishing and hunting season, and at such resorts one may live indoors, or hire outfits and plunge deeper into the forests.

It might be said here that in all the big hunting regions are stores that make a specialty of outfitting parties. In western Quebec—reached from Mattawa, Ontario—not only guides and canoes, but tents, cooking outfits, and food supplies, can be had at moderate prices. In fact, it is much cheaper to buy at the Hudson Bay Company's Mattawa store than to pay express charges and duties on provisions purchased in the United States. All arrangements to hunt in that country can be arranged by mail. A letter to a Hudson Bay Company agency will bring any desired information. All the sportsman is required to take is a gun, blankets, and clothes, and for the beginner there is no simpler method than to put himself in the company's hands. Guides charge two dollars a day, and a three weeks' trip, including railroad fares, should cost not more than a hundred and fifty dollars.

Western Quebec, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland are today the most accessible of the good hunting regions in the east. Mattawa, Ontario, and Fredericton, New Brunswick, the main outfitting points for the first two provinces, are each about twenty four hours from New York; to reach St. John's, Newfoundland, requires more time. The Kippewa in Quebec, and the Tobique in New Brunswick, provide the best moose hunting; Newfoundland is unequaled for its caribou shooting.

A personal outfit for these countries consists of a rifle, a knife, a compass; stout, serviceable boots; and two complete changes of clothing. Wear woolen, and woolen only. In the wet Newfoundland shooting, rubber boots are desirable, but in thickly wooded country they are an abomination.

In the choice of a rifle, there is a wide scope; but the beginner cannot go far out of the way if he buys one of the small caliber guns. The "thirties" are the best; the 30-30 is a good arm for deer shooting; and the 30-40 for moose and caribou—as a matter of fact, it will kill anything alive. For the benefit of the beginner, it may be explained that the first number denotes the rifle's bore, or caliber, in hundredths of an inch, and the second its nominal powder charge, in grains. The 30-40 shoots the United States government ammunition, and is perhaps the best all round gun made, with the additional merit of low cost—about seventeen dollars.

### MAKE SURE OF YOUR GUIDES.

In arranging for a trip into the woods, the novice should first of all satisfy himself, as far as possible, of the trustworthiness of his guides. He should ascertain the character of the country, and should know whether it is "canoeable" or not; where provisions, canoes, and teams may be obtained; and what are the prospects of finding game. The best guides in New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Maine, and the Adirondacks are usually engaged in the spring for the following fall shooting, so it is well to write early. At Fredericton, for instance, they outfit for nearly all the woods country in New Brunswick; and if the novice writes to half a dozen different guides for information, he should have at least three places, or perhaps more, from which to select.

But whatever the country, let him endeavor to make sure of his guides. Let him know that he is not hiring some emancipated farm hand who has had no previous experience. Then, when he has engaged his guides, let him keep in touch with them until they have joined him in the woods. The guide is a creature by himself, and if he hears nothing from his prospective employer between times, he may think that something is wrong, and engage with another.

On arriving at the point where settlements end and the woods begin, let the

novice see that his outfit is complete, that nothing has been forgotten. He should make sure that he has both gun and ammunition intact, that none of his provisions have been forgotten in the railroad office. Also let him leave word behind, if he can, where he may be found in an emergency.

Good bird shooting is difficult to find nowadays, and the best grounds for wild fowl are either owned or controlled by clubs. But there are still a few places left on the coast below the capes of the Delaware, and if the shooter has the time and means, he may find some excellent sport along the sounds. The railroads passing along the coast make a specialty of furnishing patrons with this information. Quail also abound further inland on some of the same lines, and in North Carolina there is at times unexcelled shooting. But the best of all the quail shooting in the United States is about the southern end of the Illinois Central Railroad. In that country there are a number of places where the sportsman is welcomed, and where he may hire well broken dogs and experienced guides at small cost.

It is impossible to give more than superficial advice to the beginner, but if he follows these general directions he cannot go very far wrong. Experience is the one thing that will tell him just what he should do, and just what is to be avoided in every contingency.

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# MISS VARIAN.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY FROM MEMPHIS AND A NEW YORK ROOF GARDEN.

*BY MARIAN WEST.*

WHEN the young lady from Memphis arrived at the boarding house, the landlady drew up her lips and looked troubled. But Miss Varian had anticipated herself with an excellent letter of reference, and the house was struggling through the midsummer season of emptiness; so Mrs. Bowles introduced her to the table, and decided to wait a little. Dennison could have settled her doubts in an instant if he had taken a single good, intelligent look at the newcomer. But the vague, short sighted, easy going side of him was uppermost in the relaxation of the July heat, and the only idea she suggested to him was that Southern girls did use a lot of powder. He did not even take in the strange, mahogany red of her hair. She was plainly second rate; but she seemed quiet and unobtrusive and pleasant in the shaded light of the dinner table, and he fell into the way of talking to her whenever there was a stray corner of his mind not absolutely filled with the girl down at the seashore.

It was a note from this very girl that brought about his undoing; for it was postmarked New York, and it said that she and her mother were to be in town for several days, at a hotel. "We shall be out tonight, but tomorrow you must come and dine with us," she went on. "Mother will be very glad to see you." It was this last sentence that set his senses spinning with joy. For mother had been the obstacle. She thought Dennison lacked steadfastness.

He went into dinner fairly reckless with happiness, and all through the meal his good spirits flowed over—chiefly on Miss Varian. After coffee, he pulled out his watch, in reality to see how long it would be till tomorrow evening; but it gave him an idea.

"It's too good a night to stay in," he said. "Who wants to go to a roof garden?" His glance happened to fall on Miss Varian, and the sudden eagerness in her eyes touched him. "Poor little thing, she doesn't get much fun," he was thinking as he added aloud, "I know Miss Varian does. Who else?"

It happened that nobody else could, and she ran off to "put on her hat." It was a long process, and he had time for a few misgivings before she called to him from the hall. But these were vague,

only half conscious, and did nothing to soften the shock that fell on him like an ice bath as they stepped out into the glare of an electric light.

Miss Varian had put on her hat—a whirl of violent turquoise blue—distinctly over one eye. A lopsided pompadour of the solidity of a block of wood drooped to the other eyebrow, under a veil that glittered. She had also put on a complexion. Her gown was costly and not too clean, especially where it swept the sidewalk. An insistent perfume followed in her wake.

For the first time, Dennison looked at her with his whole attention. "For the Lord's sake!" he murmured to himself. A dozen schemes for getting out of it flashed through his head, but none seemed practicable, and he never even thought of coming out with the brutal truth. And every step was taking him nearer to the brilliantly lighted entrance through which he and This Thing must pass. He tried to head her off to a less conspicuous theater, but she had set her heart on this. She evidently had no suspicion of his feelings, and was in such good spirits, so plainly rejoicing in her party, that he felt conscience stricken over his own bitter reluctance.

He stood in line to get their tickets—it was a relief to get away from her even for that moment—then there was nothing more to keep them out of the brilliantly illumined audience. Dennison pushed back the swing door, and Miss Varian swept forward between the tables, her head superbly uplifted, her little chains jingling, her air in every detail the popular Broadway travesty of a fine lady, while her escort sneaked miserably in the rear, leaving as much space between them as he dared. They had been seated at least five minutes before his thoughts came back to coherence and he could lift his eyes to glance about at the neighboring tables.

To the right, the left, in front of them, was a welcome expanse of unfamiliar faces. In his relief, he turned to his companion with some of his usual easy friendliness, and they became quite sociable over the question of what they should have to drink. Then he lit his cigar, and, leaning his elbow on the back of his chair, started to take a final survey of their neighbors. But he got no farther than the second table to the rear, for his glance landed straight in the level, cool eyes of the girl from the seashore.

For an instant he forgot his incubus, everything, in the joy of seeing her, and he had sprung to his feet before he remembered. Then he realized the whole hideous situation—but it was too late to retreat. With a hasty apology to Miss Varian, he walked bravely over to the other table.

The mother carried it off better than the girl did. The latter sat stiff and pale, and overlooked his offered hand. The mother was courteous and formal as usual, asked and answered the usual questions; but she did not introduce him to her companions; and nothing was said about dinner the next night. Dennison went back with the sense that he had been graciously but irrevocably dismissed.

Miss Varian, with her elbows on the table and her chin in her palms, stared frankly at his friends through her glittering veil, and made tentative comments, but Dennison was too heartsick and sore and angry to pay any heed to what she said. He wished savagely that she would call him to account for his rudeness, and so give him an excuse to get away and take her home. But she seemed utterly unconscious, and chattered on in friendly satisfaction till he could have shrieked. Once, to call his attention to something, she touched him on his arm. He nearly swore outright. The climax came in the bulky shape of a stout necked, round faced acquaintance, whom Miss Varian greeted effusively as Sam, and introduced as Mr. Warner. His little pig eyes looked her up and down approvingly.

"Why didn't you let a feller know you was in New York?" he demanded. "Or are you too big a swell now?"

"Aren't you awful!" said Miss Varian. Dennison jumped to his feet.

"Come," he exclaimed; "there's a better table over on the other side. We can't half see here." She followed him complacently, trailing between the tables like a triumphal procession, with Mr. Warner scuffling in the rear; but Dennison did not mind now. The worst

had happened. He smoked silently till the performance was over, letting the newcomer amuse his guest.

When he was at last home that night and had got rid of Miss Varian and her thanks, he wrote the girl a dozen different letters before he realized that a letter was impossible. What was there to explain? He had been accused of nothing. And if he had been—what was there to say? That he had taken that Thing by accident? Plausible, wasn't it? Really convincing. He threw down his pen with a desperate exclamation, and flung himself back in his chair.

The next morning he received a note from the mother: their plans were unavoidably changed, and they would not be able to have him at dinner that night. They would be in town an even shorter time than they had planned, and were sincerely sorry to miss the pleasure of seeing him; but there was so much to be done, and of course he would understand. That last sentence was the only hint of significance, and even that was too delicate to admit of an answer. For all its politeness, it was a very final note.

As Dennison went out the front door after a gloomy breakfast, Miss Varian came down stairs.

"Oh, Mr. Dennison, I did have such an elegant time last night," she called to him.

"I am glad you did," he said grimly, the door knob in his hand.

"Just lovely," she repeated. "You'll take me again some time, won't you?"

This was a little too much. He muttered an answer—it should have been beneath his breath—but his resentment gave it more volume than he intended. "I'll be damned if I do," could be distinctly heard as the door closed behind him.

Miss Varian stood a moment considering. Her expression was not shocked, scarcely even surprised; more mildly thoughtful than anything. An hour later, she passed Dennison's room while the maid was within, dusting, and volunteered her services. The maid, finally persuaded to yield up her cloth, thought her a very lovely young lady. She dusted so effectually that by the time she had finished with the desk she had found a photograph that was not usually open to the public, and a note bearing the same signature. Also one of Dennison's unfinished attempts to explain. It was a poor explanation, but a very good letter, and it treated Miss Varian with a delicacy that was almost chivalric. Possibly she had not often met just such an attitude, for she read it through a number of times, and there was a faint flush on her little thin face when she put it back. After this, her zeal for housework evidently abated, for she left the chiffonier and the table as she found them.

The girl's note might have suggested to a casual reader that Dennison would not be home to dinner that night; but he was, very silent and abstracted. When he had finished, Miss Varian beckoned him into the empty parlor, and Dennison, still deeply mortified over his outburst of the morning, followed without protest.

"You were just sweet to me last night," she began. "I was telling Mr. Warner that you were the most perfect gentleman I ever met. He was real jealous." She glanced up, not so much archly as inquiringly. Dennison's face showed only gravity and a little impatience. "But you've got so many lady friends—all you want," she added after a pause.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," said Dennison gently. She nodded, then gave a little sigh.

"Well, Mr. Warner says he will take me around some. He's a very nice, refined gentleman, and very kind. I presume you know who he is. He's real wealthy. But I just want to say"—as Dennison moved restlessly — "that you've treated me like a perfect lady, and I don't forget it. And if there is anything I can do for you——"

"No, thank you; I am sure there isn't"—going towards the door. "I—I am glad you enjoyed it, that's all." And he went heavily up stairs. She stood considering for some time. "I'm not so sure that there isn't!" she declared finally.

The next morning, in all her war paint, Miss Varian trailed and jingled her way out of the house. Mrs. Bowles, catching sight of her from an upper window, gasped and saw her duty. Meanwhile, Miss Varian took her way to a

drug store opposite a certain large hotel, and sat watching the entrance for a long hour. When, at last, an elderly lady and a young one came out, she started up and crossed the street, so that she must meet them. As they were face to face, she stopped, with a little exclamation.

"Oh, pardon me!" she said. "But will you just allow me to ask you one question?" The elder drew herself up a trifle and paused, but the younger, after a glance, went rather white and murmured a protest. Miss Varian seized her moment.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon for the intrusion; but I saw you were acquainted with the young gentleman who was with me at the roof garden last night"—the elder lady's face would have made a graven image blanch, but Miss Varian tripped on—"and I am so anxious to procure his name and address, to thank him. He was a total stranger to me, but he helped me out of a very trying situation, and I had no opportunity to really express my thanks." The elder was still for sweeping on, but the younger laid a nervous hand on her arm, and they waited.

"I apologize, I'm sure, for speaking to you without an introduction"—Miss Varian was growing more refined every moment—"but I feel I owe you an explanation now. A gentleman friend had sent me a ticket and told me to meet him there, as he would be late, and I did not know that ladies unattended were not allowed, so I went inside to wait. And an usher was very insulting, and wanted to put me out. You can imagine how mortifying that would be! Well, this strange gentleman turned quick as a wink, and he said, 'This lady is with me.' Then he took me to a table, and was perfectly lovely till my gentleman friend came—Mr. Warner—you may know him. Afterwards he just slipped off before I had half thanked him. So if you could oblige me with his name and address——"

The two faces had gone through gradual changes, till now the elder was gently benignant, and the younger flushed and lowered.

"I am afraid I have not his address—with me," said the elder graciously, "but I am sure he realized your gratitude. I may have a chance—some day—to express it to him for you."

Miss Varian thanked her profusely, and apologized again; then, looking weary but triumphant, she went back to the drug store and turned to the name of Warner in the telephone book. The two ladies reëntered the hotel.

It was several weeks before Dennison understood why he received a very friendly note that day, mentioning a new change of plan, and inviting him to dinner. When it was all made clear to him, he knew the girl well enough to trust her with his version; and they both decided that it would scarcely be worth while to open the subject with her mother.

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## THE OLD DAY DREAM.

THE old day dream! Strive as I may,
I cannot drive its shade away;
For tho' I seek where sunbeams fall,
Their glinting light her smiles recall
Till thoughts of her turn gold to gray.

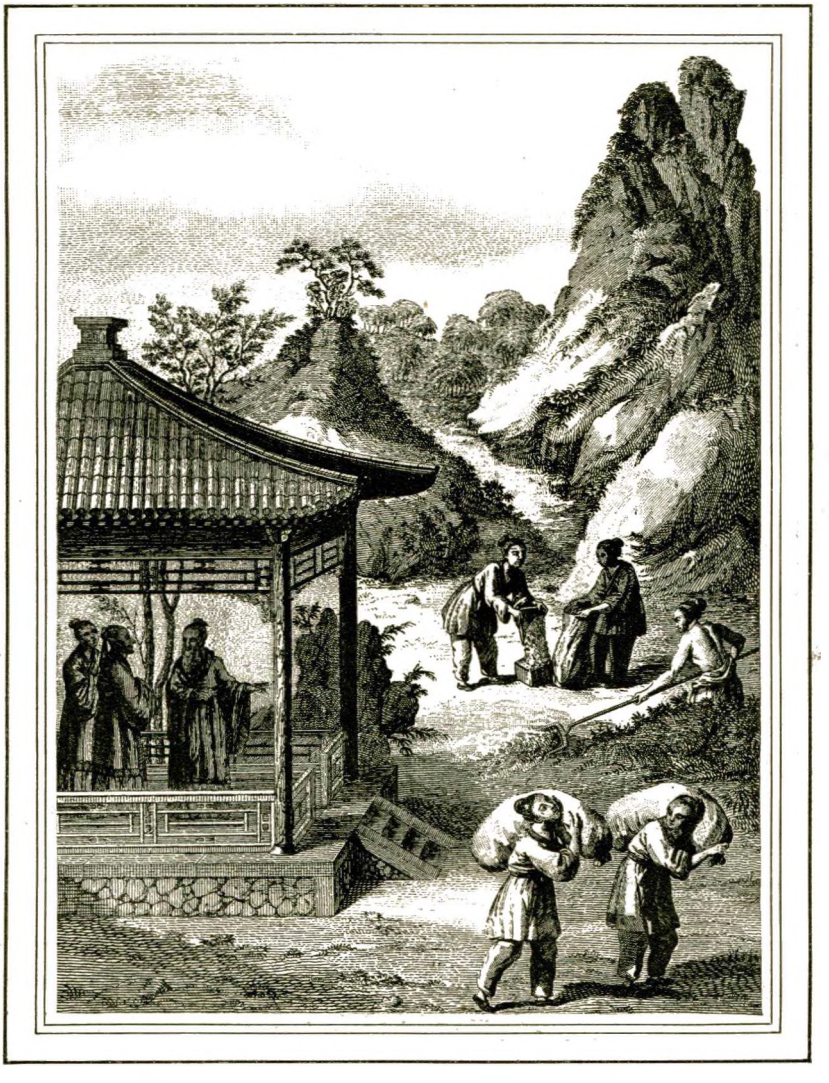
Ah, vain regret! She was my day
In that far time. The pleasant way
Was where she led me in her thrall—
The old day dream!

Could it one constant pang allay,
Or to the empty heart convey
One thrill of pleasure at its call,
Such joy would recompense for all;
And I would welcome and bid stay
The old day dream.

*James King Duffy.*

# The Wisdom of Confucius.

WISE DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE ANCIENT CHINESE PHILOSOPHER, AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH TO US OF TODAY—ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM OLD PRINTS.



## CONFUCIUS AS A GENEROUS GIVER.

CONFUCIUS once received a Present of a thousand measures of rice from a minister whom he did not regard highly, and who would never be so generous except in a spirit of Ostentatious Vanity. Not wishing to keep any portion of the rich gift for himself, the philosopher determined to accept it for the good of the Poor, among whom he distributed it.

MORAL—It would be ungrateful and tactless to inquire closely into the Amount of Labor which Generous Givers have done to acquire the Means for their Generous Giving.

## THE POLITE BLINDNESS OF CONFUCIUS.

NAN TSEE, one of the favorites of Ly Koung, who had gained an ascendancy over the Prince such as women of her class often gain over Weak Souls, was curious to see Confucius. Vain of her beauty and of the renown of her triumphs, she imagined that she could win the philosopher to her train. Accordingly, this Bold Woman stationed herself in one of the outer rooms of the king's palace. Out of respect for the king, Confucius permitted himself no curiosity at all concerning Nan Tsee. He waited at the foot of the stairs in a Respectful Attitude, his eyes lowered, his hands folded before him, maintaining utter silence.

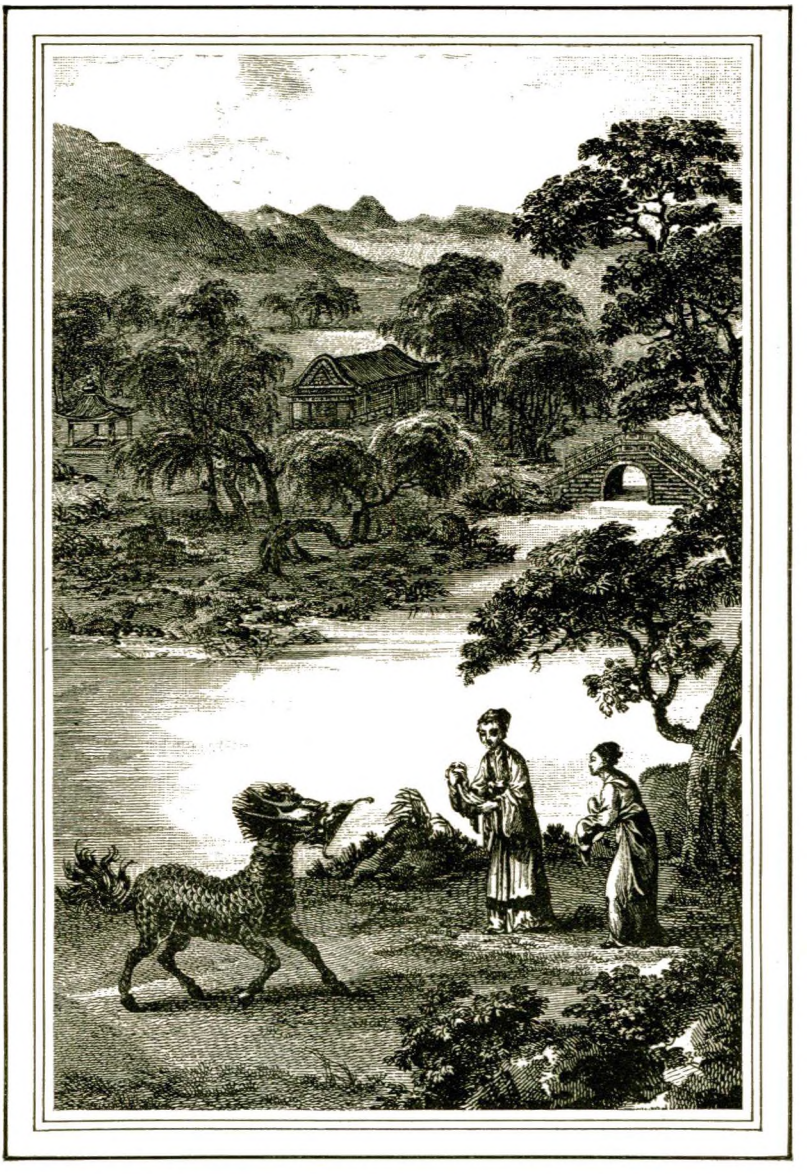
MORAL—There are Times when Blindness and Dumbness and Deafness are a Guest's Trinity of Virtues, and when Obliviousness is his most intelligent Rôle.

## THE YOUTHFUL AMUSEMENTS OF CONFUCIUS.

WHEN he was five or six years old, Confucius played with children of his own age. Their chief Amusement was to imitate the different Ceremonies which the Chinese so scrupulously follow, especially those in honor of the Dead.

This youthful taste for religious ceremonials the Chinese regard as a prophecy of the later Piety and Wisdom of Confucius, forgetful of the fact that all children and monkeys have the same passion for imitation, and that the philosopher, in his Play, like all the rest, merely imitated what was most Familiar to him.

MORAL—If, in her Play, your youthful Daughter devotes a great deal of Attention to the corporal Punishment of her Doll; or if your Son conducts a Store upon the Under Weight and Over Charge system, consider whom they are imitating.



## CONFUCIUS' MOTHER AND THE KI LIN.

AMONG the legends which pass for Ancient History with the Chinese are many concerning the marvelous signs which preceded the birth of Confucius. This is one of them. Yen Ché, the mother of Confucius, was walking in her gardens, when there suddenly appeared out of space a Ki Lin, a fabulous Beast of good omen. In his mouth he bore a piece of jade on which were inscribed these words: "A child pure as crystal shall be born; he shall be a king, though he shall have no kingdom." Yen Ché seized the Beast, tied him with her Handkerchief, and led him to her husband. Two days later, however, the Ki Lin disappeared.

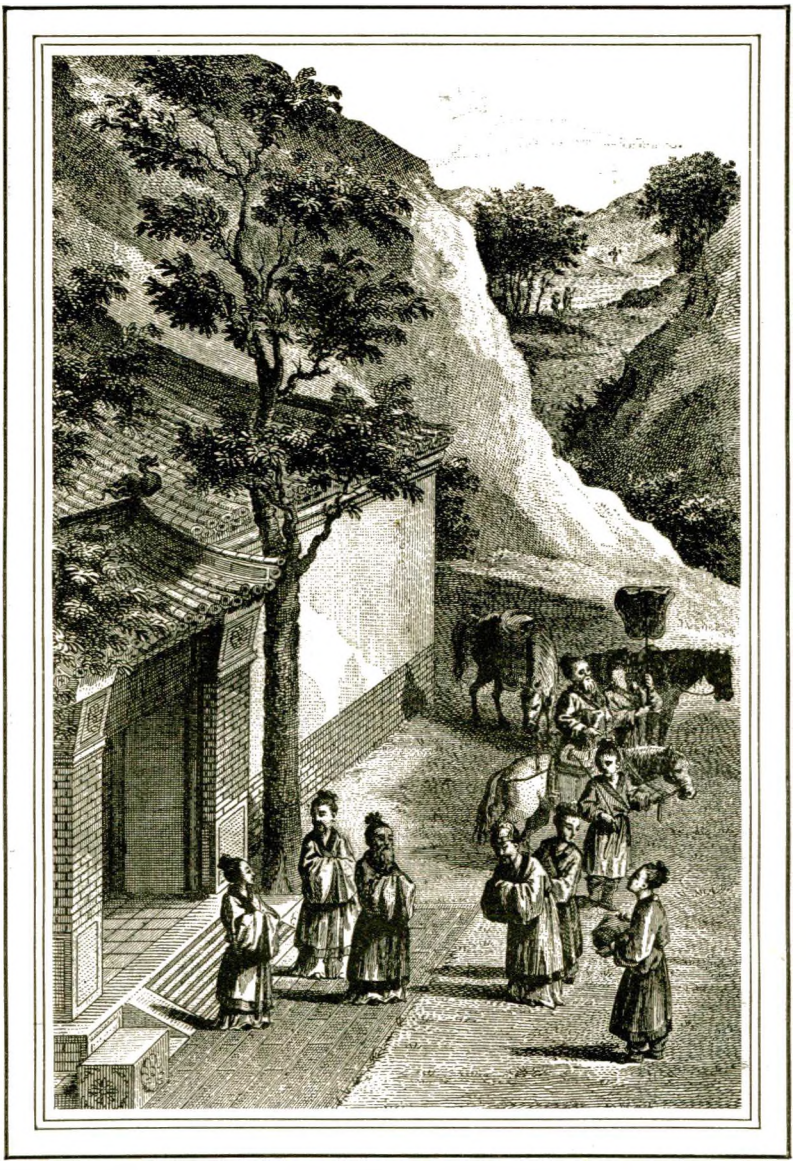
MORAL—The Moral of this Fable is hard to find, unless it is that even those Beasts which come most willingly at a woman's call must be held by Bonds of tolerable Strength, or they will escape.

## CONFUCIUS AND THE STATUE OF SILENCE.

HERE we see one of the outer rooms of the Temple of Light. In the center of the room is an Altar, on which are vessels for burning incense, candlesticks, and bouquets of flowers.

At one side of the entrance, at the bottom of the flight of stairs, is a Statue of gold, representing a Female Figure with her mouth sewed together. This statue, at the base of which was engraved a Long Set of Moral Instructions, was the emblem of that circumspection which the wise man should show in his discourse. Confucius and two disciples are shown contemplating it.

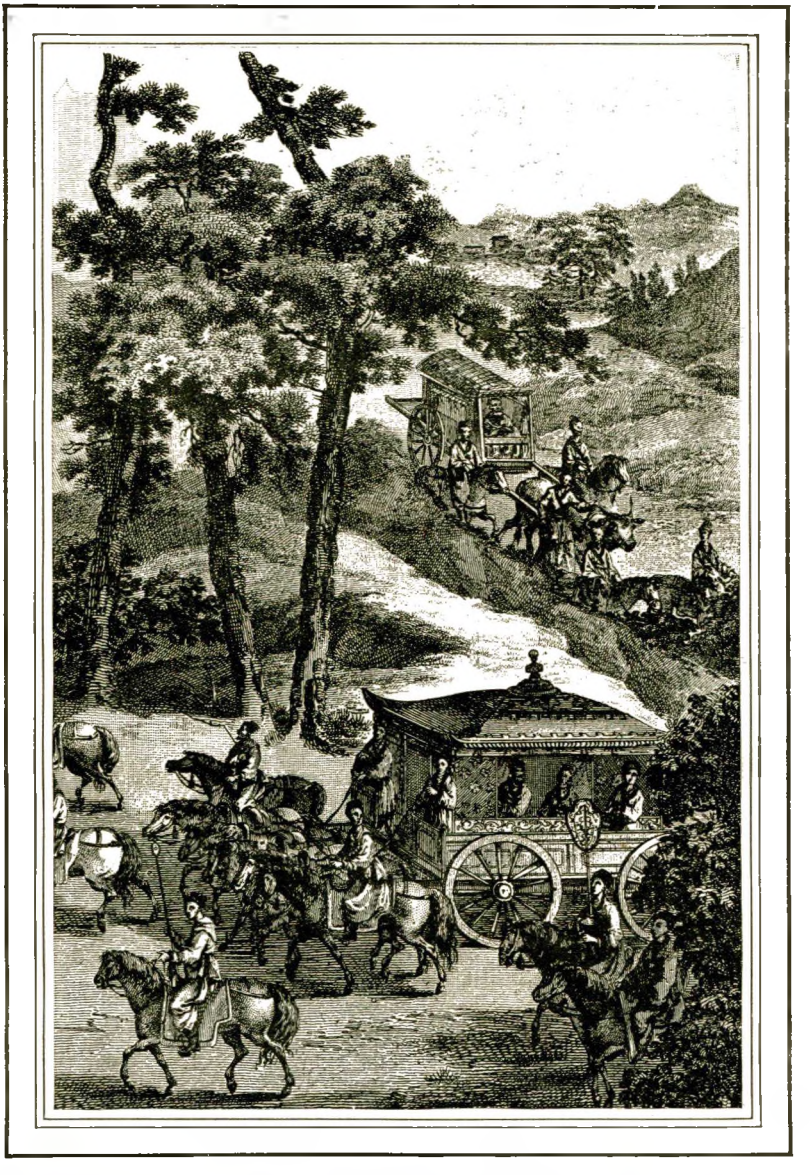
MORAL—But if Confucius had regarded the Statue of Silence as other than an Interesting Curiosity, his System of Religion would never have been Formulated. It is chiefly those who wish to do a Great Deal of Talking who insist most upon Silence for Others.



## CONFUCIUS AND THE RESPECTFUL MAGISTRATE.

A DISCIPLE of Confucius, raised to the dignified position of First Magistrate of a Great City, comes to pay a visit in all the Trappings of State. Confucius, attended by two of his pupils, walks out of his house to receive the Distinguished Visitor. The new magistrate approaches the old philosopher with that modesty which a disciple should always show in the presence of his master. Forgetting that he is a Powerful Mandarin, the magistrate has reverentially dismounted from his horse as soon as he approaches the house of Confucius. With many Obeisances, he draws near his host.

MORAL—In those days also there were those to whom Mayors kowtowed and before whom Chief Magistrates were humble. Only, in those Days those before whom the Mighty became the Weak were not Political Bosses.



## CONFUCIUS AS A COURTIER OF LY KOUNG.

LY KOUNG, desiring to give a brilliant entertainment in honor of his favorite, Nan Tsee, set out for one of his country palaces. To the number of Courtiers who accompanied him he wished to add Confucius, that the philosopher might seem, in the eyes of the people, to sanction the expedition.

The picture shows the prince with Nan Tsee in a four wheeled carriage drawn by four horses. In the rear is Confucius in his familiar ox cart, attended by five of his pupils. One of them leads the ox; four are on horseback. All the party is in the customary attire.

MORAL.—One Philosopher in good and regular Standing, though a Bore, is a desirable Addition to any Revel. A Guarantee of high Respectability is particularly necessary where the Respectability might be doubted if not guaranteed.

## CONFUCIUS TURNS AWAY A MONARCH'S WRATH.

THE King of Tchen had built, near the royal palace, a Magnificent Observatory. In a fit of rage, he was going to put to death three officers who had been negligent while they were in charge of the work. Fortunately for the officers, Confucius aroused more humane Sentiments in the king's heart. Growing ashamed of his wrath against men less criminal than careless, he ordered the execution stopped, and afterwards accorded them Entire Forgiveness. The picture represents the scene—the observatory, the king, his officers of justice, Confucius, and, at the foot of the stairs, the Condemned Men, with their arms tied behind their backs.

MORAL—A Taste for Astronomy is no Guarantee of a meek Spirit; the Man who stargazes most rapturously one Season is not necessarily an Angel in Household Emergencies the next.

## CONFUCIUS AT A PUBLIC EXECUTION.

THIS admirable engraving shows the great philosopher taking part in the Punishment of a Criminal whom he has himself condemned.

In front of the pavilion we may see the Criminal on his knees, his hands tied behind his back. The executioner holds a heavy Sword, and is about to behead the worthless creature who by his crimes has disgraced his ancestors. Confucius is easily recognizable by his beard, his head dress, and his robes. By his side stands an officer who reads a List of the prisoner's Crimes from a roll of white silk. A soldier chases back those Spectators who press too close.

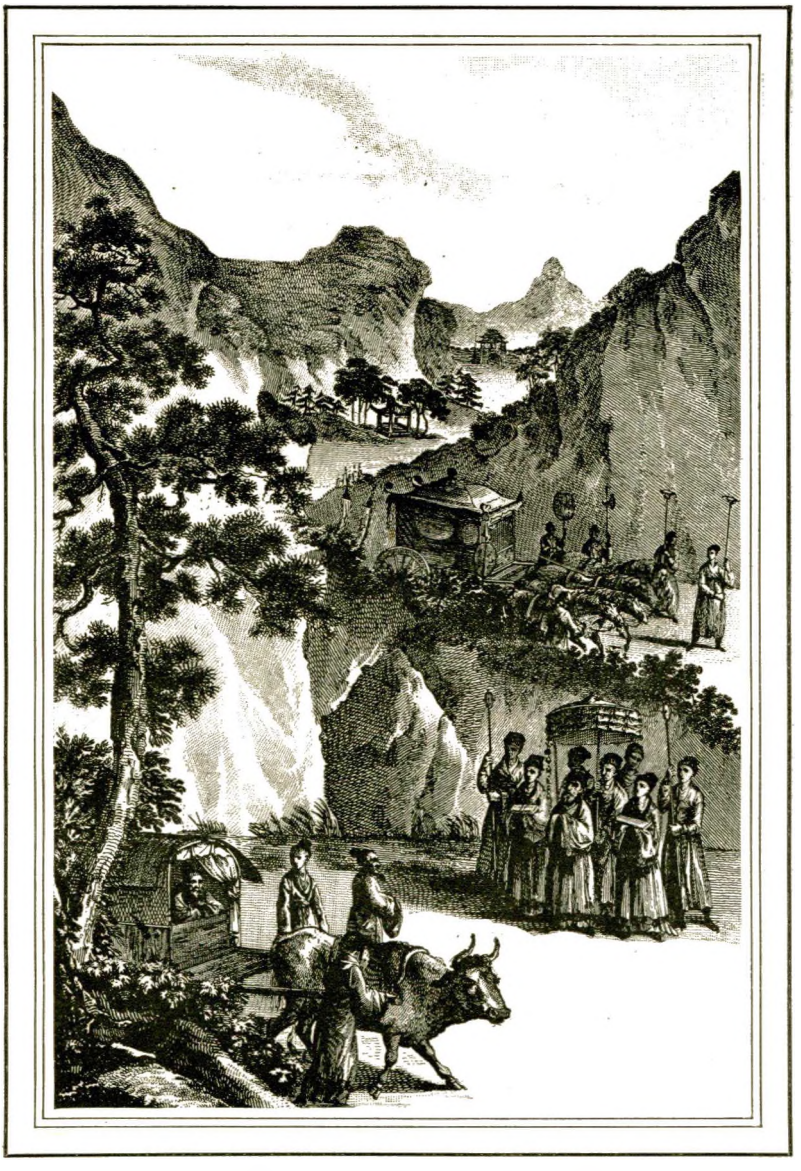
MORAL—From this we learn that the Sentiment to which the Yellow Dailies cater in omitting no Detail of criminal Trials is at least as old as the Chinese Religion; and we may further guess that it is likely to prove ineradicable.

## THE MARVELS OF CONFUCIUS' BIRTH.

THE moment of Confucius' birth was marked by many Marvels, according to the Chinese authors. Two fire breathing Dragons came out of the sky behind the house of Chou Liang Ho, the philosopher's father; and in the chamber of Yen Ché, his mother, there suddenly appeared five Ancient Men, who rendered Homage to the new born baby.

According to most interpreters, these five were the five Chinese Emperors most renowned for their Wisdom. Their appearance signified that in time Confucius would restore to his contemporaries the memory of their greatness.

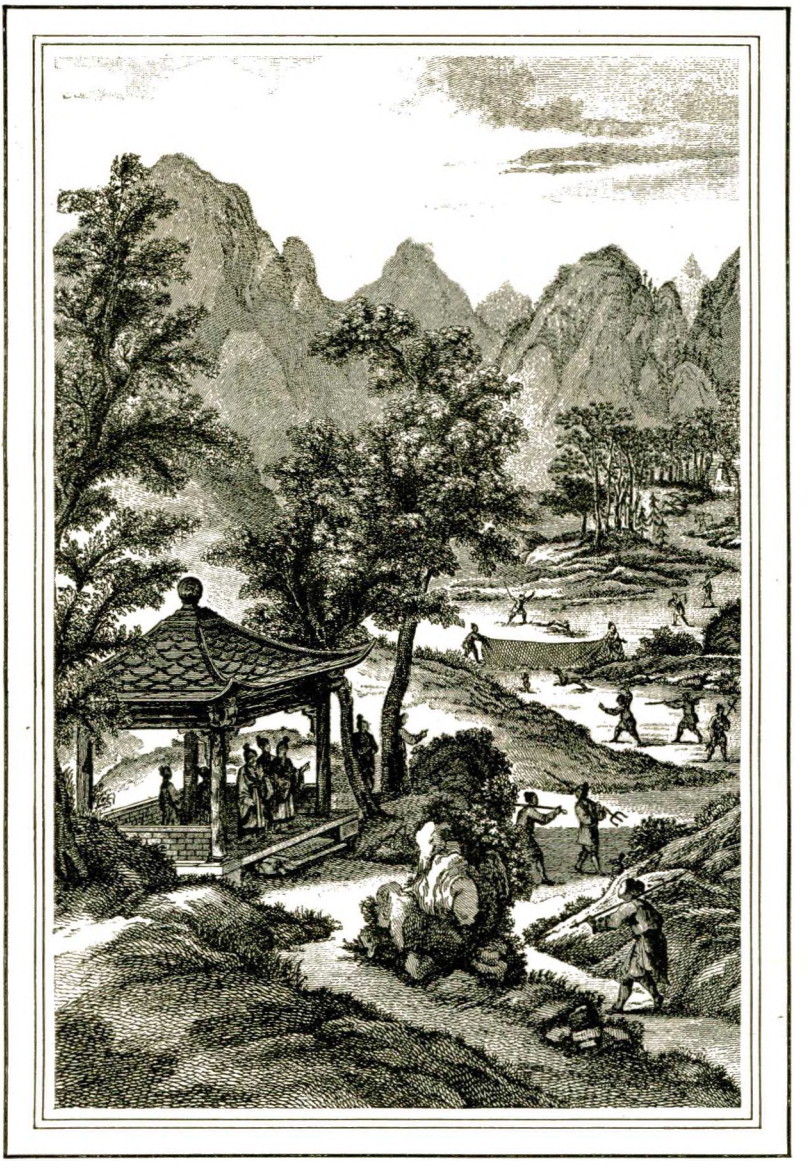
MORAL—The Teaching of this Fable is clear. It is that from earliest Infancy, Genius attracts a Queer Following; and that to those who do not enjoy the society of Freaks, there are Compensations for having children of merely Ordinary Intelligence.



## CONFUCIUS' RECEPTION BY LY KOUNG.

IN this picture Confucius, who has fallen into disfavor with the King of one of the provinces, is seen entering the territory of Ly Koung, king of another. He is in a Wagon covered with Canvas and drawn by an Ox. Ly Koung, informed of the approach of the philosopher, and wishing to give him Public Marks of Esteem, has come out himself to receive him with the utmost honor. The Prince, attended by his officers, appears suddenly at a turn in the road, traveling beneath a Canopy. In order that nothing may be lacking in bearing witness to his regard for his new subject, he has descended from his Chariot, drawn by four horses.

MORAL.—It is well to keep an Ox Cart in Readiness and a State in Reserve, if you are introducing a New Medicine, Baking Powder, Philosophy, or Religion to the World.



## THE RELAXATIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

THIS picture represents the wise Confucius, in the prime of manhood, in one of his moments of Relaxation from the Wearing Pursuit of Philosophy. With certain of his disciples, he stands at the entrance to a pavilion whence he is ready to join a Troop of Hunters scattered through the hill bordered plain.

These pavilions, called in Chinese "Ting," are an old feature of the country. They are built in the open, and they are still very common throughout the Celestial Empire.

MORAL—Do not look upon that man as Foolish who takes an Early Train to his Suburban Home that he may knock the white gutta percha Ball about a Field for an Hour before Dinner. If Confucius could go hunting without losing Caste as a Philosopher, the Ordinary Person may play Golf without Reproach.

# The Angora Goat in America.

*BY MARY H. O'CONNOR.*

THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE GOAT FAMILY, AND HIS COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE AS THE PRODUCER OF MOHAIR—THE NEW AND GROWING INDUSTRY OF ANGORA RANCHING.

A TRULY remarkable animal is the Angora goat, both from a utilitarian and from an esthetic viewpoint, for, living or dead, it is contributing to the wealth of its owner and the beauty of the world. Its wants are simple, it isn't particular about climate, and it needs but little attention. It is willing to eat—in fact, it prefers—food that no other domestic animal will touch, and thus it can be made to eliminate from the face of the earth the particular growths that are the despair of the agriculturist and stock raiser. Therefore, the Angora pays its way, while it is growing, by clearing the land. The milk of the does makes cheese which many of us eat in the belief that it is imported; while the young rams are converted into "mutton" that is highly regarded by persons who would not knowingly eat goat flesh under any circumstances short of dire necessity. And then the Angora furnishes a wonderfully heavy and fine fleece, which is the chief object of its raising. Furthermore, its pelt is converted into the morocco leather of commerce, and there is a market for its horns, hoofs, and pretty much everything else.

From all this, it will be seen that the Angora goat is a very valuable creature, and it is strange that it has taken the people of the United States nearly half a century to realize the fact and to profit by it. Some time ago the Sultan of Turkey awakened to the commercial importance of the Angora, and prohibited the exportation of the animals under severe penalties, but his action was taken too late. Cape Colony, where they were introduced years ago, and where the raising of them has prospered so that the colony is now the chief mohair producing country of the world, has placed an export tax of five hundred dollars on each animal. Australia has taken up goat raising seriously, but the United States is regarded as the most important factor in the future of the industry.

### HOW THE ANGORA CAME TO AMERICA.

It is curious that a Sultan of Turkey was the first to introduce the Angora goat to this country. In 1849 nine animals from the royal herds of Turkey—carefully selected goats of noble pedigree—were presented to an American, Dr. James B. Davis of South Carolina, who brought them to the United States. Their progeny started the industry in this country, and their strain of pure blood has had much to do with its success. One of the Sultan's rams, who was taken to California, is said to have some thirty five thousand descendants among the Western herds.

Up to about 1875 there were in America eight or ten herds of Angora goats, averaging about a hundred each, but their commercial importance does not appear to have been fully realized until some few years later, about the time when Turkey prohibited exportation, and when Cape Colony followed suit with a tax meant to be prohibitory. The result was that for about fifteen years no Angora goats were imported. Those held in the United States prospered, and the demand increased so that the price of pure bred goats went up to five hundred dollars a head. Lately American breeders have not hesitated to bring rams from Cape Colony that cost not far from fifteen hundred dollars apiece by the time they reached the ranches in the West and Southwest.

There are no thoroughbred Angoras anywhere, according to experts—not even in the Turkish province of Angora.

ANGORA GOATS IN A PEN, SHOWING A STYLE OF FENCING THAT IS SUITABLE AND CHEAP.

The original goat of that region was a delicate animal which produced a small quantity of fleece of wonderfully fine quality. The European demand for this swiftly became greater than the supply, so the thoroughbred Angora was crossed with the common Kurd goat. Their progeny was a much hardier animal, which bore a heavy fleece; but the Kurd strain will appear from time to time. While the imported Angora goats are hybrids, they were called thoroughbred, or pure strain, to distinguish them from the native crossings, and because they are the nearest approach to the pure blooded animals.

The first Angoras brought to this country were thought to be Cashmere goats, and they were called so until the difference between the Cashmere and the Angora was fully understood. The former, known also as the shawl goat, has an unchanging cover of long, straight hair, between the roots of which there grows in winter an undercoat of downy wool, not more than two or three ounces to each animal, which is thrown off or combed out in the spring. This is known as *pashum*, and of it cashmere shawls are made.

### WHERE THE ANGORA THRIVES.

When the Angora first became known in the United States, careful experiments were made to ascertain where it would thrive best. It was found that it was not at all sensitive to climate. Southern plantations, Western ranches, Northern farms, were all the same to it. Fleece two feet long has been grown in the tropic heat of Guadeloupe, while herds have thriven equally well in the arctic cold of Alaska. There is a difference in the quality of the fleece, however. The mohair from Cape Colony is not so fine as that of Turkey or of the United States, though it grows in greater quantity.

The Angora goat will get along very comfortably anywhere except on low, marshy land. For choice, give it a hilly or mountainous country, with an unlimited supply of pure water, and a heavy growth of weeds and bushes that no other animal will touch—in fact, a country that is as near useless as any land can be. Sickness is almost unknown among the Angoras, under proper conditions. They multiply rapidly and yield goodly profits, for the mohair is very valuable and the demand is increasing.

The value of the common or garden goat as a clearer of land is well known, but he is puny, feeble, and ineffective compared with the Angora, which has an even more voracious appetite than the ordinary William and Nanny. A herd of Angoras will clear a country much more thoroughly and effectively than men can. Trees, bushes, and undergrowth are destroyed with conscientious zeal, and the roots dry up, giving grass a chance to grow. The Angora has no use for grass if he can get weeds, thistles, prickly pears, or similar delicacies. There are in the United States several hundred million acres of unimproved land, and on a very large part of this vast area goats might be used to prepare the way for sheep, cattle, and the plow, in the mean time yielding a large profit themselves. There are millions of acres in our Western mountain regions that are good for nothing but goats, and, by a wise dispensation

of Providence, the Angora looks upon these as a paradise.

The Angora herds in this country are not pure strain, even measured by the accepted standard. It was found that by crossing the imported rams with the common goat an excellent fleece bearing animal came into the world. This was proved on Southern plantations, where the goat industry first thrived; but its tendency was Westward, and it was not

ANGORA GOATS BEING DRIVEN TO PASTURE, THE DOES BEING SEPARATED FROM THE KIDS BY MEANS OF A BRIDGE—ANGORA KIDS ARE DELICATE, AND NEED CAREFUL ATTENTION FOR A TIME.

until herds were established in Texas and California that it took on real commercial importance. There was opposition to goats in those States. People not interested in them feared their voracious appetites and other things that make the family unpopular. The duty on mohair was reduced, and this, with other causes, resulted in reducing the flocks. In California the number dropped from a hundred thousand head to half that number in four years.

But the check was only temporary. There are now at least half a million head of Angora goats in the country, and they are to be found in thirty two States. Texas is credited with seventy five thousand head. There are sixty five thousand in Oregon, and their owners claim that the goats of that State produce the finest mohair raised in this country.

### GOAT RAISING AS A BUSINESS.

There are many things about Angora goat raising to attract investment. To begin with, the land is cheap. Abandoned farms in New England, the rocky, barren brush land in Pennsylvania, the Rocky Mountain country — anywhere where bushes and water are found, the goat will thrive. If the raiser would produce high grade fleece, he must begin with a flock of American "thoroughbreds," the does costing ten or twelve dollars each and the rams fifty to a hundred dollars. If he desires the so called "pure breds," he will have to import them from Cape Colony. The best practice is to buy the finest American goats, and to build up one's own flock, taking advantage of the local conditions. The most active demand is for a descendant

of those royal bucks which came from the Sultan's herd.

In Texas and New Mexico the rule is to cross the Angora and Mexican goat, and inasmuch as the does are very cheap, or ranch is anywhere near a market. The young bucks of the first crossing are sold for mutton. If the wethers are pastured on land where bushes are scarce, and they are compelled to accept

ANGORA GOATS ON A TEXAS RANCH—THE FAVORITE PASTURE GROUND OF THE ANGORA IS ROCKY, BUSHY LAND THAT IS OF LITTLE VALUE FOR CULTIVATION.

a considerable flock can be obtained at a small outlay. It is a curious fact that many twins, and even triplets, result from the first and second crosses, but as the crossing increases, and the animals become of pure blood, only one kid is born at a time. The common does selected for a first crossing should be pure white, with short, smooth hair.

The fleece of animals of the first cross has no value, for the coarse, stiff hair of the mother predominates, and so the half breeds are crossed with a thoroughbred Angora. Then, if possible, it is wise to secure another thoroughbred ram, for inbreeding is not desirable.

While the fleece is not at first worth the shearing, there is some return in the investment. During the first two crossings there is a revenue from the milk, for which there is a demand if the farm a grass or clover diet, supplemented by a fattening on grain, the flesh is known as Angora mutton, and it is unexcelled. When the young goats are permitted to browse on shrubs the flesh is much more gamy, and is known as "venison mutton." There is always a demand for Angora meat, but it masquerades as mutton except in a few localities where people have been educated up to it. The Angora goat is healthy, cleanly, and most fastidious in its feeding, and there is no reasonable ground for the prejudice against its flesh. In addition to the carcass, the goat breeder receives about two dollars for each pelt from the makers of morocco leather.

Sometimes, where there is a vast country to clear of vegetation, as in Oregon, land owners will pay more for the young wethers than do the packers and pur-

chasers of skins. Turning loose a flock of goats is a very simple, convenient, and satisfactory way of clearing land. The animals can rise to a height of six feet by standing on their hind legs, and they have remarkable skill in destroying anything that their weight will bear down.

### THE MANAGEMENT OF AN ANGORA FLOCK.

On the large ranches, the kidding season is in the spring, when the days are warm, and the young leaves on the trees supply a milk producing food for the does. The kids are very delicate at birth, much more so than lambs, but in four or six weeks they can follow the flock and look out for themselves. The does are careless mothers, and often need much persuasion to take care of their offspring. When the youngsters are old enough to shift for themselves, a distinguishing mark is tattooed on an ear.

The flocks, varying from one hundred to twenty five hundred head, need very little attention, as a rule. They browse all day, and at night seek any shelter that offers. If the finest fleece is to be obtained, they must have care during protracted rains or when sleet and snow freeze on their coats. Dry cold, no matter how severe, has no terrors for them. If a storm is brewing, they will seek a corral of their own accord; and they are infallible barometers. The Northern breeders generally feed their goats in winter, when natural food is scarce; and this practice prevails even in California and Texas. Alfalfa, cotton seed, and grains are thought to be the best.

In warm climates the Angoras are sheared twice a year, in the spring and autumn—not for the extra hair, for that doesn't equal the cost of the work, but to protect the animal from the heat. This is done in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and sometimes in California; but in the other States the goats are sheared once a year, usually in March or April, when the fleece is at its best, a condition the expert herder recognizes at a glance. When the fiber begins to shed, the oil goes back into the animal's body, and the mohair loses its life and luster. An expert can shear a hundred goats a day with a clipping machine.

The fleece is graded by its length, fineness, luster, strength, elasticity, and specific gravity. Breeders have no difficulty in getting length, strength, and luster, but the fineness demanded by the manufacturers was a serious problem. Five thousand hairs in solid contact should measure an inch. The average length of the fleece is ten or twelve inches, although nineteen and twenty inches are sometimes reported.

A thoroughbred Angora is covered with a lustrous, silky fleece of silvery whiteness, curling in ringlets, and reaching to the ground. Rams yield about fourteen pounds of mohair, ewes eight and a quarter pounds.

Mohair from the province of Angora is unequaled in quality, but the goats yield about three quarters of a pound less than the Cape Colony or American bred goats.

On every animal there is more or less "kemp"—a coarse, stiff, lusterless hair from two to four inches long. It will not take the dyes used on fine fleece. With all the short mohair, it is called "noilage," and is regarded as an inferior material. The manufacturer subjects the fleece to two combings to remove it, and sometimes the loss in weight amounts to forty per cent. Noilage sells for about the same price as sheep wool, and is used in the weaving of coarse materials.

Cape Colony produces annually about twelve million pounds of mohair, nearly all of which is exported, while Turkey produces seven million pounds. The American production is as yet only a million pounds, not nearly enough to meet the demand of our own manufacturers, who import large quantities, paying a duty of twelve cents a pound.

Angora breeding is now an established business in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon, Idaho, and Utah; but the enthusiasts say that only a beginning has been made as yet. They declare that the vast region which is now the seat of our cattle and sheep raising industry is more suitable to the goat than to any other animal, and that nature has marked it as the world's future center of mohair production. Twenty years hence, they prophesy, the Western stock ranges will contain more goats than steers, and the Angora will be one of the American farmer's most valuable possessions.

# "YOU!"

A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY, AND OF A LYNCHING THAT MISCARRIED.

*BY DAVID H. TALMADGE.*

THERE is a diversity of opinion extant regarding the most conclusive test of true love, and there is little of satisfaction to be derived from a discussion of the matter. Love is true or not according as its victims choose to believe. The inner consciousness settles the question, and against this settlement the words of the wise are as beans fired at Gibraltar.

Jake Tibbitt loved Eliza Dorlin. Eliza Dorlin loved Jake Tibbitt. The wise ones of the village had put them aside as a "fixed thing." They would marry when Eliza's father, an invalid of years, now nearing the end of his suffering, joined Eliza's mother in the far country, giving the girl her freedom. There was plenty of time. Jake was young and Eliza was young. They would be the better for waiting. And while they waited they proved in their own way and to their mutual satisfaction the quality of their affection.

As the old man's towers and battlements gradually crumbled before the fire of the enemy, his mind gradually capitulated to his heart, and one day he voiced a wish to see Reuben, his son. He had sworn never to forgive Reuben. He had vowed in a tone of thunder that never again should Reuben step foot upon the hearthstone. But this was years before, when he was strong with earthly vigor, and now he was weak with heavenly weakness—the weakness that sympathizes with the weakness of the world.

And Reuben was sent for. Eliza knew of his whereabouts. Her letters had followed him throughout all his wanderings throughout all the years. She alone was in touch with the one soft spot in his nature. He wrote to her, scrawlingly, briefly, ever to the same purpose—merely to evidence that his luck was still with him—he was alive. He was sent for, and he came. The marks of dissipation were upon him. The gleam of the morally depraved was in his eyes. He stood dumbly by his father's side and listened to the words of forgiveness which dropped from the old man's trembling lips. Incoherently he mumbled something in reply, and turned appealingly to Eliza.

"Reuben is sorry, father," said the girl, kneeling at the bedside. "He is very sorry that he ever gave you cause for sorrow. Aren't you, Reuben?"

"Yes," replied Reuben hoarsely.

And the old man smiled, taking the hand of each in his. "Stick by your sister, Reuben," he whispered. "Eliza, stick by your brother." That night he smiled again, and those in the room heard the word "Reuben." Then he turned his face to the wall and slept.

He had been in the grave a month before Jake Tibbitt ventured to approach Eliza upon the subject of marriage. They were in the shadow of the trees at evening. The bats were circling overhead, and the sound of the frogs came faintly to their ears from the valley where the stream flowed. The air was heavy with the perfume of lilacs.

"'Liza, it seems to me that my time's come to take care of you." He spoke abruptly from out a silence that had fallen upon them when Reuben, passing from the house with a pipe in his mouth, had thrown out a gruff "good evenin'."

The girl said nothing, but she rested her head upon the shoulder of her lover, while her eyes followed the slouching form of her brother.

"You're alone now except for him," Jake went on. "Don't you think we'd better marry, dear?"

"I don't know, Jake. I'm not quite sure."

"Not sure!" Jake was astounded. This was not what he had expected.

"Not quite, Jake. You see, there is Reuben. You don't like him. And he, dear—he—I must stick by him."

She might have said more, but it was unnecessary. Jake understood, and something akin to anger welled up from his honest heart. He pushed her from him almost roughly.

"So you choose to put me aside for that—for him," he said slowly, after he had recovered himself sufficiently to trust his tongue. "It is not what I deserve, 'Liza. I've been looking forward to this time so long; I'm like the man in the desert with a great thirst—you remember—he saw the green of the oasis far ahead, and he struggled on—he struggled on—and when he reached the water at last—it was bitter."

He drew a great breath and arose to his feet.

"It isn't right, 'Liza. It isn't fair. Reuben doesn't need you, and I do. He doesn't deserve anything from you. He's big enough to take care of himself. Give him what's coming to him from the property, dear, and let him go."

The girl raised her face. "I can't, Jake. That is what I mustn't do. I mustn't let him go. He'd go—he'd go——"

"To the devil, where he belongs." Jake concluded the sentence savagely, snapping a twig from the lilac bush and breaking it into bits. "You are not responsible for him. Let him go."

"I can't, Jake," she repeated. "I mustn't."

"Then," said Jake, throwing the last bit of the twig to the ground with a violent gesture, "it's me that's got to go. Is that it? Do you mean that we can't get married till—till something happens to him?"

"No, Jake, I don't mean that. I mean that my home will have to be his home, that I'll have to do my duty towards him as a sister, and—and you don't like him."

"I don't," Jake admitted, his anger swelling. "I'd as soon have a snake in the house, or a hog. My house can't be his house. He's a vile——"

"Jake!"

"I may as well spit it out, 'Liza. He's a vile beast. He's bad from top to bottom. He's a thief and a liar. He's——"

"Jake—Mr. Tibbitt!" The girl stood up, and the gloom was not dense enough to hide the flashing of her eyes. Her hands were clenched and her breath was as if she had been running.

"Well?" His tone was sullen, but his face was lighted with admiration.

They stood looking at each other for what seemed a long time. Then the girl spoke, explosively.

"You!" she said. And as the word left her lips she turned away, leaving him there alone.

* * * * *

The wise ones of the village were agreed that the match between Jake Tibbitt and Eliza Dorlin was "off" for evermore. It was a natural conclusion, perhaps. No man with a true love for a girl in his heart would have done as Jake did. Nor would any girl who really loved a man do as Eliza did. "They found it out in time," said the wise ones, wagging their heads, "and it was a great blessing."

Jake himself, in thinking of the matter later, was inclined to accept this as the correct view. It was no true love that would throw down a man like him for the sake of a rake like Reuben, brother or no brother. Reuben had expected no such sacrifice. It was uncalled for and without reason. Upon no hypothesis could it be justified. It was simply an excuse.

In regard to the quality of his own love Jake had no misgivings. He was conscious of a dull, heavy pain in his breast—a pain that refused to be dispelled by any effort of his mind. It affected his appetite. It interfered with his sleep. At last it became quite unbearable, and he did as many another has done under like circumstances—yielded to the spirit of unrest, and fled. He had no definite aim. The first train that left the little station in the valley after his decision was reached went West. He went West. And ultimately he found himself in the mining camp of Yellow Dog, with the mighty rock heads of the mountains between him and the past.

For a time he seemed to forget. The fever in the air entered his veins. He threw himself into the quest for gold with all his strength. He was moderately successful. Then the boom died. The few paying leads were bought up by Eastern capitalists. The searchers who

had not found went on to other fields. Churches were built. Shanties were replaced by blocks of brick and plate glass. One of these Jake owned, and into it, with a keen eye to his own profit, he put a stock of merchandise. He was elected to a city office. He was "one of our first citizens." And then he again became conscious of the pain in his breast. Rest was not for him.

He was sitting one night in the room above his store, trying to read. He was not of a literary turn of mind, but he had heard stories of men who had been taken out of themselves by the power of a clever pen, and he was dismally making the experiment upon himself. And while he sat there, strenuously endeavoring to fasten his interest to the book, to his ears came a sound from the street below such as he had never expected to hear again in Yellow Dog. It was the murmuring buzz of many angry voices. He leaped to the window, welcoming the diversion.

Far down the street he could see the mob, a surging, billowing island in the stream of electric light. He watched it eagerly as it approached on its way to the grim oak tree from whose barren branches so many sinners had been suspended. He strained his eyes to see the victim. He sought him out at last. But one glance he gave the wretch, and then he was in the street, a pistol in either hand, surging and billowing with the rest.

They told him as they went along of the crime for which the man with the halter about his neck was to be punished. It was not in itself a crime to warrant such a punishment. He had stolen a horse. Afterwards he had stolen another. The first offense had been dealt with in regular form by the courts. The second demanded more extreme measures.

It was all very well to prate upon the subject of justice and the law. Justice and the law were well enough when they produced the desired results, but when they did not—well, the desired results must be produced by other means, that was all. The only sure cure for horse stealing was to kill the horse stealer. It was no more than a favor to the horse stealer to kill him. The man who could not keep his dirty hands off of other men's horses was better dead. He would thus be rendered immune to temptation, and his slate would be cleaner at the judgment day.

It was an old story to Jake. He nodded affirmatively, but his lips did not for an instant relax their tension. When he had recognized the horse thief as Reuben Dorlin his heart had given a great, choking leap, and a thrill of elation had passed over him. He was to have the delight of seeing Reuben hanged. Then, involuntarily, he had remembered the night when he had last been with Eliza, and with the recollection his thoughts had taken another trend. Reuben must not be hanged. For the girl's sake, the purpose of the mob must not be carried out. He must prevent it.

It was rather a hopeless task he had set for himself. He had no argument to use in Reuben's favor. There was none. He trusted, as many another has done, to the impulse of the moment. At the base of the oak tree the crowd fell back somewhat while the appointed ones arranged the preliminaries for the execution. It was customary to permit the prisoner a parting word. And at this stage of the proceedings Jake rushed forward.

"Stop!" he cried. "This must not go on!"

It was a sheer bluff, but it had a marked effect. For an instant the mob was inert from astonishment. The man who was holding the rope stepped back, and the rope fell from his hands.

"Skin out!" whispered Jake to Reuben.

He raised his pistols, and like a flash Reuben was clear of the noose. Then, with a hoarse shout, the mob surged forward. Shot after shot rang out. The lanterns were extinguished. Jake was lying upon the ground, bleeding and unconscious. He had been roughly dealt with. The intention of death had been in many of the blows that had fallen upon him.

But he was not dead. They picked him up presently and carried him to his room. They brought a physician. And they waited impatiently for an explanation of his unprecedented action, for they knew, when they had given time

to consideration, that he had not acted without reason. It was not his way.

Yet the reason, when it came, was not entirely satisfactory. The fact that the horse thief was a brother of a girl whom he used to know did not seem adequate cause for a man to risk his life as Jake had done. He admitted as much when they so reminded him, and, what added mystery to the mystery, he expressed regret when they told him that the prisoner had made good his escape.

"Any way," he said, smiling, "I guess he'll never show himself in these parts again, and your hands are clean of his dirty blood."

And there the matter dropped. Yellow Dog, down deep in its heart, was not sorry. In the calmness of after thought, it was glad. It came in the course of time to look upon Jake as one who had saved it from its baser self. It elected him mayor before the incident was a month past, and it celebrated his election by the burning of much red fire and by the exercise of much lung power. Which only serves to show that it cherished no hard feelings.

And when the news came one day that his mother was sick, and that he was needed in the old home, its expression of sympathy was such as to leave no question of its quality. The *Yellow Dog Miner* printed upon its first page a poem entitled "When Mother Bids Farewell to Earth," written by the editor himself and dedicated to "our esteemed fellow citizen, the Hon. Jake Tibbitt." The ladies' aid society of the Presbyterian church prepared his lunch. The proprietor of the Gilded Palace, a drinking establishment which, in point of magnificence, had not an equal between St. Paul and Seattle, delivered personally into his hands a quart flask of his choicest whisky.

The reason for all this was not difficult to find. He was "square," that was all, and Yellow Dog was not slow to appreciate the characteristic, nor backward in giving expression of its appreciation. It was not yet sufficiently civilized, as the word is used, to repress its feelings.

Jake found little change in the old village. It seemed to him, as he walked up the tree lined street from the railway station, that the years of his absence had been but a day. It was like unto the awakening from a dream. His mother, to his surprise and gratification, was sitting at her old place in the window when he turned in at the familiar gate. She was better, almost well, in truth. Her illness had been sharp, but short. She put her arms about his neck as he stooped to kiss her, and pulled him to his knees. It was thus that Eliza Dorlin saw them when she opened the door. She was about to retreat in some confusion, but Mrs. Tibbitt called to her.

"'Liza has been as a daughter to me, Jake," she whispered. "'Liza, come here."

The girl came forward, and Jake arose, extending his hand.

"Howdedo, 'Liza."

"Howdedo, Jake."

There was slight pressure in the hand clasp. Both were visibly embarrassed. But that night they met, quite by chance, if one's credulity be such as to believe it, in the shadow of the trees where they had parted years before. And the bats were circling overhead as they had circled then, and the frogs were croaking far away in the valley where the stream flowed, and the air was heavy with the perfume of lilacs.

"Jake." The girl spoke first this time.

"Yes, 'Liza?"

"I have had word from Reuben."

"Yes?"

"He told me what you had done. Why did you do it, Jake? He was not worth it. He is a vile——"

"'Liza!"

"I may as well spit it out, Jake. He is a vile beast. He is bad from top to bottom. He is a thief and a liar. He——"

She paused, panting. Unconsciously, perhaps, she was using the very words with which Jake had unburdened his surcharged spirit at their former meeting. He listened in wonder and amazement. He could not understand.

"You have changed your opinion, 'Liza," he ventured after an interval.

"No," said the girl, "it is not that. I believed you when you told me what he was. I knew you spoke the truth. And, knowing it, my heart nearly broke

when I heard of what you did for him. O Jake, I want——"

"Don't thank me, 'Liza; it isn't worth it."

She moved towards him impetuously, holding out her hands.

"I want——"

She stopped, and they stood looking at each other for what seemed a long time. Slowly her meaning drove its way into his mind.

"'Liza—you want—what?" he asked huskily.

"You!" she said. And as the word left her lips her head rested again upon the shoulder of her lover.

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# Hymns That Haven't Helped.

*BY THE REV. CHARLES GRAVES.*

A CLERGYMAN'S ARRAIGNMENT OF THE SO CALLED GOSPEL HYMNS—HE DECLARES THAT THEIR MUSIC IS GENERALLY CHEAP AND TRASHY, WHILE THE WORDS ARE OFTEN MEANINGLESS DOGGEREL, OR WORSE.

MUCH has been said and written from time to time about the low grade of music in common use in our churches. With the rise of the class of hymns commonly known as "gospel hymns," but which, for the sake of revenue or self glorification, are sometimes published under such titles as "Songs of Joy and Gladness," "The Finest of the Wheat," "Christian Endeavor Songs," and others too numerous to mention—with the advent of this class of church music there has come an appetite for cheap, trashy melodies. Old hymn books, which contained the fine hymns and tunes of the great masters, have been laid aside for the jingling and non sacred music of MacGranahan, Stebbins, Sankey, Billhorn, Kirkpatrick, and others.

"People like to sing these songs," is the strongest reason given for the change. Why not follow out this principle, and give the people a circus instead of a sermon, because they like it better? If we are going to have sacred worship we must have sacred music—music that suggests pure and holy thoughts, that awakens divine aspirations, that lifts the soul above the distractions of earth into the restfulness of heaven. Many of the gospel hymn tunes seem to land you in the midst of an Indian war dance. All is not music that jingles, and all is not sacred that is published with a religious title.

Enough, perhaps, has been said and written upon the question of hymn tunes without my adding anything; but it is seldom, if ever, that attention is called to the character of the words that make up these gospel hymns. Bad as the music is—if music it may be called—the words are, in many cases, still worse. Barring out a few such hymns as this:

> **With holy fear and humble song,**
> **The dreadful God our souls adore,**
> **Reverence and awe become the tongue**
> **That speaks the terror of His power,**

which belong to the early years of Protestant hymnody, the gospel hymns are by far the worst that have ever been published. But say some, "We don't care about the words. If the tune pleases us, that is all we ask." Then, why use words at all? Why not say the meaningless "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-aye," instead of such wretched words as "The blood, the blood, is all my plea! Hallelujah! how it cleanses me!"

To a great many people, the church service is nothing more than a form. They recite creed and ritual as though the words meant nothing. Many say, with solemn unction, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead," when they don't believe any such thing. They confess to God that they are the "chief of sinners," when they would smite you in the face if you called them such. And how many people sing, with a good deal

of enthusiasm, about wearing "white robes" and "golden crowns" and walking "through streets of pure gold," knowing all the time that that is sheer fancy, a series of images borrowed from dark and far away ages!

The history of hymnody shows that hymns have always been fired with a serious purpose. Charles Wesley's hymns were as effective as John Wesley's sermons. The hymn has been a mighty force in spreading different forms of the Christian faith. "Let me make the hymns," said one old writer, "and I care not who makes the creeds." John Wesley describes his hymn book as a body of experimental and practical divinity. And recently Bishop Mallalieu, speaking of Moody, said, "He circulated unnumbered millions of gospel hymns. If it be true that he who makes the hymns of a people rules the nation, then Mr. Moody must have been one of the mightiest of men." So clearly have religious leaders seen the need of hymns to voice their faith and emphasize its cardinal points that, lacking good hymns of their own creation, they have taken the hymns of other writers and adapted them to their own notions.

### MEANINGLESS AND MORBID HYMNS.

It is fair to assume that the gospel hymns have been written, or, at least, are published, for the purpose of teaching the sentiments therein expressed. They are given to the world with all seriousness. The words, as well as the music, have been approved and selected for the purpose of imparting religious instruction and awakening religious faith. Were these hymns used only by a few benighted souls in the backwoods, they might be fittingly ignored; but inasmuch as these, or others of exactly the same character, are sung at every religious revival, in Epworth League and Christian Endeavor meetings, in the majority of Protestant orthodox churches in the country, and all too frequently in our public schools, their character is not an unimportant matter.

There are societies established for the suppression of bad pictures and books, because it is believed, upon very good evidence, that these things are demoralizing. A great many stories of good little boys and girls who die young, written expressly for Sunday school libraries, exert as pernicious an influence as the worst "detective" or Indian dime novel. Much that passes under the name of religion is as unhealthful as anything can well be. A century ago, if an epidemic smote a community, it was considered the proper and effective thing to pray to God to stop the scourge. Nowadays we see that the sewers are open and the streets clean. To neglect sanitary measures, even for the purpose of devoting time to prayer, would be deemed suicidal. A larger knowledge compelled the suppression of the religious treatment of witchcraft, insanity, and epidemics; and a larger knowledge compels us to reject many hymns because they exercise a thoroughly evil influence. Take as an illustration the one beginning:

> I am a stranger here,
> Heaven is my home.
> Earth is a desert drear,
> Heaven is my home.
> Dangers and sorrows stand
> Round me on every hand;
> Heaven is my fatherland,
> Heaven is my home.

There may be a measure of truth in this; but, in the main, it is false and pernicious. A broad and sober minded philosophy regards this world as a good world, and life in it as a joyous privilege. It is God's world. We are His children; and it is an ugly pessimism, coupled with a profound ignorance of men and things, that leads singers and preachers to heap curses upon this fair creation and darken the world with silly lamentations over our existence. Let us briefly examine the gospel hymns. I take the edition known as "Gospel Hymns Consolidated," including numbers one, two, three, and four. This contains, omitting duplicates, four hundred and twenty six hymns. It is not an easy matter to analyze them into different subject classes, for the reason that many of them really treat a dozen subjects with equal particularity. The second coming of Christ, the blood of Jesus, and Jesus as God, are often equally prominent in one hymn. This makes the analysis show more hymns than there really are. Roughly speaking, the

collection of hymns can be divided as follows:

Ten only—that is, about two per cent—adore and worship God the Father, the One, Only, and True God. Four sing praises of the "Ever Blessed Trinity." Two hundred and seventy seven, or sixty five per cent, are addressed to Jesus as the Supreme Being in preference to God the Father. Sixty two make free and distinctive mention of the "saving power of the blood of Jesus." Fifteen eloquently describe the second coming of Christ. Forty three are detailed descriptions of heaven as a material place, and twenty three are anxious longings to quit this world for heaven. Five teach that life here is an unmitigated misfortune, six cast contempt upon the world, ten throw dirt in man's face, and only five—out of four hundred and twenty six hymns, only five—have a word of confidence in man, and teach him to be good and true by virtue of his own power.

SAMPLES OF HYMNAL DOGGEREL.

Let us look at them still more closely. Montgomery shrewdly remarks—and his remarks condemn many of his own productions, though, doubtless, that was not his intention—"Hymns, looking at the multitude and mass of them, appear to have been written by all kinds of persons, except poets." And this is especially true of the gospel hymns. The mass of them are the basest doggerel you can imagine, and mean as little as a lot of words thrown together can well mean. They lack almost every quality that makes good verse, secular or religious, and they are as empty of feeling as of sense. No. 38 is a typical specimen, though by no means the worst. Here is the second stanza:

> Come home, come home,
> For we watch and we wait,
> And we stand at the gate
> While the shadows are piled.

Nor is this from No. 263 any better:

> Would you have your cares grow light?
> Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
> Would you songs have in the night?
> Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Nor do more recent editions and hymns show any improvement, as this, taken from "Gospel Hymns No. 5," will show:

> Rejoice in the Lord, oh, let His mercy cheer,
> He sunders the bands that enthrall,
> Redeemed by His blood why should we ever fear,
> Since Jesus is our all in all?

We are told that the "mysteries of religion" are hidden from the wise and revealed to the simple; perhaps that is the case with the merits of these hymns. But, in this hard headed, every day world, we are in the habit of taking things at their face value, and, on the whole, it is a safe way.

It doesn't mend matters to plead that the writers of this doggerel meant well, and were inspired by a noble purpose. Judging by their work, they succeeded in keeping all meaning and inspiration out of their hymns. Nor can it be urged that there was any need for a greater number of hymns to express the special religious dogmas of evangelical Christianity. For there is an adequate store of very fine and strong hymns orthodox enough to suit the most rigidly righteous. How can people deliberately forsake such rigorous and inspiring hymns as:

> Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
> Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
> I see from far thy beauteous light,
> Inly I sigh for thy repose.
> My heart is pained, nor can it be
> At rest, till it find rest in Thee—

for the cheap, meaningless trash of the average gospel hymn? I think all agree that when we worship God we should worship Him with the best at our command. We should be moved by the purest intent, and our words should be the sweetest and noblest mortal tongues can lisp. There are, as we all know, many hymns that express the orthodox ideas in a noble and worthy way. To neglect these for the wishy washy verses characteristic of this collection is to vulgarize religious worship and rob it of its sweet spiritual uplift.

Not only are the finest hymns of the orthodox faith put aside for much inferior ones, but it is not unusual to find them mutilated and murdered—for to rob a hymn of its life is to murder it. A good example of this is found in No. 236. The original is one of Dr. Watts' most celebrated hymns. In its true form

it is a noble utterance; its rhythm is sweet, its movement majestic, and its thought inspiring:

> Joy to the world! The Lord is come,
> Let earth receive her King;
> Let every heart prepare Him room,
> And heaven and nature sing.

A greater writer than Dr. Watts might perhaps improve upon this; but there is not a gospel hymn writer who could hold a candle to that great hymnist. And yet, full of confidence and conceit, as all little minds are, one of these ingenious people has thought to improve the hymn and purify its orthodoxy by twisting it thus:

> Joy to the world! The Lord is come,
> The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.
> Let every heart prepare Him room,
> The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Evidently Watts did not emphasize the deity of Christ sufficiently to satisfy the demands of the gospel hymn writers. Then, there is that hymn beginning:

> Watchman, tell me, does the morning
> Of fair Zion's glory dawn;
> Have the signs that mark His coming,
> Yet upon my pathway shone?

This is plainly written to replace that noble and soul stirring hymn, "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night."

### HYMNS SATURATED WITH BLOOD.

I have not yet touched what to me is the worst feature of these hymns. Not only are many of them the basest doggerel, but the diction of some is simply horrible and degrading. Such language as this is enough to make one shudder and feel that he is surrounded by a lot of cannibals:

> For Jesus shed his precious blood
> Rich blessings to bestow;
> Plunge now into the crimson flood
> That washes white as snow.

Is any worthy or noble thought awakened by such language as this? Will it be sincerely said by any one that it is reverent and spiritual thus to speak of the death of Jesus? Will any one in all honesty declare that it is true religion and sweet worship to declare:

> The blood has always precious been;
> 'Tis precious now to me . . .

Or that it strengthens mankind in love of all that is true and holy to sing in religious gatherings:

> Helpless I come to Jesus' blood,
> And all myself resign;
> I lose my weakness in that flood,
> And gather strength divine.

And that time honored but, to me, brutal hymn, like a thousand others, savors more of cannibalism than of the sweetness and purity of the Christ life and faith. Cowper's verses beginning:

> There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains.

Although this hymn boldly voices a popular theology, and may be dear to many, yet it seems to me to be fit for anything but worship. That Christian people should exult in the shedding of blood, that they should speak of bathing in it, to teach that the most sacred and effective washing a man can have is in the blood of Jesus, is, when you come to think of it, simply shocking. A great many of the hymns of the book under consideration are simply saturated with blood.

> Now I feel the blood applied.
> I'm washed in Jesus' blood.
> In the blood of yonder lamb,
> Washed from every stain I am.

In singing Hymn 332 you repeat the phrase "the blood of Jesus" eighteen times. In No. 349 it occurs ten times. It is prominent in every stanza of No. 254, and in many others. It is common to find it put in this fashion:

> That blood is a fount
> Where the vilest may go.
> And wash till their souls
> Shall be whiter than snow.

It surely cannot make life more sacred in the thought of the people to teach them to sing hymns that are bold exultations over the shedding of blood. Such a sentiment befits the savage rather than the civilized state.

More pernicious still is the hymn that commands a life of absolute inaction, to strive for nothing, to be nothing. I refer to the hymn beginning "Oh, to be nothing, nothing!" It would be more becoming to sing "Oh, to be a tadpole!"

Of course there are some good things that could be said for this collection of

hymns, but the features I have dwelt upon are so prominent, and form so large a part of the collection, that the good is lost. I cannot see wherein these hymns can be of help. Would it not be more inspiring, more ennobling, more helpful, more worshipful, to sing such hymns as this one by Samuel Longfellow:

Go forth to life, O child of earth,
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth!
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth;
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere.

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## THE SHELL.

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

Silent in the belted breech,
Peering thro' the rifled reach,
Waiting while I scan the sea,
For a word to set me free.

As my eager eyes I strain,
Lo, our foeman on the main!
Hark, the wild alarums ring,
As the men to quarters spring;

Then the word of sharp command;
On the lanyard rests a hand.
Fire!" From out the rifled core,
On the cannon's breath I soar.

Twice five hundred pounds of steel,
Where on high the eagles reel,
For my mark the nearing foe,
Messenger of death I go!

Hark! the shriek of unleashed hell!
'Tis the speech of shell to shell:
Brother shall I kill or spare?
'Mark the faces blanching there!"

Brother, shall I strike or swerve?
'Death to them that death deserve!
Mark the vessel onward come!"
Mark the thirteen inch strike home.

Crash! I feel the steel clad ship
Split and stagger, rend and rip;
Then a shriek and then a hush,
As the dark'ning waters rush

Thro' the torn and gaping side
Of the foeman's hope and pride,
To the bottom of the sea
Go a thousand lives with me!

* * * *

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

*Gustav Kobbé.*

# THE COUNTESS.

IT IS A POOR JOKE THAT WON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

*BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.*

FREDERICK HAMILTON SEDGWICK sauntered past the arch and set a patent leather foot firmly on the lower extremity of Fifth Avenue. That the other extremity of the avenue did not immediately fly up in the air is due to a certain lack of imaginative perception in stone and asphalt. Not that it was any vulgar matter of bulk on the part of Frederick Hamilton. On the contrary, he filled his frock coat with just the proper roundness, tapering perceptibly at the waist, some said by means of—but that was mere conjecture, for certainly no one had ever felt him to see. But there was an air of solid importance about him that might well have upset the balance of power even of a Fifth Avenue. If you had tried to express this to him, he would not have listened, because he was always too busy arranging his next remark for that, but when you paused he would have said:

"Oh, really, now! You're joking. That reminds me of one time when I was visiting Lady Olcott at her place in Scotland, and she——" And then you would have been sorry you had spoken.

There was a greater stateliness than usual about Frederick Hamilton's up town progress today, for he was being excessively deep, and he found it anxious work. "Do come—I want you to meet the Countess Riboli," Miss Courtney had said; and that irritating little glimmer in her eyes had been more pronounced than usual. Now, Frederick had never forgotten a certain joke that had been played on him at Newport one year (in spite of his incessant "Down at Newport last summer," he really did go there); as a result of which, he had devoted the better part of a week, and several months' income, to the entertaining of Mrs. Bertie Cole of Chicago, under the impression that she was Lady Alicia Fairbanks, own sister to a duke. The experience had cut very deep. Even the servants had been in the joke, and he winced sharply as he remembered the unexplained laughter that had made that period seem so gay at the time. He was not the sort of man that should be laughed at. The imperviousness of his dignity was a valuable element of his presence.

That was two years ago, but he had learned his lesson—the obvious one of caution, at least. This Countess Riboli—h'm—Mariana Courtney need not think she could make a fool of him so easily now. She was always teasing—she really was most unkind about it, and deserved to have her plans fail once in a while. A lovely woman, a dear girl, in fact, but—— He sighed as he mounted the steps and rang the bell.

In the aged and stately ugliness of the Courtney drawingrooms he found a score of young women and men, all known to him but a delicate little black eyed creature, apparently weighed down in her chair by her massive velvet gown. He fancied that there was a faint hush as he was presented. Certainly Mariana's eyes were wickeder than usual! He bowed and smiled blandly.

"Ah, yes, the Countess Riboli—distantly connected, I believe, with Lady Alicia Fairbanks?" he said courageously. There was a murmur of laughter, and he distinctly overheard, "He won't be caught," in Miss Courtney's voice. That settled the matter for him. His chest expanded with his confidence, and he sat down beside the countess, determined to play the game out to his own lasting glory.

"I think not," the little countess had said, handling her words with a pretty hesitation. "I haf no English relatives."

"Well, I don't really think Lady Alicia had, either!" he admitted, look-

ing at her knowingly over clasped knuckles.

"No?" said the countess politely. Frederick was not to be baffled.

"I am sure you must be of the same family," he persisted. "There is such a —a resemblance, you know! And she made her first appearance as Miss Courtney's guest, too. Rather a coincidence, isn't it?"

The countess looked blank and, he flattered himself, uncomfortable.

"Miss Courtney is ver' kind to strangers," she murmured.

"Lady Alicia had a very good English accent," he pursued, his eyes on her averted face. "Never heard it done better! Now, an Italian accent—that's harder to imitate. You speak more like a Frenchwoman, to me."

The shot told! The countess sent a quick look at him from her dark eyes—but not too quick for him to decipher in it an exhilarating mixture of alarm and entreaty. It was no time for relenting; she deserved every bit of her discomfiture. He drew his chair closer.

"I can talk a little Italian myself," he said with a meaning smile, "and I understand it like a native. I know, in Rome Sir Harry Pomeroy used to depend on me for everything. Suppose we try it?"

"Ah, you do not like my English, then!" protested the countess. He gave his knee a little thump of suppressed satisfaction. She had balked at the test; she was fairly caught. But before he could carry the war further, Miss Courtney, who was hovering near, broke in with a compliment to the countess' English, and sent him for tea. He was not allowed further speech with her for the next hour, though he made many open attempts to secure it, and the big, dark eyes certainly followed him about with peculiar intensity. The other women he talked to were evidently in the joke, for, though they would admit nothing, they laughed breathlessly at his veiled allusions, and one went so far as to murmur that he was altogether too clever for them.

"Ah, well, a fellow doesn't get taken in that way more than once," he assured her. "The very tone in which Miss Courtney asked me to meet this countess of hers—I saw at once there was something fishy. Jove, I rather hated to spoil her fun, you know. I thought of pretending to be sold just for the joke of the thing. Half sorry I didn't. I think you might tell me who the lady really is, now." But the girl was all discreet blankness again.

When chance left the countess unprotected, he slipped back to the place beside her. She glanced about uneasily, but Miss Courtney was busy with good bys, and there was no one to help her out. Frederick, in his triumph, could even be a little sorry for her—she was so manifestly unequal to carrying the thing off. Mrs. Bertie Cole, alias Lady Alicia Fairbanks, would have shown herself more game.

"Is this your first visit to America, countess?" he began with marked stress on the title.

"Yes, my ver' first. I haf not known ver' many Americans." She lifted her eyes to his big, clean shaven, handsome face for an instant, then dropped them.

"If the count is with you," he went on blandly, "I should be very glad to put him up at my club, or do anything——" She hesitated visibly over this.

"My hosban'—is not living," she said finally.

"Ah! A widow as well as a countess!" He spoke in a tone of amused congratulation. His would be discomfiter was clearly discomfited, and made no reply. He leaned forward confidentially. "I really think you might let me in on it, you know," he urged. "We'll keep up the game, if you like; but I think I deserve to be told. Really, now. You do it perfectly—most fellows would have been awfully fooled. Only, I was looking out, you know. If you will tell me who you really are——"

"Now, you have monopolized the countess long enough!" Miss Courtney had come swiftly across the room. "You can't have her any longer." Frederick rose with his most impressive bow.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more," he said. "I must thank you, Miss Courtney, as well as the—ah—Countess Riboli. I shall hope for the privilege of another meeting." And he

left with colors flying, to chuckle to himself all the way down the avenue.

"For once, Miss Mariana Courtney, I may say you did not get the better of me," was the refrain he marched to.

His triumph was undisturbed for three days, during which he walked with an even greater stateliness, and swept off his tall hat with more impressive benignity to pretty ladies who went by in carriages. When one of them proved to be Miss Courtney, he went to the edge of the sidewalk to speak to her.

"This is what Sir Harry Pomeroy used to call 'rippin' weather,'" he said affably. "I was just thinking of a day like this in Rome, when he and the Honorable Maud——"

"Yes, isn't it pleasant!" she cut in, a trifle sharply. "I stopped with the intention of asking you to come to tea Sunday afternoon." She broke off, looking at him dubiously.

"I will come with great pleasure," he said promptly. She gave a little laugh.

"Very well, then—you are invited." Frederick saw nothing ambiguous, and bowed his thanks.

"I trust the Countess Riboli will be there?" he added with a broad smile as she drove off. She gave a sudden laugh for answer.

Sunday he had his luncheon at the club; then, between the papers and a deep leather chair, drifted off into vagueness. He was finally roused by a burst of laughter behind him.

"So poor old Freddy thought she was a bogus countess?" some one asked.

"Yes—guyed her about it!" laughed another voice. "The countess had been warned he was eccentric—but she must have been awfully puzzled. My sister stayed around and headed him off when he was too pronounced."

"Of course, they put it up on him," said another. "You know, after that Lady Alicia experience——"

They laughed assent, and presently moved off. Frederick Hamilton sat quite still for a while, staring at his hands. When he put on his hat before the mirror, his face was still deeply red. A servant found out for him that the Countess Riboli was at the Holland House, and he thanked him with his usual grave courtesy, then went forth erect and in order, his stick at the proper angle, his gait brave and unhurried.

The Countess Riboli would see Mr. Sedgwick. It was a disordered parlor he was shown to, and a somewhat disordered countess came out of the inner room. She looked pale, even agitated. She bowed to him with grace, but without cordiality, and did not sit down. Frederick stood before her, looking fixedly into his hat.

"I must explain my intrusion," he began with evident difficulty. "When I met you at Miss Courtney's the other day, I—you—well, you must have noticed——" She broke in on his struggles with a little gesture.

"Oh, I know why you haf come! Why should we pretend? You were not deceived from the first. It is no matter now—onless you haf come to gif me over to the po-lice—is that it?"

Frederick stared at her dumbly. Her dark eyes blazed with impatience.

"Ouf! Why can he not speak? He knows why he came! In another hour I would haf been out of the town—not to be foun'. You haf come to stop that?"

He could only shake his head. Her face softened.

"A—h! Perhaps you are not so hard on the poor countess. No? Ah, now we shall onnerstand!" She rapidly pulled two chairs close together, and, seating herself in one, patted the arm of the other. Frederick sat down on the extreme edge, as far from her as possible.

"I tell you how it all happen—eh? I fool all New York, but not you—no! You will not be fool'. So I tell you. Madame la Comtesse Riboli, she go to take the boat at Boulogne for America; she faint—oh, ver' sick! They carry her back to the hotel. All is confuse. Her monney, her tickette, her letters to gran' persons here—they vanish ver' quiet. One little Frenchwoman, she vanish al-so, ver' quiet. You see?"

Frederick was staring at her with open mouth as well as open eyes.

"But why did you do it?" he blurted out.

She shrugged delicately. "I tell you the truth! There are reech men in

America; they notice the countess more quick. When they find out—oh, I haf that all arrange'!"

"By Jove!" murmured Frederick.

"So I make my plan. But it is not good;" she sighed pathetically. "They begin to look hard at me; they haf already suspec'. The poor little countess must ron away, all a-lone!" The two great eyes searched Frederick's solid profile for a moment, then fell with a slight frown. But the voice grew more persuasive. "Onless you haf come to take me to preeson? You are too sharp—I could not blin' you like those other. I am all on your han's."

He looked down at his hands helplessly, then ventured a side glance at the sham countess.

"You ought to be shown up, you know," he said uncomfortably.

"But I haf done no harm here. I go away, I try to live more honest. I am ver' onhappy! After this, I am good—see, I promise you." She laid two little white claws on his arm. "I go home to my aged mother, I work for her, I say all my life, 'I haf known one good man. He help' me when I was not good; he let me ron away—since he was my frien', I will not be on-worthy!"

Frederick rose and walked slowly across the room.

"You will go back right away?" he asked after a pause, his eyes on the floor.

"Oh, monsieur, at once!"

He hesitated and grew red. "And—alone?" He finally brought it out.

"Ah, yes, all a-lone!"

"Well, then—good by." He would have left with a formal bow, but she flew across and, seizing his hand, kissed it fervently, to his vast discomfort.

"You haf save' me from being ver' bad woman," she murmured. He drew his hand away and backed off.

"I—hope so," he said, studying the inside of his hat. "Good afternoon." Once out on the sidewalk, he drew a long breath. "Jove!" he murmured, then turned his steps towards the Courtneys.

He was greeted with a ripple of laughter.

"Well, Freddy, how's the countess?" some man called out. Miss Courtney turned to him, all innocence.

"Yes—what could you have said to the Countess Riboli the other day?" she asked. "You seemed to be making her so uncomfortable."

"Tell us what you said," urged several. He looked round at them a little helplessly, a flush on his big, simple face.

"Why, really, I don't remember," he said with an awkward laugh.

"You seemed to think there was something queer about her," Miss Courtney said. "You know the Ribolis are one of the oldest families in Rome, don't you? She brought very good letters. How could you have gathered that idea?"

"Do you think she was bogus, Freddy?" insisted some one else. "What was that you asked about her Italian accent?" asked another. "Was that the way you talked to Lady Olcott at her place in Scotland?" a third added. He put them off with his awkward laugh and vague protests, but they baited him unmercifully. All the long hour of his stay, they kept coming back to it. Their laughter seemed to follow him down to the Square, and for days afterwards. He went about with the rigid blandness of one who will not hear or see. His presence on Fifth Avenue was as careful as ever, but it did not produce quite the same effect. Some one suggested that he was beginning to look older.

It was ten days later that Miss Courtney summoned him excitedly to the side of her carriage. "Did you see it in the paper?" she exclaimed.

"About the Countess Riboli? Yes."

"Wasn't it the most amazing thing? That she should have taken everybody in! You don't seem half surprised enough!"

"Well, you see—I knew it."

She looked at him blankly for a moment, then the color rose faintly in her face.

"You knew that she was a fraud—not the real countess—from the first?"

It did not tempt him. He passed his opportunity without even seeing that it was one.

"Oh, no. But I knew it that Sunday afternoon."

"But why didn't you tell?" she demanded.

"Well, she said she would give it up

and go home—and I was sort of sorry for her, you know. I thought perhaps she would brace up, if she had a chance."

She looked wonderingly at his big, handsome, simple face.

"But, according to the papers, she went off with some one," she said.

"Yes; but I hope that's a mistake. She spoke of going back to her mother—and she did seem sorry, you know."

"And you let us tease and bother you all that afternoon—when it was we who had been duped!" She had never spoken to him in that tone before, or looked at him in that way. Frederick warmed and expanded.

"Oh, well, it didn't matter, you know," he said, his face alight. Then, in the excitement of his elation, he went on: "I remember Sir Harry Pomeroy once said, when we were dining together—you know he is a cousin of the present Earl——"

Something behind her eyes closed, and she turned away with a little sigh.

"Oh, yes—Sir Harry Pomeroy," she said wearily. "Tell me some other time; I must go now." His eyes followed her wistfully as she was whirled away, but she did not glance back; then he continued his stately progress up the Avenue.

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## THE AWAKENING.

An average man awoke one night,
And thought of his past in the pale moonlight,
At times he muttered, at times he moaned,
And once he very distinctly groaned;
At which his guardian spirit inquired
What secret cause such dole inspired.
"Alas, why ask? I'm thinking," said he,
"About the people I used to be.

"There's the simpleton I was when—well,
It really would hardly do to tell;
And the unutterable ass
I was when—but we'll let that pass;
And the awful idiot I was when—
No, don't let's speak of *that* again;
And the inconceivable fool I made
Of myself when—*why* don't memories fade,
Or drown, or fly, or die in a hole,
Instead of eternally burning the soul?
But, at any rate, you now can see
Why I mourn o'er the people I used to be."

The angel smiled, with as undefiled
A glance as that of a little child,
And said, "I am thinking seriously
About the people you're going to be:
The soul that has learned to break its chains,
The heart grown tenderer through its pains,
The mind made richer for its thought,
The character remorse has wrought
To far undreamed capacities;
The will that sits, a king, at ease.
Nay, marvel not, for I plainly see
And joy in the people you're going to be."

The average man felt a purer light
About his soul than the moon ray bright;
For once no evil spirit jeered,
And the average man was strangely cheered.

*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

# Photography in the Courts.

*BY WILLIAM GEORGE OPPENHEIM, Ph.D.,*
MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CIVIL AND CRIMINAL CASES IN WHICH PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE HAS PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART—HOW THE CAMERA DETECTS FRAUD AND IDENTIFIES CRIMINALS, AND THE MISTAKES IT SOMETIMES MAKES.

MUCH has been written and said about photography and its relation to almost every phase of art, science, and business, with one exception—the extent to which justice and criminology have pressed it into service.

Most of us use photography purely as a hobby, but it should not be forgotten that the pleasure side of it is but a minor factor in the world's advancement. We all know that it has revolutionized journalism, created a new class of publications, disseminated knowledge and culture in attractive form, and created new arts of engraving. It is truly the handmaid of astronomy, medical surgery, art, geography, and architecture.

Almost as important has been the place it has made for itself in the courts. It might be of great interest if judges, prosecuting attorneys, and other lawyers could be induced to describe the manner in which justice has been subserved, or occasionally cheated, by photography, and to tell of the actions at law which have been instituted, aided, or defeated by reason of photographic processes.

A peculiar case was one brought before the Civil Tribune of Paris. The plaintiff, a lady who suffered much from chronic facial neuralgia, was subjected to Röntgen rays on nine different occasions by her physician; on the tenth, one of his assistants directed the operation, and on the following day her eyes were inflamed and one side of her head became totally bald. The result was an action for damages in the sum of ten thousand francs.

We have reason to believe, if statistics are to be relied upon, that the death penalty does not effectually deter men from murder, but that the controlling factors in the diminution of crime are the probability of punishment, and the celerity with which punishment is inflicted; while the controlling factors in the commission of crime are the possibility of escape, and the probability of evading punishment. With the former we have here and now no concern; the latter interests us weightily, in that photography may materially assist us in running down the guilty through scattering portraits broadcast, and by an immediate reproduction of the scene of the crime and its environment, including foot prints, finger marks, writings, and so forth. There is an exactness about the camera that makes us broadly consider it incapable of blunders. Yet it sometimes leads to very serious ones, as the following incident shows:

### FALSE WITNESS FROM A CAMERA.

An amateur photographer, judging that at least five minutes' exposure was necessary to produce desired results in a forest in which he had set up his camera, absented himself, for a smoke, keeping his eyes on his watch, as the plate was exposed. A surveyor, who was passing, almost stumbled over the body of a woman partly covered with leaves and branches. He thought he could hear groans, and knelt beside the body. He discovered a knife sheathed to the hilt near the victim's heart. He drew out the weapon and cried for help, the horror and fear he felt showing on his face. At that moment a stream of light pierced the foliage of the trees, and rested upon the surveyor and the body. The ama-

teur rushed from his resting place, capped his lens, inserted his slide, and listened, horror struck, to the surveyor's confused statements. He noted the upraised, blood stained, dripping knife, the man's look of supposed fury, and surmised a tragic story.

To his surprise, the surveyor willingly accompanied him to the police station of the town. After an examination, both men were placed under arrest and heavy bail. The amateur's plate was developed by the official photographer, and the resulting print showed what appeared to be a faithful picture of the vengeful surveyor in the act of stabbing the defenseless woman.

A sensational trial followed, at which it was conclusively proved that the woman had been dead several hours before the advent of either amateur or surveyor on the scene; and this, together with the alibis established, was sufficient, fortunately, to demonstrate the innocence of the inculpated prisoners.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF OF INNOCENCE.

Another instance in which the innocence of an accused person was established by photography was no less remarkable. The prisoner was accused of dealing a death blow to a person known to be his enemy, during the passing of a procession. Most of the spectators were intent on the pageant in front of them, but two persons who had been seated at the first story window of a building on the route testified that the prisoner, who carried a cane, had dealt the blow. The wife of the dead victim swore vengeance on the murderer, who asserted his entire innocence and ignorance of the crime, though he admitted that he had been near the place when it was committed.

At the trial there were produced a photograph and a negative, made by the ubiquitous amateur at the moment of the assault. Both of them distinctly showed an uplifted stick close to the victim's head, but the prisoner was not the man who held it. This photograph greatly aided subsequent investigation, and, in fact, practically convicted the real assailant, the most material evidence having to do with the form of his ear and the earring in it, both of which were plainly shown in an enlargement of the original picture.

### HOW THE CAMERA DETECTS FRAUD.

Photography has become familiar in trials that have to do with disputed handwritings. The camera has decided many such cases. Photographers, handwriting experts, and prosecutors know that photography will infallibly show any rewritten or erased part of written or engraved papers, such as checks, bank bills, notes, and contracts. They know, also, that the part that has been erased may be restored by means of a magnesium flashlight exposure of the back of the rewritten part, by which the original ink lines that have sunk into the paper can be reproduced, and the counterfeit part uncovered or detected. Photography has long played an important rôle in the identification of criminals. The rogues' gallery is part of every municipal detective bureau, and it is regarded as an enormous aid in preventing crime. A photograph of a criminal decreases his chances of success in robbery. Incidentally, it is interesting to know that at least two New York banks and one large business house have, it is said on creditable authority, a device for photographing crimes and criminals. The apparatus is concealed about their safes, and an unauthorized attempt to open these will raise the shutter of the lens, ignite the flash light, and make a portrait of the intruder.

The ordinary methods of establishing and confirming identity by means of photographs are by no means perfect. It remained for Dr. Alphonse Bertillon, of Paris, to perfect a system of accurate scientific measurements, known as anthropometry. He has proven that every human being has a distinct identity, and that nature never repeats herself. The system is so precise that during the first six years of its application but four errors were discovered. Most of the old world countries use the Bertillon system for identification. It is admirable when a prisoner is under arrest, but it is not always possible to make use of it. Hence it is supplemented by a photograph, taken with a mirror placed on one side of the criminal, thereby producing a full face and a profile at one sitting. This

is probably not so effective as a picture taken by means of two mirrors, each six feet high, placed at right angles, and producing five simultaneous views of the sitter, who is placed midway between the mirrors' extended sides. A similar apparatus is used by photographers who advertise multiple photographs.

Photographs taken with an entirely different object have frequently played an important part in criminal as well as in civil cases. There was one, involving a question of survivorship, which was peculiarly interesting. Under the common law, when questions of survivorship have arisen in cases where two persons perished in a common catastrophe, courts have held that the presumption is that the husband, being the stronger, survived the wife. It is material, because it affects the disposition of the property. In the case in point, husband and wife had perished, and, under the common law, a considerable property would have gone to the next of kin of the former, had not the amateur photographer intervened with a negative and print which showed the wife drawing the body of her husband from among the dead and wounded, thus showing conclusively that she had been killed later. Accordingly, the estate fell to the next of kin of the wife.

### A WILL FORTIFIED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

A case that came under my personal knowledge shows how photography prevented a law suit. A woman, frail in health and more than sixty years old, instructed her attorney to draw her will. She desired to leave the bulk of her property to her newly made husband, who had not half her years, to the exclusion of her immediate family, who had long counted upon money she would leave them. Therefore there was reason in her requirement that the will be made good and strong; otherwise there would be a contest, and much scandal. The lawyer arranged a scene as if for a theater. The woman was placed at her writing desk with the will before her. About her were the two witnesses required by law and her two physicians, together with the lawyer and his assistant. The young husband was not present.

The photographer and his assistant grouped the persons present, talking with the lady, as did also the witnesses, the doctors, and the lawyers, all of them particularly noting her appearance and manner, and her signature on each sheet of the instrument. A stenographer took shorthand notes of all that occurred. On a second desk, adjoining the one at which the lady was seated, was placed a gramophone. Above the desk was a large calendar, showing the date of the day; above that a clock with a plain dial plate showing the hour. An exposure was made, and prints therefrom were mounted and distributed to each member of the group. Subsequently, in one another's presence, they noted the day, date, and hour, and affixed their respective signatures.

Within a year the lady was buried, and the will offered for probate. The disinherited ones promptly gave notice of contest, on the usual grounds. The attorney who drew the document called the contestants and their attorneys together in the room in which it had been executed, which was furnished and decorated as it had been on the day when the will was signed. All the parties who were present on that day were also present, except one who had died in the interim. The pictures were produced, and full opportunity was given to the contesting lawyers to examine the parties and documents, to read the stenographer's minutes, and to listen to the revelations of the gramophone. Within a week the notices of contest were withdrawn.

A word to the wise is said to be sufficient. Perhaps some of my "brothers in law" may profit herefrom.

### AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

At another time, a young girl, engaged to be married, who had been temporarily left alone in a farmhouse in which she was employed, was found in the sitting room, dead, with a bullet wound through her breast. A roll top desk, in a corner of the room, was found in the utmost state of confusion, with the locks broken and papers and jewelry scattered about. No pistol and no trace of a criminal could be found. Within fifteen minutes after discovery of the

death was made, the dead girl and the room were photographed, also the path which led to the house. An enlargement showed the picture of a promissory note for a thousand dollars on the edge of a table, which bore thumb and dexter finger marks. A search was made for the note, but it, too, could not be found. Evidently the maker of the note had some interest in its disappearance. Who was the maker? The payee, the owner of the note, who was the owner of the farmhouse and the uncle of the young girl, had just been buried, and his next of kin knew nothing of the making of the note. The photographer, a poor devil whose note nobody would accept for any appreciable part of a thousand dollars, admitted that he had abstracted the note after the exposure of the plate, because he thought it might be of some use to the executor of the payee, but that he had mislaid it. He certainly had no interest in its disappearance. The young woman's fiancé was suspected, but conclusively proved an alibi.

Then the note was found in the photographer's dark room, with the signature faded by the action of chemicals. The body of the note, also much faded, was in the handwriting of the payee, and the finger and thumb marks thereon were bloody. These marks were enlarged, and found to correspond to the marks on the thumb and finger of the young girl. Were they made in her attempts to protect her uncle's property? Was it suicide consequent on fear of detection for robbery? How was the death wound inflicted?

The amateur *Sherlock Holmes* who has read thus far will probably reread and point to the executor. But he was the trusted friend and relative of the deceased, well to do, a chronic invalid confined to his room, for whom quick locomotion from the scene of the tragedy to his own house, half a mile away, was impossible within fifteen minutes, or even an hour. As a matter of fact, he was at home nursing his gouty legs at the time of the murder, if murder it was.

There were some jewels, women's trinkets, lying on the floor and on the desk. The executor surely did not covet them, if he knew of them. Did the young girl? Were they to be donned at her approaching wedding? Would she dare to wear them? Isn't it all a muddle?

And yet I am convinced that the mystery will be solved.

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## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

AH, no one would have dreamed it of
  Miss Thistle, proud and cold,
Who spurned all lovers when they sought
  To tell that story old;

For not one heart among them all
  Was found that dared to brave
The sharp and cruel thorns that pierced
  Each bold, persistent knave,

And when Sir Brook sang tenderly,
  She would not even sigh,
Oh, naught cared she for foolish lays!
  Unheard, he murmured by.

Nor would she heed on moonlit night
  Lord Cricket's serenade,
But wrapped in purple robes would doze,
  This saucy little maid.

But when fair, fickle Zephyr came
  One hazy autumn day,
She donned her fluffy bridal robe
  And with him flew away.

*Blanche Elizabeth Wade.*

# THE PEGLEGGERS.

*BY FRANCIS Z. STONE.*

"I HAVE RANGED FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA TO THE DESERT THAT HEMS IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA. I HAVE EDITED FRONTIER NEWSPAPERS, CONDUCTED POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS, MINED, PROSPECTED, AND HUNTED FUR, FEATHERS, AND MEN"—SUCH, TO USE MR. STONE'S OWN WORDS, WAS HIS PREPARATION FOR WRITING "THE PEGLEGGERS," WHICH IS HIS FIRST IMPORTANT LITERARY WORK.

## I.

A SOLDIER stopped his jaded horse half way down the main street of San Bernardino one evening in early autumn. At that time, some score of years ago, the town had grown from a pastoral settlement of Josephite Mormons to the liveliest mining center in Southern California, and was the principal outfitting point for the Arizona trail. The soldier threw the reins over a hitching bar that extended along the curb in front of the "O. K.," and, slinging his saddle bags across his arm, entered the saloon.

The blaze of lights within showed a long bar fronting the doors, a sawdust covered floor, walls hung with pictures of contemporary celebrities pertaining to the stage, turf, and ring, and opposite the bar two faro tables flanking a large safe. Over one of the tables bent a Chinaman, pushing little stacks of chips from card to card with sallow, long nailed fingers, or oversetting them deftly to bridge the corners of two cards, according to the intricate routine of the game. The impassive dealer drew the arbiters of fortune from the silver box with an automatic gesture, varied only when the bank won or lost. The other table was unoccupied, for the night was young.

Leaning back against the little shelves, the bartender trimmed his nails; he was thinking of a girl with whom he used to share a hymn book in the choir loft of a Vermont church. There were only two loungers present: old man Myers, gaunt, bronzed, grizzle bearded, and of uncertain years, and his partner, Hike Random, a stalwart young Missourian. They were just in from a prospecting trip into the Mojave Desert, and were clad in blue flannel shirts, copper riveted overalls, army brogans, and limp brimmed slouch hats.

As the soldier entered, they scanned him with languid interest, while the bartender, shutting his knife with a snap, pocketed it, and fell briskly to work with a towel upon the mahogany top of the counter.

The newcomer was a lean man, past middle age. His face was sharp and eager, with narrow blue eyes set rather close together above a broken nose. His skin was leathery in hue and texture, and puckered at the outer corners of the eyes into innumerable wrinkles by the sun glare of the desert. His uniform was dusty and ragged, and he moved with the stiff precision that is the hall mark of service in the ranks.

Returning the scrutiny of the partners with a glance as fleeting, and not less comprehensive of details, he dumped his saddle bags upon the floor, and called for whisky.

"Come up, boys," he said, turning to the others generally with an inclusive wave of the hand.

The faro dealer nodded acceptance where he sat, the absorbed Chinaman "coppered" the ace with a wooden checker, while old man Myers and the Missourian, facing the bar against which they had been resting their backs and elbows, awaited the passing of bottle and

glasses with the solemnity of men engaged in a religious rite.

The drinks duly disposed of, and the dealer, whose profession enjoined abstinence from alcohol, having been provided with a cigar, the soldier produced a half pint flask, slid it across the bar, and said:

"Take it out of that."

It was nearly full of coarse gold and small nuggets. The bartender carefully weighed out a pinch or two upon a pair of small brass balances. San Bernardino was the headquarters of hundreds of "dry washers," and placer gold was current anywhere.

"I don't reckon that stuff will run over twelve dollars an ounce," was the bartender's comment; "but I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. There's a good deal of red an' black to it for *oro fino*. What do you say, old man?"

He passed the scales to Myers, who took the little plate in the hollow of his calloused palm and regarded its contents with seeming carelessness. He did not say what he thought, and his pulse went dot and carry one.

There is an individuality about placer gold which old miners recognize, as you would recognize the face of an old friend, if they have ever worked the ground from which it came, and there was that in the appearance of the little flakes and nodules which excited Myers as a clue to a yet undiscovered planet excites the astronomer. But his face masked his emotion, and he said:

"It'll run better'n twelve, Jim. That thar gold came from the top, or close to it, an' it's sunburned. Ain't that so, pardner?"

The soldier, to whom the question was addressed, nodded assent, and ordered the glasses replenished. Filling his own and emptying it with celerity, he directed Jim to leave the bottle on the bar, and, shoving the flask of gold towards him again, announced that it was his treat until further orders.

Those were flush times along the Arizona trail, when life was held by an uncertain tenure, and lived as recklessly as it was yielded up. Silver was worth a dollar an ounce, and the government was distributing millions yearly among the contractors, teamsters, and agents of the Apache infested Territory across the Colorado. Double eagles were as plentiful in San Bernardino as silver quarters at an Eastern county fair.

Having "bought the house" and waived ceremony, the soldier applied himself to the bottle with an assiduity born of desert drought. The habitués of the saloon began to drop in, singly and in pairs. He grew talkative, and informed the company that his term of enlistment had expired at Fort Yuma a week since, and that he had arrived by the old Yuma and Los Angeles trail. Then he insisted upon having his discharge read by the accommodating bartender.

Next he inveighed bitterly against the Indian agents who, backed by the ring at Washington, fomented murder and outrage in Arizona, giving the troops no rest, and protecting the marauders when they sneaked back to the reservations, from which they had been permitted to make forays with the practical connivance of the appointees of the Interior Department, who signed their passes.

"Yes, it's sure hard on the dough boys," said a bystander who "packed" freight for the government at one dollar a pound; "but if you fellers had your way an' the 'Paches were rounded up for good, half the soldiers would be yanked out of the Territory, an' business would go plumb to smash."

There was a general murmur of assent, for the prosperity of San Bernardino was built largely upon its relations with the traffic over the Arizona trail—a traffic that had its basis in those massacres for which Washington politicians will be held responsible at the Day of Judgment.

It was a curious crowd that drank with the soldier in the O. K. saloon that autumn evening. There were taciturn miners, to whom the silence of the desert clung; loud voiced teamsters and freighters whose business it was to lash and curse their mules across waterless wastes where every cactus hedge and mesquite thicket might shelter a foe so implacable that in 1869 the United States government ordered the extermination of all adults found off the reservations, without regard to sex.

There were Mexicans, gamblers, and *macquereaux*, a few contractors, stockmen, and capitalists, and more than one fugitive from justice.

They were hard men mostly; the Arizona trail was no place for the weakling. Crude and elemental, each was a law unto himself, recognizing no higher authority save that spasmodic and summary one, Judge Lynch.

The kerosene lamps flared in a haze of smoke; there was a growl of conversation, shaken at intervals by gusts of barking laughter from broad, deep chests. The glasses tinkled and thumped on the bar; feet stamped and shuffled; the chips rattled and clicked at the faro tables, over which a crowd leaned eagerly, and through the open doors came intermittently the jingle of pianos and the strumming of guitars from the adjacent dance halls.

Presently the soldier, whose potations had been frequent and copious, picked up his saddle bags. Though they appeared of little bulk, it was evident that the contents were heavy.

"Just fork out whatever change is comin' to me," he said to the bartender. "I'm going against the bank."

"I'll have to see the boss, seein' you haven't any assay," answered Jim.

"Never mind that," returned the other. "Let me have twelve dollars an ounce on what's left, an' we'll settle afterwards."

"All right."

The gold was weighed and deposited in a drawer back of the bar, from which Jim took three hundred dollars in eagles and double eagles and pushed them over the mahogany to the soldier, who marched across to the nearest faro table, holding his money in both hands and carrying his saddle bags across his left arm.

Crowding between two players, as the cards were being shuffled for another deal, he bent over and asked:

"What's your limit?"

"Twelve an' a half on singles," answered the dealer.

"Lemme have chips for this," responded the other, heaping his coins near the check rack.

"How'll you have 'em?"

"Yellow."

The dealer stacked twenty four chips, and put the money into the drawer at his right. Shoving the two stacks towards the soldier, he resumed his shuffling, and replaced the cards in the silver box. The case keeper snapped the buttons back upon his numeral frame, and the lookout in the high chair at the right of the table broke off the conversation he had been holding with a bystander.

"Let's get back to the corral an' turn in," said Hike Random to old man Myers.

"Not for a thousand," answered his partner in low tones.

Random looked at him in surprise.

"Anythin' doin'?" he inquired in a guarded voice.

"You bet thar's somethin' doin'. You an' me want to keep cases on this yer military gent."

"For why?"

"For why?" repeated Myers slowly. "Because that particular soldier has struck the Pegleg, or I don't know Pegleg gold when I see it."

"The hell!"

The ejaculation came like lightning from Random's lips. His face flushed and his eyes glittered.

"Sh!" cautioned his partner. "Thar ain't many in camp that knows Pegleg stuff when they see it. If we keep quiet, maybe nobody won't recognize it here. The soldier will sure go back when he's broke, an' we mustn't lose his trail until he leads us to the three peaks."

The partners exchanged glances which conveyed a perfect understanding, and then lounged over to the faro table. Not a man in that crowded room but would have beggared himself for the knowledge they had stumbled upon, slender though it was.

## II.

On the outer fringes of civilization gambling is regarded not as a vice, but as a necessity. It supplies the lack of all those things in which a man seeks mental diversion—books, the theater, social functions. It is not a good substitute for these, perhaps, but it is the only one available. In remote camps the post office might be dispensed with; not the faro bank. This is so well recognized

that to this day the games are regularly licensed and legitimatized in Arizona, New Mexico, and Idaho, and were legal in Montana up to 1897.

In the old days every one "played bank." The mine owner touched elbows with his employee; the table epitomized the perfect democracy of the frontier. It was, in a way, a nursery of heroism, for the game fostered that large faith in chance without which the West would not have been won; it taught men to be good losers, and the man who impassively stakes his last dollar on the turn of a card will, if need be, stake his life as coolly. Such men were needed to mark the trails, hold the ranges, and turn water upon the wastes for their less strenuous successors.

If an ethical question was involved, it was not recognized. You must not preach the immorality of chance to the man whose business compels the daily hazard of his existence.

Mining was a matter of luck; it required luck as well as hardihood to follow the Arizona trail; the stockman staked his herds against the ever present contingencies of drought and rustlers. If Providence could reveal the pay streak, turn the Apache's bullet, send rain, or hang the rustlers, Providence could also make the ace of clubs come up a winning card.

The men who ran the games were "square" gamblers. They frequently held the highest office in the gift of the community. They were scrupulously honest, and, in a rude way, chivalrous, being ready at any time to stake their entire capital against its equivalent, as a point of honor. They fought battles royal, one against the other, and yesterday's magnate might be found today dealing for wages the game of his conqueror.

Therefore faro was an institution; its only rival, and that a feeble one, was stud poker. Draw poker never had any popularity in the West as an open game.

No notice was taken of the soldier's entrance into the game at the O. K. He played through the deal with varying success, and when the cards were out, was perhaps a hundred dollars ahead.

While the dealer was shuffling, another player thrust himself in at the soldier's elbow with a rudeness that did not pass unnoticed by some of the bystanders, though the man he jostled was so absorbed in placing his chips upon the layout that if he remarked the offensive violence of the newcomer at all, he ascribed it to accident, and did not look up. Those who saw the incident and knew the man found a new interest in the game, for Rebel Jones was a character in his way.

At the close of the Civil War, Arizona and Southern California afforded refuge to not a few bushwhackers and guerrillas who feared the vengeance of the government. Some of Quantrell's men are living there still, and there is a well authenticated tradition that in the seventies Jesse James found sanctuary at a ranch on the edge of the desert.

The bulk of the white population was of Southern origin and sympathized with those who had supported the Lost Cause, but this did not prevent them from hanging the ex guerrillas when the latter needed it. Nevertheless, feuds engendered by the late conflict often led to bloodshed, and politics was not a safe topic to introduce in mixed company.

Rebel Jones had been one of Quantrell's band, and was unreconstructed to a degree. It was his boast that he had never surrendered, and his hatred of the government, born of ante bellum outrages and reprisals along the Kansas border, had become a mania. The sight of a blue uniform affected him as a red rag affects a bull. A bully and a braggart, he was also a dangerous man, having the blind courage of a wild hog—a combination that is not so rare as is sometimes supposed.

He owned a horse ranch in Nigger Canyon, and visited San Bernardino periodically to drink, gamble, and generally to fight.

As the game proceeded, the ex guerrilla found a harmless expression of his enmity in "coppering" the soldier's bets—that is, upon whatever card the latter staked his chips to win, he staked his to lose. It was a form of play common enough, especially when persistent bad luck seemed to follow the man against whose judgment the bets were laid. But there was a certain contemptuous and vindictive insolence in Jones'

manner of placing his chips that boded trouble to all but their unconscious target.

The luck fluctuated, but at length the last yellow chip at the soldier's elbow was staked and lost. He had taken several drinks between deals, and was flushed with liquor and the excitement of gambling, which is like no other.

"Whar's the boss?" he asked.

The dealer nodded towards the man in the lookout chair.

"Can I see you a minute in private?"

The fellow climbed down and led the soldier to a rear room. They were absent about ten minutes, and when they emerged the proprietor bore the saddle bags, which he deposited in the safe.

"I reckon I'll sit in here," said the boss to the dealer, who instantly quitted his place.

The crowd pressed forward, for when Steve Murray dealt his own game high play was to be expected. The other players cashed in, with the exception of Rebel Jones.

"What do you want?" asked Murray.

"Let me have five hundred in yellows," answered the soldier. Then he asked:

"What's your limit?"

"The bridle's off to you, *amigo*," was the reply. "If the roof's too low, we'll have it taken off."

"Then just make that five hundred a thousand, in fifties," said the soldier.

"Thousand goes," returned the boss, shoving two stacks of yellow chips across the layout.

Then began a game that is still remembered in San Bernardino. There was not a sound to be heard excepting the rattle of the chips, the soft rustle and swish of the cards, the heavy breathing of the crowd, and the click of the case keeper's buttons on the frame.

Three times the soldier called for drinks, tossed them off, and resumed his play. Time and again he made drafts upon the bank, which were promptly honored, the last for five thousand dollars in chips at one hundred dollars each.

Rebel Jones had dropped out, a loser to the extent of five hundred dollars by an upward turn in the soldier's luck. He sat nursing his wrath beside the plunger.

The last and largest purchase of chips seemed to carry luck with it. The player had invested ten thousand dollars. The stacks in front of him grew until at least twice that sum was represented by the smooth ivory disks.

"Why don't the fool cash in?" growled Hike Random under his breath.

But there was still a stack of chips in the rack.

"When I git that I'll quit for tonight," said the soldier, breaking the silence for the first time in an hour.

Steve Murray shuffled the cards deftly. Upon his lean, large featured face there was not a trace of emotion. He might have been playing for marbles.

"All set?" he asked.

The soldier nodded.

When the deal was over the bank had recovered twenty five hundred dollars. Three more deals and the soldier rose from his chair.

"That'll do until next time," he said as coolly as if twenty thousand dollars had not gone out of his hands within the hour.

"All right," answered Murray, turning the deal box bottom up and rising.

"Drinks on the house, Jim," he called to the bartender.

As the crowd moved up to the bar Rebel Jones fell against the soldier and knocked the wind out of him with his elbow. It was deliberately done.

## III.

The soldier staggered sidewise, but recovered himself quickly. His eyes blazed with wrath, and, turning upon his hips, he drove his right fist with a solid spat full into the flushed and bloated face that leered aggressively into his own. At the same time he threw out his left arm to grip his assailant about the neck.

With a savage snarl, Rebel Jones wrenched himself free, and, as the soldier lurched against the bar, reached swiftly into the back of his shirt collar. There was a circular shimmer of steel towards the jugular vein of the man in blue, who threw his head over upon his shoulder to take the hack upon the jaw.

But the murderous slash was arrested just short of its mark by the interposi-

tion of a heavy bottle which old man Myers thrust forward. It crashed against the blade, and, dropping the broken neck, Myers seized Jones' wrist. A half turn under the powerful leverage of the extended arm, backed by the push of the shoulder and the lift of the ankle, and the three pound bowie knife clattered to the floor.

The crowd closed in on the struggling pair. Jones was a strong man, who had learned the possibilities of rough and tumble fighting at the head waters of the Arkansas; consequently, he employed methods which the law punishes as mayhem. So violent and sudden were the contortions and changes of base of the locked combatants, that it seemed impossible to seize or separate them.

A man entered from the street and elbowed his way through the spectators, who stood aside to give him passage as they recognized him. He was small, wiry, resolute, and held a revolver in his right hand at the level of his ear, muzzle up. It was Hank Wallace, the city marshal.

Quick as a cat, he leaped upon the fighters, and the barrel of the heavy Colt came down with a loud smack upon the bald crown of Rebel Jones, cutting the scalp and blinding him with blood. Yet he held on like a bulldog until a second blow transformed him instantly to a dead weight in the arms of his antagonist, who released him just in time to escape a third blow, aimed at his own head.

"Hold on, Hank," cried half a dozen voices in protest. "The old man is all right."

The marshal knelt beside the prostrate Jones and slapped him about the hips and breast. The search was fruitless.

"Here's his bowie," said Hike Random, tendering it hilt first. The officer passed it to the bartender.

"Just hang on to it, Jim, until it's wanted," he remarked. "Now, how did the play come up?"

He addressed the bystanders generally, and while explanations were in progress assured himself by a superficial examination that Rebel Jones had suffered only temporary damage. When the hazy facts were being clarified by the connected statement of old man Myers, he got to his feet and addressed the soldier, whom events had appreciably sobered.

"I ain't sayin'," he said, "that you was lookin' for no trouble, an' that the old man's narrative ain't frozen truth; but you're old enough to know that when a gent goes on a high lonesome in a strange camp it don't pay to be too tumultoous, as it were. A man that can't hold his likker an' his tongue simultaneous won't last long in this country. Sabe?

"As for this gent"—he bent a severe look upon the quiescent Jones—"he's a different proposition. If there's any law on the statoot books of the State of Californy against assault with deadly weepons with intent to kill, I propose to see it enforced. He's been too permiscuous around here for a long time, an' I shore despises a man that packs a knife anyhow. Some of you gents get him onto his feet—he's comin' round now—an' I'll take him over to the calaboose. You, Sandy, rustle up Doc Riley an' tell him to come over, too. I reckon a little plain sewin' will fix him up good as new—an' that ain't so dern good, neither."

After notifying old man Myers, the soldier, and several witnesses to the affair to be on hand at his office at nine, the marshal led his prisoner to the city jail, which was located in the basement of the county court house, a few squares distant from the O. K., and there locked him up in the presence of a crowd of followers.

At the saloon there had been a general thinning out, now that the excitement was over. Myers and his partner joined the soldier in several more drinks, for the latter recognized his obligation, and hinted of a glittering requital, which Myers, shrewdly aware of the form it might take, did not deprecate.

Meantime, a conversation was being carried on in low tones in the alley back of the O. K. saloon by three men who had been present throughout the game and the subsequent affray, and who had slunk out at the heels of the marshal after exchanging covert glances.

The trio were in the shadow of the abstract office, against which they leaned, and as they talked the noisy

and boisterous wit and laughter of the crowd around the door of the city jail floated to their ears. They glanced frequently in the direction from which the sounds came, although intervening buildings shut out the court house.

"This yere," growled a hoarse voice in the darkness, "is plumb foolishness. Jones shouldn't have done it. He never could carry his likker like a white man, anyhow."

"Wal, he's slung away his chance," said another voice, bearing a sort of family resemblance to the first. "Hit 'pears to me the question is, can we'uns find anybody to take his place?"

"This talk is no good," answered a third voice of finer timbre. "We cannot spare Jones, and if we could, he knows too much to be excluded from the game. If we do not help him, he is capable of spoiling everything—you know how pigheaded and obstinate he is. He will look to us to get him out of trouble, and if we fail, we must give up the job and hit the trail."

"If he goes back on us," growled the first voice, "I'll put his light out, if I have to camp on his trail from here to the Dalles."

The second voice also growled again, this time in assent.

"Oh, be reasonable, Pete," remonstrated the third speaker. "You'd feel the same way yourself, either of you, if the rest of the boys froze you out and left you in a hole. Besides, we need him. This job wants five men to be safe, and Cholo can't hang around here waiting while we pick up another, after what's happened."

"Wal, what's to be done, then?" It was voice number one. "Wallace will sure push the case all he knows how, an' ole man Myers won't hear reason. We kain't git him out of the calaboose without wakin' the hull camp an' gittin' into a fight."

"Now, you just leave it to me," said voice number three after a short silence, through which the clash of the jail door was audible. "I've got a pull with Judge Scower. I'll go down and roust him out—I know where he lives—and fix it so he'll either acquit Jones this morning"—it was after midnight now—"or if he can't do that, which he probably can't in the face of the evidence, he can bind him over to the Superior Court and take you two Nicholsons as bondsmen."

"But will he do that?"

"He'll just have to. I'll fork out fifty, and he can take that and accept your bonds, or refuse and see what happens. He knows well enough that I'm acquainted with his record up North, and can have him impeached any day."

"That's business," growled the other voices together.

"I thought you'd see it. Now I'll light out and fix the judge. You fellows better turn in; I'll let you know as soon as I get back if everything isn't all right."

The three separated, two going in one direction and the third in another.

In the O. K. saloon, whose back door opened into the alley just vacated by the trio, the partners were still in conversation with the soldier. The place, but for them, was nearly deserted, but they talked in the subdued tones which are habitual to the prospector and miner, whose ways are secret and solitary.

"I reckon I'll have to bunk up with you gents tonight," the soldier was saying. "The bank jist plumb cleaned me out."

"Sure," answered the old man. "We're camped over in the Lone Star corral, with feed an' grub a plenty."

"All right; I got blankets. Mebbe we better be movin'. You've stood by me tonight, an' it was the best thing you ever done for yourself. I'm goin' to let you into somethin' bigger than the Comstock."

The partners exchanged glances as they moved out behind the soldier, who said no more until, leading his neglected horse, he had followed them to a sparsely populated flat on the outskirts of the town.

"Now, listen," he resumed, coming close to them and laying his free hand upon the old man's arm impressively. "That dust I played in tonight ain't a drop of water in the ocean to what I can lay my hands on. You gents have done me a good turn, an' I may need you to git together an outfit. But to pay for it I'm a goin' to stake you to equal shares in the biggest bonanza on God Almighty's earth. Pard"—his voice

dropped to a tremulous whisper—" I've struck the Pegleg! "

## IV.

THE lost mines of the Southwest easily number a score. The story of each is either a single tragedy or a series of tragedies; some of these stories are much obscured by doubts and contradictions; others are as well authenticated as any matter of official record. And the most celebrated of these is the Pegleg.

Yet to one who does not know the Colorado desert as the lonely and taciturn prospector knows it, the history of this deposit is almost incredible.

Four times at least the Pegleg mine has been found and lost within the memory of living men. It is known to lie somewhere between the old Cariso stage station, under the shadow of Warner's Pass, and the sink of the Dead Sea at Salton.

Pegleg Smith, a trapper, struck it first in 1837, while attempting a short cut from the old trail between Yuma and Los Angeles to the Pass. In the gashed and desolate region which the Mexicans call *Malpai*, or bad lands, he climbed the loftiest of three desert peaks to regain his bearings, and while there picked up a handful of the red and black metal with which it was covered. Then he went his way.

Years afterwards, Pegleg lay sick in his cabin. Gold had long been discovered in California, and the doctor who attended the old trapper asked him how it was that in all his trips in the early days before the Gringo came, he had failed to discover the existence of the precious metal in the river sands and on the hillsides.

Pegleg didn't know. He had found a sort of a mine once—a great hill of stuff that looked a little like slag on the top where the sun had burned it, but was red underneath, and solid metal; some sort of copper, he reckoned. It was on the desert. Reckoned he had some of it in the wickiup now, up there on that shelf; kept it as a sort of curiosity; didn't know but he might try running some bullets out of it some time if his lead gave out.

The doctor took a handful of the stuff to the door and blew the dust off. Then he went white, cut into a piece with his knife, bit it, and, turning to his patient, cried fiercely:

" Good God, you fool, it's pure gold! "

He spoke the truth. But the excitement of the discovery—for Pegleg asserted that he could go straight back to the three peaks—coupled with the illness under which he already labored, brought on brain fever, delirium, and death.

The doctor took the trail then, prospected for years, and died a disheartened wreck before his time. Others continued the quest. Some died in the desert of thirst and starvation; some abandoned the search with broken health and unsatisfied longings that burned life out of them.

Then, years later, a Soboba squaw from the reservation on the slope of the San Jacinto range found the mine again. With her buck, she was on the way to the *Agua Caliente*, the hot springs sanitarium of the Southwestern Indians, which lies on the right bank of the Colorado under the Cucupa range, below the Mexican line. A sandstorm drove them into the Malpai tract, and, perishing of thirst, they climbed an eminence from which they saw the smoke of the construction engine which had pushed the Southern Pacific Railroad as far as Salton, towards the Windy Pass of San Gorgonio.

Hours later, the squaw crawled out of the blinding glare of the sun and the furnace heat of the salt plain into the shadow of the locomotive. Somewhere back on the trail the buck lay dead of thirst.

The train crew soaked her in water and then gave her to drink; in return she presented them with curious, black topped, copper hued nuggets.

In answer to their eager questions, she flung her open palm towards the shimmering South and huskily grunted:

" *Trois Picachos!* "

Which means " Three Peaks." But as she recovered she lapsed into the sullen formula: " No sabe."

For there are two things that a Southwestern Indian will not show to a white man, and these are gold and water. That night the squaw stole away.

Next, a hard riding, monte playing vaquero employed on Warner's ranch found the marvelous placer, and had what he considered a good time for about a year. Mexicans don't record claims, and this one merely used his as a bank.

Every two months or so he mounted a swift horse, left the ranch, and was back within a certain time with five or six thousand dollars in Pegleg nuggets and coarse gold, which he deposited with the storekeeper. He was followed, but always baffled pursuit in the Malpai country.

But one night another Mexican pushed his knife upward through the vaquero's heart with an underhand thrust and a lateral play of edge and point, as is the custom of those people. The surviving relatives divided what was left of the last "clean up"—something over three thousand dollars—and the storekeeper closed up his business, bought a string of burros, and added one more victim to the Pegleg's list, a list which no man may read until the desert, like the sea which once covered it, gives up its dead.

Such are a few of the known facts concerning the mine the soldier had relocated. Old man Myers and his partner took him to the corral. There he told his story.

It was a repetition of the experience of Pegleg Smith, with the difference that the soldier knew what he had found. Trying to reach Warner's Pass by a short cut, he had lost his way in the bad lands, and ascended a little hill to recover his bearings. Half way up, he discovered that he was upon the Pegleg.

It was easy to see his way out from the top, he explained, and, having gathered all the gold he dared burden himself with, he came on to San Bernardino as swiftly as his jaded horse could travel. Here he proposed to outfit and return to the find.

"There's *oro fino* enough on that hill," he declared, "to make Vanderbilt look like a beggar. You can shovel it up by the wagon load. On top it looks just like the stones on a mesa, where the sun has burned them nigger black, so unless you picked it up you maybe wouldn't know it from stones. Why, there's millions in sight, just waitin' to be sacked and shipped straight to the mint—enough, I reckon, to make a regiment of millionaires."

"That's whar them 'Paches got their gold for runnin' bullets, I reckon," said old man Myers.

It is a fact that bullets of pure gold have frequently been found in the skulls of dead animals along the Gila and the lower Colorado.

"Mebbe so," returned the other; "they could have kept a shot tower goin' full blast day an' night thar for years an' not run short of gold."

"How do you reckon the stuff come to be thar that a way?" asked Pete Random, who had been a rapt listener. The prospect—nay, the certainty—of this colossal fortune had thrown him into a kind of ecstatic trance.

"How does gold get anywhere?" The soldier's voice was sarcastic; he, too, had prospected. "Haven't they found placer gold at the top of old Baldy, up more'n ten thousand feet? 'Silver runs in veins, an' gold is where you find it.' That's true as gospel. It's enough for us that it's there."

"That's whatever," assented Myers approvingly. "But from what you've been tellin', I reckon that particular hill was jest pushed up through the crust o' the yearth some time from pressure 'way down stairs—mebbe a mile or two down—jest as if you'd stuck your thumb through a newspaper from underside—sabe? An' it lifted this yere gold on top of it from some bonanza deposit it struck on the way up."

"Yes, I reckon that's how it was," said the soldier. "But there's all sorts of theories. Once, I recollect, we was talkin' about the Pegleg in barracks—we was at Tucson then—an' one of the boys—the 'Paches got him afterwards—lots of book learnin' he had—he said he reckoned the Pegleg wasn't no mine at all, or even a pocket. He said if the stories about it was true, then the gold was put there by what he called human agency. When them Spaniards was raidin' Mexico, he reckoned, the medicine men of them ole Aztecs jest loaded pack trains with gold and took it north to the Malpai country to save it from the Dagoes. They wouldn't never touch it afterwards, because they was most of 'em dead an' the rest was slaves."

"That's mebbe so," said Myers, lighting a pipe. "But now, how about outfittin'? We can't start anyhow till after this yere Rebel Jones business is over with. If we try it, they'll put us under bonds for witnesses, so we've time a plenty."

They discussed plans until the night was far spent, when they rolled up in their separate blankets to sleep or, as in Random's case, to lie awake and dream of fabulous wealth. The soldier dreamed, too. His slumbers were troubled with a curious vision.

He stood in a great waste beside a golden stream; a terrible thirst was upon him that only the liquid gold could assuage, but whenever he lifted it to his lips it turned to ashes in his mouth and choked him until he cried out in an agony of drought; and in so doing awoke. It was broad daylight.

"Lord, I thought I had 'em!" he muttered, and proceeded to revive himself with a long draft from a bottle which his foresight had provided against a repentant morning.

At ten o'clock Rebel Jones was arraigned before Justice Scower, and the hearing set for the following Thursday, which was a week off. Meantime he was released under bonds in the sum of five hundred dollars, furnished by Pete Nicholson and Ed Nicholson, two gentlemen who were compelled to affix their marks to the documents, and whose joint belongings probably aggregated half the sum called for by the bond—and that in horseflesh, saddlery, and weapons.

## V.

Among his mother's people he was known as Juan Bat'hurst. Among his father's, from Ensenada to San José, he was hailed as Cholo Jack.

He was tall, slender, and darkly handsome, with flashing teeth and a black mustache. He was somewhat theatrical in his dress, and affected a cherry red neckerchief that set off the brown clarity of his complexion marvelously. The treble cord of his sombrero, his spurs and horse jewelry, and the plating of his weapons were all of silver; he rode like a centaur, handled his six shooter like an American, and could pin a playing card to a tree at twenty feet with an underhand fling of his short, heavy knife.

These accomplishments were part of his inheritance.

When he swaggered through the Spanish quarter of San Bernardino, the old people who stood in the doorways lowered their eyes or spat upon the ground as he passed, crossing themselves and piously devoting him to the devil whom he served. The fear and detestation with which he was regarded in his birthplace, so far from annoying him, tickled his inordinate vanity. He showed his white teeth as he smiled over his shoulder at the girls who glanced at him furtively and with quickened heart beats when he lounged by, his silver spurs tinkling and the hot sunlight of the lazy South twinkling from his accouterments with dazzling brilliancy.

He dealt faro or monte with equal facility when he cared to work, which was seldom. He appeared and disappeared with suspicious abruptness and irregularities, and rode superior horseflesh, which changed with his comings and goings.

The padre eyed him sternly—none the less sternly that he affected a mocking deference towards the old man, in which the mockery was so subtle and so wholly overlaid by elaborate formality that it could no more be seized upon than a drop of quicksilver, escaped from the flask, can be caught up by the hand.

That he was bad no one doubted but the one who should have doubted most, as having most at stake.

"My daughter," said the padre to Chiquita Morales, "beware of that man. Avoid him as you would avoid a rattlesnake or a deadly sin. He is everything that is evil, and if you listen to him he will drag you into the pit of the enemy of mankind."

Chiquita was seventeen, a child in experience and a woman in instincts and emotions. She was a beauty in which the Mexican type was augmented by something high bred and wilful in the fine chiseling of the sensitive nose, the lift of the black penciled eyebrows, and the arch of the perfect instep. Her complexion was creamy, and mantled with the passionate blood of the South; her lips were full and red, her eyes a liquid

brown. She was tall, deep bosomed, and lissome as a lily stalk.

She lived with her mother and her grandmother, who clung tenaciously to a tradition of family greatness antedating the advent of the Gringo, and in their scrimped and threadbare poverty maintained their pretensions by a thousand feminine shifts and petty self deceptions that were at once futile and pathetic.

They were so wrapped about in the shreds and tatters of a vanished pomp that the gossip of the fountain never reached them. That a daughter of their line—a line that for a century lorded it over a hundred thousand cattle dotted acres—would stoop to receive the addresses of one so immeasurably below her caste as Juan Ramirez was in their eyes an impossibility. Therefore it was not to be thought of.

So wholly did they dwell in the past—the past that was before the Gringo lawyers at San Francisco tinkered the Morales grants, thereby dispossessing and impoverishing them—that the hints which won through the barriers of their exclusiveness fell upon deaf ears. The good padre half determined to speak out, but he waited too long.

One night Chiquita disappeared. There was a tremendous buzzing and gesticulating about the fountain next morning; not a little laughter, also, for the haughtiness of the Morales had not failed to awaken enmity in some quarters, and the downfall of the high is pregnant with mirth the world over.

Cholo Jack was missing, too, of course. It was quickly learned that the pair had taken the trail for Los Angeles, some sixty miles to westward. The priest called upon the stricken family to condole and advise.

He found the mother and grandmother courteously solicitous concerning his own failing health, but absolutely dumb touching their own grief, which had congealed. Vainly he remonstrated with them upon this unnatural attitude. They had no such granddaughter, no such daughter; if she had existed, she was dead and their sorrow was sacred, even from the padre.

The priest went away much grieved. Chiquita had been, and was, a favorite of his. He believed he had sufficient influence—nay, power, if need were—to compel Juan Bat'hurst to right the wrong, so far as the church could right it. So he ordered Pedro to saddle the old white mare, and, crowding a few necessaries into his saddle bags, set out, with a sad and troubled heart, for the City of the Angels.

To give the devil his due, Cholo Jack fulfilled his promise of marriage when Los Angeles was reached. They made the trip in fifteen hours, and, everything being in readiness at the old plaza, the ceremony was gone through without unnecessary delay.

On the second day appeared the padre, who had no difficulty in locating the runaway couple at an American hotel.

Chiquita threw herself into the old man's arms and shed tears, which were mostly tears of happiness. She began to plead with him to intercede with her people for forgiveness.

Now, the priest, who was very gentle with the girl and tried hard to make the best of a bad enough matter, had it laid upon his conscience to examine the county records, in order that he might set all gossip at rest upon his return to San Bernardino.

This quest led him to the office of the county recorder. The volume he wanted was in use when he asked for it, the clerk pointing with the butt of his pen at a showily dressed woman of rather opulent charms who was poring over the pages with a knitted brow at an adjacent counter.

She was large, blond, and wore a great deal of jewelry. There was an expression about the jaw indicating firmness; the mouth was ample, red lipped, and rather humorous. As the priest took stock of these details, she looked up.

"Say, you!" she called to the clerk in a strong but not unpleasant voice.

"What is it, madam?" he asked, approaching briskly behind the counter.

"I want to know what kind of a lookin' man this Warn Bathearsed was, that took out a marriage license yesterday."

"A good lookin' gent," answered the clerk. "Mexican. So was the lady."

The brow knitted itself more deeply.

"You didn't notice, did ye," she said

slowly, "whether he sported a scar about here?"

She indicated the angle of the jaw with her gloved finger.

The clerk shook his head.

"Pardon me, mees," put in the priest with a bow, "I am acquaint' with the man. He has, as indicate', a scar."

"Thanks. That's what I was wantin' to know. I spotted him from the hotel winder in the plaza this mornin', an' knew it was him. They told me he jest got married, an' I reckoned I'd make sure." She turned to the clerk: "Now, young man, you jest p'int out the sheriff's office, an' I'll be movin'."

She shut the book with a slam, and, gathering up her voluminous skirts, stood waiting. The priest had a vague foreboding of trouble. He half guessed the truth.

"Again your pardon," he murmured with another bow, "but will you permit that I inquire if anythin' ees wrong? The young lady he have marry ees one of my charge, and I am, in a way, a witness of that marriage."

The woman looked at him in doubt for a moment, then opened her purse and, producing a card, handed it to him.

"That's me," she exclaimed with an explanatory gesture towards the square of pasteboard which he was adjusting his spectacles to read. "That's me. Mrs. Warn Ramirez that is, Mrs. Hannibal Geddings that was. I run the Geddings House up at Salinas. An' two years ago, bein' a widder by reason of Hannibal monkeyin' with a kag of blastin' powder —which he would go into quartz minin' —I married this Mexican scoundrel that calls himself Warn Bathearsed."

The priest gave a little gasp, but recovered himself.

"If this is true, it is terrible," he groaned. "What will you do?"

"Jail him for bigamy, if there's any law in the State of Californey in such case made an' provided," she answered promptly. "Now, young man, show me the sheriff's office, an' be quick about it. I'll have a warrant out in two shakes."

The priest stood irresolute for a minute, and then, following the woman out, hurried quickly to the hotel in the plaza.

He had no purpose; he would form one as events shaped themselves. His sole instinct was to protect Chiquita. She met him at the door; she had been crying.

"Oh, padre, padre," and she sobbed afresh, "he is gone—he is gone."

"Where?" the priest gasped.

"To Yuma. Something has happened. He would not tell me what. I am to await him here."

"You must return with me at once to San Bernardino."

"I cannot! I will not!"

The priest studied her face in silent sorrow, and, with a sigh, laid his hand upon her head and passed out.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE PRAISE OF HOPE.

Believe me, truly 'twas not I
  Who sang that hope did ever seem
  Like saddest singing in a dream—
Believe me, truly 'twas not I,
Because for me the song of hope
  Is bright as harp tones of Apollo;
I hear it up life's laureled slope:
  "Oh, follow, follow, follow!"

Believe me, truly 'twas not I
  Who sang that hope did ever seem
  Like faded flowers in a dream—
Beileve me, truly 'twas not I,
Because for me the flower of hope
  Blooms on each hill and down each hollow,
And lured by fragrance up life's slope
  I follow, follow, follow!

*Clarence Urmy.*

# New York's Water Front.

*BY ANNE O'HAGAN.*

THE INTERESTING AND CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE GREATEST AND MOST PICTURESQUE OF AMERICAN PORTS, AS THEY APPEAR TO AN OBSERVANT TRAVELER ALONG THE RIVERS THAT SURROUND NEW YORK.

TO most of the world, eyes are not unlike satchels or railroad tickets—admirable adjuncts to a journey. When one has traversed half a continent for a view, it is permissible to use them to discover it; but to waste them on the views that lie about one in the place where one earns a living and passes three hundred and fifty days a year—that would be absurd. This reserving of the actually perceiving eye for foreign uses has gradually led to the assumption that scenery is never a home product. And very good Americans would protest if they were assured that there are more wonderful "marines" about New York City than Venice herself could show; they would stand incredulous to hear that scenes as dramatic were enacted, and life as strange was lived, along the water fronts of the big city as any that ever made young hearts palpitate or young hair rise in Dickens' stories.

It would be strange if this were not so. No other city is so placed. New York fronts a great bay—two great bays, opening one from the other like the corona of a flower from its calyx. It is girded about by streams—one, a majestic, slow moving river, making its unhurried way to the sea beside a great wall of gray rock; another, a brisk, current troubled, boat fretted passage between cities; still others, little rivulets where minnows might dart in the shadows of low growing bushes. In all, New York has nearly a hundred and forty miles of water front.

Come out to the bay early in the morning. How many navies could it hold between its misty shores? It stretches away from the tower and chimney crowded point of land which is the southern extremity of the city, off to a wooded island. Beyond, below the Narrows, it makes a wider curve. Low lying shores, scarcely discernible until the sun has burned away the vapor, inclose it; there are small islands in the cup shaped expanse of waters—small official islands known to the incoming tourist or the home coming American as spots where he is likely to be held up if there has been rumor of plague or pestilence in the places whence he comes.

### THE UPPER BAY AND ITS ISLANDS.

The Upper Bay is rather crowded. Liberty, looming large and ghostlike through the early morning light, is the most conspicuous of its holdings. Behind her, the New Jersey shore makes a protecting curve, holding her within it. Even when the full light has triumphed over the vaporous dawn she is dim. Her bronze robe is growing gray and green with years and brine and salt air.

Here also is Governor's Island, a stone's throw from the Battery Park. It is a green little mound, with a gray stone sea wall. On it a primitive fort turns cannon loopholes out to sea in amusing menace. The round, brick castle, rising rustily from the greensward, is somehow a joke, such a little David it would be if a great Goliath of a modern war vessel should ever get within firing distance of it. The barracks and the officers' houses rise in hideous geometrical exactness. A bayonet catches the sunlight and draws the eyes, and one sees a sentry walking the sea wall with an automatic motion of his knees. It is like a toy fort, with toy houses and toy soldiers, that one might buy in a neat box and give to a warlike child at Christmas.

On another island in the Upper Bay is

a modern monstrosity of a building—all cold gray stone, cut so as to accentuate the coldness. This is Ellis Island, and in the gray institution—no delicate mist could ever veil it so as to make it seem anything else than an institution—immigrants are received and their credentials examined before they are sent over to the office at Battery Park, which is to them the portal to America—to the tenements of the cities, the farm lands of the West, to the factories and the hoarding and the slaving.

Out in the Upper Bay, too, one sees strange craft gathered. Often there are

AT THE SOUTHERNMOST POINT OF MANHATTAN ISLAND—BATTERY PARK, AND ITS VIEW OF THE UPPER BAY.

half a dozen tramp steamers, or even more, lying there, their hulls, black or dull red, lifted high out of the water, waiting for cargoes to weigh them down again. Their smoke stacks are dingy, their dull sides a mockery to the spick and span, scoured and painted steamships of the regular lines which leave their duly appointed docks and make a brave showing as they plow seaward. About the tramps, lying idle in the bay and anchored fast, the tugs buzz insistently. The passengers of the excursion boats and the Staten Island ferry scan them closely, striving to read the names lettered on their sides or bows. They make docks as docks are offered to them; they load again with whatever merchandise they wish to carry back to Argentina or New Brunswick or whatever the place for which they are bound. They have a half pathetic interest, if one is sentimental. They are the poor connections of the proud line of "ocean greyhounds"; they are, somehow, in their homelessness near a whole city full of dock homes, half way descendants of the pirates; they are drifting derelictwards, and, for all their great bulk as they lie half way out of the blue water, they are pitiful things. Homelessness will be pathetic, even in ships.

The times when the bay should be the goal of the painter who has marine aspirations, and who generally takes his kit to Venice, are three. In the morning, when everything is pearl and amethyst through mists that the sun soon drinks up; when the little sailboats are floating dreams, and the big tramps are German ogres of the ocean; when the tall buildings crowding back of the Battery Green are visions of a heavenly city sort, and the dim, stately Liberty is the divinity of it all. Or, again, at a clear sunset time, when the oil works at the outer end of the curve of the Jersey shore are permitted by the inconsistent powers to be a factor of beauty; when

ON THE HARLEM RIVER — "RHYTHMICALLY AND SWIFTLY THE BOATS GLIDE UP STREAM AND DOWN."

they send across the sky long streamers of smoke to be colored with rose and violet and primrose; or, finally, at night.

At night the sky is a great inverted flower—blue, powdered with yellow dust; it bends down embracing with a sort of wide tenderness the waters and the lighted shores and those who look up at it. The yellow dust from the star stamens of the great blue flower is wreathed in wonderful patterns, as though it were through the intricacy of a dance that it had been flung. On the blue water, rising as though to kiss the bending night blue sky, myriads more of lights, luminous as the stars, move through other intricate mazes. From the darkness of the shores, innumerable lights glow steadily. Green and rose, the lights on little anchored vessels bob with the rising and sinking waters. The Goddess is a shadow with one straight line of silver falling on one side of her and out across the water. Depth on depth of blue, luster on luster of star and of earth born light —that is the bay at night.

### ALONG THE EAST RIVER.

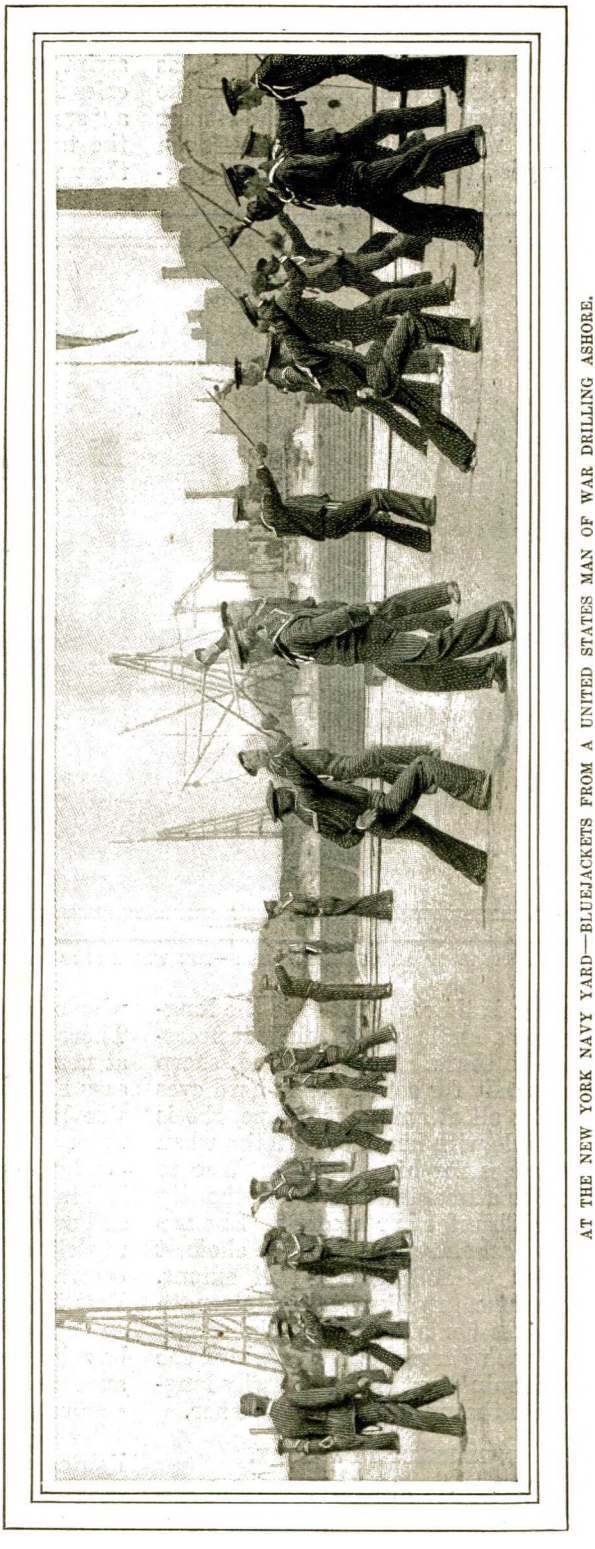
Leaving the bay, one may go up the East River. To do this he will pass under the Brooklyn Bridge, which unites the two cities at a point very little east of the emptying of the river into the bay. Now that Brooklyn is to be connected with New York at other points higher up than the present bridge, and by bridges less beautiful, it may be permitted to rhapsodize over it. From either the river or the bay its stone columns are incomparably lovely. At night, when they are barely suggested as solider darkness against the intangible darkness of the air and the water, when there are moving river lights beneath them, they are of dream-like beauty. In spite of their strength, they have all the grace of delicate things, and were it not for the almost universal practice of using one's eyes to discover beauty only away from home, it would seem that there would be nightly parties down the river to see the mid air marvel of the bridge.

Along the East River in New York the scenes are perhaps a little more picturesque than along the North River, at the opposite side of the city. From the North River piers the great liners go out abroad; from the East there are more steamers for home travel—steamers that go up the river and out into the Sound and on to New England ports; steamers for New Haven or Sag Harbor or Portland. They are poorer lines than those which have their well appointed docks and houses across the city. Their tickets are not sold in fine waiting rooms. A sort of box-like shed at the entrance to the long, darkish, tar and rope and brine smelling pier is the usual ticket office. Cabs and hansoms do not wait in obsequious certainty of fares outside their doors. Drays roll up

and there is much shouting. There are maledictions in divers tongues. There is the grinding sound of heavy wheels, the reverberating tossing of barrels and boxes to the ground. The picturesque longshoreman is here ready to do strange deeds with ropes and bales, and to perform great feats of strength, while the muscles in his arms knot beneath his blue flannel sleeves and whipcords come out upon his tanned forehead.

On the East River bank there are signs telling one that here one may sail, not only to New England and thence into King Edward's American domain, but also south into strange countries. Cuba and Porto Rico, Brazil and Venezuela, beckon by dingy little signs hung up on dingy little wharves. Southern produce is unloaded here. Sometimes the air is pungent with tobacco; sometimes great bunches of bananas, still in their pale green stage, are flung ashore. Now it is oranges that sweeten the breeze, though most of these come in on the other side of the city from the great transcontinental railways; and sometimes peppers, mangoes, and strange Southern pickles are unloaded.

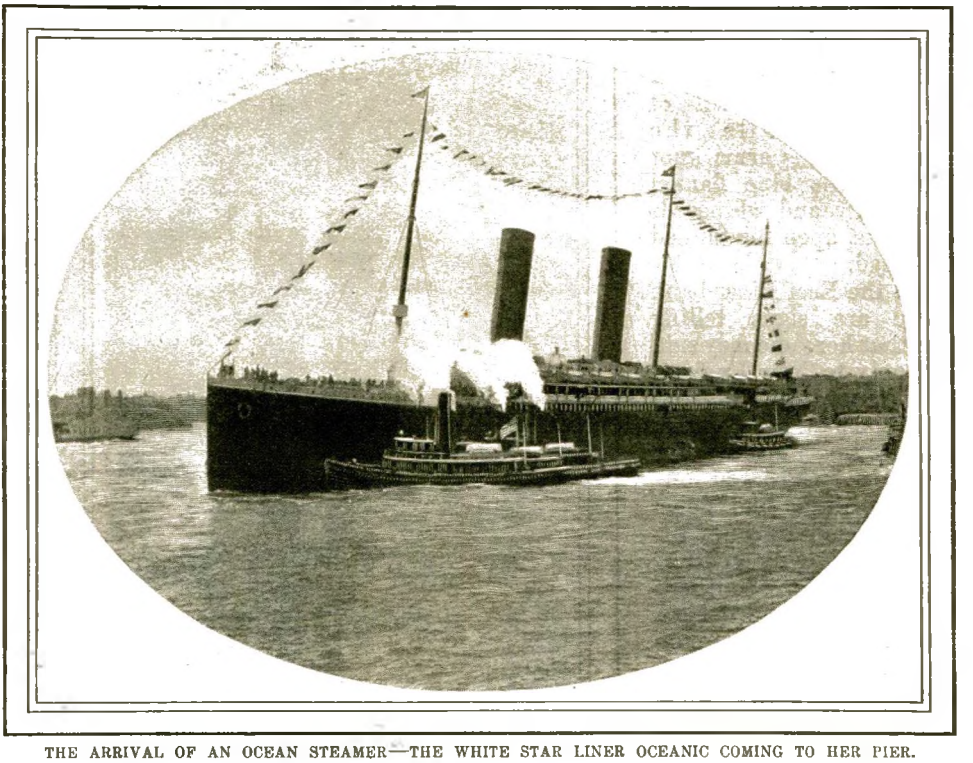
One of the most interesting sights that the water front holds is the hour when the longshoreman receives his pay. The longshoreman is generally a foreigner or a negro. He is generally also a person of strength, and he is not lacking in a rough picturesqueness. But if one may judge by pay day scenes,



AT THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD—BLUEJACKETS FROM A UNITED STATES MAN OF WAR DRILLING ASHORE.
*From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.*

he is not always a person of thrift and of exactest honesty.

The agent of the company which has employed him, often a young man at the other physical extreme from the laborer —slight, wiry, nervously alert—is on hand with the money. The large long-



THE ARRIVAL OF AN OCEAN STEAMER—THE WHITE STAR LINER OCEANIC COMING TO HER PIER.

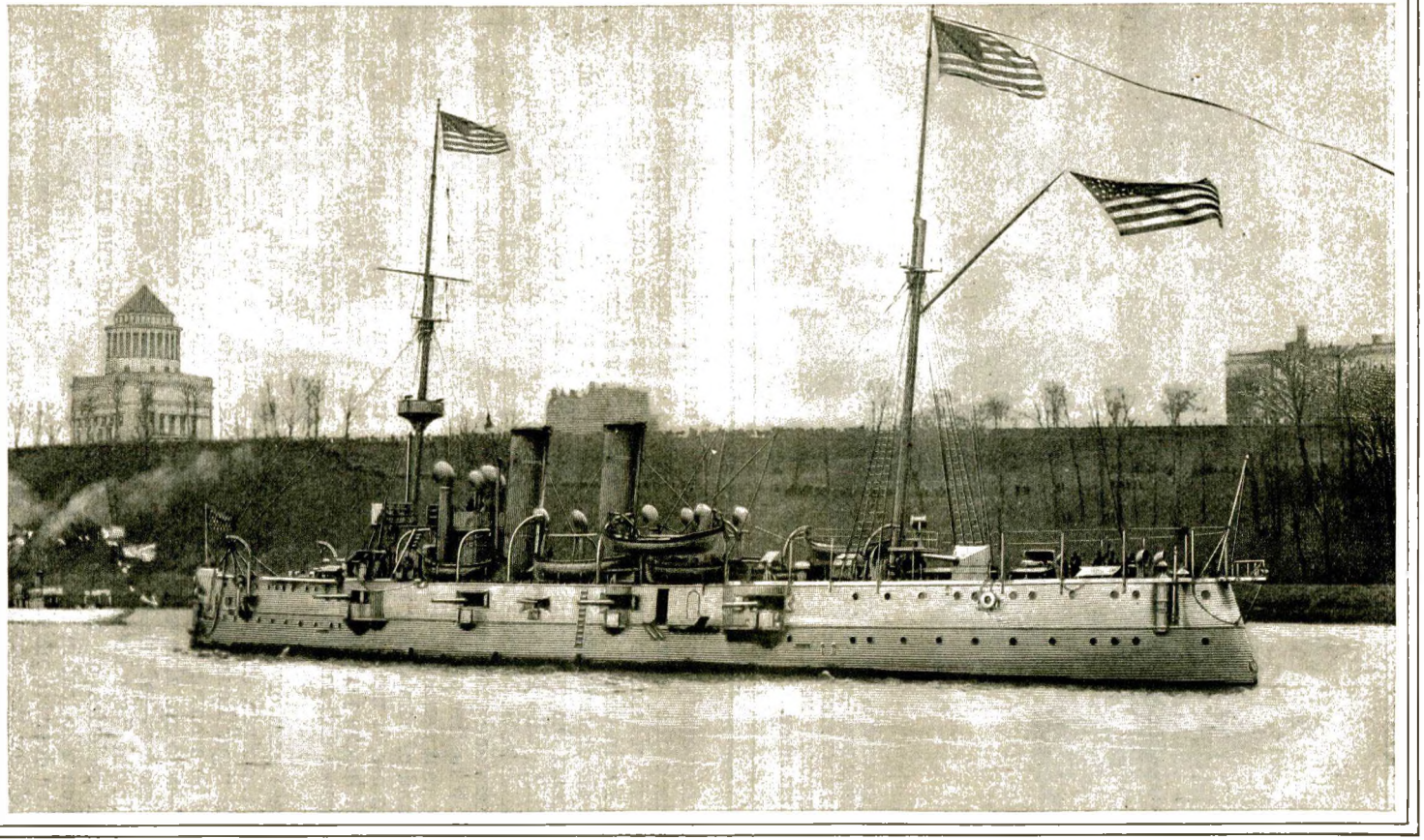
shoreman is there. And so is the long-shoreman's landlady. She finds it necessary to be there. Score in hand, sharp tongue ready for action, keen, hard eyes ready for all attempts at escape, she is side by side with her debtor victim when he advances for his earnings. Woe to him if he attempts to give her the slip or if he disputes her account. She has in her vocabulary probably the choicest collection of Billingsgate still extant. She has also a grip like steel, and strength that makes her a match for the strong man of the wharves. Black or white, she has determination, and it is a wily long-shoreman that manages to escape her.

### IN DARKEST NEW YORK.

The East River piers, from which boats go out to far ports, are bunched at the lower end of the city. Farther up there are a few ferry houses, a few nondescript piers, then warehouses and breweries in alternation, and here and there a "summer garden." In some localities the tenements come almost straight to the water's edge, and there are "gangs" who occupy certain wharves at night. There are low drinking places scattered at near enough intervals to make it an easy matter for any member of a river-side band to quench his thirst at any time.

There are not very many places still left in New York in which it is not safe and even fairly comfortable for a woman to walk after nightfall if she is properly escorted. But there are parts of the East River shore where she would not be comfortable, even though she might be safe from any more desperate annoyance than that occasioned by jocular comment on her appearance.

The streets near the river are badly lighted. The piers are long shadows, reaching into the water. There are the gangs loafing about them. There are



THE NORTH RIVER, NEAR THE GRANT MONUMENT—A UNITED STATES MAN OF WAR (THE CRUISER RALEIGH) OFF THE RIVERSIDE PARK.

*From a photograph by Hemment, New York.*

THE STARTING OF AN EXCURSION BOAT—A CHARACTERISTIC SUMMER SCENE ON THE NEW YORK WATER FRONT.

stray loafers emerging from the saloons, which lack the cheerful glitter and brightness of similar resorts on the Bowery, for instance. The solitary men have an air of skulking along the dark, dirty street; the groups have the manner of those who intend to take up all the room there is. Occasionally a lonely cur appears and snarls or trots furtively along at a furtive owner's heels. If the sandbag, that gentle means of enforcing silence and of compelling philanthropy, is still in use, it must be in some of the dim, evil blocks just off the East River in the lower and middle section of the city.

In these unsavory regions, too, lying close to the river, there are gas houses. And the "gas house gangs" are supposed to be a terror to the law abiding citizens—who are always credited with being timorous—of their various regions. In the "gas house gangs"—the informal societies of tough and idle young men who loaf in the malodorous and rather deserted neighborhood—the police look for the committers of petty depredations—the breakers of windows, the slitters of awnings, the harassers of sidewalk merchants. And the more serious criminals, too—the robbers of tills, the incipient burglars, the bruisers and fighters—are sought in the membership of these gangs.

However, the whole stretch of the East River shore is not given over to the sway of the gang. There are, towards the northern end of it, green slopes which neither warehouse nor tenement has yet preempted. Here are gardens and picnic grounds. Old fashioned wooden houses, standing back among the trees on the slopes, have been converted by Teutonic thrift into restaurants where Teutonic delicacies are to be obtained. In the grounds are swings and merry go rounds, where the young may indulge in the fearful motions which seem to delight them, while there are also chairs and tables where the elders may seek in conversation and food pleasures suited to their age.

### ALONG THE HARLEM RIVER.

By and by the East River splits around a green promontory. There it is lost. It disappears to the right, if one is facing north, into Long Island Sound. To the left, the Harlem River begins to wind its narrow, tortuous way.

If the Harlem, which curves northwest from the East River until it finds itself in turn subdivided into a couple of creeks, had been preserved for pleasuring, it would have been charming. On one side, the eastern, the banks rise steep and wooded. On the other they vary—here are broad, sedgy flats, there cliffs with noisy "resorts" perched perilously nor may the plebeian hansom roll its obviously hired wheels along the drive.

In spite of its exclusions, however, the Speedway is a piece of the water front of New York in which the city may justly glory. The narrow, sinuous river flashing its blue between the drive and the wooded heights opposite, the bridges spanning it here and there, the boats

ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE —A SUMMER MORNING SCENE ON THE BRIDGE PROMENADE.

upon them. Along its western bank there are a few miles of the most perfect drive to be found within the limits of New York. The Speedway, as the grumbling papers never cease to tell, cost four millions of dollars. It is an incomparable stretch for driving; there is a pedestrian path beside it where the humblest may watch the stepping of the costliest horseflesh, the glitter of varnish and nickel on the most gorgeous of traps. Here no bicycle may enter, darting up it—all these make a lovely picture, never lovelier than when the leaves are gold and russet and the autumn haze is making distances blue.

Along the Harlem, which, in spite of the dredging machines that disfigured it, is the best rowing place anywhere near New York, are numerous boat houses. Every Saturday and Sunday afternoon, from early spring until late in the fall, the long, bladelike practice shells are out, manned by

rowers in outré attire. Rhythmically and swiftly the boats glide up stream and down. Sometimes a solitary rower is out for practice in a cedar craft that seems like some gigantic, varnished pod, so long and narrow is it. There are regattas, too, from time to time, when the boat house piazzas are crowded with bright dresses and parasols, and when the moving arms and blades that seem all one piece of mechanism move to the stimulus of feminine applause.

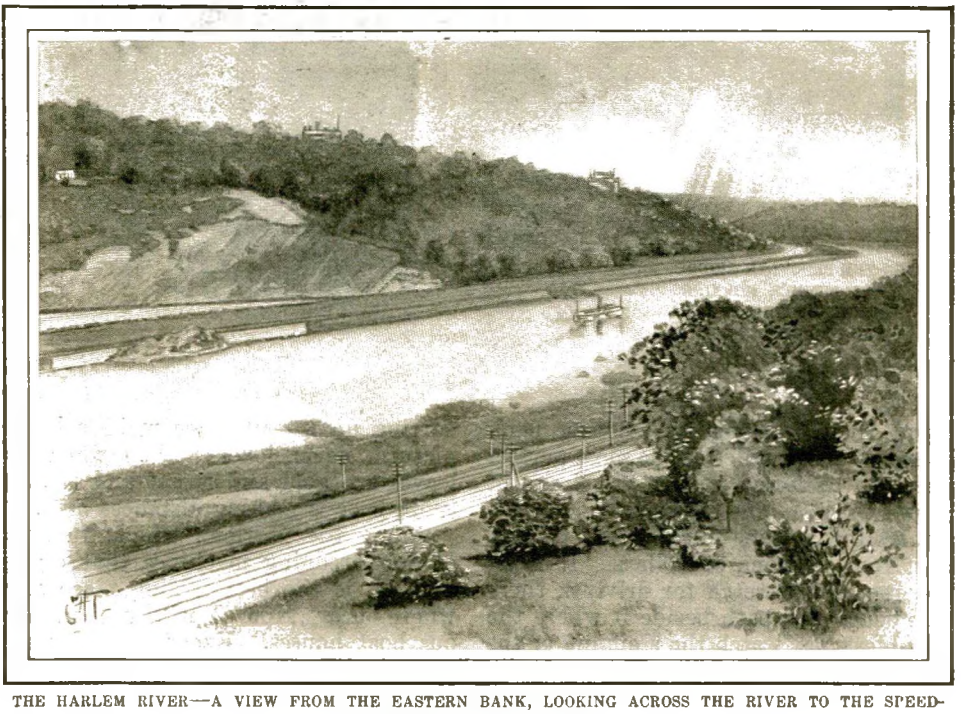
The crews which make a science of rowing are not the only rowers on the Harlem. All along it there are queer water resorts where boats are to let, or fish lines or bait. From these go forth all sorts of parties in all sorts of boats—the flat bottomed boat, which needs fresh paint and which calls for constant bailing, being the most frequent of the latter, while the former are very often boys who have scarcely graduated from the gamin class, and whose nautical knowledge is a perilously little thing.

Following the windings of the stream in one of these, passing a braying resort or two on the way, avoiding tugs and dredges, passing beneath three bridges, one comes out finally into Spuyten Duyvil Creek, which, joining the Hudson and the Harlem at the northern end of New York, makes it a complete island.

When one first comes into the pretty creek, one is delighted. The northern end of the island is high, so that all view of the towers and steeples and walls is cut off. There is a bank sloping gently down; there is a green, grassy marge to the placid little stream; there is a white farmhouse which might be miles away grazing at ease and giving the last touch of bucolic calm to the scene. A boat or two may be resting within the waters. Why, one asks, should such a gentle, harmless little stream ever have been vilified by such a name as "Spitting Devil"?

If he rows across it—as he surely will, tempted by its mild beauty—he will soon know. There is a railroad bridge over it into the Hudson. The full sweep of the water may bear the rower quietly out into the great river—and then he may try to get back!

The Spitting Devil is suddenly seen to deserve its name—or a much worse one. The currents are constantly



THE HARLEM RIVER—A VIEW FROM THE EASTERN BANK, LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER TO THE SPEEDWAY AND FORT GEORGE.

ON THE SOUTH BROOKLYN WATER FRONT—A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN EARLY SUMMER, WHEN THE RACING AND CRUISING YACHTS ARE BEING MADE READY FOR THE SEASON'S WORK.

changing at this northern end of the island, thanks to the making of a ship canal and the joining of many waters. But in addition to their variability, they are of exceeding strength. On the days when they permit an easy entrance from the sheltered, pool-like creek to the broad, smooth flowing river, they make slope and yet well above the river. Along this carriages roll, not to test the qualities of horses as on the Speedway, but to give their occupants a chance to breathe deep and to fill their eyes with peaceful beauty. Here bicyclists whirl, but not in hordes as on the cycle paths. Here are foot wanderers. Here the un-

ON ONE OF THE RECREATION PIERS—"IN THE SUMMER THEY ARE CROWDED WITH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THEIR NEIGHBORHOODS."

a return almost impossible. The rower must bend to his oars—sometimes he must even call to his aid the sturdy citizens who manage the draw—before he can induce the Spuyten Duyvil to let him return to its sheltered placidity.

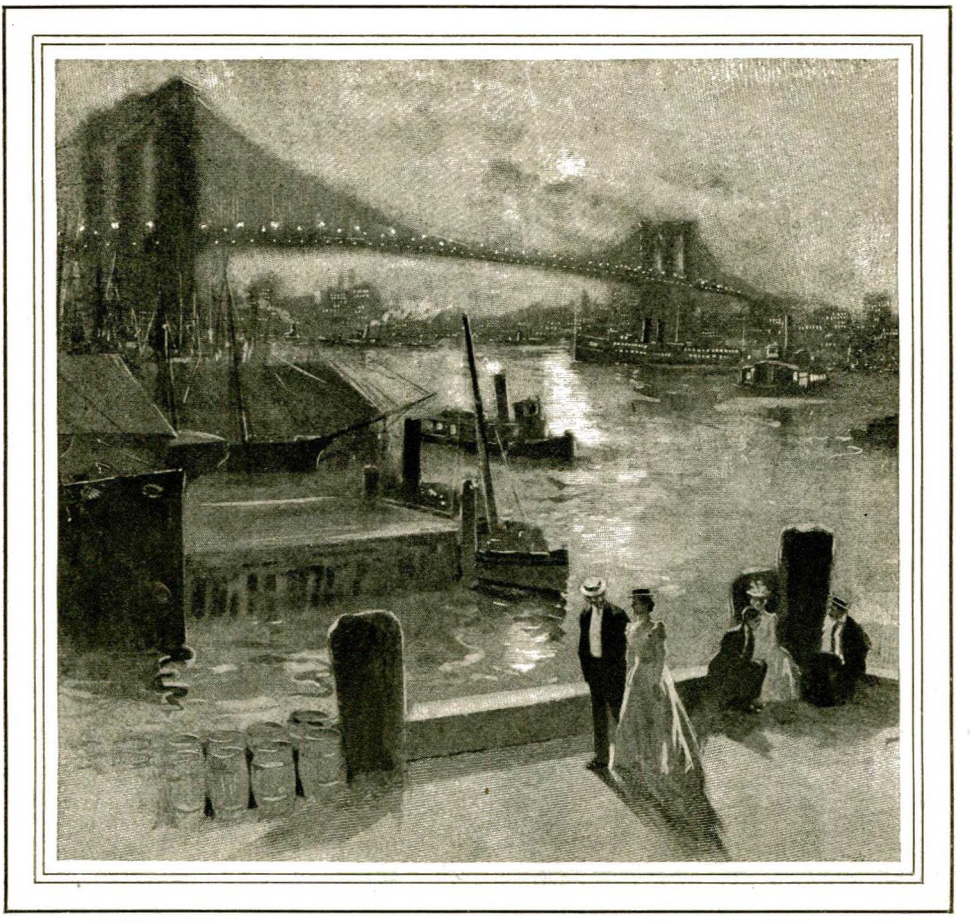
### NEW YORK'S NOBLEST RIVER.

The Hudson, or North River, is the aristocracy of New York's water fronts. When one first comes out of Spuyten Duyvil one sees a broad stream—majestic is not too large a word to apply to it—crowned on the farther side by great wooded cliffs that stretch north for miles. By and by one loses them in a bend far enough away to purple with distance. The New York shore is beautifully wooded for a long way down. Here is a boulevard at the foot of a trimmed grass shows red berry or goldenrod or wild rose in appointed seasons.

Farther down is Riverside Park, with Grant's Tomb crowning its topmost height. It is the most beautiful of water front parks, steep and diversified itself, looking across the broad water to other heights not yet spoiled by buildings. In the calm, wide river at this point are the water pageants. Hither come the ships, gay with bunting or with parti-colored lights at celebrations, to fire off salutes at the tomb of the hero. Here a stately steamer, making a dignified way north, or a trim and polished yacht, or occasionally a sailboat, frets the water now and then. But there is no hurry of traffic, no confusion of trade, in this calm part of the river.

Farther down town there are the

THE DEPARTURE OF AN OCEAN STEAMER—WAVING THE LAST FAREWELLS FROM THE END OF THE PIER.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT NIGHT, AS SEEN FROM A NEIGHBORING PIER ON THE EAST RIVER WATER FRONT.

homes of the great ocean going steamers, the ferries of great railroads, and much passing of boats. From half a dozen docks ships put out three times a week to make the five or six or eight day trip across the waste of waters. But there is nothing in all of this to suggest anything but the dignity and expensiveness of great commercial enterprises.

The Brooklyn water front, which also belongs to New York now, adds to the variety which the latter city may boast. Over there are great basins where the yachts that run the international races are docked. There are shipyards there, too, where half a hundred yachts, stripped of their canvas and roofed, with their booms for a ridge pole, lie in winter quarters. And there is the Navy Yard, where the visitor my see some of the ships and the men who uphold the honor of our flag in war and in peace on many seas.

More and more the tendency grows to make as much of the water front as trade and commerce can spare from their needs into playgrounds. Riverside Park, with its two and a half miles of beautiful roads looking towards the sunset, illustrates this. So does the old Battery Park, smiling perennially green welcome to newcomers. So do the recreation piers established within a few years along both river banks. These are fitted out with roofs and seats and are two storied. Bands play on them at appointed times. In the summer they are crowded with the women and children of their neighborhoods. The delight with which they are used by those for whom they were designed is a strong argument in favor of their increase.

# THE DAY OF THE MONITOR.

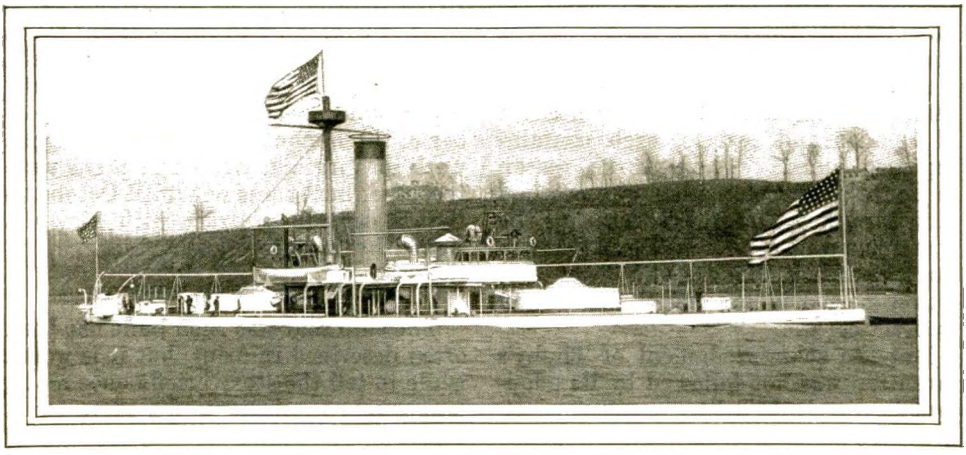
*BY JOHN R. SPEARS.*

HOW TIMBY'S INVENTION OF THE REVOLVING TURRET AND ERICSSON'S CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST TURRET SHIP REVOLUTIONIZED THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD, AND WHY THE MONITOR HAS BEEN SUPERSEDED BY THE BATTLESHIP.

WHEN Theodore R. Timby, a youth from the interior of New York State, was crossing New York harbor about sixty years ago, and the old round fort on Governor's Island caught his eye, there was born the idea that made the monitor the most effective fighting machine of its day, and that gave the modern battleship its tremendous striking power. Being a landsman, it did not at first occur to Timby to adapt his notion to the sea. It struck him that the fort would be vastly more effective if it could be revolved, so as to bring all its guns to bear, one after another, on an enemy's ship coming up the harbor. That was manifestly impossible with a stone structure, but he quickly conceived the plan of an iron tower, built to take the place of a fort, and revolving on a vertical axis.

Timby, who was then nineteen, made a model of ivory, four inches high and three inches in diameter, representing a permanent fort foundation, upon which rested a revolving tower, with a small central turret for a lookout. This model was completed in July, 1841. A year later he began the construction, at his home in Syracuse, of the working model of an iron revolving fort, which was completed in the spring of 1843, when he brought it to New York and exhibited it in a vacant lot at Liberty and Greenwich Streets. It attracted crowds of interested spectators, and was fully described in the New York newspapers at the time.

The working model was seven feet in diameter, and the tower was turned by either one of two engines of one horse power. It was fully demonstrated, at this time, that a tower could be built that would bring the heaviest guns then known to bear on a target in such swift succession that one could be fired every



THE UNITED STATES SHIP MIANTONOMOH, A DOUBLE TURRET MONITOR OF FOUR THOUSAND TONS, BUILT IN 1874, AND CARRYING TWO TEN INCH GUNS IN EACH TURRET.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Johnston, New York.*

second, and yet leave ample time for reloading.

### THE FIRST IDEA OF A TURRET SHIP.

His experimental success with a revolving land fort naturally led Timby to the idea of a floating battery with a revolving tower, for harbor defense. The first caveat and specifications were filed in the United States patent office on January 18, 1843. The invention was described as "a revolving metallic tower for a floating battery, to be propelled by steam." The practicability of Timby's invention was acknowledged by the Secretary of War and the chief of the Ordnance Bureau in 1848.

JOHN ERICSSON, THE SWEDISH AMERICAN ENGINEER WHO DESIGNED THE MONITOR, THE VESSEL THAT GAVE ITS NAME TO A FAMOUS TYPE OF FIGHTING SHIP.

The dates are important, and I have been careful to give them, because some British authorities, like Captain Eardley Wilmot, in "The Development of Navies," assert that Captain Cowper Coles was the original inventor of the turret system. It is a fact that Coles invented a turret during the Crimean War (1855-1856), and in June, 1860, he read a paper before the United Service Institution in which he proposed "a low freeboard vessel, on which were to be a number of cupolas and turrets, each containing two guns." There is no reason to doubt that Coles' plan was original with him, but Timby was ahead of the Englishman by at least thirteen years in working out the idea, and by a still longer period in putting the invention to practical use.

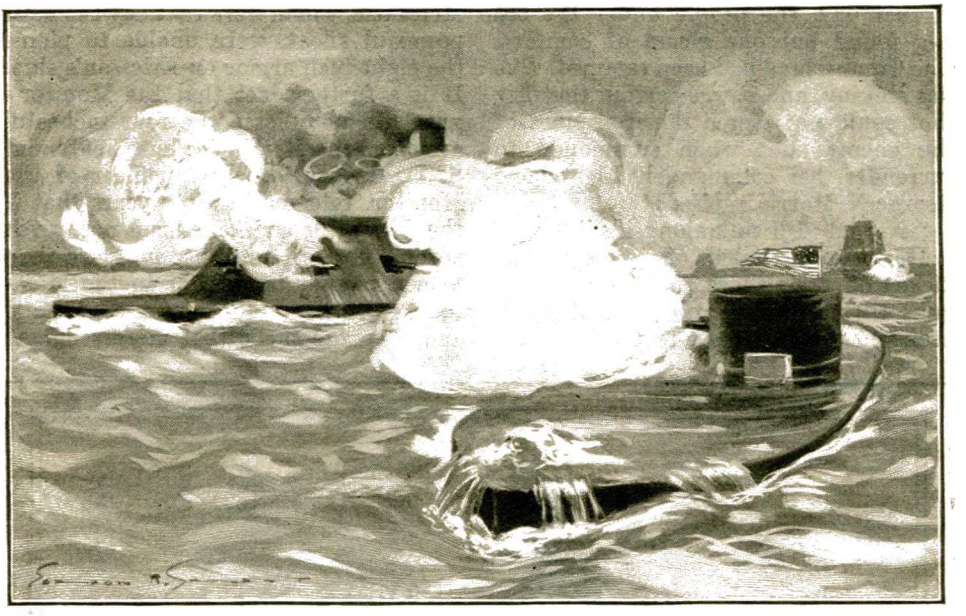
But the acknowledgment of Timby's invention was not followed by its adoption by the United States government. Congress refused to appropriate money for building a floating battery. It was held that we were too well protected to need such devices. The awakening came with the Civil War, and the story of the first turret ship begins on June 10, 1861, when Lieutenant John M. Brooke, of the Confederate navy, was directed to design an ironclad that should control the waters of Chesapeake Bay. Naval Constructor J. L. Porter and Chief Engineer W. P. Williamson were assigned to assist him. They took the hull of the old United States frigate Merrimac, then lying sunk at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and made of her the famous casemated ironclad known by that name.

Fortunately for the Federal forces, the mechanical resources of the Confederates were limited; many months were required to do the work, and during the long interval the Navy Department at Washington learned enough about the Merrimac to become alarmed. Nothing was done until Congress met, and made an appropriation, on August 3, for the specific purpose of building ironclads. A board of naval men was appointed to consider plans, and then came John Ericsson with his design for a low lying iron steamer, devoid of masts, and provided with a wrought iron Timby turret holding two guns. On September 8, three months after Brooke began work in Virginia, Ericsson's plans were accepted, but it was not until October 4 that a definite contract with him was signed by the naval authorities.

COMMANDER (AFTERWARDS REAR ADMIRAL) JOHN LORIMER WORDEN, WHO COMMANDED THE MONITOR IN HER BATTLE WITH THE MERRIMAC, MARCH 9, 1862.

### JOHN ERICSSON'S MONITOR.

The ship that was then built has been often described in print, but it is worth while to tell the story briefly once more, because she revolutionized modern naval warfare. Ericsson provided, first, a smooth, rounded iron scow, a hundred and twenty four feet long, thirty four feet wide, and six feet deep. The frames



THE MOST DRAMATIC SEA FIGHT OF THE CIVIL WAR—THE DUEL BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES SHIP MONITOR AND THE CONFEDERATE IRONCLAD MERRIMAC, IN HAMPTON ROADS.

from the top of this scow were bent out straight on all sides, and then carried up in such shape as to create a super added, flat bottomed hull a hundred and seventy two feet long, forty one feet wide, and five feet deep. It was wedge shaped at each end. No such hull had ever been built before; no sailorman, even in the delirium of drink, could possibly conceive such a thing. This hull was made of boiler iron riveted to iron frames. It was decked over with heavy wooden beams, and the rim, or vertical side of the upper part of the hull, was reinforced with heavy timber, over which were laid five iron plates, each an inch thick. Two thicknesses of half inch iron protected the flat timber deck from a plunging fire. Last of all, in the center of the deck there was a revolving turret, twenty feet in diameter and nine feet high, built of eight thicknesses of one inch plates bolted through and through. The turret carried two eleven inch smooth bore guns, that could fire solid round shot weighing from a hundred and seventy to a hundred and eighty pounds. Ericsson and his partners paid Timby a just royalty for the privilege of using his invention.

Here was a steam vessel covered with armor that could protect her from the fire of the best guns then in use, and she was armed with two guns capable of destroying any other ship afloat. She was launched under the name of Monitor on January 30, 1862, from the yard in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where she was constructed. The work had been driven day and night from the signing of the contract; and that was fortunate for the nation, for she reached Hampton Roads just in time to save the Northern States from an uncontrollable panic.

### THE FIGHTING OF MARCH 8 AND 9, 1862.

The Merrimac was so far completed at the Norfolk Navy Yard that on the morning of March 8, 1862, her moorings were cast off, and she steamed away. The trip was intended only for an engine test, but from Captain Franklin Buchanan to the smallest powder boy, her crew was full of enthusiasm; and when she reached Sewell's Point, and those on board of her saw the Yankee war ships lying along the anchorage from Fortress Monroe to Newport News, they put the helm to starboard, and the Merrimac headed straight for the thick of the enemy's fleet.

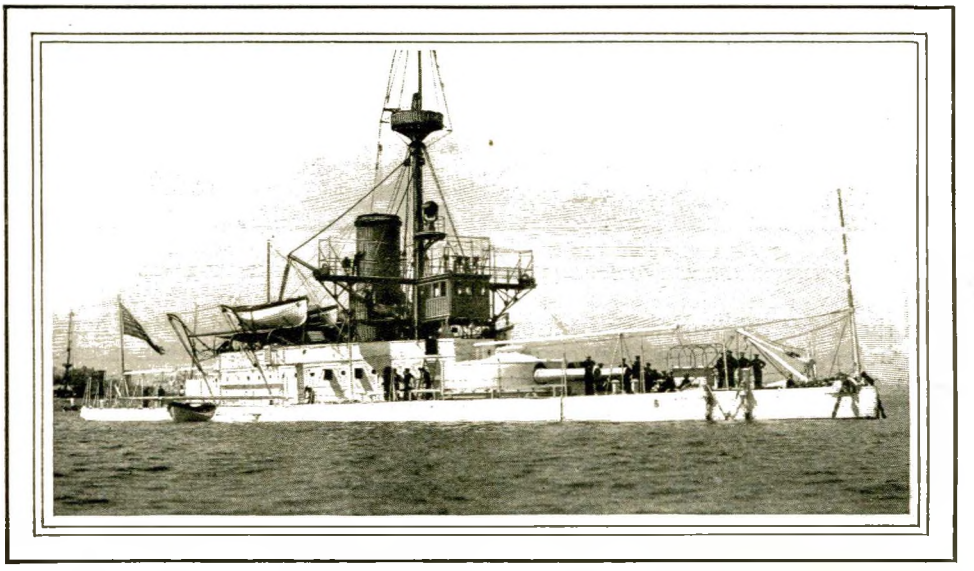
In all the flame and smoke and blood

of that day, the people under the old flag found but one gleam of comfort. The Cumberland had been rammed. She was sinking, and it was certain that her shot could not pierce the iron sides of the enemy; but when summoned to surrender, her commander, Lieutenant George N. Morris, replied:

"Never! I'll sink alongside."

His men stripped off their shirts, kicked off their shoes, and fought their guns till the water rose over the gun deck and wet their bare feet.

Merrimac, which were that day the most powerful afloat, were unable to pierce the eight inch armor on Ericsson's ship. It is a further fact that the Monitor's guns did not pierce the four inches of armor on the Merrimac; but Lieutenant S. D. Greene, executive officer of the Monitor, told me in after years that if the Navy Department had not given peremptory orders to use no more than fifteen pounds of powder in the Monitor's guns, he would have used twenty, and then the shells that merely bulged



THE UNITED STATES SHIP PURITAN, A DOUBLE TURRET MONITOR OF SIX THOUSAND TONS, BUILT IN 1875, AND CARRYING TWO TWELVE INCH GUNS IN EACH TURRET.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Loeffler, Tomphinsville, New York.*

For the Confederates it was a most successful day. On her trial trip, their ironclad had destroyed two fine Federal ships, and had suffered only trivial loss in doing it. But as the burning Congress flared up with the flames of her bursting magazine, a pilot on the Merrimac saw "a strange looking craft brought out in bold relief by the brilliant light." The Monitor, the "cheese box on a raft," had arrived.

How, on the 9th, the Monitor met the Merrimac and fought her to a draw, need not be told here in detail. When the two ships met, it was plain that the shoal draft Monitor could be handled much more easily than the deep draft Merrimac, and that the rifled guns on the the timbers under the Merrimac's plates would have broken them in and raked her deck from end to end.

It was found, later, that twenty five pounds of powder could be safely used in an eleven inch Dahlgren gun. The ignorance of gunnery displayed by the fighting men of the world before our Civil War was something that seems astounding now.

The immediate result of this, the first battle of ironclad ships, as stated by Lieutenant John Taylor Wood, of the Merrimac, was a draw, "but in its general results the advantage was with the Monitor." The Merrimac was bottled up at Norfolk; the wooden fleet in Hampton Roads was saved, and the

Union forces recovered from what promised to be an overwhelming panic. For even as far off as New York, the devastation wrought by the Confederate ironclad on her one day of triumph had created the most unbounded alarm.

### THE ERA OF IRONCLADS.

A further result, and one more interesting to this narrative, was an entire revolution in the building of war ships. The French, in or about 1858, had turned a fine frigate, called Napoleon, into an ironclad ship, with one deck of guns, and with its broadsides protected by five inch armor plate. The British at once built the Warrior on a similar plan; and from the Warrior they went on to ships like the Agincourt, four hundred feet long, and carrying five and a half inch armor all around. These vessels were as unwieldy as an elephant afloat, but they were the ideals of the Admiralty till they heard about the Monitor-Merrimac fight. Then Captain Coles, with his turret ideas, had something of a chance. He was allowed to build a turret ship, but was compelled to put masts in it. It proved top heavy, and turned over, drowning the inventor among the rest. On this side of the water we were satisfied to depend on steam alone for our ironclads, save in one instance—the broadside ship called New Ironsides. She was a good craft of her kind—there were many points in favor of the old high walled ship, as shall appear—but we fought the Civil War to an end with ironclads of the Monitor type. A list of vessels published by the Navy Department shows that on March 10, 1865, we had seventy ironclads, of which more than half were monitors, the name of Ericsson's ship being applied to the whole class.

The original Monitor foundered off Hatteras in a gale, but the loss was supposed to be due solely to structural defects readily remedied. For instance, the lower or scow part of the hull was secured to the upper or raft part by a single row of rivets. In building the later vessels, however, they were greatly strengthened. Most of them had two turrets; one had three. The towers were built of eleven instead of eight layers of inch plates, and fifteen inch guns, throwing solid shot weighing more than four hundred pounds, were adopted.

### THE WEAK POINTS OF THE MONITOR.

With its fleet of monitors, with its trained men accustomed to victory, and with our ship yards and ship mechanics to back it, our navy at the end of the Civil War was far and away the most powerful in the world. It was partly because we had an abundant supply of monitors that we escaped war with England and France at that time. Nevertheless, the prestige of the monitor as a fighting machine was already on the wane, even before the war ended. Its defects were pointed out in official reports while yet the Civil War was at its height. The objection first urged by officers who commanded monitors was that they were insufferably hot and foul in time of action, and during bad weather at sea. "No one can form an idea of the atmosphere of these vessels unless he has been in one of them," wrote Admiral Dahlgren. The crew had to fight with the temperature ranging from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. This defect was vital, for in spite of good will, patriotism, and even desperate valor, the men fell fainting at their posts. Furthermore, the monitors were not good sea boats, and there were other evils. But in spite of the criticisms of experts, the people of the United States, remembering only the work accomplished by the first of the class, retained full faith in the monitors. We were moved by sentiment instead of sound judgment. We forgot the importance of keeping the man behind the gun in the best possible condition.

Worse yet, the old porcupine idea, first prominently advocated in this country by Thomas Jefferson, came to rule the nation. We supposed that we had no need for ironclads fit to cross the ocean. All we needed was something for "harbor defense," or at most "coast defense." In case of foreign aggression, we were to curl up and stick out our monitors for quills. The Congressional speeches and the newspaper talk about our naval affairs, during fifteen years and more after the Civil War, now seem pitiful or exasperating, according to the point of

view. No one, not even the man who would sell his country for an advance in the price of stocks, now recalls those days with any pleasant feeling. We were sure the monitors, if well built and armored, were the best of fighting ships, but we had no confidence in the Navy Department, and eventually we lost, to a great extent, our confidence in our naval men. The humiliating truth is that, though it commanded the seas in 1865, our navy became, within ten years, the world's standard of inefficiency.

THE BATTLESHIP SUCCEEDS THE MONITOR.

The governments of Europe, seeing that the chief advantage of the monitor model was in its revolving turret, and that its chief defect was in the low lying hull, had designed high hulled monitors. — battleships — which floated high enough out of the water to secure room for the men and machinery needed within the hull. The British ship Devastation, completed in 1873, was provided with two turrets, each carrying two thirty five ton rifles. She stood eight feet out of the water at the bow, ten feet amidships, and four feet aft. She was amply protected against the fire of the guns of that day. In fact, she was a wrought iron fort built on the top of a good iron steamship. She had two Timby revolving turrets, with the space between them protected by heavy wrought iron walls.

Americans who gave any attention to naval matters saw that in providing a safe seagoing ship that could be handled with comparative comfort in time of battle, the British had made a great advance on the monitor type. But the most important point in which the Devastation model was superior was in the fact that she was "wonderfully steady in a heavy sea." Here we come to what is, after all is said, the chief defect of the monitor. We did eventually rebuild some of our old monitors, putting modern armor on their sides and modern rifles in their turrets. We also built, on the Pacific coast, an entirely new pattern of monitor. We improved on the old plans until we had ships that were stout and tight and fairly good sea boats. We even sent a couple of them, the Monadnock and Monterey, across the Pacific to Manila. But in the mean time, during the war with Spain, we had a trial of monitors in actual battle under as easy conditions as we could ever hope to find outside of land locked water.

That was off San Juan, Porto Rico, on May 12, 1898. It was a lovely morning. The breeze was just right for a stirring international yacht race, and no stronger; yet the moderate sea that this breeze raised rocked the monitors in Sampson's fleet until the aim of the gunners was destroyed. These monitors were handled by men known to be among the most skilful as well as the bravest in the navy, but they were not of a model to furnish a fighting platform. Our battleships, however, lay like rocks before the shattered Morro.

To sum up the advantages of the monitor model, we find that the turrets were the best devices yet known for carrying guns of the greatest power; that they did away entirely with sails; that they distributed the armor to striking advantage, and that as targets for the enemy they were the smallest possible. One other advantage, so called, was urged for a long time in Congress, and with success: they were less expensive to build than larger armored ships. On the other hand, the monitors are utterly unstable as gun platforms, intolerably foul and uncomfortable in time of battle, and incapable of carrying coal for a long sea voyage. "Very inefficient," Sampson officially reported them after his experience at San Juan.

So completely were our people dominated with the porcupine or coast defense idea that, when the Oregon class of battleships was planned at the command of Secretary Tracy, the improved vessels were called coast defense battleships, to accord with the popular idea; but they were designed—most successfully, as has been proven—for a very different use. They were meant to be the match of the most powerful seagoing battleships of their date in Europe. It is a matter of regret in many a mind that the Oregon did not meet Cervera's whole squadron, on that memorable voyage, for I believe her captain would have sunk all but one of the Spaniards, and then, on reaching port with the one saved, would have apologized for not bringing in the rest

by pleading that he didn't have enough men to man them.

The actual work of constructing the original monitor was begun on October 4, 1861. Her fight with the Merrimac on March 9, 1862, proved conclusively the merit of the turret system, and gave the model a place in the hearts of the American people from which the arguments of naval experts could not remove it. But on the morning of May 12, 1898, when the Amphitrite and the Terror proved inefficient off San Juan, Porto Rico, the day of the monitor was ended, even in this country. As a concession to the timorous souls who fled to the Adirondacks and other inland resorts, during that war, for fear that Cervera would come to Governor's Island and bombard New York, four harbor defense monitors were provided for by Congress after the war—four little things of twenty seven hundred tons, carrying two twelve inch and four four inch guns apiece.

MONITOR AND BATTLESHIP—A COMPARISON.

We have gone beyond the utmost power of the monitors, and we shall build no more of them. For comparison, let us contrast what we may call an ideal monitor with the latest battleship—the latest steel fort built on a steamship—that has been planned at Washington. In two respects the monitor would equal the battleship. Her armor would shed an enemy's shot as well, and her two turrets would have four twelve inch rifles, precisely like those of the proposed battleship; but the latter, by carrying her guns so much higher out of the water, not only would keep her crew comparatively comfortable while in action, but could work her guns in weather that would send the waves over the portholes of the monitor's turrets.

Our most powerful monitor in service carries six four inch rifles in addition to her four twelve inch rifles. A monitor planned today might readily carry six inch instead of four inch guns; but the broadside of the latest battleship is to carry sixteen eight inch guns, representing a muzzle energy of quite or nearly two hundred thousand foot tons, as against perhaps thirty two thousand foot tons for the monitor's weapons.

A modern monitor might also carry twenty six pounders, or their equivalent in guns of various calibers, but the new battleship, it is said, will carry a hundred and thirty two small guns, say of three inch caliber. The overwhelming superiority of this battery appears all the greater when it is known that the muzzle energy of the six pounder gun is two hundred and sixty foot tons, to the six hundred and thirty foot tons of the three inch gun.

Our eight inch guns, with each shot weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, can be fired five times a minute, and the three inch, with each shot weighing more than twelve pounds, twenty times a minute. The mind becomes bewildered in contemplating the frightful death rain from the broadside of this mighty battleship, the sheeting flames, the spurting shot, with the splitting crash and hiss, and above all the thunder roar of the mighty guns of the turrets. No such engine of attack has been planned before. Even the best of the British vessels fire a slightly lighter broadside.

Last of all, there is the steam power. A monitor might possibly make fourteen or fifteen knots, but we had to tow the ones we took to San Juan. The new battleship is planned to make twenty one knots, and to steam alone around the world.

When our ships gathered at Key West to prepare for the war with Spain, Captain Bowman H. McCalla stenciled on overhead beams about the cruiser Marblehead, which he commanded, this legend:

"The best protection against an enemy's fire is an effective fire of your own."

The whole American people, as well as McCalla's crew, learned the truth of that during the war. We learned that to protect ourselves from an enemy's fire we must have an effective fire of our own. We shall build no more monitors, because we understand that the best way to keep the enemy from our ports is to attack his ports. The day of the "harbor defense" ship is past, because the battleships we now have, and are building, are of a character to go to the ends of the earth and there maintain the honor of the gridiron flag.

# The Man He Was Meant to Be.*

*BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.*

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

OWING to the failure of the business firm in which almost all their money was invested, the Oliver family, consisting of the mother; a son, Ernest, who at the time is a student at Harvard; and two daughters, Beatrice and Christy, the latter being but twelve years of age, are reduced from comparative affluence to poverty; and in their extremity they take refuge on a small ranch in California, which is about all they have left to them. To make a bad matter worse, Ernest, on his return from college, is held up by highwaymen, who rob him of three hundred dollars in cash and a debtor's note for two thousand dollars. But despite their misfortunes, the Olivers are not unhappy in their new home, although the shortness of the water supply renders the production of paying crops a difficult problem. Their nearest neighbors, whose land adjoins theirs, are the two Curtis brothers, Roger, a grave, taciturn man, and his brother Johnny, who is a decided contrast to him, and whom Beatrice considers a very pleasant acquaintance until she finds that he has intemperate habits.

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III.

"I THINK I shall get acquainted with these Curtis people," began Ernest, following Beatrice out on to the back porch, where she was filling the churn. Breakfast was just over.

"Why?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, it's well to know your neighbors," he answered. "What's a good way to begin?"

"Ask a favor," she suggested, putting the cover on the churn, and beginning to turn the handle.

"Um—that might do. What could I ask?"

"You might borrow their go-devil. Marion Sousa was going to rent us his wheel rake, but an ordinary go-devil——"

"Borrow their what?" he broke in. She laughed at his tone.

"I forgot that you were a city bumpkin and didn't know things. A go-devil is a sort of wooden rake drawn by a horse, for gathering up hay into little cocks."

"But how about the etiquette of borrowing implements? Is it all right?"

"Oh, a go-devil's just a cheap wooden thing. They couldn't mind. And I know they have one."

"All right. I'll ride Punch over, and bring it back. It will run along the road, won't it?"

"Yes, of course." She churned a moment in silence, then lifted questioning eyes. "Ernest," she said, "it can't be that—do you really suspect——"

"Oh, let me churn," broke in Christy's voice, and the wire door was burst open. "Oh, Beatrice, it hasn't begun to come, has it? Do let me!"

Beatrice gave up the handle without much reluctance.

"Christy, you ought to thank your sister for being so kind to you and letting you do her work," said Ernest gravely. "No, Beatrice, I don't think anything," he added as he went off.

He found Roger Curtis helping several men harness a nervous colt in front of their great barns, and pulled up to wait till the operation was over. The colt crouched unhappily between the heavy shafts of the breaking cart, seeming pathetically small and helpless; but when the driver had mounted with gingerly care to the seat, a wise distance behind, there was a moment's doubt as to which really was the victim. The little beast was evidently trying to see how closely a colt can resemble a pinwheel.

After much commanding and soothing, he finally was induced to abandon fireworks and trot meekly off. The men dispersed, laughing still at the exhibition, but Roger Curtis turned to Ernest, looking tired and distressed.

"Energetic little brute," Ernest commented.

**This story began in the August number of* THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

"Oh, it's a loathsome business," he answered with a movement of distaste. "Were you looking for me?"

"Yes, if you are Mr. Curtis. I am from the next ranch—Ernest Oliver."

"Oh, yes. I heard you were expected." Roger's manner stiffened, and he stood waiting for his guest to explain himself.

"I've come to ask a favor," Ernest went on, dismounting. "We are very much in need of what seems to be called a go-devil for a few hours, and my sister thought if you are not using yours——"

"Yes, of course, you can take it as well as not;" his tone was suddenly cordial. "Or you can have our wheel rake, if you prefer," he added, as he led the way to another building.

"I don't know one from the other. I'm utterly ignorant of farming as yet," Ernest said, "but we've a good man to direct things, and I shall come to you occasionally for pointers, if you don't mind."

"I wouldn't," said the other drily. "My brother Johnny supplies the brains for this establishment, and I the application. He doesn't know so very much, except about horses; but he has inspirations, and I see that they are carried out. Of course, we aren't really farming," he added. "We simply raise enough hay and grain to feed our horses. They are our chief concern."

"And yet you don't seem to like them any too well," Ernest ventured.

"Oh, I'm an absurdity on a ranch altogether," Roger answered with a shrug, pulling open the wide door of a shed. Here's——" He broke off abruptly. "Well, that's odd," he said, staring about.

"What?" asked Ernest.

Roger moved several of the large farm implements that were lying about, and looked behind others.

"Why, where's the rake gone?" he queried. "There was a large one, very much improved and patented, against that wall. It seems to have vanished." He went to the door and looked about, then lifted his voice.

"Oh, Johnny!" he called. A pale and somewhat cross looking young man, who had just come from the direction of the house, sauntered over to them. If he recognized his driver of the morning before, he gave no sign of it, but shook hands with an effort to appear cordial at his brother's introduction.

"Johnny, what do you suppose has become of the wheel rake?" Roger asked.

"Didn't know we had one," was the indifferent answer.

"Well, you ought to know. You bought all the implements," was the impatient answer. "It used to stand against that wall."

"Probably it's in use," Johnny said. His tone was covertly hostile. Evidently he and his brother were not on the best of terms this morning. "Have you been over the stables, Mr. Oliver? We've a few good horses, if you'd like to see them."

Ernest recognized that it was interest in the stables rather than in him that prompted this, but he accepted readily. He had come to get acquainted, and did not care how the end was accomplished. Roger, after helping him harness Punch to the wooden go-devil, excused himself and went off towards the creek, a spade under his arm. There was something a little pointed in the way he explained that he had work to do. Johnny shrugged, but was sulkily silent for several minutes afterwards.

"That was a hot walk you were taking yesterday," Ernest said casually, as they crossed the stretch of grass, burnt to a crisp brown, that lay between them and the barrack-like row of box stalls.

"Yes, you were very decent to give me a lift," Johnny answered shortly, then turned away from the subject.

"This is Yorrick," he added, as they paused in front of a box stall. "Look out for him—he's a demon to nip. I'll have him led out so that you can see his action." Ernest was not in the least interested in Yorrick's action, all horses being to him merely a means to a destination, but he looked on with an air of discriminating approval, under which Johnny began to warm up. The peevishness vanished from his tone as they passed from stall to stall, and he showed himself alert and confident, quite another person, until Ernest made some comment on the expense of such an establishment. His face clouded.

"Oh, that's my brother's end," he said irritably. "He was the wise and prudent one, and so now he can be philanthropic. I'm his special philanthropy. I haven't a bean myself, and never would have if—— That's Lady Flitter in the last paddock. Next time we speed her I'll send over for you, if you like."

"I wish you would," Ernest assented. "Now I must go back and get my horse. I've taken a lot of your morning, I'm afraid."

"Oh, that's all right," Johhny answered, a trifle absently. He was studying with narrowed eyes a young mare that was being led past. "Tim, isn't that hock a little swollen? Oh, good by, Mr. Oliver. Let me have a look at it. Steady, girl, steady."

Ernest found Punch waiting stolidly where he had been left, and was wondering dubiously from just what angle one should drive a go-devil, when a swart little figure came round the corner of the shed and stopped, somewhat disconcerted, on seeing Ernest. The gold earrings and leathery wrinkles identified him as Marion Sousa.

"Were you looking for me?" Ernest asked.

"Oh, no. I just walk by," said the Portuguese, hesitating and smiling with childish friendliness.

Ernest felt like explaining that constitutionals were not part of a hired man's work, but was not sufficiently sure of his ground as yet. So he merely suggested that Marion drive the horse home by the road, and took a short cut himself over a low hill and into the home canyon by its easterly end. At the top of the rise he looked back, and was surprised to see Punch again dozing by the roadside. Marion was nowhere to be seen. Ernest turned away indignant.

"There'll be no more dawdling like that when I take charge," he resolved. "I don't care if he is faithful and devoted and all that. He's got to earn his wages."

He paused at the orchard to watch the men who were preparing the irrigation ditches. Deep furrows had been ploughed midway between the rows, and shallower trenches, branching from the main ditch, were being spaded out about each tree, four feet from its trunk. A cross ditch at the upper end met the wooden flume, ready to distribute the water down the different rows when it should be connected with the creek. Two or three thorough soakings would be enough to tide the orchard over till the September rains came.

The thought of September brought with it a quick pang. College would open, and the fellows would come streaming back, sunbrowned and vigorous, and the club would be smoky and festive after dinner, with Evans strumming on the piano, and Cole spreading innocuous gossip, and George Carrigan—good old George—oh, Lord! He clenched his hands with an acute sense of all he was giving up, and walked on rapidly to get away from the memory. It was a relief to see Christy sitting on the low branch of a buckeye, with Scrap on the ground beneath her. There was little time to think when she was present.

He was about to hail her, but something in her attitude made him pause and watch instead. The buckeye was evidently for the moment a prancing horse, whom Christy rode with debonair recklessness, one hand lightly grasping the slender twigs that served for reins, while the tip of her foot on the earth supplied the necessary caracolings. Scrap looked up at her longingly, and whimpered at intervals. The buckeye was pulled up with a flourish, and, pushing back her hat from a frowning forehead, Christy leaned on her pommel and looked down at the little dog.

"It beats me, Miss Oliver—it does that," she said in deep tones. "But I'll find them yet—fear not!" She gathered up the reins and was about to dash off again, but, seeing Ernest, slipped down to the ground, looking a little ashamed.

"Where've you been?" she demanded quickly, to ward off possible comments.

"Hunting robbers—just like you," he answered mischievously. Christy ignored this and began to frolic elaborately with Scrap, demanding admiration for his many charms, and Ernest good naturedly allowed his attention to be diverted.

The appraiser came the next morn-

ing, and in a few days the tomato crop was duly mortgaged, the men were paid, and the accounts settled, and there was a small sum set by for living expenses during the next two months.

"And it will be extremely frugal living," Mrs. Oliver warned them, looking up from the calculations she had been making on the margin of a newspaper.

"I think it will be fun," said Christy. "I'm going to see just how little I can eat."

"Indeed, you're not," said her mother decidedly. "There is no better economy than keeping well and strong—so see that you do."

Christy looked disappointed. But later Beatrice found her in a heap on the floor, flushed and excited over some sewing. At first she hid it, but, on Beatrice's promise not to laugh, she produced one of her own black stockings, from which the mangled heel and toe had been neatly cut away. She was supplying the missing feature with bag-like sections of an old gauze undershirt.

"It won't matter if it is white, for that's inside my shoe," she explained. "I'll really get a lot more wear out of them now, and they weren't fit for anything before."

"But, Christy, won't it hurt your feet where you've sewed the new toe and heel on?" Beatrice ventured, looking at the stocking with praiseworthy gravity. "You see, there's quite a ridge where they join."

"Oh, no; it's very soft," said Christy confidently. "And I can walk so as not to press on it. See, I made the new part a little full, in case it shrank."

"That was a good idea," Beatrice admitted. "But don't you want to finish later, and come to drive now with Ernest and me? We're going all round the ranch, and you can sit on the floor in back."

Christy had hesitated at first, but that last sentence decided her. The joy of swinging her feet out behind was not to be missed. The other two, who were on a tour of inspection, paid no attention to her, and she sat happily behind, singing to herself an endless impromptu on the subject of butterflies and starlings and wheat and heaven and Scrap, and all the lovely things of which life seemed so full. A strange voice finally brought her back to the moment. Johnny Curtis had drawn up his cart on the road beside them.

"We're just going to speed Lady Flitter," he was saying. "Won't you all come up and see her go?"

"Oh, thank you——" Beatrice was beginning in refusal, when Christy broke in with:

"Oh, how lovely! You will, Beatrice, won't you?"

"Why, Christy, I'm afraid it's time we were home," Beatrice explained, trying to convey a hint to say no more, under a courteously regretful tone. Christy had no ears for subtleties.

"There's hours yet before tea," she protested, "and mother doesn't want us. She said so."

Beatrice rose to the necessity.

"Oh, she did? Well, then, we will come for a little while, gladly. You'd better go first, Mr. Curtis; Punch is so slow."

Johnny had disappeared into the stables when they drove up, but Roger came forward to meet them.

"Johnny swears that you came of your own free will and act; but I'm convinced he forced you into it," he said, giving Beatrice his hand to help her dismount. Evidently he could be very nice and friendly when he wanted to be.

"I don't think he found us very reluctant," she said, looking about with interest. She had never been in this part of the ranch before. He gathered up some carriage cushions and rugs and carried them to the foot of a locust tree, facing the level strip of road on which Lady Flitter was to show what her slim black feet could do.

"I can't fancy your really being interested in this," he said, preparing a seat for her. "Of course, you are very good about it; but I know perfectly well it bores you down underneath."

"But why should I pretend to like it, then?" Beatrice showed that she was vexed, though she tried to speak dispassionately, as one desiring only the truth.

"Oh, because you're a woman, I suppose," he answered with a smile.

"And therefore not sincere?" she concluded ironically.

"And therefore bound to make it pleasant for every one else, at any cost to yourself," he amended, meeting her hostile eyes with a glance amused, patronizing, and yet not unkindly. She had a dismayed sense that if she were to attack him with all her force he would quietly put her down with one indifferent hand, much as one disposes of a ruffled kitten. It was disturbing to meet one who was so much more than her match—for she had her power and importance in her own world. All that was still childish and crude in her seemed to dominate in his presence.

"I like it," interposed Christy, who was sitting as close to them as possible so as not to miss a word.

"I believe you do," he assented.

"At what age do you stop believing them?" Beatrice asked.

"Oh, just as soon as it matters to my peace of mind whether I do or not," he answered. "There is Lady Flitter now. She will be jogged up and down a while first, to limber up her aristocratic legs." Christy laughed at that so appreciatively that the others laughed too.

"Miss Christy, I wish you lived on our side of the fence," he said. "No one ever considered me amusing before."

"Perhaps they did, and you wouldn't believe them," suggested Beatrice. "You don't know what you may have missed—you of little faith."

"I know what I've escaped," he returned.

"Suppose one were to say unpleasant things to you—distinctly unflattering—would you disbelieve then?" she pursued, marveling a little at the strides acquaintance took as soon as people met on a social basis.

"Oh, I'd believe the lady spoke truly—if they were unpleasant enough—but I'd wonder why the deuce she did it; what her scheme was."

"Oh, I see—the universal motive; every one with a secret purpose," she exclaimed irritably. "No one simple and honest and spontaneous."

"No one worth the trouble of stirring up," he returned with a glimmer of laugh in his eyes. She flushed and was silent for a moment. Then she laughed, too.

"It's one of my very young days," she admitted. "I have others when I am sophisticated and complex and extremely brave. I hope I shall meet you on one of them. I don't like your having the upper hand this way."

"Next time you feel one coming, send word, and I will ride over with pleasure," he said. She laughed.

"I think I'd prefer to come on you suddenly," she said. "If you had warning—I don't know, my courage might weaken. But if I met you unexpectedly, at the very top of a brave mood, I'm sure I could get the better of you. You don't know how I long to put you at a disadvantage."

"Just because I teased you a little two minutes' worth!"

"Oh, and because I was afraid of your colts," she admitted.

"But such a pretty little feminine fear—surely you don't regret that. I thought you did it excellently."

"I knew you thought that," she protested. "You put me in the category with girls who squeal on the top step in attractive bathing suits, while their admirers below coax them to jump. You think I'm that kind, don't you?"

"Well—I think you are a woman," he said.

She sighed helplessly. "Oh, there's so much you don't know. You have a few cheap generalities about women—and you think them a complete guide to every individual woman you meet. You——"

"How was that for a green horse?" Johnny Curtis had come up, flushed and wide awake, his stop watch in his hand. "She did the quarter in thirty seven seconds, without half trying. Did you ever see a prettier, easier gait?"

Beatrice, who had completely forgotten Lady Flitter, looked up guiltily, and was about to agree enthusiastically when she felt Roger Curtis' eye on her—amused, cynical, triumphant. "Behold the sincere and honest young woman!" it seemed to say.

She flushed and bit her lip. "Your brother was so interesting, I'm ashamed to say I didn't watch," she said.

"Well, we're going to try her once more," said Johnny. "Come down here by the fence; you can see better." And

he held out one hand to help her up. She gave a glance at Roger as she rose, expecting to meet a contrite acknowledgment that she was not as other women. But instead there was a mocking twinkle that disconcerted her.

"He knew I was going to fib and didn't just because he was looking on," she realized. "Oh, dear, I'll get even with him. No, I won't; I'll prove myself to him, if it takes five years." And she followed Johnny with a little defiant lifting of her head. They leaned on the fence, and Johnny showed her how to handle the watch. The feeling that Roger Curtis was looking on gave the moment an odd zest, that vanished when she discovered that he had gathered up the cushions and gone back to the stables.

## IV.

Beatrice was standing at the head of the orchard, while the men were making a last survey of the irrigation ditches to see that the channels were all in readiness. She had hurried on the work, alarmed by the drooping look of the little trees. Here and there the top leaves were beginning to shrivel in a way that told an ominous story. She gave a sigh of relief when Marion Sousa trotted off to the creek to open the sluice. They stood waiting eagerly for the rush of water that should have followed his disappearance. But none came. A few moments later the little Portuguese was seen hurrying back with something of alarm in his gait.

"I'm afraid the sluice gate is stuck," said Beatrice, knowing that that was not at all what she feared. If the creek had failed them!

Marion reported breathlessly. The creek had gone dry. Beatrice questioned him sharply. It seemed impossible, for the water had been running strongly only the week before. Moreover, Joe declared that the barn supply had not been cut off that morning, though he admitted that it had run very slowly. Surely a stream could not have vanished in a day, even in such a dry year as this. Yet she turned towards it with a sinking at her heart, and a strong desire not to find out.

She hurried across the rising ground back of the orchard, and down the steep wall of the gulch where the creek ran. That poor little orchard, that held so much of their hope! It was too hard! And the loss of water at the barn would bring endless trouble and inconvenience. They could give up enough from the spring that supplied the house to keep their few head of stock going, but it would mean close economy, never a drop of water being allowed to slip by unused, for the spring itself was but a meager provision for the dry midsummer. The luxury of abundant water—water that may be lavished on one's needs without a thought for quantity, tubs that may be filled to the brim and faucets that may be opened recklessly to their full width without branding one a moral imbecile—those who have not lived in a country of six months' certain drought, and six months' probable, can never know the full value of that blessing. And when one's whole hope of prosperity is staked on a creek of uncertain mood——

Beatrice broke through the thicket, too impatient to follow the path, and came out on the bank above the natural basin with which their pipes and flume connected—gaping dry mouthed now, hopelessly above the film of water that barely covered the bottom of the pool. A thin trickle dripped in and out, and the reeds and water grasses stood forlornly stranded on either side, the inky mud at their feet betraying how recently they had been abandoned. Little patches of water still showed behind the rocks, leaving whitish rims at their margins as they dwindled. Scores of tiny green frogs hopped about in pattering showers before Beatrice's feet as she made her way to the edge and stared forlornly about.

Her first dismay gradually gave place to wonder. How could it have dried up all in a day, from a wide stream to this pitiful thread? This was no ordinary phenomenon. Drought worked lingeringly, almost imperceptibly. A creek did not vanish in a moment. She turned and followed up the bank, finding at every step fresh proof that the stream had not died the usual slow death, but had been mysteriously spirited away.

Puzzled and troubled, boundlessly discouraged, she came to the bend beyond which, on the Curtis land, lay the fern pool, and mounted the high bank to see if this, too, had utterly failed. At the top she stopped short, stared, then broke into a laugh, the gayest laugh of relief and amusement and incredulity. For across the narrow outlet of the pool extended, as a rough dam, what had once been an overhanging bank, the water brimming, fresh and plentiful, against it, to pour off down its long abandoned channel that passed by a cleft in the hills through the center of the Curtis ranch. This cleft was like a sharp knife cut down through the wall of the canyon. The channel that proved it formerly a water course was at first separated from the main bed of the stream only by a rough ledge of rocks, but a few feet farther down the sharp wedge of the hill rose between them, sheer as a precipice. The new stream was higher than the old, and ran along insolently near it until swallowed up in the cleft.

Roger Curtis was on his knees, strengthening with rock work the corners of the dam.

"You seem amused," he said, rising with a certain formality. His flannel shirt and muddy knees had no influence on his bearing. Johnny would have been a little less punctilious in such garb, and a little more so in civilized clothes.

"Well, really, I am," she said, coming down close to the pool. "You've done a beautiful piece of work here. I admire it very much. Only——"

"There is something you don't like about it?" he queried. "Isn't the architecture pure?"

"That is above criticism. The only trouble is, you happen to have helped yourself to our water supply." She sat down on a big stone and smiled across at him. It never occurred to her to doubt what the issue would be.

"I like that," he returned. "We have it in our lease from Anton Silva—water rights in the Manzanita Creek. We wouldn't take the place till he assured us of that."

"Well, then, Anton Silva gave away what he didn't have. This has given water to our barns for twenty years. You can see our pipes if you know where to look, at the lower pool." Roger Curtis was gazing across at her in dismay.

"But how are we going to keep all our horses alive and our roads passable?" he demanded. "We've been rushing this—the miserable little reservoir supply Silva had has just about given out. It won't last another week."

"Neither will our orchard," she answered. "I'm awfully sorry, but—don't you see?"

"I confess I don't," he said. "Why, Silva brought us up here himself and showed us how we could turn the water this way down into a natural reservoir just above the stables. He even told us how to blast down that high bank, when we had the channel cleared, to make a natural dam."

"Silva *may* have thought this was his creek," she suggested dubiously.

"It seemed natural enough," he went on. "You see, it goes back into its old bed lower down on our place. We were changing it for such a short distance. I'll tell you, Miss Oliver; I'll go and talk to my brother, who knows more about this than I do, and then we'll find out just what Anton Silva meant. We'll come to your place this afternoon, and talk it out with you. Meanwhile, if you have the deeds to your ranch, you'd better get them out and see just what is said about water."

"Yes, I will," she assented, "though there's no doubt on the subject, I'm afraid. I am sorry about it—you must believe that."

He smiled to himself as he gathered up his belongings.

"Your wish has been granted; you certainly have me at a disadvantage," he said, turning to go. "Is it as satisfactory as you thought it would be?"

"No, it's very unpleasant," she answered, looking at him with troubled eyes. He hesitated a second, then, dropping his shovel, he came over to her by way of the dam, and held out his hand.

"Just to prove we're friendly," he suggested.

"Oh, surely!" she answered gladly, giving her hand impulsively. Afterwards she was sorry that she had not

been more reserved, had not met his advance with greater caution. There was no deciphering the comment she felt rather than saw behind his somewhat formal "good by till this afternoon."

If people would only be simple, cordial in spirit, sincere themselves and trustful of the sincerity of others, warmly glad to be friends! She went home heavy hearted and resentful, with an unexplained sense of mortification upon her. Her underself kept up a subdued lamenting until she turned on it fiercely:

"Well, I learned. I know better now, for all time. I'm a step near sophistication, and I don't care what he thinks. I tell you I *learned*. Now be still."

Ernest was indignant at the news she brought home, but Mrs. Oliver was alarmed.

"Oh, children, I'd rather have a vendetta on hand than a water fight," she exclaimed.

"I don't see why there need be any fight," said Ernest. "Haven't we always held the water rights?"

"Chiefly, I'm afraid, because Silva never claimed them," she answered uneasily. "He had no stock, and didn't irrigate. There's nothing in the original deed about them."

"Oh, mother! Are you sure?" Beatrice began to look dismayed, too.

"I'm afraid so. This was such a wilderness when your father took it, so hopelessly far from everything, we paid very little attention to it. We took it simply because we couldn't get our money, and never expected to profit by it especially."

"Well," began Ernest, after a pause, "probably Silva can't prove any more rights than we can. So we start even."

"But while we're fighting it out the orchard will die, and there won't be a drop of water for the barn, except what we carry there in pails," Beatrice objected.

"Why not divide with them—each have half?"

She shook her head.

"We may have to. But we're going to need every drop before we get through August and September. And so are they. Let's get out the deeds, any way, and look at them. Are they in your tin box, mother?"

They all went up stairs and studied over the old document, drawn up thirty years before. Not a mention of water was made in it. To be sure, the fact that they had had undisputed use of the creek for all these years would surely give them a certain legal right; but what would become of the orchard while the lawyers argued it out? And how could they face the two months of water famine that must follow if their frail spring was to be shared with the stock and poultry? A summons to their noon meal brought them down with the problem still unsolved.

"Christy has begun to save water already," Ernest commented, with a critical glance at that young person's hands, which were hastily doubled up and thrust under the table. She laughed a little louder than the rest, to prove that she was not disconcerted; but after dinner she slipped up stairs and washed them before going out to join Scrap in the garden.

The distant sound of Marion Sousa's voice beseeching the old mule with melting cries of "Mula!" drew her along the road to the vegetable garden where he was working, in the hope of getting a novel ride of some kind. She had tried drag, dump cart, roller, and reaper in her brief farm experience, and had found them all good. But this time the chariot proved to be a spring tooth cultivator, evidently not designed for passengers. She begged the reins instead, and followed happily over the soft, rich earth, crying "Mula!" as imploringly as she could, to the twinkling amusement of the little Portuguese plodding beside her.

The long furrows led them nearly to the end of the canyon. Christy had tugged the mule round and was starting back when a shrill challenge from Scrap made her turn. The sheriff was looking down on them from his tall bay horse, having come noiselessly across the soft earth from the road. He met her shy smile with a flourish of his hand out from the wide brim of his black felt hat that seemed to her very gallant and stirring, and turned to Marion.

"Say, Sousa, I hear you've been buying new implements for your farm lately—a fifty dollar rake and things like that. You must be getting mighty good wages." The little man smiled up at the big one.

"Oh, I got money in bank," he said. "And two—t'ree people owe me money. They pay—I buy for my li'l farm. Some day I quit work here, go to my farm." This was accompanied by a vivid descriptive pantomime.

"Oh, I see," said the sheriff, eying him frowningly. "Well, I'm glad you're getting along. What men——"

He was interrupted by a shriek from Christy. Anxious to show off her driving, she had started the mule; but as the cultivator moved forward, she jumped back in horror, dropping the reins. A little brown snake had been caught by the sharp teeth, and had come off very badly.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, pressing her hands over her face.

"Why, 'twon't hurt you, missy. It's dead," said the sheriff kindly. She looked up at him with horrified eyes.

"The—poor little—snake—was—all cut up," she gasped, her voice rising to a sob.

"Well, God bless me, it's the snake she's crying for," he muttered. Then he lifted himself in his stirrups and slid cautiously to the horse's back, leaving the saddle empty in front of him.

"Come and let me ride you over to the house," he said. "Put your foot on mine and give me your hands—that's right. She won't start."

Christy put up two shaky little hands and was hauled up. A few moments later she was laughing excitedly, sitting frankly astride with serene disregard for the length of black stocking the position brought to light. When he let her down at the steps she was as cheerful as Scrap himself, and the sheriff cantered off smiling a little to himself. Nevertheless, when she went to bed that night Christy cried again for the sufferings of the little brown snake.

## V.

THE two Curtises had never been at the ranch house before. Much as she dreaded their coming and the result of the interview, Beatrice found a certain nervous excitement in the prospect of visitors.

She carried willow chairs and cushions out to the porch, preferring a background of oak boughs and passion vine to the depressing gray of the parlor wall paper. She herself raked the gravel of the path into neat lines; then she put on a clean shirt waist and sat down on the steps with her mending.

She made an alluring picture, the sun bringing out the yellow lights in her brown hair, and her hands moving quickly back and forth with little flashes from her gold thimble. But, unfortunately, her sense of humor was stronger than her love for being picturesque. After a few moments it asserted itself so forcibly that she was jeered out of her pretty attitude, and ran up stairs, hoping that nobody had seen her momentary lapse into feminine vanity. She could laugh at the foibles, but she did not care to have her family do it.

The sound of wheels outside set her heart beating nervously, and she hung back until she heard Ernest calling for one of the men to come and take the visitors' horse. Her mother had decided not to appear.

"You understand it as well as I do—or as little," she had said, "and you will all be freer without me. Besides, the ranch belongs to you children. I don't propose to interfere."

It seemed to her that Roger Curtis looked disturbed and uncomfortable under his chilly cordiality. Johnny was triumphant, a little aggressive. It had proved that in the deed to Silva's farm water rights in the Manzanita Creek had been distinctly mentioned. They had brought a copy of the passage, as well as a map showing what a small proportion of the creek bordered the Oliver ranch. The pool and its sources were all on Curtis property.

The other side apparently had no claim but their twenty years' undisputed possession and a strong determination not to lose their orchard. Johnny's voice grew rather loud, while Ernest became quieter and more constrained—signs that both tempers were rising.

Beatrice explained frankly the precarious condition of the orchard, and the absolute necessity of irrigation during the next two months. She was scrupulous to keep all appeal out of her voice, to use nothing but plain, businesslike argument. Roger listened to her without the usual air of half amused deference, showing himself serious and sympathetic, and evidently accepting her as an equal in the council. She had to hold herself very strictly not to betray how this gratified her.

"Of course we can fight this out with lawyers," Roger said finally, "but I don't see why we can't settle it ourselves. If there is any possible division of the water, any reasonable compromise——"

"Compromise nothing," Johnny broke in angrily. "It isn't as if there was a big supply there, enough for the community. It's getting lower every day, and we can't afford to give up a drop. The pool is all on our land, and most of the creek. We have the rights on our side, and I don't see——"

A constrained silence fell on them. Then Ernest spoke, choosing his words with a certain hesitation.

"Well, are you willing to waive your rights for one week, letting us give our orchard a thorough soaking, and experiment with our spring, to see if we can get a further supply for our barn?" he asked.

"No, I am not," said Johnny. "We can't pull down our dam, and we can't spare the water." He was flushed and vehement. Ernest looked at Roger, who shrugged slightly.

"I should prefer to meet you half way," he said, "but my brother has the running of our ranch, and if he says it is impossible——" he broke off, and rose.

"Then I suppose the only way is to let our lawyers argue it out," concluded Ernest, rising also.

"You'll just waste your money," said Johnny contemptuously.

In spite of her determination to show no feminine resentment, Beatrice's feelings got the better of her.

"It seems a little hard," she burst out; "last week we were robbed of our money, and this of our water."

There was an uncomfortable pause. Then Johnny, with a shrug, went down the steps, followed by Ernest. Roger turned abruptly to her, an imperative question in his eyes. She looked away, half frightened.

"You have never found even a clue to the men who robbed your brother?" he asked after a moment's hesitation.

"No—not yet," she answered.

Johnny was already in the cart, and called to him impatiently. The horse was fretting to go, backing and starting and pretending to rear, feigning terror, when Marion Sousa clattered by with the cultivator, as an excuse for not standing another second. Roger had started to go, then paused and came back.

"It's none of my business, of course," he said with an effort, "but do you—are you quite sure of your man Sousa?"

"Marion Sousa? Yes!" she answered with a shade of indignation in her voice. "He's as simple as a child, and honest and hard working. I don't see why you should suspect him."

"I was merely puzzled by certain things," he answered. "As you say, there is no reason why I should intrude in the matter. But it has struck me——"

"Roger! I can't hold this beast much longer," broke in Johnny, exasperated.

"I'm coming," he answered. "Good by, Miss Oliver. Please believe that I am very sorry—for everything." He looked sorry—more than sorry; disturbed and unhappy. He put out his hand for the second time that day, but this time Beatrice pretended not to see it.

An instant later the loss of the orchard seemed small beside the loss of that moment; but Roger was already flying along the road behind the impatient colt.

"Well, I learned—again," she reflected drearily; the thought was very little comfort. "Well?" she said to Ernest, who came slowly back. He looked at her absently.

"If they had let us turn the water in for six or eight hours, I suppose even that might have saved the orchard," he began, leaning against the porch railing.

"For the time being, any way," she answered listlessly. "It would have to have a good soaking in August, but we might have made some arrangement by that time. Wasn't he horrid?"

"I thought both of them were."

"Oh, Ernest! Roger was all on our side—couldn't you see? He hated the whole business. But he couldn't do anything. I understand perfectly."

Ernest's eyes narrowed inquiringly at her. Beatrice was not often vehement.

"You know him best," he conceded; "but he strikes me as pretty cold blooded."

"Some people," said Beatrice hesitatingly, "are cold in self defense. Life hurts them so, they just can't stand it, and they grow a sort of a shell. Haven't you known them, Ernest?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, a little restive under the topic. "That was clear bluff, about going to law. I don't see how we can, possibly, this year. Well, don't let's think any more about it tonight. I've a sort of scheme that may help, but there's time enough for that." And Ernest rose with the shrug of a man who throws off care. Beatrice heard him whistling with unfeigned cheerfulness five minutes later, and at supper he seemed in unusually good spirits. He seldom spoke of college, but tonight he made Mrs. Oliver laugh till she cried over an account of some theatricals in which he had played the heavy mother.

A stranger would have supposed that there was not a care in the household, and Beatrice found herself looking on in wonder, even while she laughed. Were the others really as gay as they seemed? Or were they, like her, holding the door shut on their trouble with conscious effort?

After supper Roger announced that he was going out to smoke in the garden. Christy suggested that she should come, too, but was politely discouraged.

"I've got a problem to work out, and I can't do it if there's any talking," he explained. "Leave the door unlocked if I'm not in when you go to bed, mother."

"I don't like to have you think of business at night," she said, putting her hand for a moment on his shoulder—a shy caress that was as much as she ever offered of her own accord. If her children were pleased to be demonstrative, she met them warmly, but she seldom made the advance herself. Beatrice felt at times a little conscience stricken that she did not show more often what she felt for this tranquil, self reliant, reserved, yet sunny mother she had been blessed with, and wondered if the older woman was conscious of any lack. But this was another point on which she could never quite make out her mother.

Roger strolled up and down in front of the house for a few moments, then wandered off in the direction of the barn. The wheeze of an accordion came from the open door. Within, the men were sitting on dilapidated wooden chairs or boxes tipped against the rough wall, talking musical Portuguese. The yellow light from the stable lantern brought out the smooth brown of their faces and the soft, faded blue of their jumpers. From the blackness beyond came the pleasant stir and crunching of horses.

The accordion paused as Ernest appeared in the doorway, and they stopped talking, a little awkward in his presence, though too Americanized to rise. He glanced from one to the other, his eyes finally resting on the somewhat sullen face of Joe, who sat apart from the others, and was breaking all the laws of the ranch and of common sense by smoking not three feet from a pile of loose hay.

"Joe, I want you," Ernest said. The man came forward nonchalantly, keeping his pipe in his mouth, and quite prepared to be impertinent on the subject. But Ernest had no time for that.

"I want you to get two crowbars and a lantern and come with me without saying anything to the others," he said.

"All right," answered Joe indifferently. A few moments later he was slouching behind Ernest up the canyon, and into the gulch of the Manzanita Creek. It was appallingly black in the thicket. Ernest would not have the lantern lit, and they felt their way along with upraised arms to defend their faces from the hard knuckles of the scrub oaks and the fine claws of the wild blackberry vines. A host of unseen

things stirred about them. The night was full of rustling alarms and stealthy silences. Once a hideous laugh, shrill and unearthly, made Ernest stop short.

"Coyote," commented Joe, and they went on in silence. At the fern pool the gorge widened a little, letting in a faint glimmer of the starlight. The water was softly rippled on top as it curved against the dam and eddied unresistingly towards the greedy mouth that was consuming its abundance. They stood listening intently for a few moments, but there was not a sound from the other side, except the slight stirring of leaves.

To make sure, they crossed over and, lighting their lantern, flashed it into the shadows. A startled scurry brought Ernest's hand to the pistol in his pocket, then a small streak of dark fur flew past them, disappearing into the underbrush.

"Skunk," said Joe, unmoved. Ernest shivered and drew back.

It was evident that the place was unwatched.

"It didn't occur to them," Ernest said with a quiet laugh. The Portuguese grinned assent.

To open the dam was clearly impossible. By a blast underneath, all the overhanging bank had been dropped into the narrow outlet of the pool, making a solid wall. But the new channel was here higher than the old, and, for a brief distance, only a wall of stones divided them. It would not be difficult to make an opening between them.

After a careful inspection of the spot, the crowbars were carefully planted. A moment later a heavy thud sent added alarm through the disturbed community that surrounded them. Another followed, and a third, and then a new sound—the cool swish of eager water reclaiming the stones and channels of its rightful way.

They widened the gap until they had a waterfall that drowned their voices, and stopped up with loose stones the channel that had been busily transferring to the Curtis reservoirs all that the hills sent down. Then they followed back, finding the way marvelously shortened, to the lower pool, where their own pipes were already beginning to feel the cool flood at their dry lips. A few big stones across the outlet of this hastened matters. When they reached the orchard the water was spouting into the trench. It welled along, rising steadily, and turned down the first row. A moment later it had encircled a tiny peach tree, which rustled in the darkness as though it realized that reprieve had come.

For an hour they worked over the trenches, guiding and encouraging, seeing that all shared alike. Then they went wearily back to the house, leaving the water to its work.

It seemed to Ernest that he had barely fallen asleep when the tinkle of gravel on his window roused him with the sudden shock that an unexpected noise brings. Joe stood below in the faint dawn, nonchalant as usual, some tools over his shoulder. In five minutes Ernest had joined him and they were hurrying to the creek. The orchard, deluged to its uttermost corner, gave Ernest a grim satisfaction as they tramped past. Day was putting a new aspect on the world, making last night seem remote and unreal. The gulch had degenerated from a haunted cavern, peopled by disembodied sounds and uneasy shadows, into a commonplace gap between two wooded hillsides, the innocent home of gophers and woodpeckers.

Closing up the breach proved to be much more of a task than opening it had been. Day began to overtake them with long strides, and their hands grew stiff with the icy water. Ernest was acutely conscious of being wet and muddy, and faint for lack of breakfast. If he paused a moment his teeth began to chatter. But Joe worked on in slouchy indifference to his physical state. The break was at last filled up, and they were hiding all signs of it with loose stones, when the sound of reckless crashing through the underbrush brought them hastily to their feet. Some one was coming at an angry run along the Curtis side. Ernest put his hand on his pistol.

"Look out for yourself, Joe," he suggested, his eyes on the gap in the bushes opposite.

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Joe, gathering up their tools in serene indifference to what might follow. Er-

nest felt ashamed, his own calmness was so entirely a matter of will and pride, covering childish agitation. He tried to relax his tense muscles and lean easily against the bank, but he felt himself betrayed by every line until the hazel bushes were pushed apart and Johnny Curtis, red and excited, came out on the opposite bank. Then, all at once, his nervousness vanished. He gave the other a cool, amused glance, and, stooping, fitted a stone into a crevice. Johnny stared from the bank to him.

"What the devil are you doing?" he demanded.

Ernest looked up pleasantly.

"Oh, good morning," he said. "We've merely been mending your creek wall. It seems to have broken down in the night."

"Oh, it did?" said Johnny shortly.

"Yes; a good deal of water escaped, I imagine."

"Some of it into your orchard, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid so; but that's all right. It won't hurt it in the least. And I think we've mended the hole rather well."

"I don't believe it will break down again," said Johnny with grim meaning.

"Not for several weeks, any way," Ernest agreed. Their eyes met and blazed defiance at each other. Johnny's were the first to lower.

"Any one monkeying with this creek is likely to get badly hurt," he said. Then his anger got the better of him. "I'll have you arrested! You're a damn thief!" he broke out.

"Yes? And what are you?" Ernest demanded. Johnny shot a glance of quick distrust at him, and turned away.

"You look out, that's all," he said over his shoulder; but his voice had lost its bluster, and his face some of its color. He tramped off through the bushes. Ernest suddenly found that his hands were shaking and that he wanted to sit down. He turned to find Joe watching him with a subdued look of contemptuous amusement that stung him hotly, though he pretended not to see.

"We've finished here," he said shortly, and led the way back with as masterful a bearing as he could assume, though conscious at every step of the insolent patronage in the swarthy face behind. Once he turned sharply, with some vague intention of proving that he was not so young or so excitable as the other might think. But Joe was gazing indifferently at the sky line, and, after all, there was nothing to say.

*(To be continued.)*

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## WAR.

I AM that ancient one called War,
A liege insatiate and lone;
O'er conquered and o'er conqueror
Is reared my sanguine throne.

Mine are the tumults deep and dire
That shake the earth with thunderous sway;
And mine the cordons of red fire
That gird the gory fray.

The heights and depths of soul are mine,
Base cowardice in brave disguise,
And that which touches the divine—
Sublime self sacrifice.

Mine are the roadways to renown,
The paths of peril and of pain,
Mine is the victor's laurel crown,
And mine the myriads slain.

I am a tyrant hoar as time,
And though men pray to win release,
Long years must lapse before shall chime
The silvery bells of peace!

*Clinton Scollard.*

# THE RISE OF THE PANAMA.

*BY GRANTHORPE SUDLEY.*

THE SUDDEN AND REMARKABLE VOGUE OF THE HAT THAT IS THE LIGHTEST AND THE MOST EXPENSIVE OF HEAD COVERINGS FOR MEN—SOMETIMES IT REPRESENTS MONTHS OF A TROPICAL NATIVE'S LABOR, SOMETIMES IT IS THE FACTORY MADE PRODUCT OF CIVILIZATION.

PHILOSOPHY applied to purely material things insists upon a specific cause for every visible effect. But things occasionally happen for which the most patient investigator cannot find an explanation. Take fashion, for instance—fashion in her capricious moods. It is often possible, of course, to trace many modes to their source; but who can explain why certain fancies stalk through the world like a plague, spreading on every hand?

If all fashion's whims were only sound in sense, if they argued comfort and convenience, patient mankind perhaps might understand. But a moment's reflection raises the perplexing thought that many of the whims which fashion has spread broadest through the world have been neither beautiful, comfortable, or at all convenient. Take the crinoline, for instance; or, better still, the high silk hat.

### THE SUDDEN VOGUE OF THE PANAMA.

All this is introductory to a brief discussion of the present extraordinary vogue of the so called panama hat. It must not be thought, however, that the panama is a mere freak. On the contrary, comfort and convenience characterize its form and fabric. But why, within a few months, has the panama, one of the oldest forms of the straw hat, sprung into such overwhelming favor in every quarter of the globe?

I have asked this question of perhaps thirty of the largest New York importers, and they have answered candidly that they didn't know. Then they have advanced hesitating opinions, which leave one practically as much in the dark as ever.

"Well, it might be this," said one, who embodied in his words about all that the others had to say; "you see, the panama is light and soft and durable, and under certain conditions permits itself to be modeled in almost any form. You see——"

I saw that much, and said so; but I didn't see in this any explanation of the curious fact that the whole world seems to have discovered the fact everywhere, at the same moment—in the same breath, if I am allowed to use that expression. The importer took another start.

"It's this way," he declared, recklessly plunging deeper. "There was the alpine hat, and the world wanted something like it in straw. The rough straw was tried, and wasn't liked; so the panama straw was used—that's it, the panama straw"—here his eye lighted up, and he appeared blythe with the joy of discovery. "I tell you, the panama straw was used, and the straw alpine at last made a hit."

I asked him, interrupting: "Why the alpine?"

He looked me severely in the face. "See here, if you're going to ask me questions like that, I give it up. I haven't the power of divination."

No, he hadn't divination, but perhaps he might tell one thing more. He nodded hopelessly, all the joy gone out of him, and took the hypothetical question as one who swallows a bolus.

Admitting the alpine and its popularity, and then the use of panama straw and its suitability, why should the whole world grasp it as one man?

But he only shook his head weakly and despairingly.

### WHERE THE PANAMA COMES FROM.

Few fashions have had such wide and instantaneous vogue as the panama hat of today. The further one goes into this matter, the more curious it appears. In the first place, as hats go, the panama is expensive in its original cost. The cheapest form—those made in Porto Rico—cost at least five dollars, and these are in the minority. The French panama, the one really in vogue, costs at retail anything from fifteen to fifty dollars. From this

quotation, extravagance may wander into three figures—two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars for a genuine Indian made panama that is perfect. But fashion is a fickle jade; next year one may be able to buy a panama from a push cart.

There are many who will remember the panama hats of long ago—things of uncouth shape, usually without a ribbon, and neatly creased along the crown. They had a brief and limited vogue a generation ago, and a few still lived through the intervening years. These were the hats that the natives of South and Central America and the Malay archipelago gave to the world as creations—hats that took six months, a year, two years, to make, and could be crumpled in the hand like a handkerchief. Aborigines have been making the hats for centuries, but it is only within the last year or so that aboriginal methods and styles have yielded in the least degree to the demands of fashion's caprice.

It should be understood that "panama" is merely a trade term. All forms of panama hats are commercially divided for convenience' sake into specific classes—the French panama, the South and Central American panamas, the grass hats of Manila, and the panamas of Porto Rico.

The best, according to the trade's idea, are made in France, or just outside of France. Dealers say that there is no demand for the historic panama, and probably there are not half a dozen of that type for sale in New York today.

The French panamas are made in bulk at Lunéville, in Lorraine; at Saar-Union, just over the frontier in Germany; at Strassburg, and at one or two Belgian towns. In these places, the industry is centralized and well established. Elsewhere—particularly in the tropics—the hats are mainly the work of isolated natives, and are bought by traveling agents, who get the result of six months of a native's labor at about the price paid to a skilled American workman for one day's work.

THE PANAMA MADE IN THE TROPICS.

Some of the hats of tropical make are in high favor with the importers, while others are not worth the cost of transportation, though it may have taken the native half a year to make a single one. The aboriginal maker has no discrimination in the choice of grass, and uses the fiber that comes nearest to his hand. The hat's texture may be superior, every strand perfect, and its shape all that may be desired; but examined closely, its plaits display a dozen different shades, giving it a zebra effect that no fastidious creature of fashion cares to exploit before a critical community. This is one of the disadvantages that trade finds in the Manila hat, and for this reason few of them are sold.

A short time ago, one of the largest importers bought a consignment of these hats, and was delighted, at first sight, with their whiteness and even color. But when he tried to work them into shape, he found that some one had produced this brilliant effect by filling them with polishing powder, and that half an hour's wear liberally besprinkled the wearer's hair. As fashion long ago discountenanced powdering one's wig, an effort was made to clean the hats; but no brushing, shaking, or soaking had any effect, and after a few dozen efforts the dealer gave up in disgust—the hats were like powder balls, and, once wet, turned a beautiful saffron tinge. It is only fair to the natives to say that this powdering was done in transit. Aboriginal minds lack intelligent artifices in their trade.

The best South and Central American hats, however, are white and of good texture. The main difficulty is with their shape. The same thing holds true of the majority of Porto Rican hats, which, furthermore, have not the texture nor the finish of the South American, and certainly not of the French panamas. But, thanks to the work of several of our consuls, the natives of tropical America are learning that it is to their advantage to make hats of the proper shape.

The cause that militates most against the Manila type is the color, a greenish yellow like the tint of new hay. They are made mainly of palm fiber, a material largely used, also, in Porto Rico; and this stamps them as not being really panamas. The real panama is made of aqueous grasses.

THE NATIVE WEAVER OF PANAMAS.

Ecuador, Brazil, and Peru turn out the best of the tropical panamas. In those countries the hats are made by the *peons*—natives of the lowest, most ignorant type. A month at least is required to make even a fairly good hat, and sometimes as much as six months is spent in weaving a single crown. Perry M. De Leon, our consul at Guayaquil, in Ecuador, recently made an effort to get into closer trade communication with the native hat makers, and found the effort painfully slow in results. What confronted him is most easily summed up in his own words: "Life is so easy in this tropical land that the spur of necessity is seldom felt." Of all the towns in that

sweep of country, one alone has gone into the business seriously, Catacaos in Piura, the most northern province of Peru. It boasts an Indian population of perhaps twenty thousand, and its sole industry is hat weaving.

In Ecuador appears the first historical knowledge of the panama, and, if all be true that legendary lore hands down, one Francisco Delgado was its inventor. At any rate, the Ecuadorians insist that Delgado made the first tropical straw hat, and in honor of him they call it, not the panama, but the *manavi*, that being the name of his province. In certain sections it is also known as the *jipijapa*—pronounced "hippy hahpa." The plant from which the *manavi* is made is a species of fibrous native grass known as *paja toquilla*, something similar to our straw palmetto. It is fanlike in shape, is extremely hardy, and is cultivated extensively in Ecuador.

The seed is planted in wet, low lying land during the rainy season, and the grass is cut when it has attained a height of five feet, just before it ripens. The stalks are boiled enough to loosen the fiber, dried in the sun, and assorted for use. Much of the straw is exported, and the only virtual difference that exists between the *manavi* and the French panama is that one is made by Indians, the other by French workmen.

FIVE MONTHS TO MAKE A HAT.

It is the closeness and the difficulty of the work that makes the panama costly; first, because perfect hats are hard to obtain, and then because it takes so long to make them. Owing to the fact that every fiber must be kept thoroughly moist to be pliable, the work can be carried on only between the hours of midnight and seven in the morning, when the air is humid. In some sections, the natives have overcome this by weaving the hats under water, but as the difficulty of this method hardly appeals to the lethargic aborigine, it is infrequently adopted.

Even though the Indian is lazy in the manufacture of hats, one cannot but sympathize with him. Just consider five months' nightly labor on a thing of straw, obstinate and awkward to handle! The one thing that saves the native is that he doesn't consider, which is a good thing for the native.

The Indian weaver first takes the straw, selecting it fiber by fiber. Then, with his little finger, or his thumb, he slices it into smaller fibers, running down the whole length of the grass until he has a bundle of threads each four or five feet long. This accomplished, he braids sixteen or twenty fibers together, interlacing them at their middle. After that, all he has to do is to braid, to keep on braiding, braiding, from midnight till morn, adding another fiber at every turn until the task is finished. When one remembers that the texture of some of these hats is as fine as a cambric handkerchief, the character of the work may be understood.

The workman begins his hat at the apex of the crown, and from that time until the brim is finished, his eye must scan every strand, while his fingers guide it into place and hold it until the next fiber is woven down upon it.

Both the French and Indian panamas of the better grades, when finished by the workmen, look like a straw sombrero. The edge of the crown, however, is fringed with fibers that protrude from the braiding, and before the hat is ready for the fashionable wearer, it requires a deal of attention. The overlapping fibers are spliced into the edge of the crown, and trimmed off, and after this the hat is steamed and fitted on the hat maker's block, where it rapidly accommodates itself to the required form. Once set, it is cleaned and polished, a ribbon and a band are put on, and it is ready for sale.

The fact that what requires so long to perform may be described in so few words is but an evidence of the monotony of the task. Unremittingly, the worker carries it on, only occasionally pausing to puff a cigarette or to dampen the drying grass. Months of this—an empire may have fallen, the world changed its geography, great men have been made, have died or been unmade, and the Indian goes on making the hat destined to be worn by some stranger, of whose existence he has never dreamed. Men, women, and children strive at this work; it is their only vocation. It ruins their eyesight, destroys their health, perhaps, and yet it is said that they are singularly cheerful, need little, and ask for nothing better.

THE PRICES OF PANAMAS.

The very best of these hats wholesale for about forty four dollars apiece. What is known as the ordinary Cuenca hat is sold at prices that range from eight to twenty six dollars a dozen, while the best *manavi* bring in the market only seventeen dollars.

It is not to be wondered at that men who have developed the art of hat making are revered somewhat in the light of patron saints. In Ecuador, for instance, the name of Palma is revered among these

simple workmen as much as men of civilization honor the name of a Fulton, a Morse, or a Stephenson. Palma, in all probability, reached the highest skill in the manufacture of the panama. Samples of his handiwork were sold at one of the Paris expositions at prices approximating five hundred dollars. Two or three Indians, today, possess an extraordinary aptitude in the art, but still Palma stands foremost.

The French makers of the panama are first to learn what shapes are coming into fashion, and are constantly prompted in this respect by hatters over all the civilized world. Furthermore, they are assisted mechanically in a way undreamed of by the Indian maker, and, spurred by thrift and unchecked by heat and other natural causes, they can accomplish much more. Nor are they compelled to work at night, since they have apparently overcome the difficulty of keeping the straw constantly pliable. Their method is a trade secret, and a valuable one. Again, the French hats possess a whiteness that the Indian is unable to obtain, and so once more the poor Indian finds himself overmatched in his struggle against compelling civilization.

The effect of the wide spread demand for panama hats is visible in New York, in the fact that some styles of hats have in the last three months literally doubled in price. In some places, the supply is exhausted, and every effort is being made to induce the Indians to double their output and to braid the hats on blocks approved by fashion. In France the output cannot be rapidly increased, for the reason that months ago every available workman familiar with the trade was working overtime in the effort to catch up with the orders.

In consequence, hats that sold last year for ten and fifteen dollars are retailed for twenty, twenty five, and even forty dollars during this season. Importers have been unable to fill all their orders; and furthermore, they are almost afraid to make any extensive contracts for next season. Sad experience has taught them that a fashion so widely circulated is doomed to a sudden death. Next year, it may be impossible to sell panamas at all.

In considering the price of a panama, the economical may be tempted to suggest that it is too expensive. But the fact of the matter is that a panama is about the cheapest hat made anywhere in the world. It will stand any kind of wear, may be cleaned time and again, and, at the end of years, is virtually the same. A common straw hat, at the best, is good for only one season. The most fashionable makes cost five dollars; they are fragile, and quickly lose their shape. But a ten dollar panama—that is a fair price under normal conditions—lasts forever, and then the only way to get rid of it is to throw it away. So for once fashion has shown herself a thrifty jade.

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## TIDINGS OF THE PAST.

I THOUGHT as I leaned from my casement,
And felt the wind coolingly blow,
That it blew fresh to me
From far over the sea,
The sea of the long, long ago.

And through the white line of the breakers
Which dashed on the rocks of today
With a dissonant roar,
There came to the shore
A message for me from youth's May.

There came the glad sound of youth's laughter
That followed the e'er ready jest,
And the song sung by Love
To a window above
As his heart throbbed with hope in his breast.

But came, too, a feeling of sorrow—
Aye, grief follows joy!—for I know
That the billows now bound
O'er my youth, which was drowned
In the sea of the long, long ago.

*Wood Levette Wilson.*

# IN THE SHADOW OF WAR.*

## *BY HAMBLEN SEARS.*

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

On a murky night in 1780, Merton Balfort, a Continental soldier bearing an important despatch from General Putnam to General Washington, came on a broken down coach and a very wrathful little lady, whom he escorted to the only available shelter. The tavern proved to be full of half drunken men, and when one of them annoyed his protégée, there was a sharp fight that left the offender desperately wounded.

The crowd was all for the injured man and King George, and would have seized the chance to kill Balfort for a rebel spy if the girl had not turned the tide by declaring him her sweetheart, a true subject of the king, with whom she had run away to be married. The muddled crowd insisted on having the ceremony performed at once, so a solemn fellow named Marvin went through the service over them, they playing their part bravely for their lives. Mistress Philipse never flinched till her eyes fell on a stupefied fellow apart from the rest, when she showed such sudden and overmastering terror that Balfort carried her into another room.

In the night they escaped, and he left her, his wife in name by the strange mummery of the evening, at the gates of a Tory mansion. All that he knew of her was that she had run away from home, that she was loyal to the king, that she had a quick courage and a still quicker temper, and that there was no such wonderful wavy light hair in all the world.

When he reached Washington's headquarters, Balfort was attached to Colonel Livingstone's command, where he speedily made friends with Robert Curtis and Jack Acton, two young officers. In their company, he was detailed, with a small body of troops, to try to effect the capture of some British soldiers who were expected to attempt the rescue of Major André, an English officer arrested as a spy. This mission took them to the mansion where Balfort last saw Deborah Philipse, and he was glad when Curtis, who was in command of the expedition, told him to enter the house with six men, and apprehend any one who might try to enter after him. What followed is narrated by Balfort himself.

### IX.

I COULD not help wondering, after my two friends disappeared in the darkness, at the peculiar chance of fate, or whatever one might wish to call it, that left me now standing here by the house I had so longed to enter but a few short days ago, with orders now to enter it, but the inclination to do so gone. Gone, did I say? Nay, hardly that, for if any one of us entered there, it must be I; and, whatever might be the real reason of her going there, I could not let her be taken in arrest as a common spy.

Why she should be there now, I did not want to guess. And, indeed, the doubt of it growing on me, I turned to the sergeant of the troop and looked him over—a grizzly bearded old campaigner, used to wars, but honest and a stalwart Colonial, I'd be bound. 'Twas, in fact, the picket who had taken me the night I reached Teller's Point. What would he do with Mistress Philipse, if he found her there? I did not like to think, but spoke to him instead.

"Callahan," said I, "know ye why we're here?"

"That I do not, liftinint," said he. "I'm ordered here, and here I be. Indade, sir, I've outgrown askin' quistions."

"You can keep your mouth shut well?"

"Ask the liftinint;" and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the departing troop.

"Good! Remember that, should the time come! Take now two men and go around that house to the left. Leave two more here concealed near the road, and let the other go with me to the right."

"Aye, sir."

"We must enter that house, search it, get what may be inside, and lie low for more. And look sharp, for 'tis like there be no less than a dozen redcoats there now, watching for us."

"Aye, sir," said he, saluting again.

"If you hear or see aught, leave a man and make a wide circuit till you meet me."

So we started away, crawling on our stomachs and keeping a bright eye on the gloomy house, that appeared to be dark from top to bottom, and that contained God knew what.

Fortunately for us, there had grown up a wealth of underbrush on all sides, and by keeping well within this, I turned the first corner, skirted the broad side of the square mansion, and, nothing ap-

* *This story began in the July number of* The Junior Munsey.

pearing amiss, moved slowly and laboriously on, turning the second corner.

There at last was a light shining from an open window in what appeared to be a room adjoining the kitchen, in an ell, or extension, of the house itself. Soon I was up to it, and, seeing it unoccupied, made bold to enter, sending one man to call the others with Callahan.

Silence reigned throughout the house, and nothing changed in the few moments that passed till, silently, one by one, the five men and Callahan slid over the sill and stood waiting my instructions.

"Some one is here, or this is a trap," said I in a whisper. "We must act quickly or be caught ourselves."

"'Tis simple enough, sir," said the old man coolly.

"And how?"

"Lay another thrap. An' ye'll give me lave——"

"Go on," said I quickly.

"You, Durgin," ordered Callahan of one of his men, "git out o' that winder into the grass, and give us warnin' wid a tap on the glass ef annything turns up. You, Ballard, shut the winder and draw thim curtins, and do yez stand by to git the signal. You two take thim two doors and douse anny wan, the divil cares who, that shows his red nose through. Douse him wid yer coats over the head, and when ye git him, stick yer knee in the pit of his stomach"—all this in a whisper, with a quick look here and there, and gestures that alone told what he wanted. "An' now, yer honor, we'll take this door that goes God knows where. Hist! Phwat the divil's that?"

'Twas a step coming along the hall, a light, stealthy, though quick step. In a moment Callahan and I were behind the door, and my cape was ready in his hands, held at the height of a man's head. Each of the others had taken his position silently as soon as he got his orders.

There was a moment of suspense as the steps came towards the door. Then the door itself swung open, and in an instant Callahan was on the ground on top of some one, with the cape wound around the new arrival's head.

"The saints deliver me!" muttered the old man. "Divil take me, but it's a woman!"

And, sure, 'twas so. For the door being again quietly closed, we carried her to the light, and found a woman, speechless with terror, gazing with a fascinated glare down the barrel of Callahan's pistol.

"Do not utter a sound, or you will be dead!" said I sternly. But she did not appear to take note of anything but the pistol.

"Who's in this house?" I asked.

No answer or move on her part.

I knocked up the sergeant's pistol, much to his disgust, and touched her.

"Who is in this house?"

She looked at me in a stupid, clownish way, and then of a sudden out came a lot of gibberish that meant naught to either of us.

"Phwat's that she says?" asked Callahan. "She'll wake the dead!" And he doused her again with the coat until she lay quiet. Then we repeated the action with the pistol, and she sat silent as before. But I had caught enough to know that she spoke French.

Here we were, stumped! Not one of us knew a word of the lingo, and I could do naught but put my finger on my mouth and vigorously shake my head. French—a French maid—Mistress Philipse's maid, no doubt. Was she a bait? We should soon see. But I must speak with her mistress first, and alone. All this passed in a moment through my mind. I bade Callahan keep the woman close, saying that I was going to explore the house, and he was to give me warning of any new arrival, or danger, by a low whistle.

So I left the dimly lighted room and found myself in a cross hall that led again into the main hall of the house. Keeping close to the wall, I worked slowly and as silently as possible around the hall, finding four great dark and silent rooms, in which the ghostly furniture stood piled in the center. No sign nor sound of living being appeared. Then, coming to the great stairway, I drew my sword and, holding a pistol in the left hand, mounted cautiously to the second story.

Here again were more rooms, open, but vacant. Under the sill of a door leading into the wing was what seemed to be a faint light. The door opened, but in doing so it creaked with a sound that seemed to echo all over the house. Directly opposite, across another small hall, was a door, half opened, leading into a lighted room, and on the instant a voice said something in French.

'Tis ever the fact that what is expected is like to be the greatest surprise, and to recognize that voice now, knowing it must come some time, gave me a sickening of the heart that kept me silent.

"Well, Adèle?" said the voice again, louder than before.

"'Tis not Adèle, Mistress Philipse, but I, Merton Balfort. May I enter?"

There came a sudden exclamation and

a step, and the door stood wide open. There she stood in a long wrapper, with her hair down about her shoulders, taller by inches I remember noticing even then.

"What do you here, sir?" said she, gazing at me.

For answer I stepped into the room, took the door handle from her, closed the door noiselessly, and looked at her.

"Who are you, and what mean you by coming thus into my house?" she asked haughtily, standing away from me and drawing her gown together at the neck. Aye, the girl was beautiful under all conditions, for here she was gazing at me like a queen whose hallowed privacy had been soiled with sacrilege.

"You know me well, Mistress Philipse," said I, "and need have no fears of me."

"I know nothing of you, sir, nor do I fear you. But I bid you leave this room and this house at once, unless you are a highwayman come to rob a defenseless woman."

"You know well that is not the case. Will you be seated?"

"No, I will not!"

"I have something to say to you——"

"And I will no longer remain in your presence;" and she made as if to leave the room. But I stepped before her, my own temper beginning to rise at this denial of an acquaintance which, one would think, she at least might recall.

"Mistress Philipse, I am sorry to be under the necessity of asking you to remain. I am obliged to ask you——"

"You need not ask, sir. For I will not answer a single question."

"Sit down, mistress," said I sternly. It is to this day a marvel to me how this chit of a girl could rouse my anger by her very calmness. She did not move, but said with fine scorn:

"You are, then, a highwayman, I see;" and, following her glance, I flushed to find myself standing before her with a drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. One was sheathed and the other put up in a moment, but I was upset and said nothing for a space.

"Who is in this house besides yourself and your maid?"

"An infamous scoundrel! Perchance—aye, no doubt—a highwayman; a man who has neither sense of decency nor honor, who——"

"Who besides him? Tell me!" I cried.

"I will not speak with you further. You do not dare to remain in my presence longer!" she said, her voice rising in anger and wounded pride, and beginning to quiver with nervousness.

"Madam, you will some day regret your words," said I hastily. "I am here to protect you"—an involuntary exclamation escaped her—"to protect you from being arrested as a spy. This house is full of British soldiers, who are——"

"Ah!" cried she at that. "Let them come to me now, then!" and she rushed by me and grasped the door to open it. But I caught her as she cried out, and put my hand over her mouth and lifted her from the ground, setting her down in a large chair by the table. The result was enough to distract any man. For she burst into tears, and, looking up and stamping her foot in helpless rage, she cried:

"Are you not ashamed to maltreat a woman, who is helpless? Are you not ashamed? Oh, had I a strong arm to strike you down now, making war on a weak woman!"

I was on my knees at her feet in a moment, and took her hand in mine in my excitement.

"Dear child," cried I, "God forgive me! Some day you will understand and forgive me, too. I cannot do aught else. If you will but give me your word! Believe me, believe me, I would not touch a hair of your head; but tell me truthfully, is this house occupied by British soldiers? Nay, do not move away! I—I must trust you. Listen! There is an attempt to take André—this house is the rendezvous—tell me you know naught of it! Oh, 'tis useless to try to escape. I have the house surrounded with my men; but tell me you know naught of it, that I may protect you from my own people! Do you not see? You will be arrested as a spy!" She was sobbing convulsively, and I could not stop her. I knew not what to do, and in my bewilderment I found myself kissing the hand that lay in mine, and begging her to stop.

Still she sobbed on. I was near at my wits' ends.

"Stop—stop, mistress: for the love of heaven, listen to me! Well, so be it!" For she was almost hysterical in her weeping. "So be it," said I, rising and moving away. "There is the door. Go out and down into the very arms of my men, and be taken to West Point as a spy in the employ of the British."

She was on her feet, running wildly to the door, that now stood open; and I waited to hear the result, when she stopped, as if turned to stone; for a long, low whistle came to our ears from below. I jumped to her side and grasped her arm.

"Tell me, girl, do you know aught of British in this house?"

"No," said she, looking at me in wonder.

"Then, listen!"

Again came the low whistle from the hall below. I gave the signal back.

"That signal says that some one is approaching this house. Now, if you do not believe in me and do what I tell you, we shall none of us have long to live. I served you truly once. Trust me again!" and I ran to the light and blew it out. In the sudden darkness I found her and grasped her hand. She let it lie in mine, while both listened for the next sound that might come. Gradually the slight moonlight gave us some light in the room, and I turned towards her.

"Will you give me your word not to give any sign or make any noise?"

She did not reply.

"I must go down stairs. Will you give it?"

Still no sign.

"Then I must trust to your sense of justice and honor."

I could not see her face, but I knew I was needed below, and so, letting her hand fall, I moved quickly to the door. Some slight sound made me turn as I reached it, and I was in the nick of time to see her stealing swiftly towards the window. With a bound I reached her, just as she raised the sash, and before I could stop her she had cried out. Then the pity of it all came over me, for the frail little creature began to struggle.

"Mistress Philipse, I am here to do my duty! There be twenty five men and three officers within call. You cannot possibly help the British! They are doomed now! But I cannot—God forgive me, I will not struggle with you! There is but one other alternative. Here is a pistol; you can easily see me. Shoot quick and straight; for I will not go down, or take you down to those men!" She took the pistol. "If you fire it without hitting me, I shall use this one on myself!"

Slowly she raised the pistol—I could see as plain as day now—slowly she pointed it, first at my body, then at my throat, then my head. And it came into my mind that my hour was indeed come; but there was no trouble in my mind; for if I must go, I would go by her hand, and that was as it should be. I looked her steadily in the eye for a time, and then the shining thing dropped with a clatter to the floor and she stood still looking into my face.

How long we stood thus I could not tell; but we both started as a voice came from outside the door, whispering to me:

"Are ye there, liftinint?"

"Yes. What is it, Callahan?"

"There's twilve min a comin' over the hill at the back of the house."

"Go down again and work your trap on them. Let in half and cover the others. Let them have it if anything sudden occurs."

"Yessir. Have ye found anny wan?"

"Not a man! But I have not yet covered the whole house. There's some one in the back of the house here. Go down! I'll be with you in an instant."

I heard him mutter something about coming down now, but he went away, and we could hear his step creak on the stair.

"Do you understand now?" I asked in a whisper.

She nodded her head.

"Will you trust to me?"

Again she nodded.

"Will you—will you try to forgive me?"

"I cannot! I cannot!" she murmured, and sank back into the chair. "You have no right to treat a woman so. They are my people, too, trying to rescue a brave man—a man I know!"

"They can do nothing for him. He will not come this way, and is even now safe on the other side of the river. 'Tis absolutely hopeless, mistress!" Though, in good truth, it was not so hopeless as it might seem.

So she stood a moment; and then I left her, and stole softly towards the door.

"Do not go down," came to me in hurried tones, as she moved after me. "I—I do not want—I do not dare to stay here alone!"

"But I must go down to take command of the men. I have stayed here too long, as it is."

"I beg you to stay! I cannot stay here alone!"

"You?" cried I, under my breath. "You, who have lain here night after night alone?" and with a puzzled feeling in my brain I looked hard at her in the dim light. Could she be trying to help her men by keeping me away from mine? Yet she was not of the kind that feared anything of this sort.

She came and touched my arm.

"Please stay here by me;" she was actually pleading. Either she had suddenly changed or I had lost my wits. It could not be. Something lay beneath this.

"There is no fear in you," said I, taking her hand from my sleeve and moving quickly to the door and through it into the hall. I heard a stifled exclamation break from her; but my mind was made up. She had something to conceal, and, bitter at

the thought, I stole softly to the head of the stairs.

But it was not to be. Even as I got to the top step a long line of light spread out from under the stairway, and, leaning over, I saw a strange sight that might well have stirred her, or any woman, or yet man, for the matter of that. The light came from an open panel beneath the stairs, and as I stood there, shooting my long nose over the rail, one—two—three—six—aye, eight men stepped silently forth, one after the other, into the hall.

The leader, a man in a long cape coat, held a shaded lanthorn in his hand; and the others, evidently by prearranged design, spread out, each gliding silently into a room, while two—the leader and another—moved silently but swiftly to the stairs, and began to ascend.

"So!" said I bitterly, though in a low voice, as I stepped into the room. "So that is it, madam! You have, indeed, set me a pretty trap; and a fool like me is none too wise, but must needs fall into it. Well, mistress, I am sorry; but you shall see——"

On the instant the room became light, and I saw that she had lit the tallow dip.

"Hide here in the curtains, quick!" she whispered. "Do so quick—quick!"

'Twas some instinct in me that made me glide behind the heavy curtains by the open window as the tall, cloaked figure stepped in. I could see naught, but as he entered I heard an exclamation break from him.

"So ho, my runaway wench!" cried he. "And here you are in papa's old house, and in the midst of a conspiracy!"

"I know not what you mean, but I would know, sir, by what right you follow me here, and by what right you dare to come into my chamber in this fashion."

"Easily told and explained, Mistress Deborah! I suspected we would run you here to earth, and so I came to find papa's daughter and bring her to her home, and to her wits."

"I will do what I choose; and I do not choose to receive you, nor will you take me hence."

"Indeed and I will, Deborah! And do you make ready now in some garment fit for a horse's back, and prepare to come with me on the minute. I like not this territory. 'Tis too near our rebels for comfort. And, besides, there is other work for me to do tonight."

"Leave me, sir. And have done with this, once for all!"

"You will come with me now," cried he angrily, and stepped up to her and took her by the arm and shook her. "You will come with me now, on the instant!"

"And is there so much haste, then?"

The man wheeled on me with a suddenness that startled us all. I know not why I came forth, but I could not see her tyrannized over; and though my mind was in a whirl as to the purpose of this stranger, as well as to what might be going on below, I was out and at him with my hanger before the words were well out of his mouth.

He muttered to himself, "What the fiend is this?" as he drew and guarded my thrust. Then he cried out to his man:

"Shoot, fool—shoot him!"

Out sprang the report across the room, and a pane of glass fell behind me; but, as good luck would have it, the miss was clean and fair.

At the same time, too quick and too tangled up with our hurrying about the room to be at first distinguished from it, came an uproar from below stairs. Shot followed shot, and we could soon hear, even above the noise we made as we thrust and parried, the sounds of fighting from beneath.

At first he hesitated a moment, muttering, "What may that be?" But as I pressed him sorely he turned to me again, crying:

"Dorkin, thou fool, fire! Waste no time! Fire, curse thy soul!"

Then I saw the man come towards me, and I knew he could not miss again. There was naught to do but run, and I ran for the great bed, followed by the leader, who had thrown his great cape back over his shoulders. As I ran I caught a chair and swung it around towards the soldier, hitting him squarely in the shins, and he bowled over, cursing with pain. That gave me a moment, and I pushed a table at my adversary; but he, catching it, swung it aside, and at it again we went.

All the while the terrible din below stairs increased, and cries and curses now added to the uproar. It ran through my mind to wonder how my men fared, and if Curtis were near enough to hear. But I could do little, for my time was near up.

"Shoot—shoot, coward!" cried the man again.

I caught, out of the corner of my eye, the soldier again on his feet and walking slowly up to me, with his great pistol held before him and bearing on me. And 'tis more than strange how, gone though I knew I must be, I had but one thought—she should see what a patriot could do in his last hour. So I gave a heavy lunge at my man, and again, still seeing the other

growing slowly larger, when there out rang another shot like a cannon's report in that room.

"Missed again," muttered I; but a curse from my opponent, and the heavy thud of a falling body, told me he was down. Yet did it take me long to realize what had happened; for I could not let my eye wander from the sword that flashed in front of me constantly. As we turned around each other, however, I caught a glimpse of Mistress Philipse, looking in terror at the floor in front of her, and holding my smoking pistol in her hand—and my good spirits flew back to their proper place.

Up from below came a shout, and I heard cries and steps rushing up the stairs. Still my man pressed on his work; but what I had seen her do gave me the stomach to push him to the wall. And then, too quick to be told here properly, my name sounded clear and brave in Acton's voice, accompanied by the sounds of my approaching friends. For the space of an instant we stood listening, and in that moment I turned to Mistress Philipse, and cried:

"Into the back room, quick! Wait for me there! Ah, you will attempt it, will you?"—this last to my adversary, as I saw him making for the window.

'Twas a hard moment's exchange of thrusts, and he was too near the window; for, as I cried out and the door opened and Acton rushed in, the man turned, put his foot lightly on the low sill, and went out straight into the darkness with a fall of thrice his height below him. Yet even then I noted that she had gone in the nick of time. All might yet be well!

We ran to the window, and heard the voice of Curtis cry out as he ran off into the night after my vanished opponent. Then I soon learned that four British soldiers were prisoners, and that five lay dead or wounded below. And while the men were discussing how many had escaped, Curtis walked into the room.

"Well?" said I, struck by the expression on his face. He sat down and wiped his forehead without speaking for a moment; then said, as if to himself:

"Sometimes I almost believe in spirits."

"What now, lad?" asked Acton.

"Here was I standing in the door below," said he, rising with far more animation than he usually betrayed, "looking out into the night; when who, think ye, literally dropped from the clouds?"

"Why, lad, 'twas my man jumped from the window above."

Curtis shook his head.

"'Twas the man with the cape! The man, as sure as I live! The man who is known to us as Hazletine! I knew him at once. I made after him, but"—and here he shrugged his shoulders—"but he disappeared, as if the darkness had swallowed him."

And I sat down and pondered what this might mean.

## X.

We buried the dead and left the house as quickly as possible with the prisoners. After continuing with the troop up the road for some distance, I turned back on the excuse of having left something, bidding them go on, and saying I would overtake them.

As I came near the house again, my mind misgave me. Would she wait? Would she trust me still? It would take the devil himself to tell her mind, and I could not judge. I had seen her, now, but three or four times, and yet I knew at least twenty different humors; and heaven knew how many more she had at her call to do her bidding. Still, she should not have cause to doubt me. I, at least, would keep my word; and so I went on up the walk again to the side door, and into the room where we had captured the maid and where the light still burned; then on into the front hall, where, listening a moment and hearing naught, I called her name.

A stifled exclamation came to me through the oak under the stairway, and the panel slid softly back. There was no light but what worked its way across the back hall from the other room. Yet could I make out her figure as she stepped from the black hole, and I saw her lean towards me, and caught her, or she had been on the floor.

What new mood was this? She was lying in my arms, her head on my shoulder, sobbing with the convulsive gasps of a child!

"What is it, Mistress Deborah?" I asked. "Hush! What is it? There's naught wrong now. They're gone, child!"

Yet still she sobbed on. For the life of me I could not help it—she seemed so like a child. I patted her shoulder softly, and bade her calm herself.

"I cannot! I cannot!" she sobbed. "God help me from such another hour!"

"Why, how should so brave a girl fear a dark corner?"

"Take me away! Ah, wilt not take me away from here?"

"Come now," said I, moving to the back room.

"That man!" she cried in terror, looking up into my face with a frightened gaze. "Is he gone?"

"Long since," said I as soothingly as I might.

"Is he dead? Did I kill a man?"

"Dost know you saved my life?" I asked, holding her close. There came a convulsive grip on my shoulder again.

"Thank God, thank God!" she murmured. "But did I kill a man?"

"No, surely not," said I. Yet the fellow lay in his new made grave, cold and stiffening fast. But she had so wild and crazed a look in her eyes that I dared not add to her terror. And 'twas well I did so, for, with a long sigh, the nerves relaxed, and I lifted her little self in my arms, and carried her out of the house into the cool morning air and down to the road, with never a word or move from her to show whether she knew it or no.

'Twas a sweet burden to carry; and as I moved along, in her half conscious condition she sighed again, and, reaching up one round arm, put it about my neck. So could I have carried her a hundred miles! Was it not enough to make the warm blood flow back and forth to a man's heart? And would not a man give half his days to feel such another slowly throbbing against his coat? For the life of me, I could not forbear to take the longest way to the gate—'twas but a paltry step at the longest!

Come to the roadside, however, and by the horse at last, I sat down upon the grass, and, still holding her, waited in silence for very fear that she might wake and force me to let her go. And then she drew something of a long breath, and opened her eyes.

"'Tis quite right here, now," said I. "We be in the road, far from the house;" and she turned her head slowly, looking up at me, her cheek touching my coat. And I saw that the fear was gone.

"Why, where are thy nerves, girl?" cried I, with a laugh. Aye, could not a man laugh for very joy of life at such a face, lying close to him, and looking up at him so, with never a fear nor doubt; but oh, what a world of trouble in the eyes! If, indeed, there be one who could not, he is a fool!

"You will not leave me?" she murmured softly.

"God forbid!" said I fervently; and she moved a bit in my arms and drew another long sigh.

So I sat quiet for a space, old Roger gazing down at me in wonder. And after a little she moved again.

"What is it?" said I softly, for fear of waking her.

"I—I think I can sit up now," she answered.

"No, no," I insisted; "you're much too weak;" and no doubt she was.

"I think that—that 'twere better I should," said she, with a trace of her self creeping into her voice.

"Nay, child," said I again. "'Twill be your certain death. Lie still!"

"Since when, sir, have you acquired the authority to command me?" she asked, yet never moving to rise. There she lay close to me, her face as pale as the moonlight, still giving the hint of the petulant raillery in her eye and voice. According to one, Marvin by name, I had the right to command her, and as the thought grew in my head I held her closer to me, and looked down in her eyes, and said not a word.

"Mr. Balfort!"

Aye, 'twas over! There sat Mistress Philipse, bolt upright beside me, taking up the tresses of her long hair with hands that might shake a little, but with no wavering in her face. Still I said not a word. Indeed, I did not like to meet her eye just then.

"I think I shall get up and walk a little," came in a constrained voice from her. And she forthwith attempted to rise. But had it not been for a quick grasp from me she would have fallen; and so, with a nervous laugh, she held to my arm again and looked up at me.

"Forgive me, dear friend! You were right. I am as weak as any nervous girl. I am ashamed of such faintheartedness."

"Never a trace of faint heart is there about you," I answered warmly. "But you have had a night that might well strain the nerves of a strong man. Will take my arm and walk?"

She looked at me searchingly, and then made the trial. But on a sudden she seemed to sink from me, and grasped my arm heavily; then murmured, with that strange, nervous laugh in her voice:

"I am so sorry, but—but will you—would you help me to a——"

And I had my arm about her again; for indeed the girl could not stand.

"You are too weak to walk, and you must trust to me as a gentleman—as a friend—as a——"

"Husband?"

"I did not say so."

"You thought it, perhaps."

"My thoughts are my own, mistress."

"Indeed, sir, I fancied they were any one's who might look at your face!"

"Does my face, then, say I am a villain?"

"Oh, dost not see, stupid," cried she, "how safe I feel with you, out of that terrible house? Could I smile and joke, think you, after that, if I were not as free as air —only a little weak and tired, and——"

And then she leaned her head against my shoulder and wept softly, holding my arm tight the while.

"Do not cry so, mistress! Wilt not rest quietly a moment, till strength comes to you?"

"Oh, you do not understand a woman!" cried she between sobs. "Go away and leave me—leave me alone!"

What the fiend I should do now I could not guess, till I bethought me of a pocket flask of brandy in the saddle, and, laying her quietly by the roadside, I was there and back in a moment, and had forced her to take a swallow or two. After that, without more ado, I threw the horse's reins over one arm and, picking her up, started down the road for the village, just as the first signs of dawn appeared over the hills.

For a time she lay quiet again, holding me tight by the shoulder; and gradually the strong liquor and her own self control checked the quiet weeping; and then, still lying close, she said:

"You must not carry me. 'Tis too great a burden."

"I could carry you to New York and not know it."

"Am I of so little consequence, sir?"

"You are—you are—oh, child, child, you know well what you are, and how little the burden of carrying you weighs me down!" Indeed, I said it somewhat bitterly, for, to tell the truth, everything was by the ears, whichever way I might look.

For answer, she moved a little, turning her face up to me.

"Where are we going?"

"To the village below here, where you can be warmed by a fire and have some woman to care for you."

"I need no woman to care for me," said she quickly. "And I am quite satisfied now. But will it please your highness to let me try and walk a bit?"

Setting her down, I held her while she felt her own weight, and then, finding she could indeed stand, she let me lift her on Roger, and with one hand on my shoulder and the other on the good beast's neck, she rode and I walked into the village, just as the morning rays spread over the land.

"The dear sun!" said she softly. "There it is, as bright and clear as if there had been no dreadful night;" and she added presently, "It seems that we are destined to take early morning jaunts together."

I walked on in silence, still holding her arm.

"Why so silent, sir? Do you not know that my nerves need cheering up? And yet you are as glum as an owl."

"I am thinking where I should be now if it had not been for your courage last night."

"And is your life so serious a matter as all that?"

"No, 'tis not, indeed. And if the fellow had touched me, little would have been missed from the world today."

There came a heavier grip upon my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw her leaning towards me with the new sunlight glistening on something in the eyes that looked earnestly down at me.

"And wilt fall morose, too, because I wept? Fie, how weak and foolish! How like a woman!" And yet I'd be sworn 'twas not that those filling eyes said to me.

"Deborah," said I, taking her hand from my shoulder, "do you care the least how I feel? Dost know what I would say?"

"Aye, sir; you would tell me if this be not the very same village through which we passed but a few days since."

"Damn the village," quoth I softly, in some dudgeon.

"Oh, sakes!" cried she, "'tis a pretty town. Why shouldst damn it, since we may yet breakfast together there—you and I, at our first meal—you and I—the rebel chieftain and the loyal maid!"

So we rode on into the village, and, stopping at the first house of respectable look, I went in and found a good woman who took Mistress Philipse and helped her to arrange her toilet. I stood by the door, waiting her return, being myself, to tell the truth, worn out with the night's work and the excitement of the past few hours, when a horseman came by from the north. As he drew near, in spite of my own thoughts I could not forbear a smile; for he was the most comical looking bit of humanity it had been my fortune to meet in many a day. The horse was nearer dead than alive, of lanky limb, and seeming to have more corners and angles than the famous Rosinante of the Spanish writer's *Don Quixote*—a fierce looking beast, with long teeth and no hair in his tail. Yet he covered the ground, however strange his gait. But the rider looked as if he might have come from a powder magazine that had blown him sky high and dumped him all shattered on the earth.

He wore no hat, and his long hair stood

out every way but that which was intended it should stand, while the poor man's clothes were ripped and torn, and hung in shreds about him. One boot was gone, and the blood stood on his brow and cheek, dried and black. As I say, I could not forbear a laugh at his wild appearance; and then it dawned on me that the man wore the shreds of a Colonial blue coat and cavalry uniform. Seeing me in the doorway, he pulled up with such suddenness that the strange beast he rode promptly sat down. Thereupon he dismounted, and old Rosinante lay quietly at full length in the road.

"What in the name of the devil have you there, man?" cried I.

"Ye have a Colonial dress, sir," said the poor wretch, saluting, but gazing out of his bloodshot eyes suspiciously. "Are ye, perchance, an American officer?"

I told him I was.

"Do ye, then, know aught of one Lieutenant Balfort—Merton Balfort?"

"Yes," said I, equally cautiously; "and what of him?"

"I have a message for him."

"I am he."

Again he looked at me.

"How am I to know?" he asked. I thought a moment, and then said: "Did you meet any American troops going north some hours ago?"

"Yes, sir. Cavalry, under two officers."

"Those officers—do you know their names?"

"Yes, sir."

"They were Lieutenants Curtis and Acton," said I, "and carried British prisoners."

"Your pardon, lieutenant," said he humbly; and then he grasped the doorpost in evident exhaustion.

"Sit down, man, and say on," said I. He sank down on the step.

"I missed you at the fort, and came on—the road above—I met Lieutenant Curtis—he told me you were below at the ferry. Before I got there some hell hound fired from the woods and killed my horse. Three of them took me, robbed me, by God, sir, robbed me!—saving your presence, sir—got my despatches, and read them, and kept them. I fought 'em hard, sir, but 'twas no use—and then one of 'em hit me a crack on the head, and—mayhap they left me for the crows; for when I got to again there was I by the wayside in the bushes, and I'm not so sure of what I did, but remember getting a farmer to give me that lump of clay over there, and so"—with a wan smile—"I got on."

I picked the poor fellow up, and bade him tell me if he knew the message, or who 'twas had sent it.

"I came from Tappan, sir, yesterday."

"From headquarters?" cried I.

"Aye, sir, from the general himself."

"What was it, man? What was it?"

"'Tis strange, now," muttered he, putting his hand to his head. "I heard that son of hell read it but a few hours since."

"Think, man, think!" said I roughly.

"Yes, yes," cried he, looking up at me. "'Twas an order from the commander in chief for Lieutenant Balfort to report at headquarters at once—aye, at Tappan. Could ye—could ye give me a drink of water, sir?"

Turning to get the drink for him, I saw that Mistress Deborah had heard his message, and I would have given much to read her thoughts then.

"Well done, my man! Come, let me take you in here;" and we carried him together into the front room, and laid him on a sofa, and gave him his fill of water.

Then while he lay quiet I turned to her.

"Will you come to our breakfast?" she asked, with just a shade of embarrassment in her tone, and of red on her cheek.

"Mistress," said I, "had you aught to do with the attempt to rescue André? Nay, 'tis an unfair question," I added hurriedly; for there came a sudden change in her eyes. "I will ask another instead. You heard this man's tale. Will—will others know of the message?"

"Does the lion eat the mouse which gnaws his bonds in twain?" she asked.

"It depends upon how hungry the lion is."

"After breakfast the lion would not be so hungry."

"Then, it depends, too, on whether the lion is a chivalrous lion."

"Do you think she is?" she asked slowly, gazing out across the street, with a wounded look that cut me in a tender spot.

I took her hand, kissed it gently, and said:

"I think she is. But I cannot stop for breakfast—I must be gone at once;" and we moved out to the door. "What am I to do with you?"

She looked up without the shadow of a smile.

"You might sell me; or perhaps some man would be willing to hire——"

"Madam, you jest upon a serious topic."

"Your duty bids you stay with me," she said, seriously now.

"You know I cannot."

"Is, then, Mr. Washington so much more important than your—than I?"

"'Tis an unjust query. I must obey him."

"You promised to obey me until death should us part."

Was she making sport of me again?

"Wilt take me with you?" she cried impulsively.

"Will you go?" I asked, grasping her hands.

"To ride over the land together for days and days?"

"Aye, forever! Wilt go, Deborah?"

"And wouldst take a spy into Washington's very headquarters?"

"And is not the lion chivalrous?" I asked again, earnestly.

"What a foolish boy!" she said softly, with a smile, giving my hand a little shake. "And yet"—half to herself—"and yet I—I'd not have you say otherwise. Nay, I stay here with good Mistress Apthorp—'tis all arranged half an hour ago—till her husband tomorrow takes me to the Tarrytown lines. Then to home again," she added with a sigh—"to home, and the misery I tried to avoid!" The quaint humor in her was all gone again, and she seemed almost to droop; and an unreasoning anger got the better of me that such a condition should exist. This wretched war did naught but deprive me of—of what? What indeed! I could not for the life of me tell. Maybe much; maybe naught at all.

"Good by, mistress," said I, holding out my hand.

"Good by, lieutenant," said she, taking it.

And then, somehow, I drew her a little towards me, and looked down into her eyes—great brilliant eyes of brown depths. God forgive me, they were not for me, and I straightened instinctively.

Over the beautiful upturned face went a slowly rising rose color, as she said very low:

"'Tis a very weak and unhappy lion."

"And a most desperate mouse," interrupted I.

And so——

Roger went up the road under me, snorting in amazement at the extraordinary pace demanded of him.

## XI.

We had gone but a short distance when my thoughts came trooping back, and I pulled up. I was called to Tappan—a day was lost already—and up above were men who had waylaid the messenger, who knew the contents of the note. 'Twould be folly to travel back to Verplancks and give them time to take me on the road, or intercept me on the other side, if they deemed it worth their while. My feeling was that this was merely a gang of skinners, pillaging this man like all others; but it might be, too, some of the escaped squad we had outwitted in the old house, who were following up the rear of the troop. Most important of all, however, had not Curtis' ghost found me with the girl whom he seemed to know, and would he not try to get her back by taking me?

At that I turned about and made for the ferry, crossing as soon as I could, and setting out at once for Tappan. I knew the road well enough, for in my two weeks at the fort I had crossed more than once, and from the drawings of the country in the colonel's possession the lay of the land was moderately clear.

So I had moved along for a mile or more, when, as I stopped to breathe old Roger at the peak of a long hill, I looked back and saw, some distance behind, a pair of riders, too far away to be made out, but coming along at a quick gait. They seemed to have the dress of countrymen, and this side of the river I knew was not so safe for either British or outlaw as the other. For a moment I hesitated, thinking to draw off the road and let them come up and pass. But the mission I was on seemed too important, and the chance of coming to blows with them too great a risk to be taken just now.

Out stretched old Roger, therefore, in his great strides, and I knew there were but few animals in the country could match the good nag's pace. I talked to him, as was my wont, constantly, and bade him have a care of himself, for he and I had some miles to cover, and neither stumble nor slack of speed might we indulge in. Roger and I were friends of long understanding and had had a run for our necks more than once. The good beast laid back his ears, and said, as plainly as if in words, that if the devil himself were behind on the best that he could bring from his sulphur home, we would give him his due and a run for his money.

Never can a man have more exhilarating work than such a ride with seventeen hands of splendid horseflesh between his knees, and I laughed to myself to think of the run before us, if, indeed, the two countrymen behind were in search of me.

The road lay over a rolling country, now down, now up; now straight, now winding between passes in the hills. So that, shortly, I made the top of another long climb, and was about to go over a cer-

tain pass between two wooded foothills, when, turning back, I saw down in the valley the two men coming on at the best rate their horses could carry them. At that instant one pointed up at me, and then both urged on. Aye, Roger boy, lengthen thy limbs out, and let them follow till they get their fill! And the good horse flattened along the road in his old time run.

Every now and then I could catch the beat of hoofs, but they got no nearer.

I came suddenly upon a fork in the road, and met an old oxen cart coming down one branch.

"Tell me, my man, are you for General Washington?" said I, pulling up.

"That I am, sir, God bless him!"

"Then tell me which is the way to Tappan."

"Here to your right, sir," answered he.

I looked at him a moment in doubt. Then took my chance; for such a man in such a place was like to be on our side in his heart, at least.

"Would you serve him, friend?"

He nodded, looking at me with his little eyes all the while.

"Then tell two men, who will come running here presently, that I took the other road."

"Belike you'll do better to take it any way," said he.

"Why so?" I asked sternly.

"Because I was but now stopped by a man as is British, or I'm a Spaniard, who would know if a man riding this way had gone by."

Again I looked the old man over.

"Ye need no' fear, sir, for you wear the uniform, and I'd do what I could to help the cause. Go on by the south'ard fork for about a mile; then turn west by a lane—there's but one—and come on by this road. If the Britisher moves no further on, ye'll be beyond him."

"God help you, old man, if you lie! But I'll take your word. Send the two down the fork after me;" and Roger and I were off.

On went the nag. We made the lane clearly enough, and took it. Most of the way lay through the timber, and I ran out on the Tappan highway well nigh before I knew. And there, as my cursed luck would have it, stood the three horsemen not five hundred yards away. They caught sight of me as I looked back at them, and we were all four off before much was thought or done.

'Twas a bad business; for they had breathed a space, while Roger had been covering rod after rod. Still, I was on the Tappan road, and on the Tappan side of them; and I had five hundred yards to the good. Even then no horse of theirs could do more than keep the distance, or mayhap work off a yard or two now and then. Giving Roger the reins on his neck, I got out my two pistols, and made ready for what might come. The horse could take my guiding from the knee, and, stretching out his neck, sped on.

Running up a grade, then, and turning the top of a hill, I laughed out loud to see, in the valley beneath, tents and flags and all the signs of a camp, and knew that Tappan lay but a couple of miles away. Turning in the saddle, I waved my two arms at the men.

But they came thundering on, and the one in the lead discharged his pistol, though 'twas far out of range. Looking ahead, I caught a bit of road beneath, and saw the last of a troop of horse coming this way. And that gave me an idea, which the winding road suggested. Speeding on down the hill, I turned a sharp corner and jumped Roger up a bank into the timber and underbrush; and then, throwing my arms round his nose, held him close as the three rattled by. In a moment I was out on the highway again and following after, still with the reins on the good horse's neck and a pistol in either hand.

'Twas too good to be true! A fool will always spoil his own game. For I wheeled round another curve in the steep and narrow descent, and came plump upon the three standing still, stopping up the highway. Whether they had seen or heard the approaching troop, I never knew; but four men more astonished it would be hard to find.

There was no instant to think or decide on action. I ran among them, literally, having only sense enough to clap spur deep into Roger's flesh. 'Twas a new sensation for him, for he and I never needed steel to keep us moving, and the beast leaped forward in amazement as I fired on either side. They were no fools, these "countrymen," for I had no more than got through when a quick report was followed by a sting in my left hand, and the pistol dropped to the ground, while I wrung the arm and cursed the fiends roundly. Down I got on the horse's neck, and for an instant waited for my end.

'Tis a long time, such an instant, but it had its end; and another shot sounded in the clear morning air, when I heard a howl in front and saw a horse go down, as the troop came trotting around the curve. Up came Roger, and wheeled about

at a pressure of the knee, just in time to see two of them turn about, while the third lay still in the road.

No explanation was needed, but I cried out to them to take the men, and some started in pursuit, while we picked up the dead man, whose coat was blackened with powder from my close shot. And out of his pocket came a paper, with others, that gave me a greater respect for a certain man than I had yet had; gave me, too, a sense of insecurity that I had not felt in that long ride.

The paper which I read with the lieutenant who commanded the troop was this:

> You are to cover the road to Tappan from Dobbs Ferry. Watch for a man in lieutenant's uniform, Balfort by name. Get him alive if possible. But get him. Take the woman who is with him and hurt not a hair of her head. I follow the other two with the prisoners. Meet me at Gowan's Tavern tomorrow night. Wait two days there and then return.
>
> HAZLETINE.

"Narrow escape, lieutenant," said the young officer of the troop.

"Indeed it was," said I absently; and then, waking up, I told him enough of the story to persuade him to let me go on.

As I rode slowly into the camp, I began to understand the feeling Curtis had for this extraordinary man, and to feel that he knew by some strange, almost unnatural, means what was going on in the American army. Yet 'twas simple enough. 'Twas he who had taken the general's messenger, and, reading the despatch, he had sent out men to take me. Yet the thing rankled in my mind all the way to headquarters, and after, while I waited the return of General Washington.

## XII.

ONE, two, three hours I waited. No one knew, or would tell me, when the general might return; and though I was allowed to walk up and down the hall of the old farmhouse, then used as army headquarters, or even in the road before the house, I realized that I was not out of the sight of one sentry or another during all that time. 'Twas not strange, since the credentials I brought were nothing more than my word, and no one about headquarters knew my name. Noon passed, and by good fortune I secured some food; and then the afternoon waned on.

In this delay I went over again the road Roger had taken me, and then I harked back to Mistress Philipse's treatment of me at the ferry house. 'Twas a marvel how that one woman could say what she chose to me, and, by such a word or look as she gave me when I left her, wipe out a hundred times the things she had charged me with but a few hours before. Could such a woman think seriously, with so many moods and such sudden tempers? Could she have been serious and true in both her moods, that night and this morning? I had seen her but two or three times and yet I knew her so well! And in that short time she had shown me more of womanliness, of beauty, of sweetness, of impetuous temper, of weak feminine helplessness, of strong will, and of anger than I had known in any dozen women before. 'Twas enough to turn the head of any man, this breaking out in new expressions moment by moment, baffling beyond measure, yet compelling one to forget all injustice by a single last word.

I could not get away from her now, when I expected at any moment to face the one man a soldier wishes to be ready for, the one officer he would impress favorably; and so, in the afternoon sunlight, I could bring my thoughts back to the chief, and what he might have for me to do, only to see them sneaking off to that old mansion by the ferry, with its open door, its dead, and its single light still burning to make it more desolate; to the slight girlish figure traveling southward in the company of some countryman, on her way to renew her troubles, whatever these might be!

I was the more surprised, therefore, by a stir about headquarters; and, turning, saw a squad of officers approaching on horseback, with the great, unmistakable figure leading them. They passed me and entered the house without a word, only returning salutes. None among them did I know, except the straight figure of General Knox, whom I had seen at the Robinson house on that fateful morning.

Shortly, however, I was summoned to enter, and found a large, low apartment, occupied by the commander in chief, who was talking quietly with his officers.

"Nay, Knox, it is a question of principle, not of the individual. André may be—indeed, I know he is—a gentleman and a fine officer, but the question deals with the whole discipline of the army, not with the case of a single man."

"It is a terrible duty," replied the other, sadly shaking his head, as he gazed out of the window.

The general saw me, and said to the others:

"Gentlemen, I have some private busi-

ness with this young man." And they went silently out of the room.

"Lieutenant Balfort," said Washington, turning to me without hesitation, "you have obeyed quickly. It is correct military discipline."

"I have been here four hours, your excellency."

"I know," said he. "I was, however, otherwise occupied. Lieutenant," he continued, "in such times as these judgments must be made quickly and they must be correct and unfailing."

I did not reply.

"I have sent for you," continued the general, "to give you a commission of great importance. I do not know you. Can I trust you?"

I looked him full in the eye, and met a piercing look that made me shiver in spite of myself.

"You can, sir."

"I think I can." Then, after a moment's pause: "You are not known to any one in this Hudson River country?"

"To no one but Colonel Livingstone's command."

"You are known to others."

"To others?"

"To a dozen British soldiers, five of whom are at large."

"Yes, that is true, your excellency." How could he have heard of last night's work so soon?

"You should have taken them all. They are dangerous men, and one who escaped is more dangerous than all the dozen put together."

"It was impossible, sir, under the——"

"Nothing is impossible, young man," said he quietly. Then he went on, "You have never been in New York?"

"No, your excellency."

Washington paused again. "Lieutenant, you are to prepare to undertake a difficult work."

"Yes, your excellency."

"You are to go to New York at once. You will examine the situation——" he paused a moment.

"The situation of——"

"Of Benedict Arnold's house, at No. 3 Broadway. You are to form some plan for abducting the traitor Arnold across the Hudson to Communipaw, where you will be safe."

I could not reply now.

"You will then bring Arnold alive to me here." I could scarce tell where I was, with this calm voice laying upon me so easily such a work.

"You can do it?"

"It shall be done, your excellency, if the traitor is in the town."

"You will also search out a man who goes by the name of Captain Hazeltine—ah, you know him?"—for I had started involuntarily. "He may not be in the town when you get there. If not, wait for him, unless the Arnold matter is more urgent."

"It shall be done, your excellency." None might question this man.

"If you bring him to me, dead or alive, you will bring the most dangerous spy in the British army. Still further: Sir Henry Clinton has by this time heard of the arrival of Rochambeau's fleet, and will be forming some plan for cutting off his cooperation with me. I must know this plan in time to stop it, or——"

"Or——"

"You must yourself stop it."

"It shall be done, your excellency." Why I spoke with such confidence, God only knows! The whole bearing of the great soldier seemed to go into me for that moment, and I felt certain all would be done as he said. I little knew what was to come.

"Lieutenant," he continued, still more slowly, "no human soul in this world knows of this commission, and if you are taken——"

"I shall not be, your excellency."

"If you are taken, sir, neither I nor any human soul can save your life. You will be hanged as a spy, and I cannot lift a finger to help you."

"I understand," said I, looking him in the face.

"Now as to your necessaries;" and he went into another room, returning in a moment with several papers. In the instant of his absence I had made up my mind to one thing, and as he returned, I asked:

"Your excellency gives me three commissions."

"Well, sir?" said he in some surprise.

"It will be wiser to have three men execute them."

"That is impossible," answered he quickly. "Three American soldiers in New York will be discovered in an hour."

"Not the three that will go."

"It is impossible!" reiterated the commander. "I am putting great reliance in my judgment when I give you these weighty commissions, but I must do it, partly because the few men I have are known in New York, partly because I rely on General Putnam's recommendation of you."

*(To be continued.)*

# New York's Gold Industry.

*BY W. B. NORTHROP.*

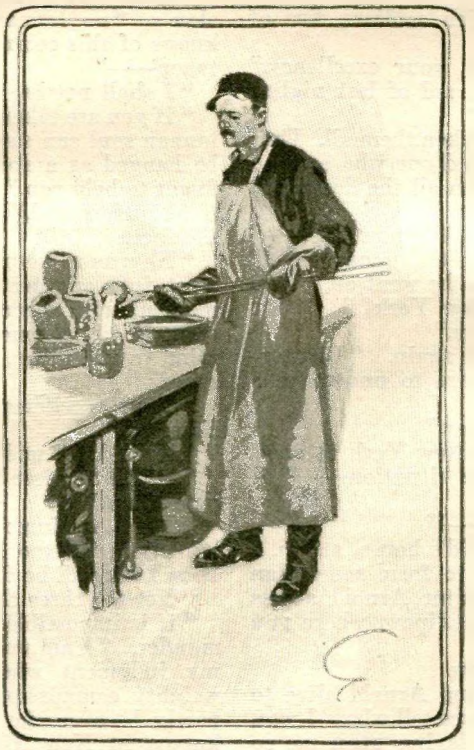
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT'S "GOLD FACTORY" IN WALL STREET, AND THE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN GOLD AND SILVER THAT IT HANDLES—HOW PRECIOUS METALS ARE ASSAYED AND REFINED, AND HOW THEY ARE SHIPPED TO EUROPE.

WHEN newspapers announce that so many million dollars in gold were shipped to Europe by a certain steamer, there may be speculation as to the way in which the vast treasure is handled, and wonder that its transmission is not kept secret. But it is really very safe to send great sums across the Atlantic.

Very nearly all the gold exported from the United States is sent from New York, where the handling of the precious metal is in itself a considerable industry. It centers about the Sub Treasury building at Wall and Nassau Streets. Between this and a big skyscraper is a low, dingy gray building, which seems anxious to crouch out of sight, as if ashamed of its poverty stricken appearance; but it is only the deception of the miser, for within those walls there is usually stored enough gold to buy up most of the skyscrapers on Manhattan Island. The building is used by the government as an assay office, and the value of the precious metals it treats each year is so large that it isn't worth while to name it.

### THE WALL STREET GOLD FACTORY.

From all over the globe gold and silver come to this assaying place, and in every conceivable form. It may be fillings from human teeth, or dust from Alaska; plate from a nobleman's table, or bars from the Transvaal. The work of ascertaining the value of gold and silver sent to the assay office is done free of cost. You may send a bar of bullion or a bag of Spanish doubloons, or your grandmother's locket, to be assayed, and, provided they are worth not less than a hundred dollars, the Government will assay them and pay you their market value. There is no limit to the amount the office will receive. Ten million dollars are a mere bagatelle to the Wall Street gold factory.



IN THE ASSAY OFFICE—POURING MOLTEN GOLD FROM THE CRUCIBLE INTO THE MOLDS THAT FORM IT INTO BARS WORTH ABOUT EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS APIECE.

When gold first reaches the assay office, it is weighed in bulk by two separate weighers, and a carefully worded receipt for it is given to the owner. The government protects itself against imposition by explicitly stating that so much material "alleged to be gold" has been deposited for assaying purposes. It is only after the elaborate process has been completed that the authorities will place their stamp upon the metal.

After the weighing, a part of the gold is placed in a crucible and subjected to intense heat, ranging from sixteen hundred to twenty four hun-

dred degrees Fahrenheit. Then, if the lot being treated is a large one, it is poured from the crucible into molds which form it into bars measuring seven inches and three quarters in length, three inches and a quarter in width, and an inch and a half in thickness. Such a bar of gold, ninety seven and a half per cent fine, is worth about eight thousand dollars.

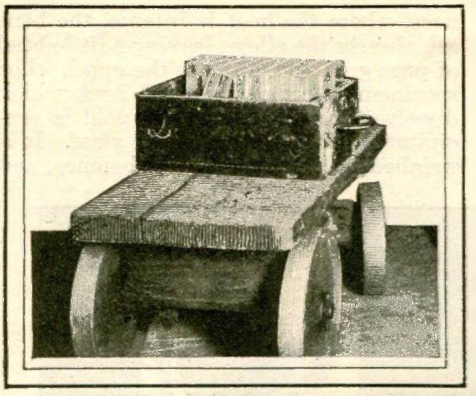
WASHING THE GOLD, AFTER THE SILVER AND THE COPPER HAVE BEEN DISSOLVED WITH SULPHURIC ACID—THE SQUARE BOX ON THE RIGHT CONTAINS ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD DUST.

### HOW THE GOLD IS TESTED.

When gold dust is first thrown into a crucible, it assumes a dull brown hue, which soon changes to bright red, and finally to glowing white. When the bar of metal cools it is placed beneath a cutting machine, and a quarter ounce piece is chipped from its corner. It is not until this little chip has been cut that the true assaying process begins. The sample is sent to the second floor of the building, where powerful cylinders convert it into a thin ribbon of gold. This is cut up into several pieces for different assayers, and each analyst places his tiny sample in a cupel, a little dish made of bone ash, and resembling a peppermint lozenge in size and appearance. In the cupeling furnace, where the heat is intense, the bone ash absorbs the alloys, leaving a little bead of pure gold and silver in the cupel. The specimen is boiled in nitric acid, which dissolves the silver, and the gold is precipitated in the bottom of the glass. It is weighed in a fine analytical balance, and the result compared with the weight of the original sample, thus giving the exact percentage of gold in the entire lot under examination. The various assayers, who have put their separate samples through the same process, then compare notes, which are expected to tally in every particular.

Of course, the different lots of gold brought to the assay office are of varying fineness. Gold from the South American mines contains the largest percentage of alloy, while English sovereigns are the purest metal which have to be treated. Gold from ordinary mines averages from seventeen to twenty dollars an ounce.

When a small sample of gold has been assayed and reported upon, the entire lot from which the sample was taken is also subjected to an assaying process, though on a much larger scale. In a building at



A BOX OF GOLD BARS, THE FORM IN WHICH THE METAL IS CAST AFTER IT HAS BEEN ASSAYED AND PURIFIED.

the back of the assay office proper, there is a large reduction plant. On the top floor the crude gold is melted and thrown into cold water, which breaks it up into fine particles, so that it can be chemically "reduced." It is then placed in great vats of dilute sulphuric acid, which dissolves the silver and copper, precipitating the gold to the bottom of the vat. The acid solution containing silver and copper is drained off and goes to floors below, while the gold is placed in tubs and washed to rid it of any superfluous sulphuric acid it may contain.

### A MILLION DOLLAR MUD PIE.

The boxes, when the metal is washed, will contain from a half million to a million dollars' worth of gold. An ordinary observer could scarcely distinguish it from red sand. The men stir it around with great wooden paddles. It is pushed, poked, beaten, and pounded, just as children make mud pies; these are million dollar mud pies!

Those who handle the gold during its transition from the crude state to the pure bar, wear flannel clothes and gloves, which are put on in a certain room each morning when the men begin work, their ordinary clothes being deposited with keepers. On leaving, they place their working garments in the same depository. Each week the government provides a new set of clothes and burns the old ones for the sake of the particles of precious metal that lodge in them.

When the gold has been thoroughly washed, it is sent to the melting furnaces and cast into bars. The silver and copper in the acid solution are taken out by electrolyzation. The copper crystallizes in beautiful clusters of gem-like structure, forming the "blue vitriol" of trade.

The owners of the metal can take away either the bars or their equivalent in money. The firms shipping gold abroad prefer the former, so that nearly all the millions that cross the water pass through the reduction process. Gold that has been assayed, reduced, stamped, packed, and sealed by the United States government carries authority. Coins may be counterfeited, but there is no chance for question about the purity of the bar gold that is sent from the Sub Treasury.

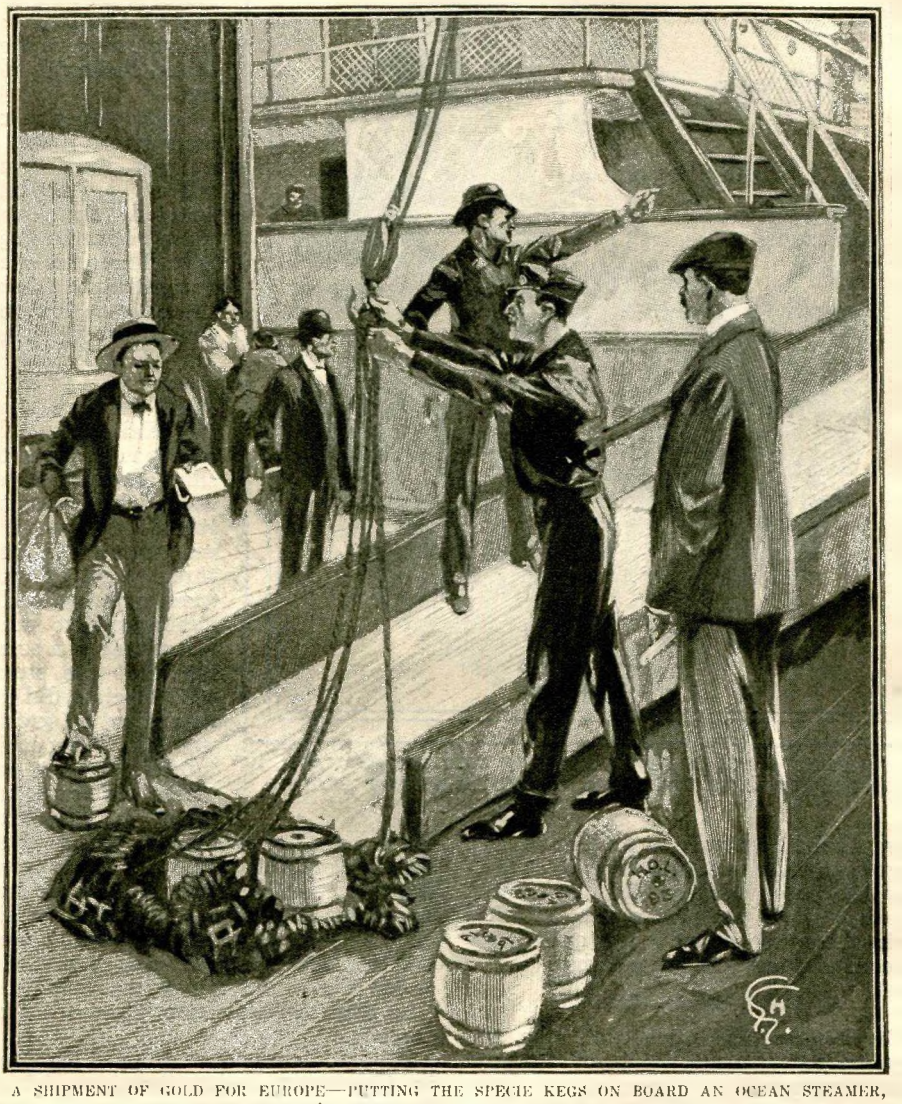
### SHIPPING GOLD TO EUROPE.

All European shipments of gold are packed in small, stout oak kegs, each of which is fourteen inches high, nine inches in central diameter, and seven inches wide at the heads. They are manufactured especially for the purpose. Each keg will hold fifty thousand dollars, or ten bars of the value of five thousand dollars each. The gold is packed with sawdust, so as to prevent abrasion in transit. Each bar weighs nineteen pounds. If a man of ordinary muscular development received permission to take as much gold as he could carry, it is doubtful if he could make away with more than one fifty thousand dollar keg. One hundred thousand dollars in gold weighs three hundred and eighty pounds; a million, thirty eight hundred pounds; while five millions weighs nineteen thousand pounds, or nine tons and a half.

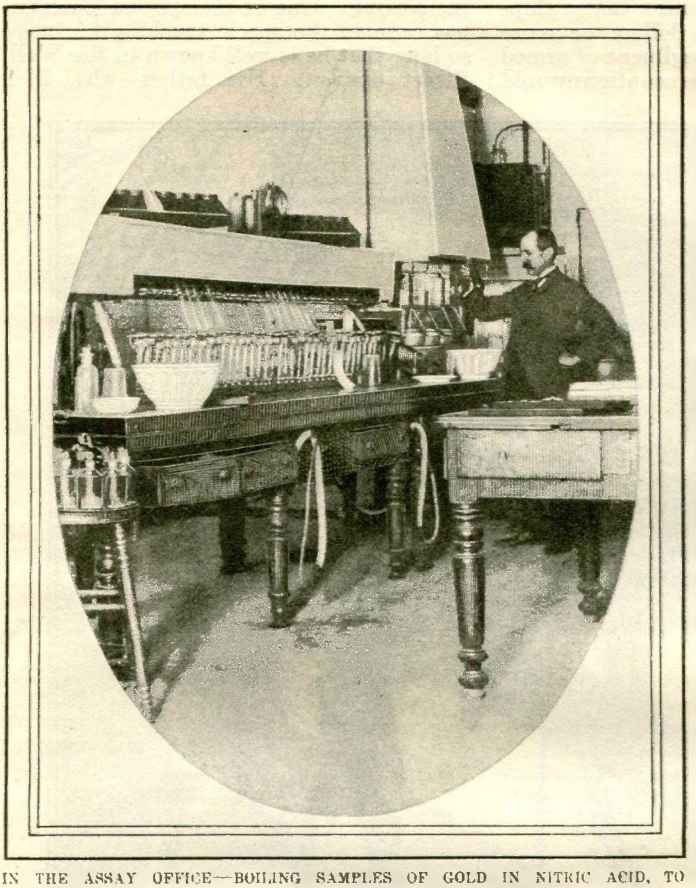
MAKING THE SPECIE KEGS IN WHICH GOLD IS SHIPPED TO EUROPE—EACH KEG WILL HOLD TEN BARS WORTH FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS APIECE.

One would naturally think that a shipment of three million dollars or more would be guarded by a regiment of armed men, and that elaborate precautions would be taken to prevent robbery between the assay office and the steamship. Usually, however, but two men, armed with revolvers only, accompany these large shipments of gold. No attempt to rob has ever been made on the wagons carrying the specie. Each wagon carries from twenty to twenty five kegs, worth from a million to a million and a quarter.

Only trustworthy men, of course, do the carting. One of them, John Barclay, has been in the specie trucking business so long that he is well known in the Wall Street district. His father—who, like the son, was called "Honest John"—began as a peddler of wood in the down town streets; then he began carting gold, and made such a success of it that he died rich. The present Barclay does one of the largest trucking businesses in New York, though he has no regular offices. His wagon usually stands on Broad Street, a block south of Wall. When not seen there, it is trundling slowly along some



A SHIPMENT OF GOLD FOR EUROPE—PUTTING THE SPECIE KEGS ON BOARD AN OCEAN STEAMER, WHERE THE VESSEL'S PURSER TAKES THEM IN CHARGE AND STORES THEM IN A STEEL LINED VAULT.



IN THE ASSAY OFFICE—BOILING SAMPLES OF GOLD IN NITRIC ACID, TO DISSOLVE THE SILVER WITH WHICH THE GOLD IS USUALLY ALLOYED.

New York street with a million or two of gold *en route* to a steamship pier. Barclay has never lost any gold in transit. A bar of silver was once stolen from the back of his wagon, but it was quickly recovered and restored to its owner.

ON BOARD OF THE STEAMERS.

On reaching the steamship's side, the kegs are unloaded on the wharf, and the vessel's purser gives a receipt for them. This ends the responsibility of the shippers and truckman. From that time onward, until the gold reaches Europe, the insurance companies assume all risks—for an adequate consideration, of course. The usual insurance rate is ninety cents for each thousand dollars, so that it costs nine hundred dollars to insure a million. The freight charges are one eighth of one per cent for anything below half a million dollars, or slightly less for larger amounts. On a million it would be little more than a thousand dollars. Cooperage and cartage come to about fifty dollars, and the bankers lose eight days' interest while the gold is in transit, or nearly a thousand dollars more; so that the total cost of shipping a million to Europe is about three thousand dollars.

On board the steamer, specie is placed in a steel lined vault, which is carefully guarded. Any loss in transit is exceedingly rare. There have been few attempts to steal the treasure, and they have invariably failed. The first in many years occurred in April last, on board the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. When the ship reached Cherbourg, and the strong room was opened, it was discovered that three bars of gold were missing. The announcement made something of a sensation, but the steamship officials did not appear to be greatly worried. They maintained that it was much easier to abstract the gold from the treasure room than to get it off the ship without detection. The result proved the wisdom of their view, for two or three days later the stolen gold was found hidden in a remote part of the ship. A steward was arrested on the charge of having stolen the bars, but how he managed to take them from the strong room was not explained.

A gold keg was once dropped overboard in Cherbourg harbor from one of the French liners, but divers brought it up again. The largest amount ever jeopardized by accident at sea was a shipment of three million dollars in gold, which went down with the North German Lloyd steamer Schiller off the Scilly Isles, and was also recovered by divers.

The greatest sum ever shipped across the ocean at one time was sent from New York on August 15, 1900, when the St. Paul took out four million dollars, and the Teutonic carried four million one hundred thousand dollars, all in gold.

# Catching the Royal Chinook.

*BY HALLIE RAYMOND TRULLINGER.*

THE FISHING INDUSTRY OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, THE HOME OF THE FINEST OF THE SALMON TRIBE—HOW THE FISH IS CAUGHT, AND HOW IT IS PREPARED FOR THE WORLD'S MARKET.

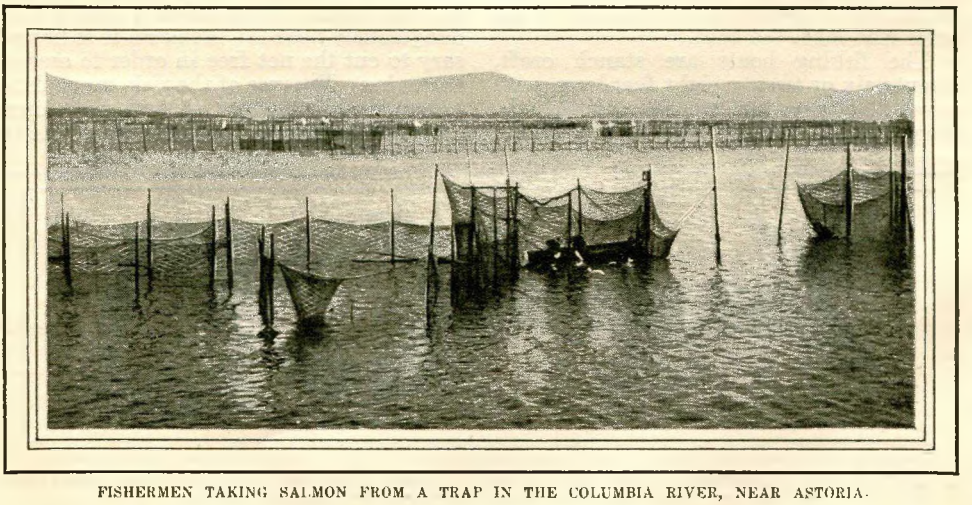
TRULY the royal chinook deserves its name, for the great salmon of the Columbia River is a noble fish, from the viewpoint of the sportsman and of the gourmet. The firm, pink flesh with its distinctive flavor is always delicious, and for no other fish in this country, unless it be the plebeian cod, is there such a demand. Wherefore the Oregon fishers and canners have grown prosperous, and while there is no sport in this commercial fishing, it has given the whole country the privilege of consuming great quantities of the royal chinook. It is the fact that the salmon can be so successfully tinned and shipped anywhere with the certainty that it will keep indefinitely that has made it so important a fish commercially. In the United States dried fish are not popular, again excepting the great American cod, but the succulent salmon in cans has long been a staple.

While the salmon fishing has increased steadily from year to year, canning has lately halted, because the cold storage method has grown in importance. Obviously it is preferable to eat freshly cooked fish, apparently not long out of the water, rather than pieces scraped out of cans, and those who like salmon are willing to pay more for the fresh fish.

Cold storage methods have been so greatly improved that fresh salmon can be shipped three thousand miles and still taste perfectly fresh. When visitors to the New England summer resorts find "Kennebec salmon" on the bill of fare, they think, perhaps, that the fish comes from the Maine river, which used to be famous for its fine salmon. As a matter of fact, it is pretty sure to have come across the continent from Oregon, although Canada may have furnished it. It is said that a salmon has not been caught in the Kennebec for fifteen years. Certainly the fish is very scarce there; and yet, all over the East, hotels and restaurants serve "Kennebec salmon," and they probably will long continue to do so. Inasmuch as the fish is the royal chinook, the customer doesn't suffer in the least.

### WHERE THE CHINOOK IS CAUGHT.

The largest salmon canneries, packing houses, and cold storage plants are at Astoria, the oldest town in Oregon. Piles



FISHERMEN TAKING SALMON FROM A TRAP IN THE COLUMBIA RIVER, NEAR ASTORIA.

SEINE FISHERMEN, WITH THEIR NETS AND HORSES— THE SEINING GROUNDS ARE THE SHALLOWS OF THE COLUMBIA ABOVE AND BELOW ASTORIA.

of tin strips that glitter and sparkle in the sunlight attract the visitor's eye long before he can see the canneries themselves—dingy frame structures, partly on land, partly over the water. The piles of tin are the refuse from the cans. Surrounding the buildings are racks laden with hundreds of nets, which look like exaggerated cobwebs in orderly array, or a vineyard blighted by frost.

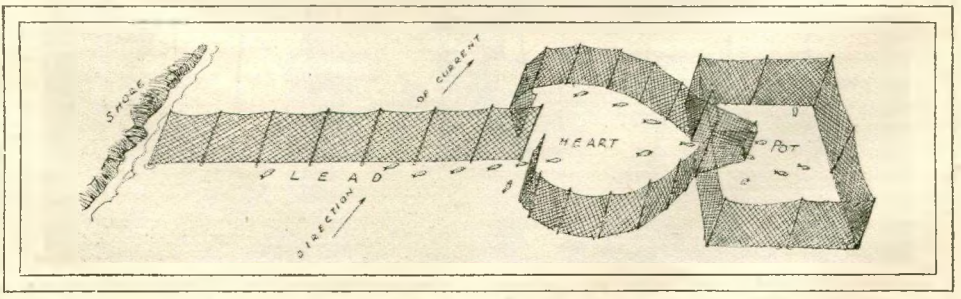
Until the combination idea reached Astoria, the canneries were owned and operated by individuals or separate companies; but now all except one are under a single management. This results in a great saving, as the number operated is governed by the catch. The independent cannery, the Cooperative, is one of the largest and most modern in Astoria. About four hundred fishermen supply it with salmon, and almost every one of them owns a few shares of stock in it. The combination employs about eight hundred fishermen, and, besides, it controls many seining grounds, traps, and fish wheels. The working force in a cannery ranges from fifty to seventy five, exclusive of the girls who label the cans.

The fishing boats are stanch craft, twenty six or twenty eight feet long, with seven feet beam, and pointed at both ends. Each usually carries a sprit sail, very long on the boom, and occasionally a jib. For the annual regatta, held after the close of the fishing season, and lasting three days, the fishermen rig up a leg of mutton sail as a sort of spinnaker when sailing before the wind. The regatta is a great event on the Columbia. The airs are always highly uncertain, and sometimes it blows great guns on the river.

### THE WORK OF THE FISHERMEN.

During the season, from April 15 to August 15, hundreds of men leave their homes about six o'clock in the afternoon, and make their way to the docks where the boats are moored. Each fisher carries a dinner pail, a mammoth affair that would hold enough to feed an ordinary city man for a week. There are two men in each boat, a captain and his boat puller.

The boats are worth about a hundred and eighty dollars each, while the nets, fifteen hundred feet long, cost about three hundred dollars. This is a considerable investment for a fisherman, and a most uncertain one, especially so far as the net is concerned. Often when a boat drifts dangerously near the breakers, it is necessary to cut the net free in order to escape drowning. Because of the risk, many fishermen who can afford to own their own craft prefer to use "cannery gear," as it

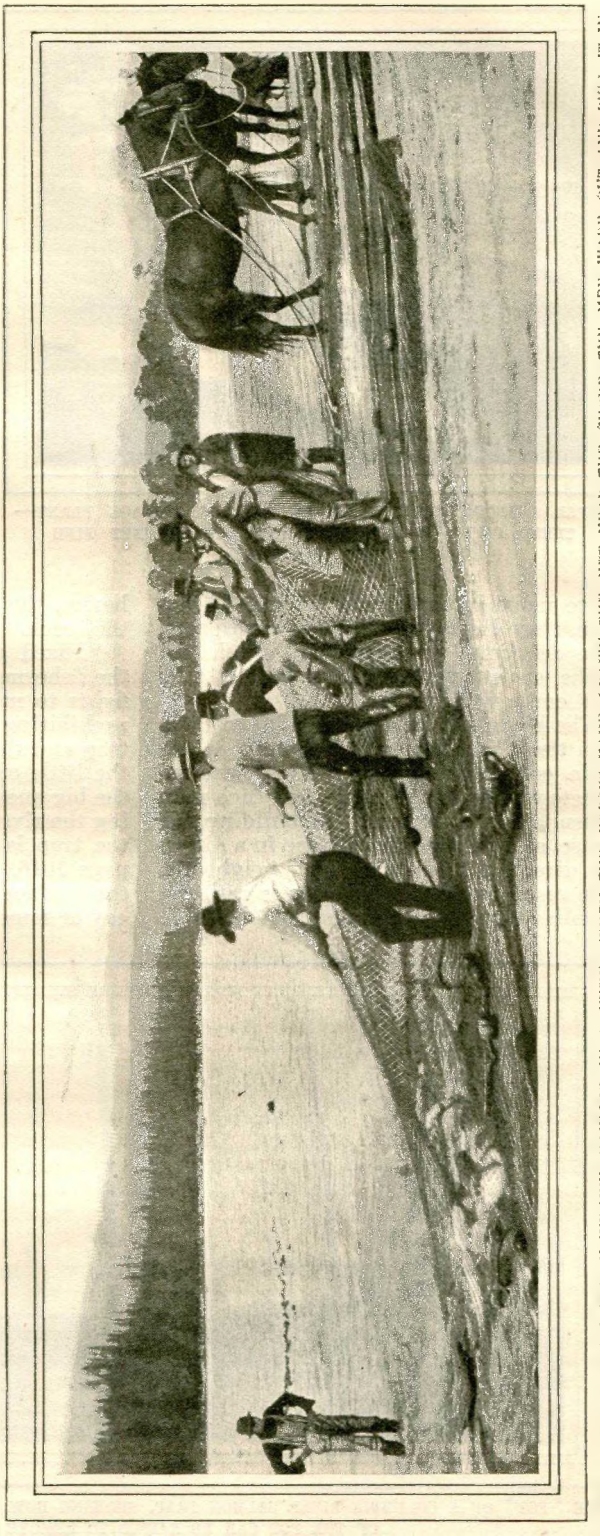



A DIAGRAM OF A COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON TRAP—"FIXED GEAR" OF THIS SORT LETS FEW FISH ESCAPE, AND THREATENS TO EXTERMINATE THE ROYAL CHINOOK.

is called, and to work on shares. One third of the catch is deducted for "wear and tear," which includes loss of boat or net; the fishermen receive a third, and the cannery a third.

All the craft usually start in one direction, as the tide serves, and they extend along the river as far as the eye can reach, drifting along like great white blossoms. When the men are ready to "lay out" their net, the sail is lowered, and the boat puller laboriously rows the boat across the channel while the captain pays out the web. Then they wait for hours. When they "pick up," it will be a good haul if there are ten fish in the net, and a big one if there are twenty. A Columbia salmon weighs from fifteen to seventy five pounds, so it is wise for one unacquainted with big fish to think of the total weight rather than the number. When there are no fish in the net, as often happens, the fisherman catches a "skunk," as he expresses it.

In a blow it is difficult to handle a net, and in the calmest weather it is hard work to lift a sixty pound salmon into the boat. At different points in the river there are scows at which the boats can deliver their fish. The price is fixed at the beginning of each season, usually ranging from five to six and a half cents a pound for the raw fish. The Columbia River Fishermen's Protective Union makes the contract with the canneries. Once there was a lot of trouble on the Columbia, for Chinese fishermen underbid the white men, and life was not pleasant there. Most of the fishers are Finns —strong, hardy persons who can stand no end of exposure and hardship, and whose sensibilities are no more delicate than their skins. They are strenuous souls, and when they started



COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON FISHERMEN HAULING IN A SEINE—WHEN THE HORSES HAVE DRAWN THE NET NEAR THE SHORE, THE MEN WADE OUT AND PULL IT IN QUICKLY TO PREVENT THE FISH ESCAPING.

ROYAL CHINOOK SALMON AT AN ASTORIA STORAGE PLANT—THESE FISH WEIGHED FROM FIFTY TO SEVENTY FIVE POUNDS APIECE.

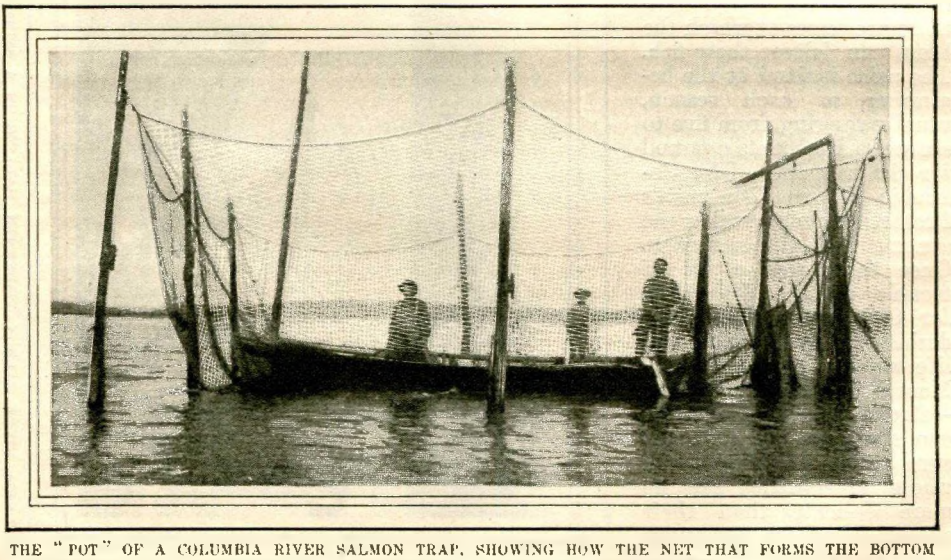
in to make it unpleasant for the Chinamen, they displayed a lack of gentleness, consideration, and courtesy which the books on etiquette declare that a true gentleman will avoid.

The Finns are thrifty, and most of them own their own homes in a suburb of Astoria called Uniontown. There are no streets worthy of the name, and each man consults his own fancy in building his house, as a rule making it face in a different direction from that of his neighbor's. The result is that Uniontown is rather a peculiar sort of settlement, and looks as if a cyclone had mixed up the houses.

FISHING WITH SEINES, TRAPS, AND WHEELS.

The seining grounds are the shoal waters above and below Astoria. Here the fishing is done by men and horses, all of whom live on the water during the season —the men in house boats and the horses in floating stables. The seines are handled from a skiff, and lately from power launches as well. The men have to be in the water the greater part of the time. The tail of the net is anchored to a horse, and it is then laid far out in a half circle, the other end being brought to the bank and attached to two horses, the animals drawing the seine to the beach.

"Fixed gear" is the great enemy of the fishermen, and there have been bitter fights to make the Legislature pass laws prohibiting it. One reason is that the trap and the wheel catch fish of all sizes, the little ones that are useless as well as the big ones, and there is danger of clearing the river of salmon. The best idea of the trap is gained from the diagram on page 1016. A heavy net, reaching from the surface to the bottom, is placed in a bay or some favorite haunt of the salmon,



THE "POT" OF A COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON TRAP, SHOWING HOW THE NET THAT FORMS THE BOTTOM OF THE POT CAN BE RAISED TO REMOVE THE FISH.

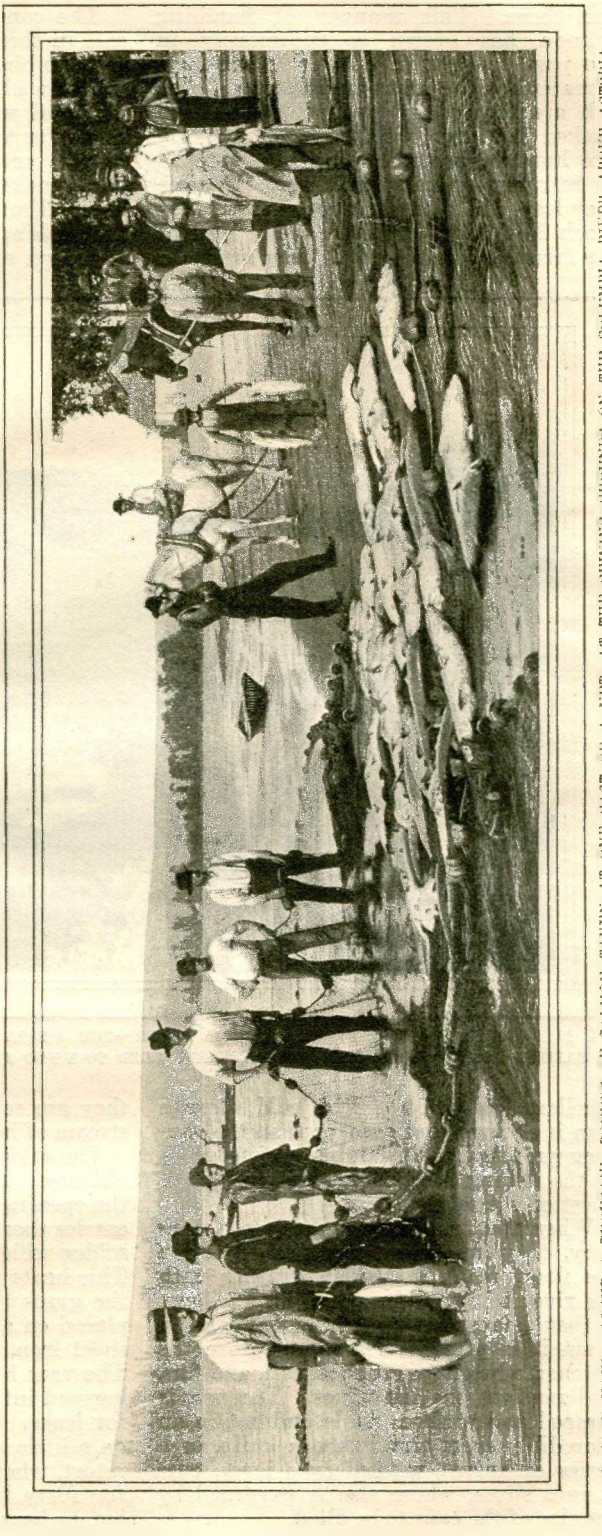
and this directs the fish into a heart shaped inclosure leading into the trap proper, a net which can be raised and emptied, and then lowered again.

The fish wheel is placed far up the river, beyond the tide water, where there is a current strong enough to turn it steadily. The wheel is from six feet to twenty five feet in diameter, and about six feet wide. It is like a water wheel, with scoops that pick up the fish, which are guided to it by nets stretched across the river. The wheel is attached to a sort of barge, usually in charge of a fat and solemn Chinaman, who sorts the fish as the wheel brings them up. It is a lazy kind of fishing, and it is pretty mean from a sportsman's viewpoint, for the salmon haven't any chance at all. The scoops are not discriminating. Big fish and little, and anything else that comes in their way, are dumped into the scow with strict impartiality.

The way in which the fish are transported from the wheel to the cannery is just as lazy as the catching. The wheel tender strings from ten to twenty of them on a wire barb, which he attaches to a water tight barrel, and sets off to float down the river. Each cannery has its barrels painted a distinctive color, and launches pick them up when they reach Astoria. As a rule, these launches are busy enough during the season. They sputter about between the canneries, the storage plants, and the scows and traps, transporting fish and gear and acting as errand boys as well.

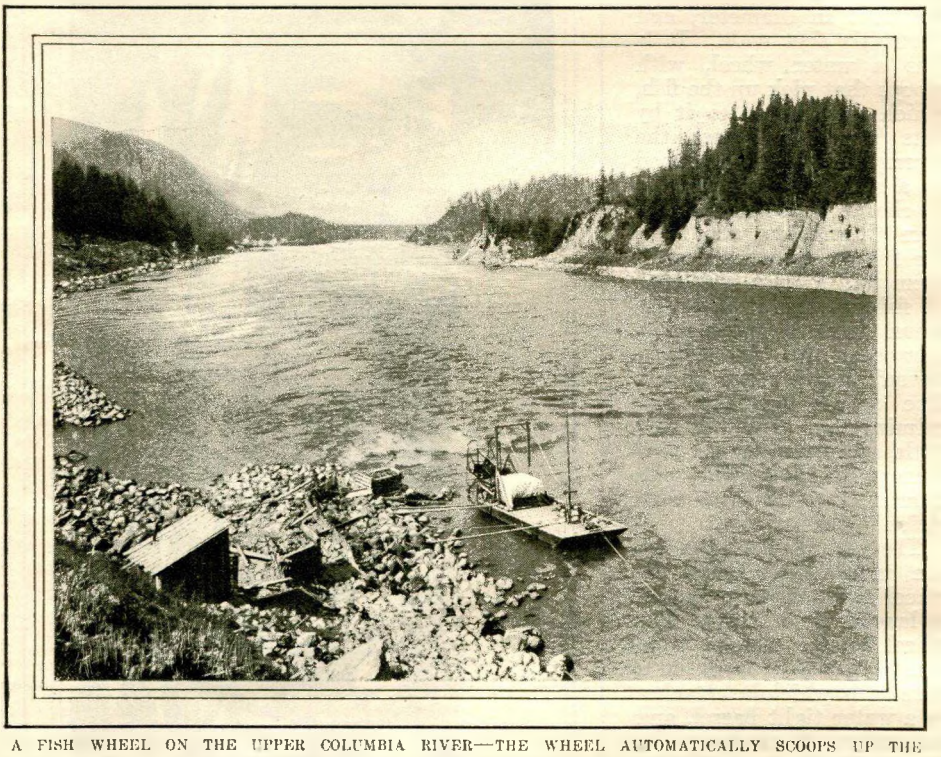
### SENDING THE FISH TO MARKET.

The biggest and finest fish do not go to the canneries, but to the cold storage plants, which pay from one to two cents a pound more



A GOOD HAUL.—ABOUT A THOUSAND POUNDS OF SALMON TAKEN AT ONE CAST OF A NET, AT THE SEINING GROUNDS ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER ABOVE ASTORIA.

for them. This manner of handling salmon has grown so enormously in the past few years, that it is seriously threatening the canning industry. The fish are thoroughly cleaned, salted, and packed in large wooden casks holding five hundred pounds. They are shipped in refrigerator cars, and from the time they leave the plant in Oregon until they reach New York the salmon are kept at the freezing point, so that they arrive in



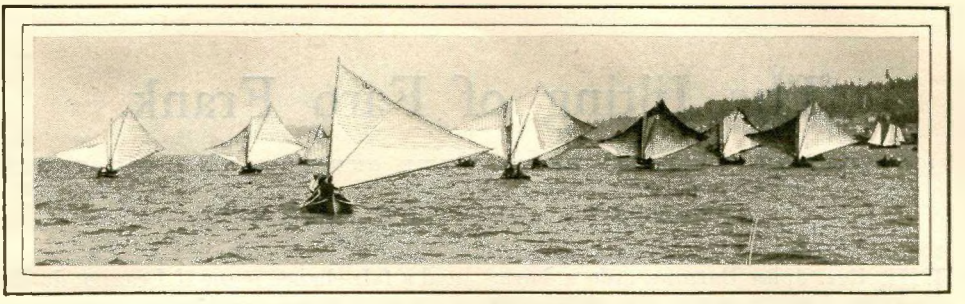
A FISH WHEEL ON THE UPPER COLUMBIA RIVER—THE WHEEL AUTOMATICALLY SCOOPS UP THE SALMON THAT PASS IT; THEY ARE THEN ATTACHED TO A KEG AND FLOATED DOWN THE STREAM.

excellent condition. The cold storage plan is cheaper and quicker than the canning process, but it can be operated only in the fishing season, and only with the finest of the salmon.

When the fish are brought into a cannery, they are scaled and thrown upon the floor, really a wooden grating with the river below, and washed with a hose, so that the royal chinook is perfectly clean when it is placed on a table before the butcher, who chops off head, tail, and fins, and removes the intestines. The fish is scraped and washed inside and out in an incredibly short time; then a knife, or a series of knives, worked by a lever, cuts it into slices, whose size is governed by the size of the cans to be filled.

The cans, with the proper amount of salt in them, are brought to the packing table in big trays. They are filled rapidly, the skin always being placed next to the tin, and weighed, after which they are ready for the inspector, who can discover defects more quickly than an outsider could make sure that it was a tin of salmon. From the inspector the cans go to the washing machine, where, after a clamp is placed on the top, to protect the fish, they are set on a whirling disk, while a stream of hot water pours over them.

The soldering, of course, is done by machinery. The tin disks are placed over the opening of the cans, and a chain cable carries them under narrow pans of melted solder, which touches only the desired rim. This heats them, and a vent hole permits the gases to escape. The cans are then placed on a "cooler," a latticed frame of sheet iron, each holding eighty six cans. The vent hole is closed, and the cans are lowered into a tank of hot water as a test for leaks. Fourteen "coolers" are piled on a little tram car and run into the first retort, where they are cooked with steam for forty five minutes. They are taken out to have a hole punched in each can,



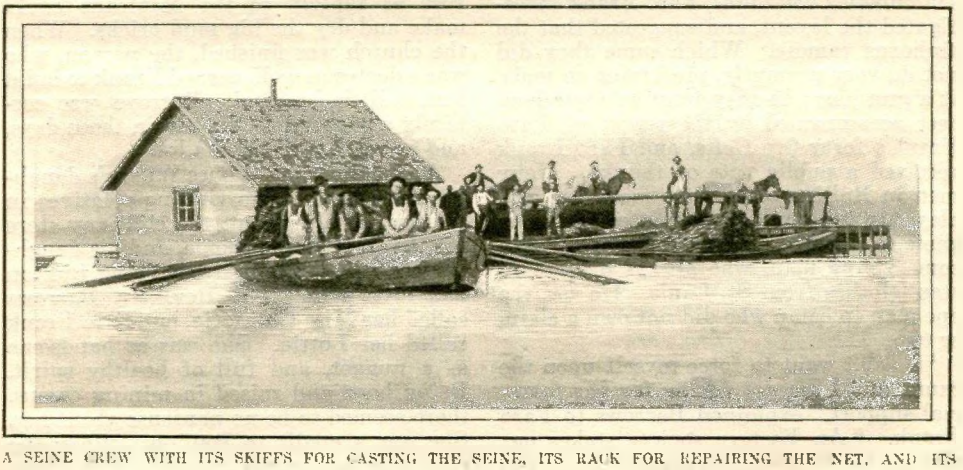
THE SALMON FISHERMEN'S ANNUAL REGATTA ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER—SAILING BEFORE THE WIND.

so that the water and gas can escape, and then finally sealed. Again are the "coolers" sent into a retort, and steam at fifteen pounds pressure, which means about two hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, cooks the half pound cans for forty five minutes and the pound cans for an hour. After they are lowered into a solution of lye to clean them, they are left on the floor overnight to cool. If they pass the sound test—the workman taps each with a nail—they are ready for the labeling; but if a can does not ring true, the cannery men call it a "swell head" and it is thrown out.

Some cannery men lacquer their cans, because they think it makes them more attractive, and therefore increases the sales. This is done in a wholesale fashion, and doesn't cost much. Nearly all the labelers are schoolgirls, who take advantage of the fact that canning season is in vacation time to earn pin money. They work fast, but it isn't hard labor, and they earn from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a day. The cans are known as "talls," "flats," and "ovals," the last containing the best part of the fish. A girl can label five thousand "flats" in the time it takes to label a thousand "ovals."

Far sighted persons interested in the salmon fisheries realize the danger of exhausting the supply in the Columbia River. The strict enforcement of the laws prohibiting fishing in the closed season, from August 15 until April 15, is a great protection. Salmon hatcheries are in operation, but they are far too few, and thus far efforts to secure an adequate State appropriation for them have been unsuccessful.

Some years ago a similar scarcity of salmon was reported from the Sacramento River, in California, which has long been a famous fishing ground, though its salmon are of a species less highly esteemed than the royal chinook of the Columbia. The danger was energetically met; wheels were legislated out of the river, artificial propagation was carried on by the State, and as a result the California fishermen have this year shipped quantities of salmon to the Astoria cold storage plants, to be sent to Eastern and European markets as the genuine Columbia River fish.



A SEINE CREW WITH ITS SKIFFS FOR CASTING THE SEINE, ITS RACK FOR REPAIRING THE NET, AND ITS HOUSEBOAT IN WHICH BOTH THE MEN AND THE HORSES LIVE.

# The Jilting of Faro Frank.

THE STORY OF TWO MEN'S HEROISM AND ONE WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

*BY ANDREW COMSTOCK McKENZIE.*

THE Rev. John Barrows rode a burro into Bullion when the camp was booming its loudest. In those days silver was away up, and the loudest was a great noise. Today, Bullion is a "busted camp," supporting only one saloon and buying only a dollar's worth of chips at a time; but on the very day when the Rev. John Barrows rode in, Mr. Nosey Hamilton had won the Lady Franklin mine and thirty thousand dollars in gold from Mr. Bud Rackers at a little game in Faro Frank's place.

Barrows was a nice young chap, sent to the Southwest by some missionary society, and he certainly knew all about the missionary business. There was no ritualistic nonsense about John Barrows, though he was powerfully insistent on religion. On weekdays, he wore blue jumpers and overalls, and went prospecting with the rest of the boys.

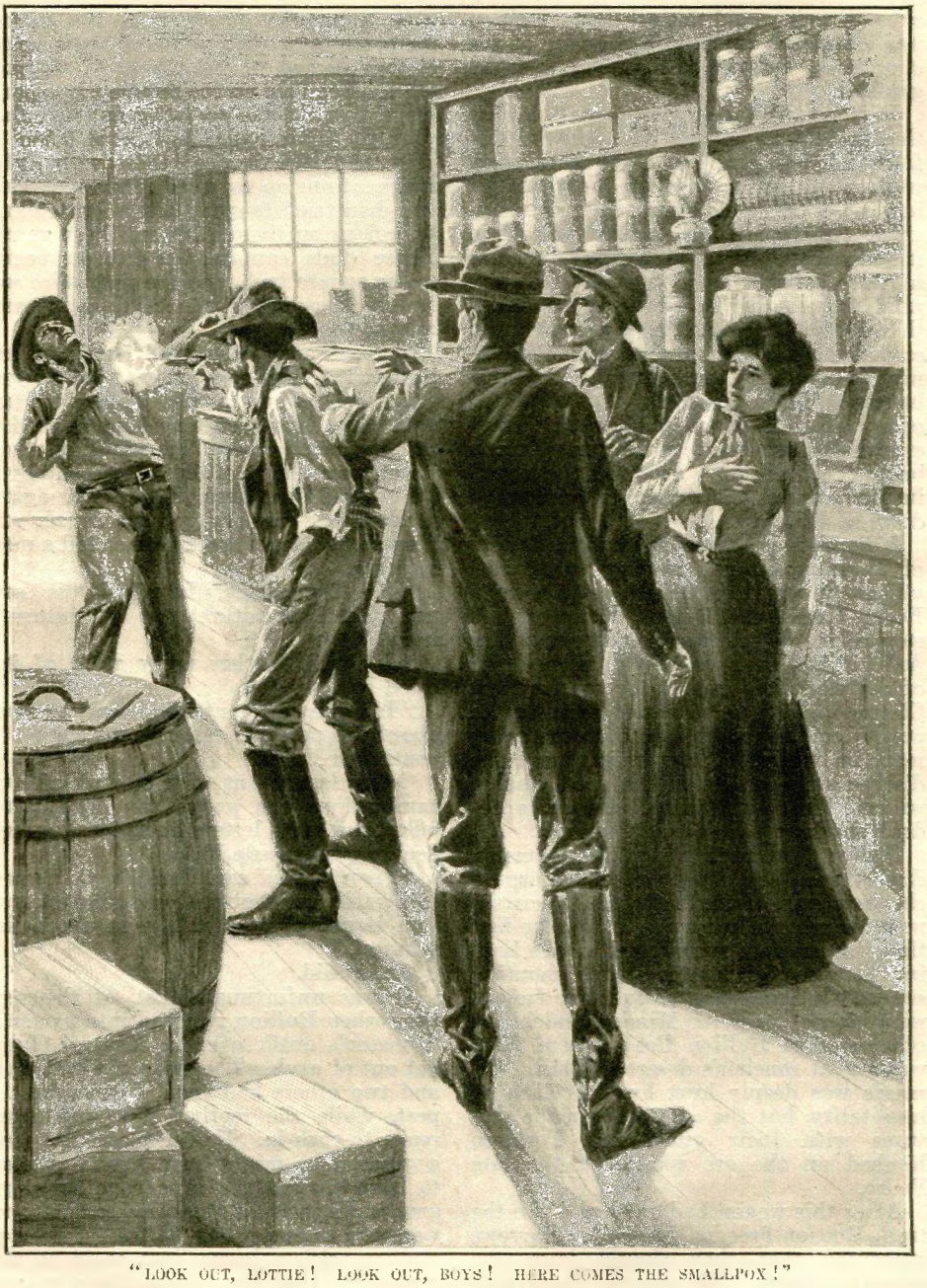
Barrows rode his burro over to the Happy Day, and introduced himself to Frank. This was the best play the parson could have made. If the Bullion boys had ever had time to hold an election, they would have made Faro Frank mayor. He was the squarest man in camp, always dealt a straight game, and had beautiful nerve. When two tinhorns from Fairview began running a brace game over at the Dutchman's one night, Faro Frank investigated the layout, and suggested that the tinhorns vamose. Which same they did not do very promptly, preferring to make it a gun play; so they went to their long rest accompanied by the report of Faro Frank's forty five Colts, and Faro Frank received a public vote of thanks. Many men in Bullion could have made the gun play, but few could have spotted the brace game so cleverly. Frank was a tall, handsome young man, who always dressed in store clothes from St. Louis. He was the one man in camp who did not own a claim or two.

"I don't want to force myself upon the camp, and I am not asking for any financial support," explained Barrows to Faro Frank. "An Eastern society stakes me, you see. All I want is a place to preach in and a fair chance to see if I cannot do the boys some good."

"You'll have a church just as soon as we can round up greasers and set them to making 'dobes," said Frank cordially. He was delighted with the idea. "I'll raise a building fund this week. The camp has been needing a preacher for some time, and I 'lotted on going to Paso and gittin' us one just as soon as I had time. Fairview had a parson six months ago, and Fairview is only an Injun village 'side of this city. I offers five to one that there's more sin in one night here at Bullion than Fairview can scare up in a year. But, parson, we don't allow the East to stake us to any religion. Bullion claims the right to pay for its own spiritual game."

So that week the camp declared a theological kitty on all poker games and a religious rake off on monte, and devoted all sleepers at faro, to build and maintain the First Union Church of Bullion, with the Rev. John Barrows as pastor. It was surprising how the boys took to the idea, and how many sleepers were left on the faro table. The total amounted to twenty one hundred dollars, which Faro Frank, as chairman of the church building committee, took in charge. Frank sent 'way to Denver to get a fancy brand of sheet iron for the roof of the sacred edifice, which rose as rapidly as the Mexicans could make and dry the big mud bricks. When the church was finished, the parson, who was a doctor as well, coaxed Frank to build him a little hospital. Barrows was certainly a godsend to Bullion in those days, and he was appreciated a lot.

About this time, James Wilson's daughter came home from visiting relatives in Kansas. Wilson kept the company store for the Gray Eagle people, and his daughter was a little the prettiest thing Bullion had ever seen. The Rev. Mr. Barrows called her Miss Charlotte, but Faro Frank called her Lottie. She was as handsome as a nugget, and full of healthy spirit. Being born and raised in mining camps, there seemed to be no nonsense about her. She was a credit to Bullion. When the boys rode over from Fairview and began



"LOOK OUT, LOTTIE! LOOK OUT, BOYS! HERE COMES THE SMALLPOX!"

boasting of the schoolma'am at that one horse camp, Bullion sauntered the foreigners over to the Gray Eagle store, where Lottie was cashier, and said quietly:

"There she is, boys. There's a Bullion girl. That's her!" And the Fairview gentlemen had to cave every time.

Two months after Lottie had come home, Bullion began to be a bit uneasy about the state of affairs. It was generally conceded that the parson was in love with the girl, and was feverish to marry her. Faro Frank loved her, too, but he did not think it best for her to marry him. Lottie loved Faro Frank, and Faro Frank only, and was eating her pretty heart out be-

cause Frank would not ask her. Bullion was disturbed, for it was boastful of the chumming between the parson and the gambler.

Barrows was too much in love to realize that freighting a beautiful, spirited girl from camp to camp in home missionary work might not be just the ideal life for her, especially as he could reward her sacrifices only by letting her play the church melodeon and bring up a family on five hundred dollars a year. Faro Frank's love ran a little higher in values. He believed that Lottie's tact and beauty might well extend her life beyond the bounds of mining camps, but then a faro dealing husband would be a drawback. At this period of her life, Lottie thought that to be forever with Faro Frank was all any human being could ask for. This was the layout in the spring, when the post office burned down at Bullion.

It happened this spring that the family of Tomasso Chaves, moving up from a village on the Rio Grande to live with Pedro Vacca, the Bullion teamster, had stopped at the half way settlement of Las Animas, and spent the night in the 'dobe of a greaser who was dying of smallpox. Chaves himself had a pitted face, but he put his children in the bed with the dying man, in order that they might have the disease early in life, if the good God so willed. The next day he came on to Pedro's shack on the edge of Bullion.

Twelve days later, Pedro, the teamster, died of smallpox, while two of Tomasso's children came down with it. When the news spread, Bullion trembled for the first time. A committee marched within hailing distance of the cabin, sternly shouting orders for Tomasso to pull his freight with his sick ones for Mineral Gulch, the other side of Bullion Peak, where there was a goat rancher's deserted cabin. Tomasso was deeply hurt by their lack of hospitality, but the committee made gestures with their guns, and Tomasso hitched up the ore wagon of the late Pedro.

After this wagon had creaked down the trail, Bullion brooded uneasily. Barrows suggested that they should burn the greaser's shack. He assured them that when the infection had been removed, and a week had passed with no new cases, the danger was over. But he dwelt strongly on the danger of letting anything or anybody remain which could spread the contagion.

For a week, the men scanned each other nervously, and a pimple caused the camp to shudder. Just as the camp was beginning to breathe easier again, Bob Hurst, the postmaster, discovered a bundle of old clothes stuffed in one corner of the post office. Bob held up the bundle for general inspection. Some one sung out that they were the duds Pedro had worn when he died, and Bob dropped them with awful imprecations on the head of the scoundrel who had tried to clean out a whole camp by poisoning them with smallpox germs. Those duds contained a billion bacilli to the square inch, and the post office was a place where every man in the camp came on stage days.

The assembly adjourned hurriedly and profanely. Men who were used to gun plays and Indians and short fuses, turned pale. Bob Hurst, cursing horribly, fled to the creek and soaked his hands in snow water for an hour, till Barrows had to rub the circulation back into them again. Bullion was rapidly getting drunk and desperate, when Faro Frank called a mass meeting.

"Mr. Postmaster," he asked, "is there any postal furniture you all values a heap?"

"I plumb loathes every stick of it," cried Bob.

"Is there any gent who wants to scout about for personal mail in the shanty?" continued Frank.

"Any letters out of that sink of contaminations can go to the dead letter office, the same letters being dead a lot," declared Stampede Mills.

"Then, gents," said Faro Frank, "something tells me that the post office of Bullion is going to catch fire in about five minutes."

And it did.

It was unfortunate that, at the very time when Bullion relapsed into hysteria, Tomasso's outfit over in Mineral Gulch got out of grub. The little girl had died, and two others had come down with the pest, while the mother was just about ready to cash in. Had Tomasso not been a greaser, he might have known enough to have crossed the range and have got grub in Hermosa, where the circumstances were not known. But he trailed back to Bullion with a burro, just as if he was popular. The Rev. John Barrows and Faro Frank were in the Gray Eagle store, assuring Lottie that the danger was all over, when Tomasso advanced through the doorway.

"Da me grub!" he remarked gruffly. "No mucha grub at Gulch."

He was not within ten feet of any of them, but old man Wilson raised a yell, and began to back off.

"Look out, Lottie! Look out, boys!" yelled Wilson, retreating towards the group at the back of the store. "Here comes the smallpox!"

The fool Mexican started to follow him, when Wilson made a hysterical gun play and got him cold. Lottie ran out of the back door and up the ridge. She did not mind the gun play, but she was stampeded by her horror of the smallpox. Barrows hurried to where the greaser lay. Frank followed him, but stopped at a respectful distance.

"He's dead," said Barrows, bending over the body. "I don't suppose any one else will touch him, so I'd better bury him before I start for the Gulch. That was a mighty impulsive play, Wilson. It left a woman and three sick children to starve alone."

Wilson fumed and swore, and declared that all the greasers in the Territory were not worth the sacrifice of one white man.

"Besides, parson," insisted Wilson, "what can one man do towards nursin' such a passel of them? I always heard that you had to ride herd on smallpox day and night."

"Jack ain't going alone," broke in Faro Frank. "I'm going with him. Bullion has got to be on the square, even to a greaser outfit. Since you're so quick with that gun of yours, you best git to work packing a couple of burros with chuck. We'll be out six or seven weeks. I'll fix up some business of my own before I help the parson plant that corpse, but Barrows had better be gitting his medicines and lying low."

The chief part of Frank's business was saying good by to Lottie. As soon as she was sure he had not touched the Mexican, she clung to him and begged him not to go near the Gulch.

"What's a whole nation of greasers 'side of you, Frank?" she pleaded.

"Oh, it ain't the greasers I'm caring about," he admitted frankly. "I never was partial to Mexico. But this camp is plumb locoed, and it's time we showed a little sense. We'll think small of ourselves when we sober up if we let that sandy little parson go off alone, just to square a fool play of your dad's."

"But Barrows is a doctor, and knows how to take care of himself a plenty," sobbed Lottie.

Frank was thinking of some way to comfort her, when a bright idea struck him. "Don't you worry no more," he exclaimed. "I'm all right. I've had smallpox, and I can't have her no more."

The girl looked up at his smiling face, noted again the smooth fairness of his complexion, and knew he was lying splendidly. She only clung to him the tighter, loving him better for his lie.

The boys gave three cheers and a volley of shots, and blew the whistle on the smelter, when the two men set off for Mineral Gulch late in the afternoon, punching four burros heavily packed. It impressed the camp as being glorious, though folly. When they came to the gap, Faro Frank turned and waved his hat to Lottie, who was standing on the steps of the Gray Eagle, crying openly. John Barrows did not look back after a single glance. He sighed softly, and punched his burro a trifle hard, for he realized at last that Lottie would never cry about the risk the Rev. John Barrows was running.

"If I don't come back, you look after the girl a lot, won't you?" remarked Faro Frank shyly.

"Oh, yes," said the parson wearily. "It would take much to make me get over being a terrible good friend, at least, to that child."

The camp did not have a chance to welcome either of the men back to Bullion for many weeks. Every day some of the citizens used to ride to the far side of the mountain and look down into the gulch. The parson and Frank would come out of the cabin and wave their sombreros to show that things were all right. They were grimly living through a tough time, nursing a cabinful of greasers sick with the most offensive of diseases. Neither of them would ever tell the details of it, though Frank once went so far as to say it was "shore hell." On the fifth Sunday, when Bullion looked down into the gulch, whooping their encouragement, only the little parson came out. He seemed too tired to wave his hat, but just tossed up his hand, turned and staggered in again. The camp was gloomy that night. If it had been Indians or rustlers or any other kind of danger, the whole camp would have surged over there, but smallpox was a little beyond their limit. Bullion was ashamed of itself, but was dogged.

"There ain't no telling where the blamed thing will pull up if you once let it git going in a camp," said Stampede sorrowfully. "We'll have to square ourselves with the bulliest tombstones St. Louis can turn out, if worst comes to worst with those boys. If they passes up to glory, they shore gits commemorated in this city a plenty, which same is the only play we can make just now, feeble though it be."

Bullion learned, later, that one of the children had died, but that the woman and the other two youngsters were pulling through, when Faro Frank began muttering deliriously one morning. Then the parson had to ride herd on the whole outfit, day and night, besides rustling grub for them all. As soon as the woman got a bit strong, he hitched up the ore wagon and packed her and the convalescent children back to Las Animas, so he could give his whole time to Frank, who came very close to the big divide.

Before Frank could sit up again, Barrows was so worn out that he had to crawl on his hands and knees, and put a spur under his back when he lay down, so that he might not sleep too long. He nursed Frank day and night, kept a fire burning, packed wood and water, and talked to the mountains.

It was just grand luck that the parson himself didn't catch the disease. It was a close call for Frank, but the parson's grit and his medical knowledge pulled the gambler through somehow. When Frank got strong enough to sit a burro, with the parson holding his leg, they moved up to the spring in Victoria Park, and spent three weeks recuperating. It took the parson longer to get back his strength than it did Frank, the parson collapsing and fixing to die one day shortly after Frank got around. So Frank insisted on their staying right there till Barrows had slept fourteen hours a day for a couple of weeks.

To tell the truth, Faro Frank was not too anxious to go back to Bullion at all; for he got glimpses of himself in the spring when Barrows was too sleepy to head him off. Frank saw then that the tip of his nose was gone, one eye was blurred white, and his face was covered with pits. Barrows told him that it would not make the least difference with the boys.

"The camp will be prouder than ever of you, old man," said Barrows cheerily, when Frank had blurted out his discovery.

"Oh, I know the boys will take it all right," said Frank soberly. "I was blue over something else."

Jim Masters fell in with them one day when he was out prospecting, and came yelling into camp to tell the good news and to get some untainted clothes for Frank and the parson, so that they could come back. Bullion went crazy with joy, and appointed a reception committee. Jim had paid no attention to Frank's disfigured face, and it did not occur to the camp to say anything about it when the boys returned. Bullion was too busy being proud of their grit to notice their looks. As soon as they could get away from their reception at the Happy Day, they both braced themselves and went over to the Gray Eagle store to see Lottie. Barrows got hold of the gambler's arm and gave it an encouraging squeeze as they walked. The parson was certainly clean strain all through.

When Lottie heard Frank call to her, she was in the back of the store, trembling with the joy of the coming meeting. She gave a glad little cry and ran down the store to meet him. The parson had made the reception committee wait outside, so that Frank could have fair play, and he himself stood back at the door.

"Hullo, kid!" said Frank, happy in the sudden relief of having her run to him. He opened his arms and gathered her in.

"Oh, Frank," she cried, "I'd have died if you hadn't come back to me!"

She clung to him a moment, her face buried in his coat. Then she pulled back a little and put up her lips to kiss him. For the first time, she got a good look at Frank's face as he held his lips to hers. She gave a scream, broke away from him, and ran back to her desk. There she covered her face with her hands and began to sob.

"Go away!" she whimpered. "Please go away!"

Frank stood as if frozen stiff, but the parson walked swiftly up the store and began to talk to the girl in a low, tense way.

"Leave me alone!" sobbed the girl. "I hate you! You've done Frank up on purpose!"

"Let's leave the poor child to herself," said the parson, half in pity, half in scorn. He came back to the gambler and took hold of his hand.

They stood there for a minute in silence. Then the parson led the gambler out to the appreciation of men, the ways of a woman being beyond them both.

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## THE VINTAGE OF WAR.

Ah, not for me the wine of Thrasymene,
Grown on the field where Rome's grim legions stood
Until they drenched with gore the shuddering plain;
To me—to me, that wine still tastes of blood!

*S. R. Elliott.*

# THE BLACK TORTOISE.*

*BY FREDERICK VILLER.*

## XIV.

OLD Frick had been for many years lame, and a prisoner to his invalid chair. Imagine, then, our surprise when we entered Villa Ballarat, summoned from our post outside, and found the master of the house standing in the middle of the room, and Clara sitting smiling in a chair.

It seems she had boldly entered the lion's den and, without much ceremony, begun upbraiding old Frick for his hard treatment of his brother's children.

"If your nephew has erred," she said, "he was young at the time, and in bad company—that I can vouch for." She was thinking, no doubt, of Mr. Howell. "As far as your niece is concerned, you have judged her, as the whole world has judged her, on suspicion, without taking into consideration her character."

Old Frick grew red in the face at these words, but she continued, quite undisturbed: "Something, however, has happened, which you have not deserved, Mr. Frick. Monk and two friends, my husband and myself, have discovered, as we shall prove, that she had nothing whatever to do with the disappearance of the diamond; it is the scoundrel Mr. Howell who is at the bottom of it all. In fact, in a short time you may have your niece back again, and for the remainder of your life you'll have an opportunity of making amends for your mistake."

There is no doubt Clara was most successful in her appeal; for old Frick suddenly rose from his chair, stumbled across to her, and in a trembling voice asked her for a fuller explanation. The shock had cured his lameness; and though he never entirely regained the full use of his legs, from that moment he was, at any rate, able to move about by himself.

I shall not dwell on the meeting between old Frick and Frederick and myself. Only the most necessary explanations were given, and then it was decided to adjourn to the museum in the garden. Old Frick took with him a large bunch of keys which lay on the table beside his invalid chair, at which he now cast a scornful glance as well as at the servant who came forward to wheel his master. There was no necessity for more witnesses, so the servant, greatly to his surprise, was dismissed, and, with Frick leaning upon my arm, we set out for the museum. There everything was in exactly the same state as it was six years before.

Old Frick pulled out a key and opened the door into the fire proof room. As if by a tacit understanding, Clara went across and stood in front of the cupboard in which the black tortoise glistened, while we others went into the room and pulled the door almost shut after us. There, sure enough, through the opening, our gaze involuntarily fell on the large mirror just opposite, and in the glass we saw the reflection of the cupboard and the shelf above it, with the little elephant and the Venus de Milo, and Clara's figure with her back to us.

"Confound it all!" shouted old Frick, "it is just as Monk says. The rascal stood in here and photographed her!"

"Have you missed anything from the fire proof room, Mr. Frick?" I asked. "The Englishman must have had some reason for providing himself with a key to fit it."

"No," answered old Frick, after having considered a moment. "I keep nothing in here but documents and papers, which concern only me. Money I always kept in the iron safe in the office."

"There are two iron safes here," I said.

"Yes," answered old Frick; "in the larger safe I keep family papers, etc., which are of no value to any one. In the small one over there—which is of course nothing but an iron box, but is provided with an unusually ingenious lock—I keep my will and a list of what I possess."

The large safe was opened, and a lamp was brought in from the museum. The safe, with its contents, was carefully examined, but nothing unusual could be discovered.

Then we brought the box out into the museum. Although it was not more than sixteen or twenty inches square, it was so massive that we had to use all our strength to move it out into the daylight.

It was a handsome steel box, the four sides and the lid being ornamented with

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chased arabesques. Old Frick brought out a key of unusual shape.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Frick," I interrupted; "when was the last time this box was opened?"

"Six years ago," said Frick slowly, "when I altered my will—God be praised that I can alter it yet once again!"

"Did Mr. Howell know anything about the will?"

"Yes, of course. I made him my heir to all which does not go to charities and legacies and such like. It is about six hundred thousand crowns. At first I had divided it equally between Sigrid, Einar, and him, but then—then—well, I don't think it necessary to explain the rest; but then came this business, and I struck Sigrid's and Einar's names out."

"And he knew where you kept it?"

"Yes; a day or two before he left I read it to him, here in the museum, and put it in the box while he was looking."

I was all the time examining the box most carefully, struck with a new suspicion. My exclamation of triumph brought them all eagerly about it. I had turned the box over so that the side which had stood against the wall in the fire proof room was uppermost. A number of artistically interwoven spirals were chased in the steel. With a penknife I scraped away the rust and dirt from one of them—it was about five or six inches in diameter. A number of small, round spots could then be seen. I took a pin, placed its point on one of the spots, and pressed it, when, to our great surprise, it appeared to sink into the steel. A strong blow in the center of the circle, and the round steel dial disappeared into the box.

"Well, hang it all!" shouted old Frick; "how in all the world——"

"It is simple enough, but none the less ingeniously done," I explained. "Mr. Howell couldn't manage the lock, and so he bored a number of small holes in one of the spirals, and afterwards, with a watch saw, he sawed through the space between them. He has shown himself to be a clever craftsman—that can't be denied. When he had done what he wanted to do with the contents, he replaced the piece, filled the holes with putty, and smeared them over with rust and dirt."

"Then he must have stolen the deeds!" said old Frick, pressing forward and putting his big fist through the hole in the box. "No; here are both the envelopes, at any rate!"

He managed, though with some difficulty, in dragging out two envelopes—one very thick, the other somewhat thinner.

"No, here is the will," he muttered, pointing to the thin packet, "and here are the deeds. Both with my seal unbroken."

"A seal is easily broken and put right again," I answered; "but tell me one thing before we examine the packets. Has any one else except Mr. Howell seen the will and list of your possessions?"

"No," exclaimed Frick with decision; "lawyers have only been sent into the world by the devil, to do mischief. I wouldn't have anything to do with them. I went to the sheriff and got him to draw up the formula for me, and then I wrote the will myself. Howell knew that, as well, confound him! That such a father should have such a son!" he muttered in quite another tone of voice.

The small packet was opened, and we all leaned over to look at the will. It was drawn in the usual legal form, and told briefly that Frick bequeathed his curiosities and collections to the state, all his movable property—ready money, bank shares, etc., etc.—to Mr. Reginald Howell; house property, mortgages, etc., to the university, the Royal Society for Science, and other institutions.

Everything was fully specified, the exact sums being given, or reference made to a list appended.

"Well, everything here seems all right; it is exactly as I wrote it myself. The coachman and gardener have signed as witnesses. I gave them each five thousand crowns cash, to avoid including them among the legatees."

"Are you quite sure, Mr. Frick?" I put in. "Here is a figure which looks as if it had been erased."

"Let me see! Yes—what the devil is this? My house, property, shares, etc.," he read, "which, according to the list, amount to about a million crowns—but, bless me!—I possess about nineteen hundred thousand, which is nearly twice as much, and that was what I wrote——"

"There you are! We shall get at it, little by little," I said triumphantly.

"But I don't understand," grumbled old Frick. "What motive can he have in making me out to be poorer than I am? He doesn't get the nine hundred thousand crowns which have been erased!"

"Let us look at the list and the mortgages," I answered just as genially. "We shall be sure to find the solution."

We turned to the other envelope to examine the list and the mortgages. Frederick read out the list, and old Frick opened the mortgages and deeds in the order he read:

"No. 177 Drammen Road, 'deed.'"

"Yes, here it is."

"Karl Johans Street, 77, 'deed.'"

"Yes, that's all right."

"Mortgages to the amount of twenty seven thousand crowns, in the farm Hoff, in Hedemarken."

"Yes, here it is."

And so we went on.

"It was a long business," Frederick said; "but we've come to the end at last."

"End!" shouted old Frick. "But it hasn't come to an end! The plum is always at the bottom, and a fine plum it is, too!"

"What do you mean? There's nothing more on the list."

Old Frick fumbled about in the empty envelope.

"And nothing more here, either! He has stolen the mortgage deed in Ashton Abby, and——" Old Frick tore the list out of Frederick's hand. "Just look here! Confound him! If he hasn't cut off the bottom part of the list, so that the last item is missing! But bless me, if I can understand what satisfaction he can get out of this mortgage."

"Nor I," Frederick muttered; "mortgages are not papers payable to bearer, so that any one can make them into ready money. You need only write to England to get a new copy of the mortgage."

"Monk knows very well what it all means," exclaimed Clara; "he is only raising our curiosity. If I had known that you would so soon begin with your superior detective ways, I shouldn't have helped you so quickly with the photograph —that you may be quite sure about." She glanced with comic exasperation at me.

"I must admit that at this moment all is clear to me; but the last knot has only been unloosened two minutes ago. Tell me, Mr. Frick, what mortgage is it that you now speak of, and what was the amount of it?"

"Don't you remember," answered Frick testily, "I once told you of an old rascal, Davis by name, and how I was lucky enough at last to get at him and make him pay me my share of the money which he had stolen?"

"Yes, of course I remember."

"Well, there isn't much more to say about it. He was to pay me fifty thousand pounds, but he had no ready money, as he had invested all his funds in a large estate, and was quite willing to take a mortgage on it. It suited me just as well as ready money, for the estate was worth more than double that. This is the mortgage which has been stolen and cut off the list."

"Well, then, the sum total of one million crowns would be right, instead of one million nine hundred thousand crowns, for fifty thousand pounds is just nine hundred thousand crowns."

"Yes, that is true; but he can't do much with it. As Mr. Viller says, he can't sell the mortgage without my signature."

"Did any one know you were in possession of that mortgage?"

"No, no one in this country; those rascally lawyers I have always kept at a distance, and no one has had a chance to meddle with my papers."

"No one except Mr. Howell. If all this had not happened today, do you think you would ever have opened these envelopes again?"

"No," said old Frick decidedly; "when my last hours approached, I might perhaps have had the iron box opened to see that the envelopes were there and the seals in order, but nothing more. I should have been satisfied that all was as it should be."

"Very well. Now let me put a question to you two. If Mr. Frick had died without having discovered the theft of this mortgage, no one, of course, would have known of the existence of such a mortgage, and the owner of Ashton Abbey would not be obliged to pay any interest. Wouldn't that be a clear saving for Davis, or his heirs, of about twenty five hundred pounds a year?"

"By Jove, so it would!" exclaimed old Frick; "but why young Howell should help Davis to twenty five hundred pounds a year, I cannot understand. He may be a big rascal—that I now can very easily see, although his father was the best man under the sun—but he isn't exactly stupid."

"All the same, he resembles his father in that——"

"Stop!" cried Frederick. "Now I can see it all. Ashton Abbey! Ashton Abbey! Now I understand! Young Howell must be the son of old Davis!"

"Yes, that is also my opinion," I assented. "He must have traveled from Australia with the real young Howell. All must have lost their lives except young Davis, who must have possessed himself of young Howell's papers, and later on, played his rôle in the old world. That, I think, explains all."

"Yes, he is the son of old Davis, there's no mistake about that!" exclaimed Frick in great spirits. "Upon my soul, it was the best discovery of all, for now I need not mourn that my old friend had such a son. But what was it you said about Ashton Hall? It is the neighboring estate to

Ashton Abbey. Once they were both one estate."

"Monk told us earlier today that his agent had informed him that Mr. Howell, or rather Davis junior, often visited that estate. It was, of course, in order to confer with his worthy father, old Davis. I suppose that was what set you on the track, Monk."

"Just so!"

## XV.

The following Friday I sailed for America. When I arrived in New York I found Sigrid dangerously ill. Sorrow, and over exertion in nursing her brother, had completely prostrated her. I believe my telegram, sent when the discovery about the photograph was made, saved her life.

She had made great progress towards recovery by the time I arrived, but she was still exceedingly weak. It was a month afterwards before we were able to get married. Crossing the Atlantic was not to be thought of during the stormy winter months, but at last, in the beginning of May, we sailed, and fourteen days afterwards were back in Christiania.

Before the gangway could be properly adjusted, Clara had jumped on board and taken my wife in her arms, a proceeding which seemed to both to be the most natural thing in the world, although they had never seen each other before.

Old Frick hobbled restlessly about on the quay, like a large dog which has done something wrong and is not quite sure whether it will be forgiven or no. He could not speak a word when his niece clasped her arm round his neck and laid her wet cheek against his white hair. But his eloquence was the greater when we were all gathered in the evening at Villa Ballarat. It was there that we were to stay for the present.

* * * *

About a week after our return home, I came to Frederick armed with a serious purpose.

"I have still a duty to fulfil in the matter of the black tortoise," I began. "You won't come with me to Stavanger tomorrow, I suppose? I hope to meet Mr. Howell there, or, more correctly speaking, Mr. Davis, junior."

"Monk, Monk!" he exclaimed threateningly. "Is the detective on the warpath again? Will you desert your wife already?"

"No, this time it is not the detective. But it is my duty to justice and to my wife to get at the bottom of the diamond affair. Remember that more than half of what we believe we have discovered is only the fruit of guesswork and putting two and two together."

"You are right. I shall come with you. May I ask how you intend to proceed in the matter against the Englishman? There are not, I suppose, sufficient proofs to get a warrant of arrest?"

"No, I am afraid not; and I haven't got my plans quite ready yet. But I fancy we must content ourselves with compelling him to give us a complete proof of Sigrid's innocence, and letting him off from any further unpleasantness. It is hard; but Sigrid is now very nervous, and shudders at the thought of appearing before the court and all that kind of thing, you know."

"Well, let us start tomorrow evening on the west coast steamer. I shall be ready. But are you sure to meet him there?"

"Yes, my agent in London writes that he has already sailed from England in his yacht Deerhound, and is bound for the Ryfylke fjord to fish for salmon, but in Stavanger he'll await a party which will arrive here by the mail steamer in a few days."

* * * * *

It was on a morning in the beginning of June that the steamer glided into Stavanger harbor. We had had rain and southerly wind the whole way, and the night outside Jaedren had been anything but pleasant.

Towards the morning, the wind sprang around to the north, and drove rain, fog, and clouds in front of it, out into the North Sea. The sun shone on the small rippling billows, which merrily splashed against the gaudily painted coasting vessels and warehouses in the harbor.

Among the ships there were two which attracted our attention. One was a pretty English cutter, her blue flag flying at her stern. She had only one mast, although her tonnage must have been about fifty; but the lofty lower mast and the big boom betrayed that she, on this one mast, could carry a sail the mainsheet of which would be no easy matter to haul in when the wind had filled it. She seemed to have a numerous crew in proportion to her size; for six or eight men were seen busily engaged in hoisting the wet sails to be dried. She was riding by one of her anchors, and had boats hanging on their davits, while only a small jolly boat was lying at her stern.

The other ship was painted light gray,

and had a large yellow funnel. The Norwegian naval flag waved at the stern, and on the bow could be seen the name, "Viking."

"We are in luck!" I exclaimed. "There is the gunboat Viking. The commander on board is Captain Holst; you know him, of course—Trygive Holst?"

"Yes, I know him; but how can he help? Surely you don't want to get him to sink the Englishman?"

"Not exactly that; but none the less he will be of use to us."

Our first business after leaving the steamer was to visit the gunboat and pay our respects to the officers. I went below into the captain's cabin, where we spent a quarter of an hour together.

Then we went on land, and gave ourselves good time to visit the remarkable cathedral and one or two other places of interest.

"Shall we visit Mr. Howell now?" Frederick asked.

"Yes, but not before twelve o'clock," was my reply.

"Why not?"

"Isn't it a fact that you love a bit of excitement?"

"Yes, but——"

"Then you had better not ask any further questions, and you will probably have plenty of it."

At last it was twelve o'clock, and a one eyed, weather beaten boatman rowed us out to the yacht. Abaft the mast stood a tall, handsome man, with a heavy black mustache.

Mr. Howell—we must still call him so—did not appear particularly pleased at the visit. He stepped back involuntarily, and his face became dark, but only for a moment; then he smiled and exclaimed in good Norwegian:

"What a surprise! Have I at last the pleasure of seeing you, after so many years, Mr. Monk?"

"Yes, the world contains many surprises, Mr. Howell," I replied, ignoring the hand which the Englishman stretched out. "Allow me to present an engineer friend, Mr. Frederick Viller, Mr. Howell."

The Englishman bowed stiffly, and gave Frederick a searching look. "Engineer?" he repeated inquiringly. In his own mind he no doubt added, "Probably a police official."

"Yes, an engineer. Here in Norway we must all be something; we cannot be only gentlemen."

The Englishman did not seem to appreciate this. He frowned, and made no reply. "We have a few words to say to you," I went on; "will it be convenient to take us down to your cabin?" I cast a glance full of significance at the two sailors who were busy near us.

The Englishman seemed to consider for a moment. He looked out over the sea and up at the rigging; then he put a little silver whistle to his mouth, and a man who appeared to be the steward came forward.

"Show these gentlemen down into the saloon—I am coming directly. I have just a word or two to say to the captain. He has to keep a lookout for the English steamer, and to fetch my party on board here."

His expression was noticeably strained and peculiar, and Frederick cast a questioning glance at me; but as I seemed to be quite unconcerned, he followed below without comment.

We went first along a corridor with two cabins on each side, then through a small saloon, which took up the whole width of the yacht, and then into a smaller one with a cabin on each side. The place was lighted by a skylight of opaque glass.

This was apparently the owner's private cabin. The size of the yacht did not admit of any large dimensions, but the cabin was luxuriously fitted, and four or five people could sit down in it very comfortably.

The owner of the yacht came down soon after; his face wore a friendly smile.

"May I offer you anything to drink, gentlemen? Shall I get my steward to make you a cocktail? I can assure you, he is a master of the art. Or would you prefer a glass of champagne?"

We refused any refreshments, and the Englishman smiled resignedly.

"We shall not keep you long," I began, looking the Englishman in the face. "It will rest with yourself whether the proceedings are long or short."

"You have, perhaps, come to bring me a greeting from dear old Mr. Frick, his charming niece, or the gay Einar?"

"Yes, I have come with greetings from them all, but——"

"Have a cigar?" The Englishman rose, took a box from a shelf, and handed it to us. "Not even a cigar? Then you will, at any rate, allow me to light one. Tell me, you who are Norwegians and who understand the weather here, do you think we shall have good weather for the next few days? I and my friends think of going to the Ryfylke fjord for a little fishing, and——"

"It will be all the worse for yourself if you waste time," I broke in sharply. "You

had better listen to what I have to say, and answer quickly."

"Ho, ho! Have you come on board to threaten me? You, Mr. Viller, who seem to be a gentleman, ought to tell your friend that he should not make himself unpleasant to an Englishman on board his own yacht."

Frederick wisely left me to answer for myself, and only glanced contemptuously at him.

"You can't get away from us, Mr. Howell," I continued, undisturbed. "We have come to settle an account with you, and we don't intend to leave here before it is done."

A peculiar smile passed over Howell's face at these last words.

"Go on, then," he said. "I must, at any rate, know what it is all about. I don't know that I have any business with Mr. Monk, the private detective—for you are, I understand, no longer in the service of the police."

"What I am or am not has nothing to do with the case. You remember the diamond robbery at Mr. Frick's, in Christiania, six years ago? Well, by a shameful deception, you succeeded in throwing suspicion on Miss Frick. She is now my wife——"

The Englishman interrupted with a long, low whistle. I felt my face crimson, and for the moment my hands clenched; but I continued quietly: "No, it is not necessary for you to fumble about in your drawer for the revolver. I am not so stupid as to give you an opportunity of shooting me in self defense. It would suit you too well."

The Englishman uttered an oath, and we heard a heavy object fall back into the drawer.

"Go on with your business, then," he shouted; "but before I have done with you I shall teach you what it costs to insult me on board my own yacht. Do you hear? Go on!"

I got the impression that his noisy anger was to a great extent assumed, for while I continued he seemed to be listening to something quite different.

"We demand of you," I said, "that you give a full account of the deception which was practised on the occasion which I refer to, and that you enable me to prove my wife's innocence."

"Yes, I'll give you a full account—you may take your oath on that, you wretched police spy, trying to threaten a gentleman! You haven't yet mentioned how much money you intend to blackmail me for." He got up and struck the table so that the cigar boxes and ash trays jumped about.

"Why do you make all this noise?"

"Noise? May I not do what I like on board my own yacht? Wait a bit, and you'll see something which will perhaps astonish you."

The Englishman laughed triumphantly, and got up.

I also got up. I had for some time felt that the ship was in motion. At first it might have been the effect of the small waves which the passing steamers caused; but the last few minutes made it clear that the yacht was steadily leaning over on one side, and when we got up we could clearly hear the rippling sound that water makes when it is being forced aside by a ship in motion.

"What do you think now, gentlemen?" The Englishman threw open the door to the cabin on the starboard side, opened the port hole, and pointed out.

The yacht had got under way, and was sailing out of the harbor to eastward, between the islands, as the wind did not admit of steering in a northerly direction. We were already about a quarter of a mile away from the anchorage.

"On our next tack we shall clear Tungendess," continued Mr. Howell, "and then you know for yourselves how far it is out to sea."

Frederick looked at me, doubt and uneasiness in his face; but my smile reassured him. Presently a great whining sound cut the air and forced its way through the open porthole in the cabin. I, with a friendly nod to the Englishman, asked:

"What do you think that is?"

"It is the gray gunboat, which is trying her steam whistle; but I promise we shall not be long troubled by her infernal noise. The wind freshens."

The Englishman threw himself comfortably into a chair.

"This won't do any longer, Mr. Howell," I said, and this time my voice was sharp and stern. "I suspected you would try and play us this trick, and so make your position worse, and so I allowed you to try it."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Be silent and listen to me. It is time we came to the serious part of the business. The noise we heard comes, as you say, from the gunboat, and it was the signal which to me means that at this moment she is getting under way and making for this yacht. When she is alongside us, she will, by persuasion or force, compel you to turn back to Stavanger harbor.

With this wind the yacht makes five or six knots, while the gunboat makes sixteen; so you can calculate for yourself how long it will take before she is alongside us."

It was a study to watch the Englishman's face; it became pale and green with anger and disappointment. But he still tried to hold the position.

"Do you mean to tell me that a Norwegian gunboat dares stop an English yacht which has done nothing unlawful? It will cost the captain his position, if no more; you know that as well as I do."

"This morning, at nine o'clock," I answered quietly, "I was on board the gunboat, and after having stated my case, the captain gave orders to fire up. At twelve the steam would be up, and until then I postponed my visit to your yacht. I informed the captain that I had business on board here, but that it was not improbable we might be exposed to violent treatment. It was arranged that if we did not leave the yacht within two hours, the captain was to send a boat to fetch us; and if the yacht weighed anchor without our having left, the gunboat was to follow and compel the yacht to return. Do you think the captain will hesitate at stopping the yacht, when he knows that two Norwegian subjects are retained on board by force? Give orders to tack about, and let the yacht again anchor, and the gunboat will not trouble us. That's the only way in which you can avoid a scandal. Do you understand me?"

The Englishman did not at first answer a word, but he made a wry face. After a short pause he violently pulled a bell rope which hung beside his chair, and the captain of the yacht entered, his gold braided cap in hand.

"Let her tack about again and anchor where she was lying, Captain Watkins. These gentlemen have forgotten something; we must put off our little cruise till tomorrow."

"I am glad to see you have come back to your senses, Mr. Howell; you know your attempt to carry me and my friend away has made your case still worse. I will openly admit that I have no warrant of arrest against you, but the result of this little escapade will be that neither the captain of the gunboat nor the police will hesitate in detaining you here until such a warrant can be obtained from Christiania."

"What do you demand of me?"

"I have told you once before—a clear and concise account of all you know about the diamond robbery in Mr. Frick's house six years ago."

There was again a pause for some seconds. The Englishman then threw his cigar on the floor with an oath. "You can put the questions, and I will answer. But it must be also understood that you take no proceedings against me for any part in the case."

"It is very wise of you to make that condition. You have deceived the court, and committed perjury. It would cost you many years of your liberty if the arm of the law reached you. But we undertake not to proceed against you if you will provide us with proof that Miss Frick, as she was then, had nothing to do with the robbery."

"Very well, I am willing. Ask, and I will reply."

"Who was it you photographed in the museum in front of the cupboard with the black diamond in her hand? I mean the photograph which you later on handed over to the court."

"It was the maid—Evelina Reierson; wasn't that her name?"

"And you saw that she took the diamond and went away with it?"

"Yes."

"Was it quite accidentally that you happened to take the photograph? It was taken from the reflection in a mirror, was it not?"

"Yes, it was taken in a mirror. I came quite by accident into the museum, and she was so taken up with examining the diamond that she did not notice my presence until I had already photographed her. I knew she was doing something wrong, and thought there would be no harm in photographing her."

"Why did you turn towards the glass, instead of taking the photograph direct? You stood behind her, did you not?"

"Well, yes," said the Englishman, looking suspiciously at me. "Yes, I did. It was by mere chance I turned my apparatus towards the glass."

"How did the diabolical idea enter your head to make use of the photograph as evidence against Miss Frick?"

"Diabolical or not diabolical, she had offended me, no matter how, and I revenged myself. I had never taken a photograph in a mirror before, and so I examined the picture with the magnifying glass. You know how interested I am in snap shots."

"Oh, yes; and then you observed all that about the clock—the right and left hands, and all the rest of it?"

"Exactly; it occurred to me that it might turn out unpleasant enough for Miss Frick. So I waited till the case

came before the court, and then I sent a note to the counsel for the defense, which told him how he could get his client off."

"How did you know Miss Frick had been to the pawnbroker's? Speak out; for the sooner this is over, the better."

"Well, I knew young Frick had got into difficulties—the young greenhorn would insist on playing high with me and my friends—and I knew, too, that he had written his uncle's name on a bill for four thousand crowns."

"And you did not help him? It would have been an easy matter for you."

"That's nothing to do with the matter. The sooner we are finished, the better. Wasn't that what you said? Well, he wrote from Hamburg to his sister, and begged her to pay in the four thousand crowns to a well known bill discounter. That is why she tried to raise money on her jewels. That failed, and so the bill discounter applied to old Frick, who, without saying a word, paid the bill. He guessed at once that his nephew had forged his name."

"How did you get to know all this?"

"Well, that's nothing to do with the matter. It is enough for you to know that I had my interests to look after, and that one always finds helpers when one has got money."

"And then what about your relation with Evelina? How do you explain that?"

"To hell with you and your questions! Is it necessary for you to know any more? Well, never mind! I got to know of her relations with the actor; I surprised them once in the garden at Ballarat. After the arrest I sent her a letter wherein I professed deep sympathy with her case, and told her if she would deny everything and keep silent I would do my best to get her acquitted, so that she could marry her lover."

"It was, then, to get money for him that she stole the diamond?"

"The actor, as you may guess, had seduced her, but refused to marry her unless she would provide money so that they could leave the country. He made a fool of her twice. I fancy, however, it was more for the sake of giving the child a father than anything else that made her so anxious to marry that fellow."

"He got the five thousand crowns, then? What did he do with them?"

"He succeeded in depositing them with a friend in Gothenburg before he was arrested; but when he came there again his friend had vanished. In any case, he wrote to that effect when he afterwards tried to get money out of me. I told him, of course, to go to the devil."

"Will you write down what you have told us, and put your name to it? Remember, we must have a positive proof of my wife's innocence. That was the condition upon which we were to let you go, without mixing up the police in the matter."

We heard the noise and trample of feet on the deck, and the rattling of the chain cable when the anchor fell. We were again in Stavanger harbor. Soon after, a grating sound was heard alongside the yacht, and the sound of many oars which were shipped.

"There is the boat from the gunboat," I exclaimed. "You have not much time for considering."

"You shall have the proof. I have something which is just as good as a written declaration."

The Englishman opened a cupboard, rummaged a while in a drawer, and came back to the table with something which looked like a folded letter in his hand.

"Everything may be of use in time—that is the reason I did not burn it. Here is a letter from Evelina, written the same day she hanged herself. It will be more than sufficient for you. But it's understood that no difficulty will be placed in my way to leave, if I give up the letter?"

"You have our word of honor that no information will be given to the police and that nothing shall hinder your departure, if you furnish us with sufficient proofs of my wife's innocence."

The Englishman threw the letter across the table. I opened it and read it aloud:

DEAR MR. HOWELL:

You are the only one who has shown any kindness to me in my misfortune, but all your kindness is wasted on a creature who is doomed to destruction. You warned me, long ago, against the wretch whom I believed in so blindly, but, unfortunately, more than that was necessary to open my eyes.

He first persuaded me to steal in order to find the means for our marriage, and then he deserted me with the fruits of my crime. All the same, I was glad of your offer to get me acquitted, and thus enable me to marry the man I loved, not so much for my own sake, as for——

Then he deceived me again. I know that yesterday he left the country, and at the same time I learned that my benefactress, Miss Frick, is accused of the crime which I have committed.

I know, of course, you will not let her suffer—you, who are her friend, and that of her family. But how can you prove her innocence without revealing that you deceived the court in order to help me, a poor girl whom you pitied?

I do not understand much of this kind of thing; but I see that my life is useless, and that there is

one way in which I can prove Miss Frick's innocence without being imprisoned myself.

When you get to hear I am no longer alive, then cut off the lowest slip of this letter and send it to the authorities. I cannot rely on my mother. She has a suspicion it was I who took the diamond, and worries me every day to tell her what has become of the money.

At the bottom was written in large but irregular letters:

*I, and no one else, stole Mr. Frick's diamond and sold it to Mr. Jurgens for five thousand crowns. I, and no one else, shall suffer for my crime!*

EVELINA REIERSON.

June, 18—.

Frederick could not control himself any longer. "You are the greatest scoundrel that ever walked in shoes, Mr. Howell—or Davis, or whatever you call yourself!" he shouted, and rushed at the other. There would have been a scuffle if I had not intervened.

It was hardly necessary, however, to strike him, for at the words he staggered back as if stupefied, and leaned against the wall. I was the first to speak.

"You may thank my friend you have been warned, Mr. Davis; otherwise, it had been my intention to let you find out for yourself that your forgeries and frauds have been discovered."

The Englishman was deadly pale. He opened a cupboard with trembling hands, took out a bottle, and poured himself out a large glass of cognac.

"Have you anything more to say?" asked Frederick. "If not, let us go; I can no longer stand the sight of the scoundrel."

"All right," I answered, and we went quickly up the cabin stairs and into the long boat which awaited us.

"You weren't going to tell him, then, that all his rascality had been discovered?"

"No, I wanted him to fall into the hands of the English police. But now he'll take good care not to put his foot on English soil any more."

"You ought to have warned me beforehand."

"It is not worth bothering about. For the rest of his life he will be a wretched exile, without money and without friends; I know he has already ruined his father, old Davis. He possesses nothing now but his yacht. It was by the skin of his teeth that he got away from his creditors in England this time."

* * * * *

Some months later, the following paragraph appeared in the paper:

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE DEMON OF GAMBLING.

The well known yacht Deerhound, which last year won the queen's cup at the Cowes regatta, has just arrived at Monaco. The owner, a certain Mr. Howell, sold the yacht, as he had lost all his money at the tables. He afterwards continued to play, with the result that this morning he was found in the park with a bullet hole in his head and a discharged pistol in his hand.

* * * * *

It was full summer, and the fruit trees stood white with blossoms in the garden of Villa Ballarat.

A party of five people sat in the cool shade of the museum, while the warm summer air blew in at the open door.

"The hand of justice reached him sooner than we had expected," said Frederick, when I had read these lines aloud.

"Peace be with his bones!" said old Frick, with unction. "Old Davis was a big scoundrel; but upon my soul, I think the son was worse."

"But what are you going to do now?" said Clara. "Cannot the matter be taken up again? I think it would be a great shame if the world did not get to know of all that has taken place; especially those who at the time threw stones at Sigrid."

"No one was found guilty," said I; "and I do not believe we could get the matter taken up again, except——" and I glanced at my wife.

"All the people whose opinion I value," she answered softly, "know my story as well as I know it myself, and I shudder at the thought of appearing again in court. No, let it rest."

THE END.

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## THE HIGHEST JOY.

THOUGH far we sail on life's great tide
In search, at any price,
Of dear delights that but abide
In ports of Paradise,
He has not reached the Happy Isles
Whose gladdened eyes and ears
Know not the joy too deep for smiles,
But manifest in tears.

*Clarence Urmy.*

# A Platonic Engagement.

"'TWAS EVER A MAN AND A MAID, MY SON."

*BY ALICE BISHOP.*

FROM Mrs. Robert Hope to Mr. Frederic Adams:

MY DEAR FRED:

I am seriously annoyed with you. Surely you are aware that six dances in succession, supper on the stairs, to say nothing of your being seen driving together in a hansom in the afternoon, is enough to make people talk. Besides, Bess is my niece and I am responsible for her, so please be more careful in future.

Bess agrees with me that she may have been imprudent; I find her, however, somewhat inclined to recklessness, and shall refuse to let her go about unchaperoned with you unless you are sensible.

Your sincere friend,

ADELAIDE HOPE.

From Mr. Frederic Adams to Mrs. Robert Hope:

DEAR LADY:

I adore you when you speak your mind. The fault is your own. For years you have introduced me to attractive girls that I might fall in love; for years I have refused to do anything of the kind. Now you've done it once too often. Why did you ask me to be nice to your niece? Why do you tell me to stop being nice to her? I can't do that, so I shall ask her to marry me? But I am sure she will not like the idea.

Yours always,

F. A.

I placed the above letter in an envelope, addressed it in a firm hand, dropped it in the nearest mail box, and rode up town to take a cup of tea with Bess.

On arriving there, I was pleased to find that there were no very young men about, and rejoiced that the rain had driven them away. I was in a sentimental mood; Bess is not a sentimental person. She has also several annoying ways, one of them being a habit of keeping me waiting at least ten minutes, when I always feel that she has a girl up stairs with whom she exchanges remarks more or less uncomplimentary to me while she pats her hair in front of the glass. I looked out of the window and whistled to show that I was not at all impatient.

"Fifteen minutes," said I to myself, looking at my watch. "How girls do love to prink!" I turned wearily away from the window, and beheld Bess seated at the tea table. She was dressed in red, and looking very demure. Some girls can combine the two; it requires blue eyes—and other attributes.

"I only took five minutes, really," said she, "and I agree with you—that girl opposite is not bad looking."

"May I have some tea?" I asked meekly, and sat down in a large, comfortable armchair while she prepared it, giving me one small lump of sugar and a proper allowance of cream; she does not always remember this. It is one of her annoying traits to be absent minded at inconvenient times.

"Nice tea," said I, and became meditative, even comfortably sleepy; the wood fire was soothing, and, as Mrs. Hope said, I had been up late the night before. And with the thought of Mrs. Hope I remembered what I had come to do, drained my tea to the last drop, set down the cup, and turned to Bess.

"Go on, have a nap," said she; "I don't mind, and you nearly dropped the cup twice."

"No," said I, "there are other duties to perform. Your aunt——"

"Woke me up this morning, and was extremely tiresome, though I told her you were quite safe, and we had no intention of doing anything foolish. Have we?"

"I'm not so sure," said I.

"I am," said she.

"But," said I, "people will talk and——"

"Well?"

"You're too nice a girl to be talked about."

"Then," said she, "you must stop coming here so often; you must not dance with me so much; you must not write me notes; you must not buy me candy; you must not——"

"You talk like the Ten Commandments," I retorted, "and I desire to do all these things."

"I wish you weren't so young; then people wouldn't bother."

"My age——" I began.

"Aunt Adelaide told me, but it doesn't help matters at all. You are growing a bit bald——"

"Oh, come!" I murmured, passing my

hand thoughtfully over a too well known spot.

"And you are fussy—at times. And you are cross if I keep you waiting, or if dinner is late. And——"

"Really," I protested, "really, my good young Christian friend, I fail to see why my failings should be enumerated thus."

"Why, because they make you a confirmed bachelor, and perfectly safe for a giddy little thing like me. I told Aunt Adelaide so; you should have heard me."

"I should have been too flattered," said I.

"You needn't be so cross when I'm trying to help you."

"Perhaps we did dance too many dances," said I, "but you asked me to keep that disagreeable Russian away from you, and that was the easiest way to do it."

"It *was* kind of you," said she in tones that meant mischief. I asked hastily for some more tea. "But really," she continued after refilling my cup, "I don't see why Aunt Adelaide is so funny. It's not the first time I——"

"Indeed!" said I.

"Nor you either," said she with a wicked smile, and I grinned faintly.

"Tell me," I urged, "do you want me to stop coming, Bess?"

"Not a bit. You amuse me."

"Very well," said I, with what I hoped was a reproachful look, "although I cannot say that I regard you in the same light, I find your society agreeable. So we must protect ourselves by going into mourning."

"I do not understand."

"In other words," I explained, "we will announce our engagement." And I lit a cigarette and inhaled it slowly and thoughtfully.

"But——"

"I understand," said I quietly, "that I could not hope for—— What I mean is an engagement which will protect us from gossip, at the same time leaving us perfectly free to go about together without creating wide spread interest. We will also be a sensible pair and mix with other men and women, without fearing jealousy or misunderstanding. The engagement may be broken at any time by you."

She looked at me, then at the carpet; arranged the sandwiches in three even piles on the plate, and then looked straight at me and blushed charmingly.

"Have you considered," she asked, "that we might fall in love?"

"That possibility has occurred to me."

"It did to me, but I thought it too absurd, as I am not sentimental, and you are fond of so many ladies. But I am willing to consent to a Platonic engagement."

"Purely Platonic," said I, and kissed her hand to seal the compact.

"Upon my word!" said the voice of Mrs. Hope behind us. "What does this mean?"

"An understanding—nothing more," said I, taking my hat.

But Mrs. Hope stood in the doorway, and looked at me in a way I did not like at all.

"Fred," she said, "I am not pleased with you."

"I have written you a note," said I politely, "that will justify me."

Mrs. Hope sank slowly into a chair with an expression not entirely devoid of suspicion. I sat down near the door, and gazed thoughtfully into my hat. Bess said nothing, and I refrained from glancing in her direction.

"Well?" said Mrs. Hope.

I cleared my throat, and said mildly that we had entered into a Platonic engagement.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Hope. "Do you intend to announce it?"

"Not at once," said I; "it would be unseemly."

"Bess," said her aunt, "run up stairs and dress for dinner. This boy will not be serious while you are in the room."

Bess rose with astonishing alacrity, kissed her hand to me, and disappeared.

"Now, Fred," said the best of women, "explain yourself."

"I intend to marry Bess, but she knows nothing about it."

"Are you sure?"

Candidly, I was not; but I did not say so.

"What am I to say if people ask whether you are engaged?"

"Will they be so rude?" asked I.

"They will indeed," said she.

"Then you must look non committal; we will deny it furiously, and everybody will let us alone."

"I don't like it, Fred."

"It is my one chance," I pleaded.

Mrs. Hope looked at me earnestly; I looked at Mrs. Hope beseechingly. She shook her head; I took her hand; she drew it away, and I turned to go. But as I touched the door knob, she called me back.

"You may try it for six weeks," said she.

"I am satisfied," said I.

"Is Fred going?" said a voice from above. "I thought he would surely stay to dinner."

"I accept with pleasure," said I.

For the next two weeks I was in Chicago on business. I wrote Bess very friendly notes, to which I received no reply. Even a box of marrons glacés failed to receive any notice. I became alarmed then, Bess having always possessed a sense of obligation. But no word came, and I grew angry, and smoked too many cigarettes, and gave up girls' society. Then the horrible idea that she was ill forced me to cut short my business, and hasten to call on her in a state of much distress.

She received me in the little sitting room, where she lay on the sofa, surrounded by cushions, flowers, three sympathetic girls, and a long haired Russian socialist.

I was glad to see Georgia Weston. She wears tailor things, earns her own living, and is clever enough to see some use in mere men. As the Russian was monopolizing Bess, I talked contentedly to Georgia, not being in the least of a jealous disposition. Foreigners are absurdly so; he glared at me several times.

"Why doesn't he cut his hair?" I said to Georgia.

"It's not bad that way; why should he?"

"Don't snub me; I mean well. What's the matter with Bess?"

"Slight sore throat, and a little run down."

"She looks pale."

"Didn't you know she was sick?"

"How could I when I've been in Chicago?"

"Ah!" said Georgia, looking reflectively at the tip of her shoe.

"As an old friend," said I, "I must tell you that we have entered into a Platonic engagement."

"Oh!" said Georgia, raising her eyes from her well polished boot, and looking at me with a twinkle in her eye.

"Do you not believe," said I, "in Platonic friendship?"

"At times," she replied drily.

"I perceive in you an unpleasant tendency to pessimism."

"What I perceive in you," said she, "I shall not say, as I am going home. Come and see me soon in my little flat."

The other girls fluttered away with Georgia, leaving the Russian and me to keep Bess company.

"You look tired," said I to Bess.

"I am. But Mr. Sienkovitch and I have something very serious to discuss, Fred, and I want you to run away. You're not angry?"

Of course I left at once. But on the door step I solemnly forswore all girls' society, and went to the club to drown my chagrin in divers Scotch high balls, interspersed with cynical observations on life.

A good dinner and a very expensive cigar made existence more bearable, however, and by nine o'clock I decided to call on Georgia, and pour my woes into her ear. Henceforth my friends should be sensible girls who never wore frills.

Georgia's flat was at the very top of the house. A jolly little place, where I had spent many a pleasant hour. By the time I reached the last step, my woes had evaporated with the last high ball, and I was rejoiced to hear that she was at home.

A tall, handsome woman with well dressed, wavy hair and wearing a tea gown of some fluffy black stuff, cut low at the throat, greeted me cordially.

"What on earth——" I gasped feebly.

The vision pointed to a divan, and looked at me with Georgia's expression of quiet amusement.

"Have a cigarette, Fred, and don't look so dazed."

"I beg pardon, but really——"

"Don't you like it?"

"Oh, stop!" I groaned. "Coquetry from you, the one sensible woman I know. But that black stuff is immensely becoming."

"I think so myself."

"Do you still do this?" said I, passing her a cigarette.

"Yes, indeed"—with delightful frankness, lighting it daintily. She smokes charmingly.

"So glad you are alone. I was afraid some one might be with you, and I need cheering up."

"I rather expected Mr. Sienkovitch, but he——"

"Oh, damn!" said I.

"Fred, I don't think your language is pretty."

"I am perfectly justified in using the expression, and shall not apologize," said I.

She stared at me, then her lips began to twitch, and she laughed a hearty little laugh all to herself.

"Freddie," she sighed, picking up her cigarette, "you are the greatest goose since the world began! And yet I can see—— Yes, I see perfectly."

"I'm glad you can," muttered I.

"But surely you had a talk with Bess."

"Mr. Sienkovitch had the privilege. My nose is very much out of joint. I come to see Bess after an absence of two weeks, and find her ill and surrounded by she things and a long haired socialist.

And she tells me to go away and let her talk to that——"

"I wonder if you haven't been spoiled," said Georgia gravely.

I turned to her with a retort; then the humor of it struck us both, and we had a good laugh over it. I admitted I had been behaving in a most Unplatonic manner, and promised to be good.

"It's a queer world," sighed Georgia; "I don't understand it. Here am I wearing frilly things, and you swearing Platonic friendship with the belle of the season."

"Age in my case, and vanity in yours."

"Age!" cried Georgia with scorn. "Your behavior is extremely young."

"I will go home," said I with dignity, "as I perceive that you are very cross."

"Good night," she replied very politely; "be sure to tell Bess you are sorry."

"Platonic friendship requires no apologies," said I.

I don't like superior women.

When I awoke next morning I decided that Platonic sentiments demanded that I should be sensible and treat Bess as if nothing had happened. I rather hoped to see a note on the breakfast table, but finding nothing but a bill, I drank an extra cup of coffee slowly and thoughtfully. I would not call that afternoon; should I go in the evening? Happy thought! We might go to the theater if she felt well enough. I sallied forth to the nearest drug store, and shut myself into a little box and waited anxiously.

"Hullo! Is Miss Burton there? Yes, please. Not up yet? What? Thank you, yes—— Mr. Adams—— No, no, Central! Confound a telephone, any way!"

Awful pause.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!"

"Is this Miss Burton?"

"Good morning, Fred!"

"How did you get up so early?"

"I'm not dressed for company, and I'm only half awake."

"How are you?"

"Much better."

"Glad to hear it. Do you want to go to the theater tonight?"

"Oh, don't I!"

"How about 'The Gay Lord Quex?'"

"What?"

"I say, how about 'The Gay Lord——' No, Central, I have *not* finished!"

"Isn't it rather——? Yes, let's go. Come to dinner."

"All right. Good by."

"Good—— Oh, Fred, I'm sorry I had to send you——"

"That's of no consequence. Good by."

"Good by, de——"

Did she say "dear," or didn't she? Pshaw, she's not sentimental.

"I don't see anything dreadful in this," said Bess, as the curtain fell on the first act.

"There isn't," said I, "unless you look for it. I like it; it stimulates, but isn't weepy."

"I never cry at a play," said she, "it's silly."

I know better. She looks hard through her opera glass in moments of pathos, and ruins her gloves by digging her forefinger surreptitiously into the corner of her eye. But I shall not tell her that I know she is sentimental, when she takes such pains to assure me she is nothing of the kind.

"There's Georgia with Mr. Sienkovitch," said Bess, in a matter of fact tone; "he told me they were coming. Doesn't she look pretty? I told her to curl her hair, and she does it every day."

"He's cut his hair."

"I told him to."

"You?"

"Why not? He looks much better."

"And his clothes fit!"

"I told him they ought to."

"Really!"

"And I'm so glad she's going to marry him. He's awfully clever."

"Bess," said I feebly, "how long has this been going on?"

"For ever so long. I knew he admired her immensely, but was a little afraid of her. So one night I asked them both to dinner, and made her put on one of my frocks, and did her hair, and she was simply stunning. Then I went to work and improved him, and there you are. I know it was rude to send you away as I did yesterday, but he wanted to ask me about ties and boots and things, and so——"

"But what do you know about ties and things?"

"I have always observed yours," said Miss Burton demurely.

"Elizabeth," said I from behind my program, "you are a little minx."

"The curtain is going up," said she, but I heard no more of the play.

"I'm so glad I saw this, and thank you so much, Fred," said she as we drove homeward, "but you didn't seem to care for it."

"Oh, yes, I did," said I vivaciously. "*Lord Quex* eloped with the *Duchess* didn't he?"

"No, sir."

"Bess," said I, "if I cut my hair, could you love me?"

"I love you any way."

"I'm not joking," said I, scarcely believing that she meant it.

"Neither am I," said she, and we were both very happy.

"Thus," said I, "do we close the book of Platonic friendship."

"And take up the édition de luxe," said Bess, "which will be limited to two copies."

"Bess," said I severely, "you are growing clever."

"I have to," said she, "to keep you in your proper place."

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# His Father's Boy.

A STORY OF FOOTBALL AND POLITICS, AND OF TWO GENERATIONS OF THE RUSTIN FAMILY.

*BY C. F. LESTER.*

"MARK my words, Tom. If you run, the party'll split, as sure as God made green grass; and you know it, too."

The mayor moved uneasily. There was the rub—he did know it.

Parker continued:

"If you run for Governor of this State, you have a chance to get there, but there's a faction in the party that don't like you and won't support you, and we can't afford anything like that, now. If you don't run, everybody'll be solid for Gregory as second choice, and with your support he'll make a sweep of it. I know"—as the mayor's lips pressed together—"I know it's hard to give up; but it's got to be done, if the party's to hang together. Now, say you'll pull out, Tom—won't you?"

"I'm sorry, Billy; but I can't see it just that way, and my decision stands. If the nomination is offered me, I shall take it. Good by; time I was off—promised my boy to go up and see him play football this afternoon." And Mayor Rustin stalked out of his old friend's office, his hat tilted defiantly.

Born in poverty, reared in toil, winning his way by pluck and personal qualities, possessing both the power and the love of leadership, no wonder the prospect before him seemed too fine to discard; and yet, in his heart, he knew that every word of his friend had been based on the truth. He could have the nomination for the governorship if he would take it, but at the risk of serious defection among a large minority of his party; while his own following, should he withdraw, could easily be swung to the support of the compromise candidate, insuring the success of the party.

If the mayor only had been free of a conscience! But, having grown up east of the Hudson and north of Long Island Sound, there was in his essence that absurd something which impels a man to spell principle with a large P, and on occasion makes Duty a bigger word than duties. And this was what kept the mayor's brow in a state of corrugation all the way up town until he came in sight of Slocum Field.

Though comparatively early in the season, this game between the Slocum School and their rivals from Westbrook Seminary, up the State, always brought out a large and partisan crowd; and the stands were crowded as the mayor, bowing right and left, found his way to a seat in the east stand and sat down to watch the practice, which was already under way.

"Ah, there's Gil," he soliloquized presently, as his eye fell on a wiry little bundle of muscle in a disgraceful looking Slocum uniform. "Seems in good fettle, too," as the youngster gathered in a whirling punt in a way that evoked applause from the stands. "Wonder how many V's I will owe him tonight;" and the mayor smiled half proudly, half quizzically, to himself.

Down on the gridiron at that moment, young Gil was remarking to his fellow half back, in a moment's lull, "I'm going to play like a house afire today; my dad promised me a five dollar bill for every touch down I'd make."

"Whew! Guess he was kidding, wasn't he?"

"No, sure not. He meant it, and he never goes back on his word, either. If I make one, I'll blow the team. Hullo, game's called, and their kick off. Watch sharp on the interference when we run it back."

"Don't you worry!" and Folsom trotted away to his position. Thirty seconds later he was tearing up the field behind three interferers, the ball hugged grimly under his arm; when he individualized himself, shortly afterwards, from a mound of tangled limbs and bodies, it was Slocum's

ball on the enemy's forty yard line, and he felt he could die happy. A fifty yard run on the kick off! Slocum went wild.

But the first play is not the game. "Don't let 'em get the jump on you, boys—smother those end runs!" exhorted the steady eyed captain of the Westbrook team, and set the example by stopping a tackle play for a loss. Before Slocum could realize it, she had lost the ball on downs, and Westbrook was crushing through her center.

Five minutes gone, and the ball on the center line. "Anybody's game," said the knowing ones, and the cheering leaders prepared for a laborious afternoon. The mayor wriggled a little with satisfaction; he did dearly love a good close fight.

"And look at Gil!" he chuckled to himself.

And in truth, more than the mayor were looking at Slocum's right half. It was impossible to watch the game without it, for he was in every play; tackling, interfering, skirting the ends, jamming past the tackles, hurdling the center, recovering fumbles. There seemed to be three of him.

"For heaven's sake, ease up a bit, Gil!" panted his captain, during a brief wait for Thomas' breathing apparatus to resume its normal functions. "This is only the first half, man!"

"All right, I'll think about it," grinned his disheveled comrade, and kept his word by getting himself flattened out like a pancake on the very next play.

But if Slocum played fiercely, she had need of it; Westbrook was holding her own, and, if anything, doing more. Twice her sleepy looking full back, Smith, had given the Slocum contingent heart failure with those deadly drop kicks of his for a field goal. Only a strong wind prevented the last one.

And now they were coming again; slowly, but surely, the ball traveled towards Slocum's goal. Here two through tackle, there five round the end; now a solid, relentless prying up of the center, then a dash at guard; and at last a clean fifteen yard run, ended only by Folsom's fierce tackle on his own twenty yard line. It was coming now. Slocum felt it, and her desperate line tore like an equinoctial breaker at the Westbrook rushers; and as a breakwater trembles and shivers at the shock, and yet stands, so that black and red rush line quivered and swayed—but stood.

In the little sheltered spot behind stood Smith of the sleepy eyes. He caught the swift pass, daintily poised, and deftly kicked. Straight over the cross bar flew the ball, and Westbrook had five points. Before Slocum could kick off again, the half was over.

All through the intermission the mayor sat in a brown study. The rocketing cheers, the bustle and flutter of the stands, the antics of the blanketed subs on the side lines, the braying of horns and flaunting of banners, surged about him and beat upon his senses all unheeded. His talk with Parker was sticking in his memory, and would not down. In vain he tried to ignore the truth so bluntly put by his old friend; in vain he cast about for some self justification to prop his sagging argument. Plainer and plainer grew the truth. And, exactly in proportion, stronger and more stubborn grew his purpose to disregard it. His chin jammed into the hollow of his hand harder and harder. The bunched muscles of his jaws showed salient and tense. His eyes narrowed coldly beneath his tilted hat brim. Looking at him, young Gil's football became a matter of course.

But when the teams tumbled over the fence upon the gridiron for the second half, the politician was ousted by the father. The mayor's face once more wore the satisfied look of a natural fighter who sees his son giving a good account of himself. "Now, Gil," he muttered, as the teams lined up, "let's see if you're your dad's boy! The uphill game's the thing."

Whether the boy, by some telepathy, was conscious of his father's thought, or whether it was simply because he was "his dad's boy," matters little; but if there had been three of him before, there seemed six now. He played like a little madman, and with a madman's seeming immunity from accident. Yet, in his maddest charges, there was never a lack of judgment. He picked his holes unerringly, he stuck to his interference like glue, he kept his eye on the ball in spite of criss cross and delayed pass. The rest of his team kept his pace. And still Slocum could not score.

Westbrook, with a 5—0 lead and a favoring wind, was punting on the second down invariably, and holding Slocum well away from her goal. It was good generalship, and Slocum's line time and again had carried the ball past the center, only to lose it on a stone wall brace, and then to see it go sailing far down into her territory again, with all the rushing to do over. The mayor began to look anxious.

"By Jove, the boys have their hands full this time, and after such splendid up hill work, too. Only five minutes more, and the other fellow's ball at the center. 'Fraid

—there, there's that everlasting punt again; going to Gil, too. Now, boy—by Jove, he's off!—good interference there, James—go it, go it, old chap!—down! No—oh, lovely, lovely—'k out, look *out*—safe again—he's *through!* Hooray! Now, boy, *paddle!*—no, dodge him, *dodge* him, don't you see—oh, the deuce! All over—what! Well, I'll be—go on, Francis, he can't—ah!—over! And a seventy yard run! Well, look—at—that—hat!"

The hat was really not much to look at; a silk tile should be more or less coddled, and the mayor's had not been during the last few seconds.

As the mayor, returning home a little late, came up the walk, he saw that the library was still in darkness save for the dancing fire light. He smiled. "Gil and his mother are visiting; I'll steal in on them quietly."

By the ruddy grate fire he found them as he knew he should: his wife in the big easy chair near the grate; on a hassock at her feet, Gil; her hand in both of his, and his homely, honest face turned up to hers. The mayor paused at the opening of the portières.

"——and we began to think we were up against it for fair. But we didn't let up a bit, of course. We managed to hold 'em at the fifty five yard line, and they punted. Well, I saw that punt coming, and I said to myself, 'Now for it!' Johnny James blocked off the nearest man, and that gave me a start; somehow, I just *knew* we were going to score, even then.

"Well, you know I start quick, and I was by two more before they knew it. Then came the fun! Well, I don't know how I got through that crowd, only the fellows interfered in great shape, and I dodged for all I knew. One fellow got me by the arm, but I wiggled away; and all of a sudden there I was, through the ruck, and only two men to pass. They were one on each side, a couple of rods ahead, and—well, I knew I could pass one; but two—well, I was going to try for it, anyhow.

"Just then Tom Francis yelled out behind me. That was to let me know I had some one protecting me, you know. He said, 'Right behind you, Gil!'—tell you, it sounded good, too. And then—well, I never did so much thinking in a second before. I thought of that V that father promised me if I got a touchdown, you know. Then I thought that if I passed the ball back and blocked off one man, Francis was almost certain of a touchdown. For a moment I thought, 'What, run through the whole team and then have another man get the benefit and lose that money—not a little bit!' Then in a flash more I was ashamed and mad with myself for risking the whole team that way; and I just yelled, 'Tom!' and tossed the ball back under my arm, and chugged into the nearest tackler.

"Well, Tom was right there, all awake; and while we went down in a mess and the other fellow was trying to turn, he just nipped the ball and kept right on, and never was touched until he landed it slap under the cross bar. Oh, it was great—*great!* And, of course, we couldn't help kicking a goal like that—and we *beat* 'em, mumsie, we beat 'em! But it was a close shave, and—I'm glad I—lost that V."

"And so am I, dear."

The mayor turned away very softly, and went up to his private room.

It might not be amiss to state here that Gregory made a first class Governor, and that the party is stronger now than ever before.

Also that Gil must have got the V, for he "blew" the team.

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## THE UNENDING STRIFE.

LONG have they battled, Night and Day,
Which one shall hold the sway supreme.
From Day's last stand the sunset gleam
With golden arrows holds the way,
And rainbow banners lend the fray
Their glory—till the last fair beam
Is quenched, as fades a broken dream,
Or sunshine of a storm swept day.

Long has the struggle been, but Night,
The victor, strikes the final blow;
Then, generous to a vanquished foe,
Hangs 'mid the shades soft orbs of light;
So all his hours so darkly gray
Wear still some presage of the Day.

*Laura Berteaux Bell*

# AUTOMO BILLY.

HOW THE TRAMPS WERE BAFFLED AND DAN BROUGHT TO THE POINT.

*BY KATHERINE L. MEAD.*

AUTOMO BILLY was the event of our first summer of married life. To explain his career, I must give some of the circumstances of our first housekeeping.

Edith and I were married in April, and Edith's Aunt Mary gave us for a wedding present the loan of her cottage at Long Ledge for the summer. Long Ledge is not a fashionable resort; in fact, Aunt Mary's is the only summer cottage in the place, and Edith's family prophesied the dullest of summers. They did not know Billy.

As I am in the automobile business, the honeymoon had to be of the shortest, and by the first of June we were established at Long Ledge. Edith had secured a model maid of all work, a pretty Irish Maggie, said to flirt with a stick, and therefore guaranteed not to be lonely. Our problem was to find as good a man to mow the vast lawn that stretched from the house down a long bare hill to the public road. My automobile, that occupied the small stable, was my own care, and it looked as though we should hardly need a man except for that ridiculous lawn. We began to doubt the generosity of Aunt Mary, now released to a tour of Europe.

During the three days that I consumed in the inspection of the aged and juveniles of the neighborhood, who offered to ply our lawn mower twice a week, a fresh complication arose. No less than eighteen tramps visited our kitchen door in my brief absences. Long Ledge is on the railroad between two important junctions, but I had not realized that it was the thoroughfare for tramp travel that it proved to be.

They made our house their free lunch counter. Some cabalistic sign on our gatepost must have meant to the fraternity, "Wedding presents. Pretty cook. No dog," for every few hours Edith would see a Tattered Tom pause in his course along the road to scan our bare hill for signs of man, and then come slumping up the long driveway. Clearly, we must have a man living on the place.

The first day I went to town, I visited an intelligence office—falsely so called. Here I secured a paragon, sober, honest, and industrious, capable and obliging—at least, they promised to send such a one to meet me at the 5:50 for Long Ledge. I searched the station like Diogenes; I waited over till the 6:15 accommodation, but no such man appeared. Edith says there never was one, but I am of a trusting disposition, and have never ceased to regret him.

Next morning I browbeat the intelligence office into producing their man. He met me promptly, and he returned as promptly with me the next morning, saying that he found the country lonely. Here I lose the order of my narrative. For some time we remembered them by name and for a longer time by number, but they rise up before me now as one monstrous composite who smoked and drank and swore, made away with the teaspoons, set fire to the stable, slept by day and prowled by night, staggered through the village streets, and made love to Maggie.

All of them did that. For quantity Maggie must have had the most brilliant season of any summer girl east of the Rockies. She seemed to me to be the disturbing element in almost every case. She certainly should have looked out for the teaspoons instead of flirting with their abstractor, and, though she repented with tears, my wife assured me that she drove the next incumbent to drink by refusing him three evenings in succession.

Certain it is that our last importation, Dan, might have proved a success if she had not turned his head the first day, and reduced him to a day dreaming fool and dawdler on the kitchen steps. After he had broken the mowing machine and left the hose running into the cellar as a result of a quarrel with Maggie, we read the riot act. Dan was sent off, and Maggie threatened with instant dismissal if he was found on the premises. The last clause was added when he got a place with the doctor, our nearest neighbor on the village street.

With the appearance of the hired man, there had been a complete disappearance of the tramp, but Edith said it was merely having the same tramp around all day in-

stead of different ones. After Dan's departure, she proposed an interregnum to see if the tramps returned, and I acceded from the conviction that the intelligence office would close its doors in my face. Dan had not been gone a day when the first Weary Willy appeared and demanded pie, with a horrid leer. And now we openly disparaged our Aunt Mary.

From Aunt Mary, we proceeded to revile the world at large.

"To think," I cried, "that the age that has produced the lawn mower cannot supply a man to work it, nor one simply to sit on its automobile!"

"Oh," wailed Edith, "why can't people have automobile servants, too?" and she went up stairs with all sail set for a good cry.

But on me her last words had had electrical effect. Automobile servants! Why not? I saw it all at once in a vision, as artists and inventors do, cause, effect—means, result—and the result was the millennium.

I went to town for a week, sending up a porter to do the dragon. When I came home Saturday there was a huge trunk in my wake and the light of triumph in my eye. I hurried Edith from supper to the man's room in the stable, where the trunk had been placed, and there I unfolded to her my scheme. First I took out a lawn mower, to all appearance like our old one, but really fitted with an electrical appliance that made it an automobile lawn mower, self propelling, and easily set to turn around at any given distance.

Edith was in raptures. "It's the most wonderful thing I ever dreamed of!" she cried, as I explained. "I don't think you appreciate how great you really are. You don't know how lonely I've been all this week, but now I see what it all meant. Oh, I am so proud. Just think what this will mean to thousands of households. Why, we needn't think of another man now—if it wasn't for the tramps."

I hid my blushes in the trunk, from which I presently drew and adjusted our new man. Of course I shall not divulge his mechanism, but his outward appearance, which had occupied much of my time, I can describe. His light steel frame was of magnificent proportions, imperfectly concealed by an old fishing suit of my own. A wax figure being impracticable for the work in which he was to engage, I had hunted out a maker of cigar store advertisements to model a countenance for it, and he had entered into his work like a true artist.

The result was a cross between the Young Augustus and a clothing store figure. The features were the features of the Young Augustus, but the complexion was the complexion of the lay figure. Remembering my football days, when our spirits sank in direct proportion to the number of red haired men on the opposing team, I had crowned my work with an auburn wig.

Edith drew back speechless. She listened without a word to my account of the difficulties I had surmounted in balancing the figure and in reproducing a natural gait. Then I screwed the hands to the mowing machine handle, and in the dusk I took my masterpiece out and set it for a ten yard and return trip across the lawn.

Slowly the contrivance started off to the familiar clatter of the lawn mower, in a way so lifelike, so in harmony with its surroundings, that I was almost overpowered. Slowly it turned at the required distance, and as it came towards us and halted, Edith clutched my arm and whispered: "Dudley, this is wicked."

I controlled my Satanic exultation, and explained to her that this was only a sort of sublimated burglar alarm that I had been inspired by her words to make for her sake. With this to guard her, she was safe; without it, she must be a prey to the known terrors of the hired man or to the unknown horrors of butchery and the wrath of Aunt Mary. Gradually her fears subsided, and, by a cunning appeal to her curiosity, I taught her to regulate the thing herself.

At this point Maggie appeared to see what was the excitement.

"We must tell her," I whispered. But now it was my turn to listen to a perfectly unintelligible explanation of the scheme.

"Now, of course," my wife concluded, "you won't be silly enough to be afraid of it."

"Afraid? Me afraid of anything in the shape of a man!" crowed Maggie. "What do you call him?"

"Why, a sort of automobile," I answered with some hesitation. I had not thought of a name or patent yet.

"Automobile! Automobile!" she mimicked. "I could never get all that out in a hurry. I'll call him Billy, for short;" and Billy he was from that day.

Billy worked to a charm. I started him Monday morning when I left for the train, and Edith saw no fewer than six knights of the road pause at our gate, hesitate, and then go on. She took Billy in for lunch, at the suggestion of Maggie, ever mindful of Dan's window at the doctor's,

quarter of a mile away. Suddenly Maggie spied a tramp toiling up our driveway. She rushed to Billy where he stood alert, one foot in air, at the shed door. She set the combination, touched the button, and Billy strode forth majestic, propelling his machine. The tramp turned and scuttled for the road, and Edith napped luxuriously in the hammock to the domestic cluck of the lawn mower.

In the afternoon she arrayed Billy in his undress livery, screwed him on to the box of the automobile, and went off to explore the country roads, leaving the mower draped with his coat to protect Maggie. Day after day passed, with none to molest or make afraid. Some screed of "Man! Danger!" must have been graven on our gate posts, and gradually Billy was used only for the good of the lawn, or for an occasional demonstration in force. The lines of care disappeared from Edith's face, and Maggie began to have the time of her life. Dan had become furiously jealous.

One Sunday morning Maggie came home from church in great spirits. "Dan's that foolish," she said to my wife. "He's been asking me about Billy, and I get around him every time."

"Does he suspect anything?" asked Edith.

"Not he!" cried Maggie. "He asked me what kind of a man we'd got, that never came off the place. 'A very unusual kind,' says I; 'honest, sober and industrious, capable and willing,' I says. 'Does he never smoke?' asks Dan. 'Not since he signed the pledge,' I said; 'he's no common man.'

"'What was he doing with himself last night?' asks Dan. I didn't tell you, ma'am, that last night when you was out walking, I started Billy going just for company, and I forgot to set the point at where to turn, and before I could catch him, the mower was against the stone wall and Billy throwed up over the handle, standing on his hands, with his head down and his legs going like a windmill in the air. I rushed up and quieted him and led him in gently-like, and by good luck it was most dark, so Dan couldn't see plain. So when he asked me what was Billy doing last night, I said: 'Oh, that's what they call parallel bars. He's been an athlete, as any one may see, and he likes to keep his hand in.'

"'And his feet up,' says Dan. 'But there's no call for you to lead him in by the hand that way.' 'Maybe there is,' says I, blushing as best I could. 'Well, I'll come over and have a talk with him,' says Dan. 'You'll not,' says I. 'He'll never speak to the likes of you, Dan Connell. He's not your kind of a man, and you remember that if you're caught on our place, I leave,' says I. That angered Dan, and he said: 'Maggie O'Farrell,' he says, 'if there's any nonsense between him and you, I'll break every bone in his body.' 'And that,' says I, laughing, 'you never can do.'"

That very evening, coming home from a walk, we stood transfixed to see Maggie sitting on the back porch, in the moonlight, with a man's arm about her waist. Moreover, she was talking in the most coquettish manner, and at last she laid her head upon his manly shoulder.

I strode forward. "Dan," I thundered, "leave this place this instant. Maggie, you will go tomorrow morning."

Maggie started up with a scream, and the light from the kitchen window revealed the classic profile of Automo Billy.

This was only the first of a series of studies in still life that Maggie arranged for the benefit of Dan. "Billy paring apples on the back steps," "Billy reading the paper by the kitchen lamp," "Billy in all sorts of tender attitudes by moonlight." In our anxiety lest Dan should wreak vengeance on Billy, we were thankful that the summer was drawing to a close. We forgot that the elements of a man's destruction come from within.

Our last week came, and as I walked up from the station for the last time, I felt a warm leap in my heart for the little cottage, so full of pleasant memories, for Billy, our protector, and even for frugal Aunt Mary. I turned in at our gate with quickened step, and then what sight blasted my vision. The automobile, covered with dust, stood before the door. Maggie was wringing her hands on the piazza, and across the lawn hurried the doctor, with his little black case, Dan close behind him with another.

I flew up that driveway, gained the steps before them, dashed Maggie aside, and bounded up the stairs crying: "Edith! Edith!" The dusty tracks of something dragged along led to the guest room. Oh, Edith!

There she sat, white with excitement, and on Aunt Mary's best spread lay Automo Billy, a mangled wreck, his beauteous profile cleft by a lengthwise crack, but still pink checked and smiling.

"Edith!" I panted. "Are you alive? What has happened?"

"Oh," she sobbed, "I got off to get some flowers right by our gate, and the automobile started, I don't know how, and ran

into a bank, and I must have forgot to screw Billy on, for he pitched off head foremost, against a wall. Dan was going by, and ran up to help, and I told him to run for the doctor—just to get him away—and now what shall we do when the doctor comes?"

His step was on the stair. "We must tell him all," I said.

The doctor's face as he saw Billy was beyond description. Edith began to laugh wildly, and I chimed in. He looked from one to another of us, and then at Billy with such an expression that I had to pull myself together and explain. The doctor is a good fellow, and, when he had had his laugh out, we debated what to do next.

"You'll have to account for Billy's disappearance to the neighbors," he said. "I'm coroner, but I guess it's the power of the press that you need here. No one knows of the accident but Dan. We'll cork him, and put an item in the paper to the effect that Mr. D. Havens has lost a valuable man in Billy, who left for parts unknown last Saturday. Mr. Havens has the sympathy of the community. You'll have to own up to Dan, though."

I went to the head of the stairs. Maggie was standing in the lower hall with her apron to her eyes, moaning out: "So handsome, so willin'—never in my way, nor swearin', nor drunken, nor quarrelin'."

"Oh, Maggie, don't take on so, darlin'. You don't care for him all that. I'd do a heap more for you than ever he did, and now the poor lad's dead and done for any way—heaven rest his soul!"

Maggie's shoulders shook the more.

"I'll be a better man to you than he. I'll neither drink nor swear nor——"

"Don't promise too much, Dan," I called, "until you've seen Billy. Maggie, bring him up."

Dan entered the room, white and awed. He looked at Billy, and, with one howl, bounded to the door. Maggie caught him, and we all began to explain at once. Then it dawned upon him. He turned to Maggie.

"I said you'd flirt with a stick, and you have."

"It was only to make you mad," she faltered.

"You won't tell, will you, Dan?" asked Edith.

Dan saw his opportunity, and seized it.

"Not if Maggie'll go to the priest's with me tomorrow."

"Oh, well," said Maggie, "seeing Billy's dead and done for."

But the past had been too real to Dan for trifling, and he left the room, murmuring, "Poor lad, poor lad. Heaven rest his soul."

The next week we left Maggie at the doctor's. And Billy? It may have been malicious, but we glued him and straightened him and set him in a dark corner to await the coming of Aunt Mary.

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## VILLANELLE.

AUTUMN comes riding down the way
On paths his sister Summer made
With bloom of blossoms day by day.

The goldenrod, like courtiers gay,
Bows where his royal course is laid.
Autumn comes riding down the way.

Oh, eventides of rose and gray,
Prithee, what made the summer fade—
With bloom of blossoms day by day?

Fulfilled her promise of her May,
And now with devastating blade,
Autumn comes riding down the way.

Oh, heart of mine, the sign obey!
Time was when Spring thy life arrayed
With bloom of blossoms day by day.

And now—alas! ye can but say,
"Time, I have felt thy accolade."
With dearth of blossoms day by day,
Autumn comes riding down the way.

*Theodosia Pickering Garrison.*

# THE STAGE

## THE CAPITAL OF STAGELAND.

New York is not only the mecca of all American actors' hopes for recognition, but it is a town after their own merry hearts, and the longing they have for Broadway cannot be measured. It is not only pleasure, however, but work, that lures them to the metropolis at least once in every twelvemonth. For no matter where the tour of a new attraction may begin in the fall, with but very few exceptions, the people are engaged and the rehearsals held in New York. Last summer, a girl who lived in California traveled all the way to Manhattan, where she signed her contract; rehearsed in Orange, because all the city stages were occupied; and then journeyed half way across the continent again to open in Denver.

As early as Easter, smooth shaven men, and women with wondrous hair, begin to haunt the Rialto. This is the term applied to the western side of Broadway between Thirty Fourth and Forty Second Streets. Formerly the theatrical parade ground was on the south side of Union Square, but it has moved north with the upward trend of everything else in restless New York. The name was probably derived from Shakspere's employment of the phrase "What news on the Rialto?" in "The Merchant of Venice." It is certainly the greatest of all centers of theatrical gossip. London knows nothing like it, because England has not a tithe of the traveling troupes that every season cover this broad land from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

It is small wonder, then, that during August and September every theater, every hall, in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the adjacent cities in Jersey, is occupied for rehearsals, from ten in the morning until long past midnight. Indeed, some of the dress rehearsals begin after the witching hour, and last until cockcrow.

Those who have no personal knowledge of life behind the scenes commonly suppose that it is composed of equal parts of glitter and ease. Attendance at rehearsals will soon disabuse one of any such impression. A whole company must wait on the stupid member who requires incessant drilling; and it is so much easier to act before an audience than without one that even clever players find it difficult, at rehearsals, to throw themselves into their parts with that abandon which the stage manager demands.

The late Augustin Daly was particularly exacting at such times. During a rehearsal of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" he called a halt in the episode where *Dr. Caius* hauls the boy *Simple* out of the closet. The actor who was playing *Simple*, although he had made up his mind how he was to howl and protest at the evening performance, had thought it not worth while to make a fool of himself in the way of shrieks and grimaces for the mere benefit of his fellows, so he simply allowed himself to be led forth quietly by the ear.

"Is that the way you propose to do it?" demanded Mr. Daly.

"No, sir, of course not," was the reply.

"Well, then, would you mind letting me see what you do propose to do?"

Speaking of Daly's, "The Geisha" was rehearsed and put on in ten days, almost a record achievement in the way of "realizing" a play, as it is called. But it had had a long run in London, and there was no experimenting, as is usual with new plays. The average time required is from three to four weeks. Sometimes, as in the case of "The Adventures of François" last autumn, a piece is rehearsed longer than it is played. The actors receive nothing for their time during rehearsals; salaries do not begin until the first performance.

Along New York's Rialto are the booking and agents' offices. Nowadays, however, almost all the booking is done through one firm, Klaw & Erlanger, the foundation stones of the theatrical syndicate. The concern was originally Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger, a son of Joseph Jefferson being at that time a partner. One of their first productions was "The Country Circus," a combination stage and ring performance which brought a dash of vaudeville into comedy before the days of the continuous. When Charles Frohman began to be a power in the land, he laid out the tours of his companies through Klaw & Erlanger, and in this way the trust was started. Other charter members are Al Hayman, from San Francisco, the moneyed man of the group; Nixon &

Zimmerman, who own the three leading theaters of Philadelphia, and Rich & Harris, formerly of Boston. Rich is also a wealthy man, who made a fortune with spiritualistic publications. The only companies of prominence who do not book through the syndicate are Mrs. Fiske's and Henrietta Crosman's.

WHERE ENGAGEMENTS ARE MADE.

Agents are plentiful along the Rialto. Many are women who have been actresses, and who possess a practical knowledge of what is wanted. To them the managers send, when they are casting a play, and announce their needs. Some people, of course, are retained from season to season, but as special productions are coming more and more to be the rule, even the best players find that they must expect a shift with each autumn. Personality is considered as well as talent, and while a leading woman may be just the thing for a manager who is doing a society play this year, she will not answer for the romantic melodrama he means to put on next. Thus it comes about that from May to September New York is thronged with player folk "looking for an engagement."

The actor seeks an agent—in the busy season he generally has to linger long for an interview, so that the waiting room looks something like an intelligence office—and has his name, his "line," and the salary he expects entered on the books. "Line" refers to his style of parts, as "lead," "juvenile," "character," "heavy." "Juvenile" by no means implies a boy's rôle, but describes the part next in importance to the leading man's in the love interest. Character is anything on the eccentric order, in which the player's personality is disguised, and is generally accounted easier to play than the so called "straight" parts. "Heavy" means the villain, or any unsympathetic rôle. On the female side, we have, next to the lead, also a heavy, an adventuress or "lady villain"; ingénue, corresponding to juvenile; soubrette, involving a dash of farce in its comedy; and *grande dame*, or old woman's rôle.

The seeker after a new engagement usually leaves his photograph, for, as may be imagined, looks play an important part in obtaining employment on the stage. The notice posted conspicuously in the agencies, "No photographs returned," suggests the huge collection of such souvenirs that these bureaus must acquire as the years go by. His application filed, the actor leaves the rest to fate, but calls in at the agency almost daily in the hope that his baited hook may have caught a manager. But it is anxious waiting, especially for him who is only a little way up the ladder of fame, for of course the lower rounds are more crowded than the upper ones. There are fifty applicants for small parts for every ten who are chosen.

But on what system does the agent discriminate among the fifty, you ask? His fitness for the position is shown in selecting players. It is more to his interest to please the manager than the actor, although the latter pays the commission, half of his second week's salary. If the agent does not know about the play, he seeks all the available information, and may even read the book. He also inquires about the players already engaged. Such things as height and coloring must be taken into account. If the leading man be of only medium stature, it would not do to offer the stage manager a long legged juvenile, and a particularly pretty ingénue would better be placed elsewhere than in the company of a woman star lacking in beauty.

The agent, having made his selection, communicates with the manager once more, and submits portraits of the candidates. If his choice is approved, the matter of salary comes up. For a juvenile, the "line" most frequently represented in the agencies, the average is about thirty dollars a week, the range being from twenty to fifty, the season nowadays consisting of little more than twenty five weeks.

"ISN'T IT NICE ON BROADWAY?"

But even after he has "been placed" for the coming season, the actor is very likely to linger on in New York through the summer. There is probably no other one calling in the community whose members have such a deep affection for Gotham. Hints of this may be gleaned from the quantity of songs used in the theaters eulogizing the city's main artery. One of the musical comedies of last spring contained a number called "Too Many Miles from Broadway," which set forth tableau representations of various scenes on the famous street while the principals were singing the words. It is on Broadway that the player meets friends whom he has not seen in years, perhaps, and whom he may not see for years again. New York is "home" to him, though he may be abiding during his stay in the hall bedroom of a boarding house. Even when he has only a six days' holiday, as during Holy Week, when many companies "lay off," the actor will pay his own way from

Boston or Cincinnati, for the sake of passing his brief vacation in New York.

The privilege of spending the entire year in the metropolis is valued so highly by some players, that they refuse to accept lucrative engagements that will take them "on the road." Of course, only those who have a private income, or who are so highly thought of that they can afford to dictate to managers, can enjoy this acme of the thespian's aspirations. Undoubtedly the opportunity of staying all winter in town is a factor with De Wolf Hopper and Lillian Russell in causing them to forego the honor of heading companies of their own and sink into the small type of Weber & Fields' stock.

Players starting forth at the beginning of the season begin counting the weeks that will elapse before they will be back in New York again. Nat Goodwin once said that he would rather be a lamp post in New York than a millionaire in Omaha, the latter typifying all cities outside of the metropolis. As America has more dramatic companies than any other country, New York is in a certain sense the capital of the world's stageland.

## THE GIRL WHO "DOUBLED" QUEEN AND PRINCE.

Ethel Hornick, now an important member of the Empire stock, received her start in rather an odd way. Born in Nevada, where her father was a builder of the machinery used in the Comstock mines, she was sent to Boston to be educated. There she developed a fondness for declamation. In 1897, Mr. Southwick, head master of the Emerson School of Oratory and a great Shaksperian authority at the Hub, arranged a Shakspere week for his pupils. Miss Hornick played many parts in the six days, including one that she had not intended to take. In "Richard III" she was cast for *Elizabeth*, but a girl who was to impersonate one of the young princes decided at the last minute that she couldn't get up her courage to put on tights, so Miss Hornick did both the queen and the prince.

Augustin Daly was in Boston at the time, and, hearing of Miss Hornick's doubling, he asked that she be sent to him. There had been no thought of her going on the professional stage, but an offer from a manager of Daly's standing was not to be lightly turned aside. Miss Hornick signed a contract, and then wrote home to tell what she had done. The company sailed for Europe very shortly, and she went with it. She did not appear, however, until August 26—which happens to be her birthday—in the open air performance of "As You Like It" on the sward outside the memorial buildings at Stratford on Avon. She was cast for *Celia*, and, being in an early scene, was able to say a few lines before rain drove troupe and spectators indoors. Later she was made understudy to Ada Rehan, but she left the company after Mr. Daly began to cast her in his musical comedies.

If Mr. Daly knew that a member of his forces contemplated leaving at the end of the season, he was very likely to dismiss the intending deserter at once; and beginners have difficulty in finding parts. So in fear and trembling lest "the governor" should hear of her plans, Miss Hornick set about calling upon other managers. She went first to Daniel Frohman, and almost as soon as he saw her he said: "I think you are the person I am looking for to play *Trafalgar Gower* in 'Trelawny of the Wells.'"

Which was as much as to say that she was hired because she "looked the part." Managers, however, are constantly doing just this thing, and very often, as in Miss Hornick's case, they find that they have made no mistake. Daniel Frohman did it with Ferdinand Gottschalk as *Tweenways* in "The Amazons"; A. M. Palmer did it with Alfred Hickman for *Little Billee* in "Trilby." Miss Hornick remained with the "Trelawny" company, and, by a turn of fortune's wheel, found herself back at Daly's the very next season, this time under the Frohman régime and as *Miss Dodd* in "The Maneuvers of Jane." During the past winter she joined the Empire stock, and made a hit as *Mrs. Porter*, the disagreeable woman in "Mrs. Dane's Defense." On one occasion, Miss Millward being ill, she was called on at short notice to play her part of the widow.

"Wear your *Mrs. Porter* gown," the stage manager suggested, as a means of hurrying things.

But this Miss Hornick said she could not do, declaring that in that gown she couldn't help but be *Mrs. Porter*. In the road tour of "Mrs. Dane's Defense" Miss Hornick will regularly play the rôle originated here by Miss Millward.

## CONCERNING WILLIAM GILLETTE.

William Gillette opens with "Sherlock Holmes" at Henry Irving's London theater in August. Of course he hopes to duplicate the triumph he achieved in England with "Secret Service" in 1897; but there is no banking on the thing. The fact

that playgoers liked a man in one piece does not commit them to liking him in another. That is why managers must take such long chances. Mr. Frohman has engaged the Lyceum for a certain term, and if "Sherlock Holmes" fails, he will still have the theater on his hands. But if the play seems to miss fire at the start, its sponsors may console themselves with the recollection that "Secret Service," on its first trial at a matinée in Philadelphia, was voted a no account affair.

Gillette's father, now deceased, ran for Prohibition Governor of Connecticut, and William, the youngest son, was born in Hartford. It was planned to make a lawyer of him, but his youthful bent was towards mechanics. As he grew older, however, the glamour of the stage claimed him, and through the influence of Mark Twain, a neighbor in Hartford, he secured a small part in the Twain play, "A Gilded Age." Gillette cherished the ambition to write dramas as well as to act in them. His first was "The Professor," produced at the Madison Square Theater with Gillette himself in the title rôle, which was something like the part of the hero in "The Professor's Love Story," written several years later by J. M. Barrie. Next he collaborated with Mrs. Burnett on "Esmeralda," which brought Annie Russell to the front in the same theater, and ran for almost a year. Then Gillette appeared with great success in an adaptation from the German, "The Private Secretary," and during this period he wrote the first of his war plays, "Held By the Enemy." "All the Comforts of Home" and "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," made over German farces, also added to his bank account. Nearly every dollar he had was then expended in producing what he hoped would be a masterpiece of stage craft. This was described on the bills as "a new American spectacular drama," and bore the name "Ninety Days." A glance at the cast would suggest a comic opera, for the forty nine names included a chief of the king's eunuchs, the keeper of the royal white elephants, the chief of the Malay pirates, a member of the Chicago baseball nine, and an Armenian slave girl, to say nothing of a bear. The piece was divided into eight tableaux, and the departure from Gillette's usual style of writing will be sufficiently indicated when it is stated that one of the scenes showed an Egyptian mad house, another a collision on an ocean steamer, and a third an episode on an iceberg with the bear for a fellow passenger. The plot turned on a will which provided that the heroine must marry a man chosen for her within ninety days in order to inherit a fortune.

The play was mounted most elaborately, and produced at the Broadway Theater in February, 1893. It ran a bare month. Its utter failure was a great blow to Gillette. He fell desperately ill, and for a time his life was despaired of; but he went South, away from all excitement, and, after a time, set to work on "Too Much Johnson." This was brought out in 1894, and made a prodigious hit. Two years later came the successful launching of "Secret Service" in New York. After its Philadelphia failure, where Maurice Barrymore played the lead, Gillette took the manuscript and gave it a thorough overhauling, with the result that it took at sight both in the American metropolis and in London.

The author claimed that "Secret Service" was the first play ever written that did away with the soliloquies and asides which have been the stock in trade of dramatists ever since the days of Shakspere. The English playwrights, Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, now eschew these ancient devices, which, however convenient they may be to express the writer's meaning, are sadly destructive of the verities. To have a man shout out something to the audience which the other people on the stage are supposed not to hear because he turns slightly away from them, is many degrees removed from the realism which the modern theater aims to achieve.

Although Gillette made a ten strike with his new war play, his appears to be a career in which good and bad luck come in alternate streaks, as it were. He had started on his adaptation of "Sherlock Holmes" and had done three weeks' work on it when the burning of the Baldwin Theater, in San Francisco, destroyed his manuscript, together with all the scenery and properties of "Secret Service." The indefatigable author actor set to work again, and all the playgoers of America know with what results. Take it all in all, in spite of some of the heavy blows fortune has dealt him, there are many people who would no doubt be willing to exchange places with this cool Connecticut gentleman, who in real life appears very much as he does in the parts he plays.

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## A LEADING WOMAN FROM THE START.

Viola Allen is of the stage in the fullest sense of the term. Her parents were both members of the profession. Her mother retired years ago, but her father, C. Leslie Allen, is still in the harness, and now appears as *Antonio Perez*, the secretary of

state, with his daughter's company in "In the Palace of the King."

It was while he was playing old *Rogers* in "Esmeralda," at the Madison Square Theater, in 1882, that his daughter made her first appearance on the stage. She was a schoolgirl at the time, and it is somewhat remarkable that her first part should have been that of leading woman, for it was *Esmeralda* herself that she did, replacing Miss Russell, who was worn out with a long season's work. Miss Allen was so successful that she was afterwards sent on tour with the play. Two years later she was playing leads with John McCullough and the elder Salvini. One finds it difficult to imagine that the *Dolores* of "In the Palace of the King" was ever *Desdemona*, and yet she enacted the rôle before she was out of her teens. In the spring of 1885 she was in the cast that opened the Lyceum Theater with Steele Mackaye's "Dakolar," and later doubled *Nance* and *Jess* in "Hoodman Blind." After that she was with the Jefferson-Florence combination in "The Rivals" and "The Heir at Law."

When Charles Frohman opened the Empire Theater with "The Girl I Left Behind Me," in January, 1893, Sydney Armstrong was his leading woman. Miss Allen had been playing for him in "Shenandoah," and in the second season of his new theater she was installed there as first lady in the company, making her appearance as *Rosamund* in Sydney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind," the famous "sex against sex" play, in which she scored a brilliant hit. She was almost as well liked for *Dulcie* in "The Masqueraders." In 1896 came the rôle for which she herself conceived a great fondness, but for which the public did not care—*Audrie Lisden* in the Henry Arthur Jones' failure, "Michael and His Lost Angel." Miss Allen's last characters at the Empire were *Renée* in "Under the Red Robe" and *Yvonne de Grandpré* in "The Conquerors," with which latter she had but little sympathy. In the autumn of 1898 she began her career as a star in "The Christian," and although the critics by no means considered her *Glory Quayle* a shining mark, she herself has always been partial to it.

## THE STORY OF MRS. FISKE.

Another American actress born on the stage, as it were, is Mrs. Fiske—Minnie Maddern, as she was. Her father, Tom Davies, from whom she inherits her flame hued hair, was a manager, and her mother, Lizzie Maddern, an actress, who had been first cornet in the strolling band into which Minnie's grandfather organized his seven children, all of whom were musical. Minnie's first appearance on the stage took place when she was three years old, and was a decided surprise to everybody who witnessed it.

Her mother was connected with a stock company in New Orleans at the time, and the bill for the night happened to be a spectacle, something like the "Black Crook." The child had been put to sleep at the hotel in the care of a nurse. But the "mammy," counting on the continued slumbers of her charge, went off to enjoy herself in her own way. When Minnie awoke, she found herself alone in the room. Horribly afraid, and with one idea, to find her mother, the tot of three put on a few of her clothes, and made her way bareheaded into the streets, which she had never seen at night before.

A passer by carried the child to the theater where she said her mother was. She was held up before the box office window to be identified, and as no one claimed her a boy carried her "back stage," where she was placed on a chair from which she could look out on a region bright with lights, gay with flowers, and filled with fairies, for she had arrived just in time for the transformation scene. At that instant she recognized a fairy coming up out of a water lily as her mother.

"I was very much pleased with mamma's appearance," says Mrs. Fiske, in describing the incident. "You see, I was a veritable child of the stage. I had no disapproval of tights, even when they were on my mother. Before any one saw what I was going to do, I ran right out on the stage up to her, and began explaining my nurse's treachery. I am told that I was received with applause, and that my first appearance, even though it was impromptu, was a success."

After that the child fairly lived at the theater, and although she never again trespassed on the boards unbidden, she had not passed another birthday before she enacted one of the little princes in "Richard III." She also did a highland fling in a little Scotch dress between the tragedy and farce that went to make up the evening's bill in those days. Later she was sent to a convent school for a while, but except for that interval, and for four years following her marriage, she has always lived in the atmosphere of the playhouse. Among the child parts she did were *Willie Lee* in Laura Keene's production of Boucicault's "Hunted Down," *Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and both *Heinrich* and

*Minna* in "Rip Van Winkle." At fourteen, she was in comic opera; at fifteen, she had the leading part in a melodrama.

When she was grown up, the first play with which her name became associated was "Caprice." Later she appeared in "Featherbrain" and "In Spite of All." Then she married Harrison Grey Fiske, editor and proprietor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, which has been the recognized organ of the theatrical profession in America since its start in 1879. It was in a play written for her by her husband that she returned to the stage, some half dozen years ago. "Hester Crewe," however, made no very marked impression, and it was not until the spring of 1896, when she filled an engagement at the Garden Theater, that her real power became apparent. The medium was an adaptation of Daudet's "Queen of Liars," made by Mr. Fiske, and called "Marie Deloche." It was felt, then, that with the proper vehicle here was an American actress who would lift herself into the front rank. A year later, on March 2, 1897, when she came forward in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" at the Fifth Avenue Theater, the critics and the public were practically unanimous in regarding the night as a notable one. Hardy's famous novel had been put into play form by Lorimer Stoddard, son of R. H. Stoddard, the veteran critic and poet, and the *Alec d'Urberville* was that sterling artist, Charles Coghlan. Mrs. Fiske's portrayal of *Tess* was acclaimed as one of rare discernment, and as a refreshing breaking away from stage traditions. As one of the reviewers said in a second notice of the episode where *Tess* murders *Alec:* "Throughout the entire scene there isn't a scream, a wriggle, a stride, hardly a shade's difference in the pitch of her voice."

Mrs. Fiske played "Tess" for a year with great success. When she appeared in New York the following spring, she presented for her novelties "Love Finds the Way," in which she enacted a crippled girl who is suddenly restored to perfect health by a shock, and a curtain raiser called "A Bit of Old Chelsea." Her next bills leaned towards revivals, including Sardou's "Divorçons," wherein she scored as *Cyprienne*, and "Frou Frou," which was adjudged unsuited to her temperament. The most distinct impression was made as an Italian woman in a powerful one act tragedy called "Little Italy"—a gem of its kind.

In the autumn of this same year, 1899, she produced "Becky Sharp," a dramatization of Thackeray's novel by Langdon Mitchell, son of Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia. Although as a play this was distinctly inferior to "Tess," Mrs. Fiske's *Becky* was a superb realization of the principal character of "Vanity Fair," and the piece served her for two seasons. It also gave Maurice Barrymore an opportunity to do the best work of his career as *Rawdon Crawley*.

Beginning with the present autumn, Mrs. Fiske promises to be an important, not to say disturbing, factor in metropolitan theatricals. Her husband proposes to demonstrate, at the Manhattan, how a playhouse should be run on non commercial principles; or, at least, this is the natural inference from his repeated denunciations of syndicate methods. The other houses outside the fold of the trust are the Broadway, managed by Jacob Litt; Wallack's, Oscar Hammerstein's Republic and Victoria, and the Sire Brothers' Casino, Bijou, and New York. Of the remaining prominent theaters, the Empire, the Criterion, the Garrick, the Garden, the Madison Square, and the Savoy are managed by Charles Frohman; Daly's and the Lyceum by his brother Daniel, and the Knickerbocker by Al Hayman & Co., the "company" being Charles Frohman.

Since the Fifth Avenue was converted into a continuous show resort, Mrs. Fiske has not played in New York. Should she make a hit in a theater of her own, it is not beyond the bounds of probability that the *Dramatic Mirror* will start a booking agency of its own, in opposition to that controlled by the trust. Henrietta Crosman, now very strong on account of the reputation she won in "Mistress Nell," could be counted on as an adherent, and if the Liebler shows would come into the ring, the country might see a very pretty fight between what would be nothing more nor less than two trusts, although one of them might pretend to be struggling for independence.

But all this is counting unhatched chickens. Mrs. Fiske has yet to "make good" in her new environment. And she is starting off with a piece which she must carry entirely on her own reputation. It is the dramatization of a novel without any wide reputation, "Miranda of the Balcony," by A. E. W. Mason. The scenes are laid in England, Spain, and Morocco. Mrs. Fiske holds in reserve a historical costume play, also another by the author of "Madame Butterfly." She deserves success, and it is the hope of all interested in the welfare of the American drama that her new venture will not suffer shipwreck.

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## SPECIAL ARTICLES (Continued.)



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## SHORT STORIES.



## DEPARTMENT.

# OUTSHINES THEM ALL


If all the pans in this great round world
Into one big pan we could make—
If all the cakes of Sapolio
Could be made into one big cake,
And we polished the pan 'til it shone like the stars,
The learned astronomers yonder in Mars,
Would announce that the radiant, wonderful light,
From a new planet gleamed—more dazzlingly bright
Than the sun.
And the Martians would read in the ambient glow,
The name of the new star—"Sapolio"

Reich.